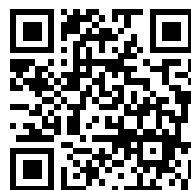
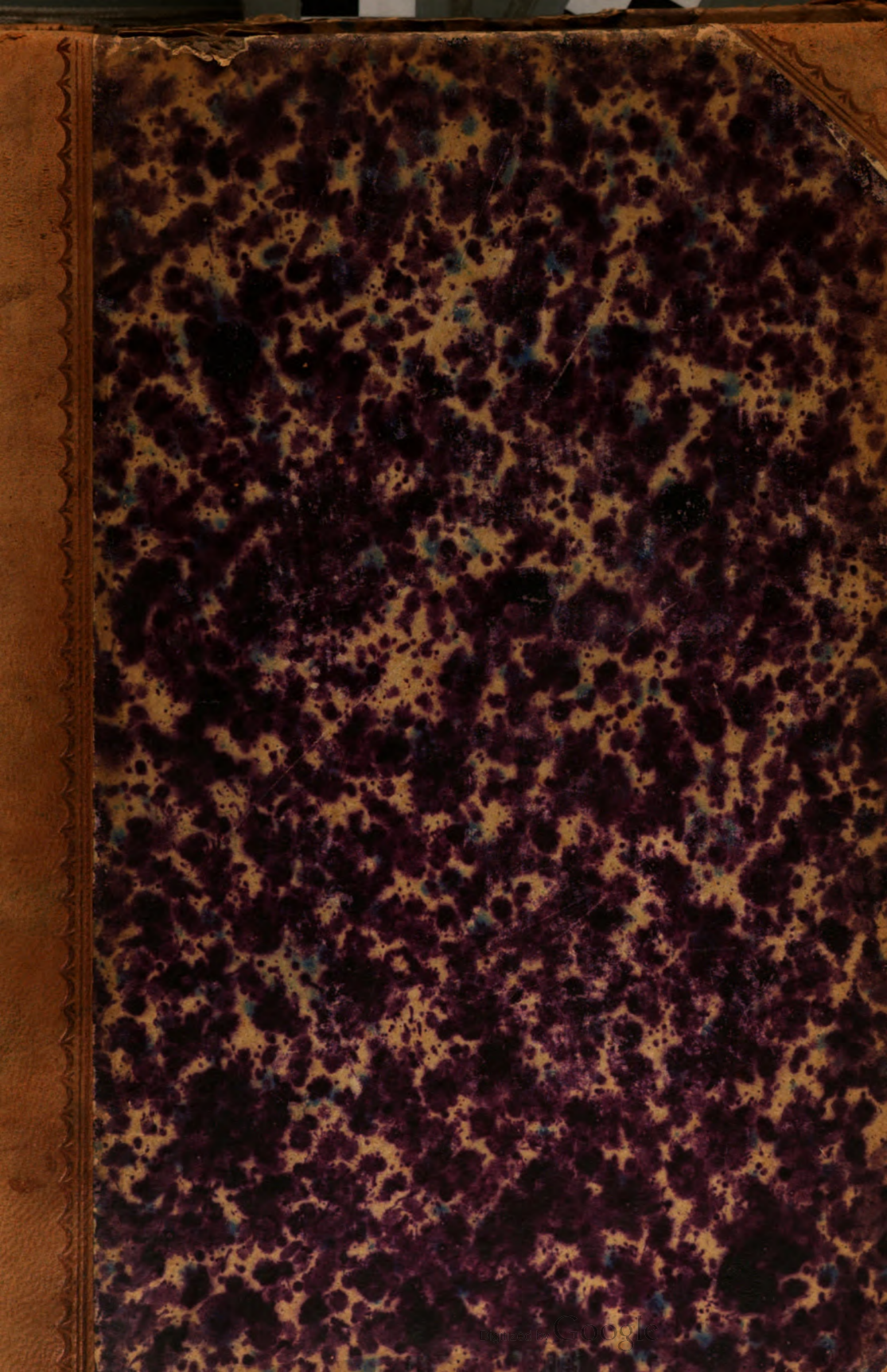

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W. K. Booth.

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FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1866.



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BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE WONDERS OF NATURE.



CASCADE RAINBOW.

WE commence with the present number, a new volume of **THE DOLLAR MONTHLY**, the twenty-third. More than eleven years have elapsed since its publication was commenced

as a mere experiment, and year by year it has gone on increasing in circulation and in merit, until now it has reached a position second to but one serial in the land. Every day it is meeting with new friends, and going into new regions of the country. For this success we tender our readers our sincere thanks. It is gratifying to us, not in a pecuniary point of view (for our profits are small, with paper and labor at their present prices), but as an evidence that our honest efforts to entertain, amuse, and instruct our friends are appreciated and sustained.

We begin the new volume, and the new year, with greater hope than we have ever experienced. Twelve months ago our land rang with the sounds of strife, and the nation was passing through the agonies of a mortal struggle. Now the glad song of peace and good will goes up from every heart, and we can once more claim all men who dwell under the starry banner as within the Union. With the war many of the difficulties which lay in the way of literary enterprises

have disappeared, and, though the high prices of labor and material still exist, we look hopefully to the future—confident that the dawn of the next year will see **THE DOLLAR**

MONTHLY still more prosperous, and still working bravely in the cause it has espoused.

To our numerous patrons we tender our good wishes for a HAPPY NEW YEAR and many returns of the joyful day; and venture to express the hope that they may still continue to grace our subscription books with their names.

We had no intention of dwelling so long upon matters which concern us so nearly; so we will pass on to the subject to which we propose to devote our opening remarks.

Nature is an open book of wonders, upon whose pages all may read mysteries, some of which pass beyond our comprehension, but many of which yield their secrets to honest and patient study and research. Perhaps, among all these, there is nothing more wonderful than that which is familiar to the merest child—

THE RAINBOW.

When the Almighty brought the patriarch Noah and his family safely through the deluge which destroyed the old world, and permitted them to go forth on the earth once more, he set this bow in the clouds as a witness of his promise that he would no more destroy the earth by water. Since that time, the piety and fancy of man have surrounded the glorious object with the most fascinating theories. Science comes to the task of explaining the mystery, and, declaring as the foundation of its investigations—"this is the work of Omnipotence"—makes plain all that seemed dark and uncertain.

It is to Kepler that we owe the first discovery of the cause of the phenomenon. It was stated by him, but with great brevity, in a letter written in 1606.

The rainbow is only visible when the observer's back is turned to the sea, and the region towards which he looks is crossed by the rain coming from a cloud, or by the spray from a cascade. When a strong wind is agitating the sea on a sunshiny day, one may see small rainbows on the waves as the spray is blown off.

There are generally two concentric arcs, with a tolerably large interval between them. Their centre corresponds to the point on the sky where the shadow of the observer's head would fall. The lower of the two curves, which is the one most frequently visible, displays the prismatic colors in the following order, beginning from the band nearest the earth:—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. The external arc presents these

colors in the reverse order. Occasionally, *three* arcs are seen; but very rarely. In that case the third, where the colors are extremely faint, presents them in the same order as the first.

The dimensions of the rainbow depend on the height of the sun. It must be on the horizon for the observer on the surface of the earth to see arcs embracing half a circle. Should he view it from a high mountain, or from a balloon, he will see an entire circle. These circles sometimes appear on the spray of large waterfalls; but as a general rule, cascade rainbows assume the form illustrated in our first engraving.

Rainbows are sometimes formed upon a cloud or fog in the entire absence of rain. Colonel Sykes of the British Army in India thus describes one of these, which he witnessed from the top of a mountain about 2000 feet high, with the sun at a low elevation behind his back. "A circular rainbow appeared, quite perfect, of the most vivid colors, one half above the level on which I stood, the other half below it. Shadows of myself, my horse, and people, appeared in the centre of the circle, as in a picture, to which the bow formed a resplendent frame."

At another time he saw in India, a bow upon a fog bank, perfectly white—that is, the prismatic colors were all absent. The latter phenomenon was also witnessed once by Niebuhr, and once by M. St. John.

Lunar rainbows, or rainbows formed by the light of the moon are not uncommon; but as the lunar light is yellow, the prismatic colors are faint, and sometimes the bow is simply white. Lunar rainbows can also be formed on fog; and are not uncommonly seen upon the mists that rise at sunset in clear, calm weather—"radiation fogs," as they are called.

In middle and low latitudes, and at the ordinary level, rainbows are never seen between about nine o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon, while in the higher latitudes, where the sun is very often low in the sky, they may occur even at midday.

This brings us to the consideration of

THE THEORY OF THE RAINBOW.

Newton was led to the correct theory of the rainbow by the following experiment: He caused the light of day to be excluded from a room, and to be admitted only through a small circular opening in the shutter. Of course, the light thus admitted made, when it fell directly on a screen, a spot of clear, white

light. But if he interposed a glass prism between the rays, so as to intercept them before they reached the screen, and refract them, so that they reached it only after passing through the prism, he found that they formed upon it a strip of light, of the same width as the former circle, but longer, and consisting of the colors since called prismatic, that have been detailed above. Violet was uppermost, and red lowest. Hence he was led to the following theory: Sunlight consists of different species of rays of all degrees of refrangibility within certain limits, and of all varieties of color. The red rays are the least, and the violet rays the most, refrangible.

To apply this to the rainbow. The prisms in this case through which the rays have to pass before the spectator sees them, are the drops of falling water. These succeed each other with such rapidity, that they may, for convenience sake, be regarded as stationary. A ray of light enters one of these drops, and is refracted once, twice, or thrice, according to the position of the drop with reference to the spectator. He therefore will see, not white light, but a succession of prismatic colors.

In our second engraving, the parallel lines represent the rays coming from the sun, which is behind the spectator. The slanting lines indicate the direction in which the light comes to his eye, after refraction.

Having spent more time than we intended on this portion of our subject, we must pass on to another wonder introduced some time ago, and which we shall discuss under the head of



MOCK SUNS.

The gentleman who sent us the drawing from which the illustration is taken, thus describes the phenomenon:

"On the twenty-first of March, 1859, I was at Niagara Falls. The day had been clear and pleasant, and the air soft and balmy. The winter was leaving the last of its icy foot-prints, which were soon to be obliterated by the genial breath of spring. Large fields of ice from Lake Erie floated down the river, and threw their broken fragments upon the shores, as they rushed down the rapids, affording the inhabitants a fine opportunity to lay in their stores for the summer, with no more labor than to pick it up and store it away in their ice houses. I had been sauntering about, watching the operation of collecting the large, shining blocks, and was about to return to

my hotel, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of an iris bow, which seemed to stand on the lower end of York Island. The circumstance was so unusual that I paid particular attention to it, and watched the phenomenon for two hours—until sunset, when the sublime spectacle faded from my view. The following are the details of its formation and appearance.

"It was just four o'clock in the afternoon. There was not a cloud to be seen. A thin haze was barely discernible, but not sufficient to make any perceptible difference in the brightness of the sun. The first bow was that at the right of the diagram, marked C. It was a brilliant section of an iris bow, fading slightly at the upper end. In about three minutes, the bow on the left side appeared, corresponding with the first in every part, but curved the opposite way. The next was a bright iris circle around the sun, marked A; then the segment of a circle G, very bright, which seemed to rest its centre on the other circle, then the two mock suns marked F., one above and the other below the sun, and the line of the first circle. The next was a less brilliant iris circle, B, a few degrees outside of the other, and which appeared to be a reflection of it. Then appeared the two mock suns F, one on the right and the other on the left of the sun, considerably below the sun, or the centre of the circles which surrounded it. All these circles, bows and mock suns, seemed to stand out against the western sky. Then appeared a very white colorless circle marked D.

This circle cut through the centre of the sun, and lay horizontal, extending entirely around us to the east, where it looked as though it had been tied and large bows were hanging down in festoons. Immediately after that appeared the second circle, marked E. This seemed to be a reflection of the outer white circle, lying horizontal, and corresponding with it in every particular, except that it was smaller, and cut through the upper mock sun. In about half an hour, the two segments of a faint white circle, marked H, H., appeared on the extreme right and left of the whole. This completed the picture, which lasted about two hours from its commencement, and moved down the western horizon with the sun, and disappeared with that luminary."

Our fourth engraving is meant to illustrate

THE IGNIS FATUUS, OR WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

This phenomenon has given rise to many superstitions. Its proper name is "Ignis

Fatuns," but it is more commonly known as "Will-o'-the-Wisp," or "Jack with a lantern." It is a flickering light, and is seen in the night over the surface of marshy ground and graveyards. Sometimes it moves quietly along, like a lantern carried in the hand, and again several of these lights will be seen dancing merrily up and down. It has frequently led travellers in dark nights to think they were near farm-houses, and has carried them into bogs from which they could not find their way out until morning. It is commonly believed that the light retires as a person approaches, though some, who have investigated the matter, deny this. Some writers attribute this light to the presence of phosphorus, a luminous substance which escapes when putrefaction takes place. M. Blesson, however, who carefully investigated the phenomenon in the forest of Gorbitz in Brandenburg, accounts for it in the following manner. On a marshy spot, he observed flames of a bluish purple at night, where he had seen air bubbles in the day. The flames retired as he approached, in consequence, as he supposed, of his movements disturbing the air, for a few minutes after he became quiet, they returned within reach. Moving cautiously, so as not to drive away the flames, he succeeded, after some trouble, in lighting a thin slip of paper in them. By extinguishing the air over them he extinguished them entirely, but they reappeared as soon as he became quiet, seeming to come up spontaneously. Upon introducing a torch just after extinguishing the flames, a kind of explosion was heard, followed by a red light which spread over eight or nine feet of the marsh, and which finally dwindled down to a small blue flame from two to three feet high. He at once concluded that the flames were caused by inflammable gas—such as phosphuretted hydrogen, which bursts into flame as soon as it comes into contact with the air—issuing from the marsh, and that the flames existed in the day as well as the night. This seems to us the most sensible conclusion of any we have seen.

The last wonder to which we shall call attention is

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

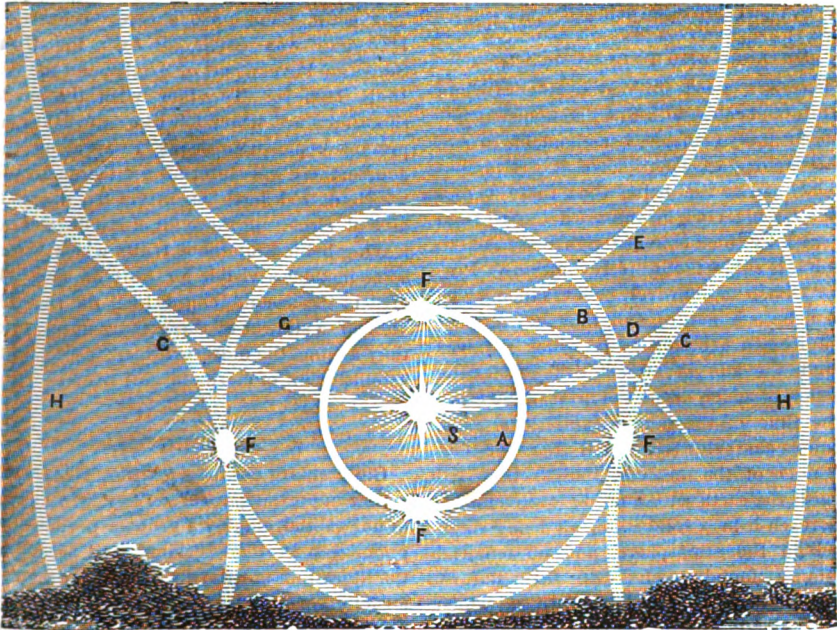
This is sometimes called "The Northern Light," and was at one time supposed to appear only in high northern latitudes; but later explorations prove that it visits the southern hemisphere quite as regularly. These lights usually appear in late autumn and winter,

near the northern horizon, but sometimes spread over the whole heavens. They assume quite a variety of forms.

At one period of the world their appearance was supposed to precede some remarkable event. Some savage nations ascribe the *aurora* to the merriment of the ghosts of the departed; and as late as 1716, we find the opinion entertained in England that it marked the introduction of the House of Hanover.

It is difficult to give a correct theory of the *aurora*. Most men of science agree that it is produced by magnetism and electricity. During its appearance the magnet is greatly disturbed, the compass cannot be relied upon,

ering light, as if the world was really a-blaze under the agency of some gorgeously colored fires, burst upon my startled senses. Piles of golden light and rainbow light, scattered along the azure vault, extended from behind the western horizon to the zenith; thence down to the eastern, within a belt of space 20° in width, were the fountains of beams, like fire threads, that shot with the rapidity of lightning hither and thither, upward and athwart the great pathway indicated. As we gazed, the whole belt of *aurora* began to be alive with flashes. Then each pile or bank of light became myriads; some now dropping down the great pathway or belt, others spring-



MOCK SUNS AT NIAGARA.

and also electric telegraphs will not work.

The illustration on page 12 shows one of the ordinary forms of the *aurora*—one that is frequently seen in this country. A peculiar and remarkable *aurora* was witnessed by Captain Hall the Arctic Explorer, and, judging from the statements we have of it, it must have been of rare beauty and brilliancy. It was a calm and cloudless evening, and Captain Hall was just retiring to rest in his cabin, when the captain of his vessel hailed him with these words—"Come above, Hall, at once: the world is on fire." "In another moment," he says, "I reached the deck, and as the cabin door swung open, a dazzling, overpower-

ing up, others leaping with lightning flash from one side, while more as quickly passed into the vacated space, some twisting themselves into folds, entwining with others like enormous serpents—and all these movements as quick as the eye could follow."

At its conclusion, the captain who had first called his attention to the phenomenon observed, with a sailor's bluntness, "Well, during the last eleven years I have spent mostly in these northern regions, I have never seen anything of the *aurora* to approach the glorious, vivid display just witnessed. And to tell you the truth, friend Hall, I do not care to see the like ever again!"

Scoresby, who knew the arctic regions most thoroughly, believes that the northern lights do, in a certain degree, portend bad weather. In a great number of instances, heavy gales were preceded by a display of the *aurora borealis*; and one of the most tremendous storms he was ever exposed to was after a more than usually splendid exhibition of them.

It seems certain that the exhibition of the northern lights is attended by some amount of noise. All those who have observed this—and they are chiefly persons inhabiting the far north—agree in speaking of “a cracking or hissing noise, like that of an electric spark, or the falling of hail.”

We come now to consider the subject of

METEORS AND FALLING STARS.

There are many interesting theories and legends connected with this phenomenon, but science frankly confesses herself unable to give a satisfactory explanation of it. Humbolt was inclined to the belief that these bodies have a cosmical origin, and are detached from the earth by some convulsion or resistance to which it is subjected in its revolutions. Professor Olmstead, however, believes them to be of a nebulous nature, and that they are derived from a nebulous body which revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, the aphellon of which meets the orbit of the earth at the time of the annual exhibitions. The nebulous character is inferred from the fact that none of the meteors, though they fall towards the earth with a prodigious velocity, ever reach it in a solid state, all being dissipated in the atmosphere, and no material substance found to indicate their nature. Those bodies of a metallic substance which sometimes fall from the heavens, are *aerolites*, and will not be discussed here, as they do not properly belong to the subject.

One may witness a number of these meteors by watching the heavens on any clear night, but they exhibit themselves in greater numbers at stated periods. Some of the most brilliant meteors ever witnessed have appeared alone, and have rarely failed to attract attention. The first illustration under this head, on page 13, is designed to show one of the most notable of this class of wonders. It was seen near Sheffield, in England, in 1854. It is described as having been of a dimension at least twice as great as that of the full moon at her rising; its color was blood red, and it drew after itself a train of light of a most clear and

beautiful golden tint. Its direction was from N. E. to S. W., and its extent was so enormous that the head was beneath the horizon in the west, while the tail was still visible in the north in all its first splendor. The most recent display of this kind was in July, 1860, and was witnessed chiefly in the Middle States.

It has been ascertained that annual showers of these meteors, or falling stars as they are then called, have occurred for many years, sometimes between the 9th and 14th of August, and sometimes between the 10th and 15th of November. These showers light up the heavens with great brilliancy, sometimes causing the light of the moon to seem paler. The most remarkable shower occurred in 1833, and was visible all over the United States, and over a part of Mexico and the West India Islands. Together with the smaller shooting stars, which fell like snowflakes, and produced phosphorescent lines along their course, there were intermingled large fireballs, which darted forth at intervals, describing arcs of circles of thirty or forty degrees, and leaving behind luminous trails which were in some instances visible for half an hour. We give in the second engraving, on page 15, a view of a shower of these stars at sea, where they assume the most brilliant aspect, to the astonishment of mariners and others.

CHILDHOOD.

Children are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, employ a greater portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest woman in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs, as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown mustachios, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers and magistrates in miniature disguises, children form in their present state of pigmy existence a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a newborn infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect change in a whole household; and unite hearts which time had divided.

MARKING SWANS.

On the first Monday in August, in every year, the swan-markers of the English crown and the two city companies go up the Thames for the purpose of inspecting and taking an account of the swans belonging to their respective employers, and marking the young birds. They proceed to the different parts of the river frequented by the swans for breeding, and other places where these birds are kept. They pay half-a-crown for each young bird to the fishermen who have made nests for the old birds, and two shillings per week to any person who, during the winter, has taken care of the swans by sheltering them in the ponds, or

of the college. The Dyers' and Vintners' marks date from the reign of Elizabeth, and anciently consisted of circles or annulets on the beak; but the cutting of these being considered to inflict more severe pain upon the birds than straight lines, the rings are now omitted. Many of these swan-marks, besides being heraldic, have the additional adaptation of the initial letter of the word "Vintner," and form also the Roman numeral V. The royal swan-mark has been unchanged since the commencement of the reign of George III. The young or brown birds being marked with the marks of their respective owners, and pinioned, are put into the river, as are also the



THE IGNIS FATUUS, OR WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

otherwise protecting them from the severity of the weather. When, as it sometimes happens, the cob bird (male) of one owner mates with the pen bird (female) belonging to another, the brood are divided between the owners of the parent birds, the odd cygnet (except in Buckinghamshire) being allotted to the owner of the cob. The marks are made upon the upper mandible, with a knife or other sharp instrument. The forms and devices greatly differ. Thus the swan-mark of Eton College, which has the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames, is the armed point and feathered end of an arrow, and is represented by nail-heads on the door of one of the inner rooms

white or old swans, after completing the pinioning of such of them as, on account of their weakness, had, in their first year, been deprived of one joint only of their wing. If many white swans are found by the royal marker in a common or open river, or creek, he seizes them, and the crown mark is put upon them. But swans kept in private waters need not be marked. It is curious that an owner of white swans, not marked, in his private waters, may retake them upon fresh pursuit, if they escape therefrom into the open or common river; though it is otherwise if they have gained their natural liberty, and are swimming in open river without such pursuit.

A TREE OF ALL-WORK.

If trees took rank according to their usefulness, the bamboo might fairly claim the crown of the vegetable kingdom. Tried by the test of utility to man, there is no plant the earth produces worthy to enter into competition with it. The Chinese say, and truly say, the bamboo is all profit. Seasoned with chillies, its tender young shoots make a favorite sam-bal of the Malay; sliced and boiled, they are served at the tables of the wealthiest Japanese; and when salted, dried, and prepared in vinegar, they make a pickle ever welcome to the Siamese gourmand. As the plant grows

the canes are arranged side by side across the building, with their concave sides uppermost to catch the rain; the edges of these are covered with another row with the convex side upwards, and thus the roof is rendered perfectly water-tight. Should the householder be lucky enough to own the land surrounding his domicile, a bamboo palisade forms his best protection against intruders, whether quadruped or biped. Does he want to bring the waters of the neighboring river into his service for domestic purposes—in the hollow stems of the bamboo he has pipes ready to his hand; pipes easily converted into gutter,



THE AURORA BOREALIS.

older, a fluid is secreted in its hollow joints, which affords a refreshing beverage, and if it is allowed to remain untapped, the valuable medicine tabischeer—said to resist fire and acids—is produced. The leaves of the bamboo are reckoned a sovereign remedy for sore throat, as the bark is all-powerful against fever, and other useful medicaments are obtained from the buds and the roots.

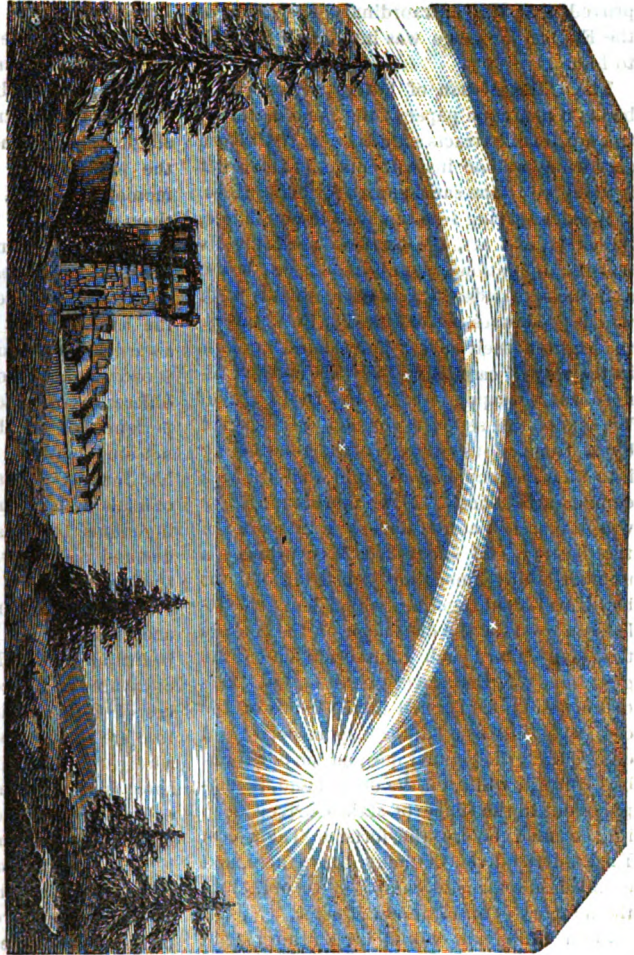
Entire houses are constructed out of the bamboo, the stouter parts of the tree supplying ready-turned pillars, while the slenderer joints are combined together to form the walls. Split into laths, and beaten put, it makes an excellent flooring; and for the roof,

and spouts, to get rid of the water he does not want. Then, inside this bamboo house will be found chairs to sit upon, benches to recline upon, mattresses to lie upon, pillows to rest the head upon, and mats to put the feet upon, all and each of the same material as the tube through which their owner inhales the fragrant weed at home, and the cane he leans upon, as he takes his walks abroad, with a bamboo hat upon his head, and possibly bamboo splints at his finger-ends to protect his long uncut nails.

The tea-crops of the inland districts of China find their way to the seaports upon the shoulders of the coolies. Two strong bamboo

canes are fastened to the sides of the load, their ends resting on the shoulders of the carriers. When the load is too much for four men, room is made for any additional number of bearers, by joining shorter bamboos to a cross-piece fixed to the ends of the longer canes. The palanquins of the mandarins are borne through the streets in a similar manner, just as sedan-chairs used to be carried through London thoroughfares in the days of our great grandfathers. The bamboo is applied to transit-purposes in many other ways. 'The cany wagons light' of Milton are still used in Cathay; the Dyak propels his light canoe by means of the bamboo; the river-rafts of the Chinese are made of nothing else; and giving a Hindu boat-builder three penny-worth of bamboo, and he will turn out a four-ton vessel, with mast and sails complete. The Japanese separate the heads of their corn from their stalks by beating it over a bamboo grating, which, having a sharp edge, cuts off the grain at every stroke, leaving them to fall through the grating to the ground; or after being thrashed with a bamboo flail, the grain is sifted through a bamboo sieve.

When about to erect a house, the first proceeding on the part of a Chinese builder is the raising of a strong but light scaffolding of bamboo, and inside this the house is built up. When a building is to be pulled down, the bamboo is again called into requisition; the roof having been taken off, each of the end-walls is attacked by a party of coolies, who fix their bamboos as high up the wall as possible, and push steadily together till it topples over with a loud crash and a smothering dust.



The process is often performed at a fire, in order to stay the progress of the destroyer. The Cantonese possess a fire-engine, but for all that, still press the bamboo into service, the hose being held over the people's heads on long bamboos, and by their agency, carried quickly to any desired spot. The watch-towers, too, from whence the police discern the whereabouts of a fire as soon as it breaks out, are merely skeletons of bamboo. Lieutenant-colonel Fisher bears witness to the ingenuity of the Chinese bamboo-workers, and the strength of their work when done. When a verandah was required for an English mess-room, it was some time before the bamboo-worker could be made to comprehend exactly what was wanted. At last, he was told to make "one piecey makey walky top-side, makey look see;" and the verandah soon

proved that this extraordinary specimen of the English language was intelligible enough to him.

The Chinese man of letters writes with a bamboo pen upon paper of the same material, the musician extracts sounds sweet to Chinese ears from bamboo instruments, and the artist is indebted to the same source for his brushes.

Besides serving so many uses in commerce, industry, and art, the bamboo performs its warlike operations, supplying lances, bows, and those wonderful grotesque shields with which the braves of the Celestial Empire seek to frighten their foes. The earliest attempt in the way of cannon on the part of the Chinese was a weapon of bamboo. In the war of '58, one of the sepoy regiments was startled by a tremendous shower of rockets falling into their encampment at night, and killing a commissariat sheep. Next morning, a party was despatched across the creek in search of the battery, and succeeded in capturing a number of novel machines, consisting of stout bamboos lashed together, which had evidently been used for the discharge of the rockets that had caused such commotion among the guardians of the government stores. The bamboo did good service in the hands of the coolies acting as a land-transport corps, and earned them the popular designation of "Bamboo Rifles;" while, on the other hand, its employment in the shape of stakes driven deep in the mud before the forts of Taku, cost England the lives of many brave men, and entailed an expensive campaign to obliterate the memory of an untimely disaster.

John Chinaman would be an ungrateful rascal if he did not love and admire his tree of all-work; but he has good reason also to look upon it with awe and trembling. The bamboo is the be-all and end-all of the Chinese code of justice, and as such may fairly be said to rule the most populous country in the world. Chinese law recognizes two degrees of punishment: in the first and least severe, the number of blows inflicted on an offender varies from four to twenty, that being considered discipline sufficient to make a transgressor entertain a sense of shame for his past behaviour, and render him cautious as to his future conduct. The second class of punishments applies to offences of a serious nature, and the law allows as many as a hundred blows to be awarded, but in practice forty is the limit. Two different instruments are used, one being a bamboo five feet eight inches long, two inches and three-quarters

broad, weighing nearly three pounds; the other is of smaller dimensions, falling short of two pounds in weight. Women are not exempt from the bamboo discipline, but, by a stretch of gallantry, are permitted to wear a single upper garment during the infliction of the punishment, except in cases of matrimonial infidelity, when they must content themselves with the protection afforded by their lower garments. In China, as elsewhere, the law is supposed to be no respecter of persons, and in theory all ranks are subject to the bamboo; but the fact that the stripes awarded by the judge are commutable into a proportionably money-fine, makes all possible difference in practice. The criminal's experience of the bamboo's adaptability does not stop here; if he is obstinate in asserting his innocence, bamboo stakes supply the officials with the means of inflicting no end of ingenious tortures; and when his death is deemed necessary, a bamboo rope vindicates the majesty of the law.

There are several species of bamboo, but according to Mr. Fortune, the best and most beautiful is the Mow-chok, which is largely cultivated in the central and eastern provinces of China. The stems of this handsome tree are straight, smooth, and clear, attaining a height of from sixty to eighty feet in a very short space of time, for it grows at the rate of two or two and a half feet in twenty-four hours. This useful giant has been introduced into India, and may in time supersede the inferior descriptions of bamboo, and give the Hindu one more reason to venerate the name of Robert Fortune.

CLOUDS AND VAPORS.

In noticing the various circumstances which conduce to the precipitation of vapor into clouds, we must not pause to examine the cause of motion in the air, but receive it as an evident fact, that there is constant motion in the ocean overhead. Be the cause what it may, there are different currents of air, varying in direction, temperature, and force; and it is owing to the constant change of the currents that clouds are formed and continually changing. Were it not for these variations of temperature and direction, there would be no storms, or squalls, or violent winds; no clouds but stratus would appear, and our climate would resemble that of Peru, where, in consequence of the height and position of the Andes, there is only one current of air, and only stratus is seen in the

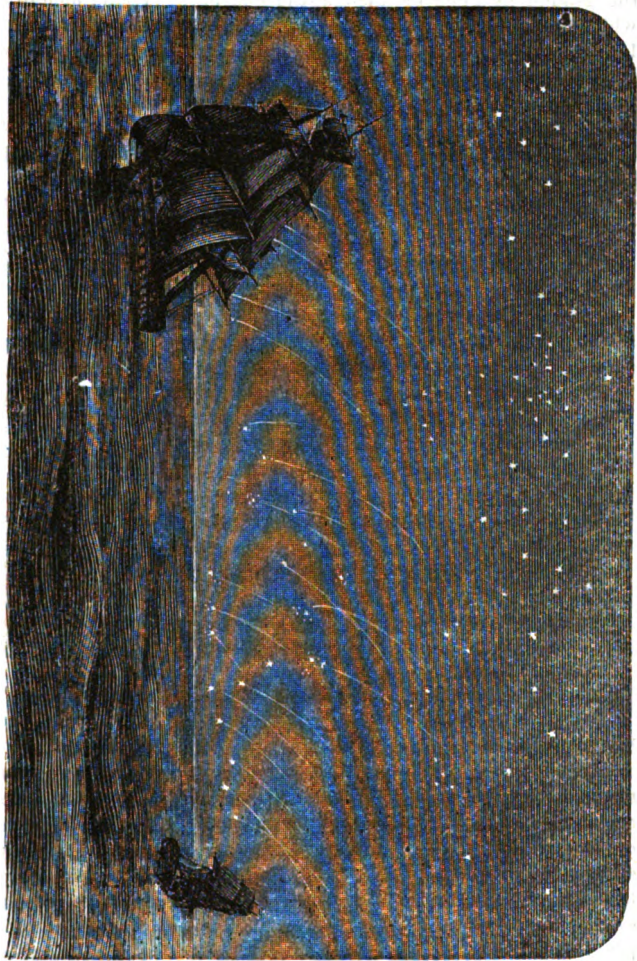
day, which passes off each night into dew, and rain is an exceptional rarity. In the passes of the Cordilleras, the absence of vapor is such that the air is in the state of the greatest dryness, and electricity is developed on the slightest friction. But in our climate there is a constant change and succession of air-currents; and, consequently, clouds are formed by the meeting of two currents of different temperatures, and by many changes of their form and position. Clouds being therefore an evidence of wind and atmospheric commotion, are watched with much interest by the weather-wise.

Weather clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset, presages fine weather; a sickly-looking *greenish* hue, wind and rain; a dark (or Indian) red, rain; a red sky in the morning, bad weather, or much wind (perhaps rain); a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather. A "high dawn" is when the first indications of daylight are seen above a bank of clouds; a "low dawn" is when the day breaks on or near the horizon, the first streaks of light being very low down. Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate light breezes; hard-edged oily-looking clouds, wind; a dark, gloomy blue sky, is windy, but a light bright blue sky, indicates fine weather. Generally, the *softer* clouds look, the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted, or rugged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; therefore by the prevalence and kind of red,

yellow, or other tints, the coming weather may be told very nearly; indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly.

Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light scud clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but if alone, may indicate wind only. High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind

FALLING STARS AT SEA.



then felt below, foretell a change of wind toward their direction.

After fine weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcasting of murky vapor and grows into cloudiness. This appearance is an infallible sign.

TROCO, OR LAWN BILLIARDS.

This game has become very popular in France, and, although it is not equal to croquet, is very amusing. It is played by any number of ladies and gentlemen, and the object is to pass a wooden ball through an iron ring, which moves on a pivot in a piece of wood driven into the ground in the centre of a circle. The wooden ball is lifted from the ground by a cue or stick, at the end of which is an oval, spoon-like projection of iron. It is then thrown forward towards the ring, the object of the player being to pass his ball through; and the player or side succeeding in first making any given number of points, by passing fairly through the ring, wins. The players stand in a circle, each being provided with a cue and a ball. The first then lifts his

making it, one. Thus a player may make one, three, or five points at a stroke, according as he touches, rings his ball, or canons and rings his own ball.

Some parties like the game as well as croquet, but not so much skill is required in the latter as the former.

UNSUCCESSFUL LOVERS.

Young men of talent, who love the sound of their own voices, are almost always offensive to women. If you speak out to a woman, you ten to one offend her prejudices or hurt her vanity. To win a woman's affections it is usually quite sufficient to make her think that you appreciate her, which is done by giving her sympathetic opportunities of setting herself out before you in all her most

**TROCO, OR LAWN BILLIARDS.**

ball by means of the iron spoon, and sends it towards the ring. If he succeeds in passing through, he counts three points towards game; but if he fail, the next player either endeavors to put his own ball through the ring or strikes away his opponent's ball. Partners have the privilege of assisting each other in getting near the ring; and from whatever place his ball rests the player must start when his turn comes. Each player takes his turn alternately, and the game is concluded by all the players on a side passing their balls through the ring.

Twenty-five or fifty points are usually played for, though any number agreed on may decide the game. Each perfect ring made counts *three*; each canon (that is, the striking two balls successively with your own ball), *two*; and each touch of the ring, without

attractive points of view; if you do this skillfully, she will soon love you as she loves her looking-glass. But your clever fellows usually make the most fatal mistakes in the world. What they are bothering and driving at is to make the poor dear creatures appreciate them. Then as both parties are aiming at the same thing, there is a struggle, and they nettle one another's vanity, which is very good sport for bystanders. But it is a deathblow to a woman's respect for a man to see that she can nettle his vanity; and I must allow this in favor of women, that they are very little inclined to love a man whom they don't respect; whereas men very often fall violently in love with women for whom they have the greatest contempt. But it must equally be confessed, women often have great respect for even very contemptible fellows.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.



I.

"Happy New Year!" the children shout—
 Happy New Year, within, without,
 Though the morning's cold and gray;
 While snow—white down from the wings of time,
 Fluttering spread o'er the earth's rough rime,
 And lined the nest on the naked lime,
 But the robins are far away.

II.

Of all nice things it is nice to have,
 Are an uncle, with love like a great sea-wave,
 And a niece the wave goes o'er!
 Leaving curious mounds and golden sands,
 And bearing away in crystal bands,
 A lute, making music along the strands
 Of life, toward the better shore.

III.

'Twas a farmer's kitchen, plain and old;
 But, "as all that glitters is not gold,"
 So, often, there's gold that's hid:
 And parents and children, good and fair,
 Whom angels have in their daily care,
 To get at the priceless treasure there,
 Know how to raise the lid.

IV.

"A doll!" cried Mary, "a doll for me!"
 The children, a merry group of three,
 With grandmama just behind,
 On the bright, dear, sweet new-comer gazed,
 At its perfect loveliness half amazed,
 And praising the gift, they likewise praised
 The uncle so generous, kind.

V.

Says Mary, "'Tis half as large as I,
And see!—she can stand, and sit, and cry,
And her hair how sweet it curls!"
Cries Jenny, "A bonnet upon her head!"
Then Joe, who would rather have a sled,
By-and-by looked up and coolly said,
"Such presents are good for girls."

VI.

Pompey his breakfast left and came,
Wondering why they should thus exclaim;
And what could his dogship think
Of Mary tossing a baby sweet,
Which seemed to skip on her fairy feet—
A smiling baby, with dress complete,
Blue eyes and cheeks of pink!

VII.

O, a glad New Year had Mary then;
She played, and danced, and sung again,
Saying how good she must be.
And talked to her doll, that they would go
Sleigh-riding over the deep, crisp snow,
For the sun through clouds began to show,
And the woodpecker tapped the tree.

VIII.

Among the gifts of the gay New Year,
One of the sweetest of all is here,
In the hands of a dear little girl,
Who wished her uncle a Happy New Year.
(I am sure the wish was most sincere),
Making him feel, in the world's career,
Like an oyster growing a pearl.

CITY OF NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

We give below a correct view of the city of Nottingham, which is one of the principal manufacturing places in England. It is situated on the Leen, near its junction with the

Within the last ten or twelve years new and wide streets and handsome buildings have sprung up throughout the city, and still continue to spread. The market place is quite



NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

large. It covers a triangular space of nearly six acres, surrounded by tall houses and arcaded shops, which give it a handsome appearance. Leland, who wrote a description of it in the reign of Henry VIII., declares, "It is the fairest without exception in all England." The castle is the most conspicuous building in the city. It is built on a high cliff, above the rest of the city. The site was originally occupied by

Trent. It occupies a picturesque site on the broken declivities and occasionally abrupt precipices of a sandstone rock, overlooking the green meadows and vales of Trent, and presents a fine appearance from whichever direction it is seen. The town is, however, very indifferently built. Its houses are chiefly of brick, and its streets dark, narrow, and crooked. The houses on streets running parallel to each other, are often built back to back, with no yard or interval between them.

an old Druid fort. This was subsequently succeeded by a castle built by the Conqueror to keep the inhabitants in subjection. This edifice was afterwards famous for its stubborn and successful defence against the Royalists in the great Civil War, and was dismantled during the Protectorate, and eventually became the property of the Duke of Newcastle, who in 1674 erected upon its site a large mansion which was a castle only in name. This, however, was destroyed by a body of rioters.

There are eight churches and twenty-three dissenting chapels in the city. The church nearest the castle, in the engraving, is St. Peter's; that with the square tower, St. Mary's, which is supposed to have been erected during the 7th century. The Roman Catholics have also a large convent.

Among the public buildings are the Exchange, a handsome edifice, the County Hall, the Guild Hall, the House of Correction, and many others. There are one or two good libraries in the city. The educational institutions are ten in number, and are well conducted. There are also many buildings for charitable purposes. The city has several public grounds, and in addition to these, the inhabitants enjoy the use of a fine park of 130 acres, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle.

The staple manufactures to which the town owes its prosperity and rapid increase, are hosiery and lace. The former first began to assume importance about the middle of the 18th century, and the latter about 30 years after, in 1778, when the point-net machine was invented. The bobbin-net machine was invented about 1799, but having been patented in consequence of subsequent improvements, did not come into general use till 1823. These manufactures were long carried on exclusively in the homes of the workmen, but large factories, employing steam-power, have since been erected, and have almost entirely superseded domestic labor. In addition to the staple manufactures, including the machine shops, and other industrial establishments more immediately dependent on them, a considerable number of hands is employed in the cotton and woollen manufactures, in silk, worsted, and cotton spinning mills, and in making articles of malleable and cast iron, wire, pins, brass fenders, etc. The trade in corn and cattle is very important, the malting business is extensively prosecuted, and the breweries have long been famous for their ale. The two weekly markets are abundantly supplied with all kinds of provisions; and of four annual fairs—chiefly for horses, cattle, cheese, geese,

and other agricultural produce—two last each three days. One of them held on the 2d, 3d, and 4th October, and called the Goose Fair, is celebrated, and forms such an era, that a large portion of the inhabitants date all the events of the year from it. These fairs are often memorable scenes in the transaction of business.

Nottingham was conspicuous for its outrages during the Suddite and Reform riots, which were skillfully organized, and carried out with ferocity. So great was the damage done during the former disturbance, that Parliament was compelled to pass an act making it death to break a stocking or lace frame. In the riots of 1831, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed.



ABBEY CHURCH, CHEAP STREET, BATH, ENGLAND.

DRINKING HEALTHS.

The custom of drinking healths was in vogue 1134 B. C. Some say they arose from Rowena, daughter of Hengist, drinking Prince Vortigern's health in a golden cup, at an entertainment about the year 460, in conformity with the Scripture compliment, "O king, live forever." It is used now as a means of introducing dull speeches, the effect of which the listeners drown in bad liquor. The proverb of "Drunk as a lord," was originally "Drunk as a beggar," but owing to the intemperance of the nobility it was changed. According to some account it will soon have again to be changed to as "Drunk as a reporter," but some think it would require no postponement to make it a very forcible expression, if we were now to say, "As drunk as an alderman." Perhaps not.

THE CITY OF BATH.

The city of Bath is one of the oldest in England. It is supposed to have been founded before the Roman invasion. It is one of the best built, and perhaps the handsomest city in the kingdom, especial care having been given to architectural and landscape

ment of the present century, and then the famous Beau Nash presided over the ceremonies in the splendid Assembly Rooms; but the opening of the continent to general travel in 1815, caused crowds to flock to the German spas, and Bath has lost some of its glow.

In the engraving on page 19, we give a



SMITH PASSING THE ORDEAL OF PLUNGING.

beauty in its construction. The river Avon flows through the city, and the country around is charming. Bath is principally celebrated as the great watering place of England. It was at the height of its glory when the English were confined to their island by the great wars in the last and the commence-

ment of the present century, and then the famous Beau Nash presided over the ceremonies in the splendid Assembly Rooms; but the opening of the continent to general travel in 1815, caused crowds to flock to the German spas, and Bath has lost some of its glow. In the engraving on page 19, we give a

THE CAPTURE OF JAMES SMITH.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

In the spring of 1755, Braddock commenced his campaign against the French and Indians, which ended so disastrously, by the defeat and almost total destruction of his whole army. He had sent forward a detachment of three hundred men, for the purpose of making a road over the mountains for the passage of the main army. James Smith, the hero of our story, was among the number. When they had arrived within a few miles of Bedford Springs, he was sent back to hasten forward some wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition for the use of the party constructing the road.

Having delivered his orders he commenced his return, accompanied by another man. They had proceeded but a short distance, when in passing a cedar thicket, they were fired upon by a party of three Indians, who were lying in ambush for them. The companion of Smith was instantly killed, but he himself was unhurt, though his horse was shot under him, and falling upon his leg pinioned him to the earth. The Indians sprang upon him, and before he could extricate himself, disarmed and bound him with thongs, rendering resistance impossible. Upon inquiring of him if there were any more white men coming, and being answered in the affirmative, they seized him by the arms and forced him along upon the run until night, when they encamped, having travelled, as near as he could judge, about fifty miles.

After having cooked their supper, of which they gave him all he wished, they laid down before the fire, securing their prisoner between them, in such a manner that it would be impossible for him to escape without awakening them. Early the next morning they again started, their road laying through a rough, rocky country, so that they were unable to accomplish as many miles as on the previous day, and reached the western side of Laurel Mountain about sunset, when, coming in sight of an Indian encampment, they gave the scalp halloo, which is a long, sharp yell, followed by quick, shrill, piercing shrieks, one for each scalp. The Indians from the camp answered by the discharge of guns, and a long whoop, with cries of joy; and rushing out, surrounded the party. Smith expected every moment

they would attack him, according to their custom when prisoners are brought into camp, but they were of another tribe, and treated him as the property of their guests, supplying him with an abundance of food. He was secured between his captors, the same as the night before, and the next morning both parties travelled together, and on the evening of the following day arrived at Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg. When within a short distance of the fort, they again raised the scalp halloo. The whole garrison was instantly in motion. The guns were fired and drums beat; many of the French and Indians rushing out to meet the party and participate in their triumph.

Smith here met with different treatment from that which he received at the camp of the Indians. He was immediately surrounded by the women and children, who switched and tormented him in every way their ingenuity could invent, without seriously injuring him, until they were tired of the sport; when the whole tribe formed themselves into two rows, facing each other; the warriors armed with clubs, and the women and children with switches.

One of his captors, who appeared more friendly than the rest, now approached him, and told him in broken English that he must run the gauntlet, at the same time telling him to "Run quick, no hurt him much; no run quick, kill him." Smith nerved himself for the race, knowing what he had to expect; and when the word was given for him to start, he ran through the lines at the top of his speed, until he had nearly reached the end, when he received a blow on the head from a club, which knocked him down, but recovering himself he started forward again, when a handful of sand was thrown into his eyes, blinding him so that he could distinguish nothing. He still continued to grope his way along, and as often as he was knocked down, would start up again, in hopes of reaching the goal, but was so often knocked down and beaten with clubs, that he at last fainted and became unconscious.

When he recovered his consciousness he found himself almost beaten to a jelly, and so sore that he was unable to move without the most excruciating pain. He was placed under

the care of the surgeon of the fort, and had his wounds dressed. Here he was visited by the Indian who had given him the advice at the commencement of the race; who inquired if he was much hurt, and manifested much interest in him; telling him that he had only received the same treatment which all prisoners met with on their first appearance among the tribe. Under the care of the surgeon he rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk around the fort.

On the morning of the ninth of July, he noticed an unusual excitement among the Indians, and upon inquiring the cause, was told that Braddock was within a few miles of the fort, and they were preparing to meet him. Barrels of powder, balls and flints were rolled out, and crowds of Indians were helping themselves to such articles as they were in need of. When all were supplied, they were joined by a small party of French troops, and the whole party marched off together.

Smith's heart beat high with the hope that they might be defeated, and that Braddock, being victorious, would continue his march, and take the fort, and he thereby be released from anticipated torture and death. But he was destined to be disappointed. In the afternoon an Indian runner came in with the information that they had surprised Braddock, and surrounded his army, and that they appeared completely bewildered and incapable of making a successful resistance, and were being shot down by hundreds.

At this intelligence Smith lost all hope, and gave himself up as doomed to death by torture, or a long captivity among the Indians. About sunset he heard the well-known scalp halloo, followed by loud shouts, and long-continued firing, announcing the return of the Indians, and the fate of the day. Shortly after, the Indians appeared in sight, driving before them twelve British soldiers with their faces painted black, a sign that they were doomed to suffer torture.

The Indians appeared almost frantic with joy; dancing around their prisoners, yelling, and brandishing their tomahawks about the heads of the prisoners, and waving the scalps they had taken, of which they had a large number. Nearly all of them were dressed in some part of the British uniform; some having on red coats, others with hats, or pants, or some other article which they had stripped from the dead bodies of those they had scalped. The prisoners were soon brought out to the

banks of the Alleghany, and with the full knowledge and in plain hearing of the French commander, were burned at the stake, one after another, with horrid tortures that would make the blood run cold at the recital only; those whose turn came last being compelled to witness the sufferings of their companions.

It seems almost incredible that civilized men could ever become so brutalized that, with the power to prevent, they could suffer it to be done. Yet the scenes were frequently repeated during the same war, under the sanction of the French, and at a later period by the English. Smith, standing upon the battlements of the fort, witnessed the whole transaction; with what feelings can be imagined, but not described; not knowing at the time but he might soon be doomed to suffer the same treatment.

A few days after, as is customary with the Indians after a great victory, they dispersed; each tribe returning to their own homes for a time. The tribe by whom Smith had been captured, demanded he should be given up to them as their prize, which was acceded to by the French commander. Embarking in canoes, they ascended the Alleghany to an Indian town about forty miles from the fort, when they abandoned the canoes, and taking a westerly course, the next day reached their village, which was called Tullihass, situated on the western branch of the Muskingum. Here they again raised the scalp halloo, and were answered in the usual manner, the whole tribe rushing out to meet them, wild with delight at their safe return, but more especially as they came heavily loaded with the spoils of the last battle.

Smith was confined in an old hut, and the Indians gave themselves up to feasting and rejoicing until nearly daybreak. In the morning, after a full council of the tribe had been held, three of the old men proceeded to the hut in which Smith had been confined, and leading him out, commenced pulling out his hair by the roots, occasionally stopping to dip their fingers in ashes, to prevent the hair slipping through them, and in a short time his head was entirely bald, with the exception of a small tuft upon the crown, which was left for a scalp lock, and tied so as to make it stand upright, and then ornamented with a silver brooch. His ears and nose were bored, and ornamented with rings; after which he was stripped entirely naked. He submitted quietly to the whole operation, knowing that resist-

ance would be useless. They then commenced painting him in various fantastic colors; after which they fastened a belt of wampum around his neck, and silver bands upon his arms.

Smith began to fear that they had painted him for the torture, and his alarm was not diminished when the old chief, taking him by the arm, led him out into an open space in front of the village, and giving three shrill whoops, was immediately surrounded by the whole tribe, whom he addressed in a long speech, which Smith could not understand; and at the conclusion, led him forward and delivered him into the hands of three young girls, who, laughing, and seizing him by the hands, hurried him towards the river, and plunging in, drew him with them until the water was up to his waist; when all three, placing their hands upon his head, attempted to force it under. But Smith, thinking they were going to drown him, and not relishing the idea of being sent out of the world by squaws, commenced a desperate resistance, and attempted to free himself from them. Being naked, and his arms and body wet and slippery, they had nothing by which to hold but the string of wampum around his neck, and he several times succeeded in breaking away from them; but they would all spring after him, and bring him back before he could reach the shore, all the while laughing, and appearing to enjoy the sport highly. The whole tribe stood on the shore laughing and clapping their hands at each unsuccessful attempt of Smith to free himself. This lasted something like half an hour, when the girls becoming somewhat exhausted, and alarmed at his desperate resistance, one of them called out to him, "No hurt you, no hurt you." Smith, assured from their manner that they were sincere, ceased his resistance, and submitted himself to their wishes. After plunging him under water several times, and scrubbing him from head to foot, until they had washed off all the paint, they led him to the shore, and laughingly delivered him to the chief, highly delighted with the result of their performance.

The Indians then dressed him in a shirt, leggins and moccasins, richly ornamented, and seating him on a buffalo skin, gave him a pipe, tomahawk, some tobacco, a pouch, with a flint and steel. The chiefs then seated themselves by his side, and smoked several minutes in silence; after which the old chief thus addressed him, through an interpreter:

"My son, you are now one of us, and will be treated like our own people. By an ancient custom, the ceremony you have just gone through with, has placed you on an equality with ourselves; every drop of white blood having been washed from your veins. We are now your brothers, and are bound by our laws to treat you as such; to love you, to fight for you, and to avenge your injuries, as much as if you had been born with us."

He was then conducted to the members of the family by whom he had been adopted, and received by them with every appearance of affection. In the evening he was taken to a great feast, and received a wooden bowl and spoon, and was directed to fill it from a large kettle of boiled corn and venison; after having partaken of which, almost to suffocation, they danced the war-dance, and then separated. From that time he was treated in all respects as one of them.

After a few days of feasting and carousal, the warriors of the tribe again left to join the French, leaving Smith at the village, in charge of a few hunters who were left behind to provide for the women and children. Smith was taught all the cunning of the Indians, by an old man of the tribe named Tecaughnetanago, and a young warrior about his own age, named Tontileauago, often accompanying them on their hunting excursions, on which they were sometimes gone for several months at a time.

He remained with the tribe nearly four years, without being able to effect his escape; fearing to attempt it, as to fail would have been certain death. At length an opportunity presented itself. Tecaughnetanago started on an excursion down the St. Lawrence, taking Smith with him, to Montreal, and when the old man had disposed of his furs, and was nearly ready to return, Smith succeeded in secreting himself until the old man was gone, when he delivered himself up to the French commander, and in a few weeks was exchanged with some other prisoners, and returned to his friends, who had long supposed him dead.

The degrees of crime are thus defined: "He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half a million is only a defaulter. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched."

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[Charles Churchill was the son of Rev. Charles Churchill, and was born in 1731. He received a liberal education, and was elected to his father's place as curate. He was very ambitious, and espoused the political interests of Wilkes. He left the church, and became a speculative infidel. He wrote the *Rasselas*, which is said to have caused a greater sensation than any poem that had previously appeared in England. He died at Boulogne, aged thirty-four. Lord Byron visited Churchill's grave, and thereupon wrote a very simple but touching poem. We make an extract:

"I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown
That lay unread around it; and I asked
The gardener of the ground, why it might be,
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked
Through the thick deaths of half a century?
And thus he answered:—'Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of sextonship,
And I had not the digging of this grave.'
And is this all? I thought. And do we rip
The veil of immortality, and crave
I know not what of honor and of light
Through unborn ages to endure this blight,
So soon and so successful?"

The scene of Lord Byron at the grave of Churchill
is highly poetical and impressive.]

I.

He was a preacher of the olden times,
He dropped the gown ambition's paths to tread,
He wildly dreamed, and wrote his dreams in rhymes,
Nor meagre praise awarded they who read.

II.

His mind colossal towered aloft, and warred
With creeds, and systems, and the ways of men;
He saw his name among the famous starred,
And deemed immortal were his harp and pen.

III.

He turned his back upon the Holy One,
To add a boldness to his rising fame:
Religion mocked, and what he craved he won,
And what he won, he gloated o'er—a name.

IV.

Some years had passed since his ascendant star
Blazed on the isle whose navies rule the wave,
When called to mind a courtly traveller
His old renown, while passing near his grave.

V.

He, too, a poet, and the greatest, save
The bard of Avon, that his tongue had known;
To his majestic muse the nations gave
A fame a monarch might be proud to own.

VI.

His star rose not; but high in heaven shone
The sudden flash of its eclipsing glare;
He sought his grave, whose wondrous course alone
Resembled his, awhile to ponder there.

VII.

He little deemed that grave almost unknown,
(Though sometimes came a pilgrim to the spot,)
Or that the poet's was an humble stone,
And few could tell if it were his or not.

VIII.

Yet so it was. His name was now a word
That meant but little, and the idle fame,
For which he gave his hopes of heaven, was heard
But seldom spoken, bards of nobler name

IX.

Had followed fast, and he had given to man
No pious thoughts, no elevating schemes,
That after-ages with delight might scan
And catch an inspiration from his dreams.

X.

The bard of Newstead gazed in pensive thought
Upon that grave, and there God's lesson read,
And of his future self a vision caught—
"And is this all?" with softened eye, he said.

XI.

Ah, sadder this than dirge or funeral pall,
Or rites funereal where the yew trees wave!
All know their future resting-place, not all
That cold oblivion has for them a grave.

XII.

The great Creator reigns supreme; the same
Through circling ages roll his just decrees;
His glory shines an all-consuming flame,
Nor may Ambition link her name with his.

XIII.

So must have run the bard of Newstead's thought,
For truth revealed before the skeptic* stood;
And there are times when impious men are brought
To read the Scriptures in the works of God.

* Lord Byron added to his many errors the sin of unbelief. He even doubted the immortality of the soul, in his early life, but was at last fully convinced of it, by reflecting on the action of the mind. His unbelief made him very unhappy, as his poems show.

MABEL VAUGHN'S REVENGE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

Those who knew Mabel Vaughn best, believed that her mind would not survive her husband's loss. She was one of those strong-willed, matter-of-fact women whose reason is most easily wrecked by any violent head-flaw, as one of your heavy, headstrong vessels goes down in a storm that a lighter craft outrides in safety. And Mabel adored her husband.

It is a mistake to suppose that imagination induces to insanity, for, while it terrifies with false terrors, it also pictures possible ones, and thus by its buoyancy and foreseeing blunts the first shock of affliction.

Mabel Vaughn, though lacking the shielding wings of this soaring creature, had yet her shield, more precious, and O, how fair! Stealing into the hushed chamber, climbing over the sick bed, peering into the glazing eyes, caressing the cold hands, standing by the coffin with grieved, childish wonder, was a little boy with silken, sunny hair, with solemn blue eyes, and with clinging little hands that would not let his mother forget him. Under the waxen eyelids forever closed were eyes like that child's eyes, and the hair clustering about the pallid forehead was scarcely clouded from Charlie's bright ringlets.

This child stood between the mother and chaos. Lying by night on the cold grave with the storms beating over her and drenching her long, unbound hair, it was the thought of him that drew her up and home. Poring with wild grief over old letters and keepsakes, over the clothes her husband had worn and the books he had loved, it was Charlie's grieved lip and brimming eyes that made her put them by, and strive to call up a sickly smile to comfort the child.

Then a merciful necessity interposed. Something must be done for a living. They owned the little cottage and garden on the sea-shore, but Captain Vaughn had been a sailor easy and improvident, and they had nothing else. That cottage Mabel would never leave, but the town was near, and there was plain and fancy sewing to be got, in both of which she excelled; and before the supreme court terms there was a good three weeks' copying which Mabel did in a clear, bold hand that delighted the eyes of hurried lawyers.

So the two lived in peace and plenty, hav-

ing little to do with neighbors, who, indeed, were not near; and Mabel taught the child herself, and talked to him, and gradually wound all the broken tendrils of her affection around his young being.

It must be owned that the neighbors, though they respected the young widow, sought her as little as she did them. Though not forbidding, still she was not social, and there was something in her very appearance to awe a timid mind. Tall, endowed with a rare union of robust strength and graceful symmetry, there was something grand and tragical in her make and motions. Her regular, noble face was perfectly colorless, and lighted by heavy black eyes that seldom flashed now, as the beautiful lips seldom smiled, except for the boy. Her wealth of black hair was always gathered back from her face, and no ornament ever relieved the severe simplicity of her widow's dress.

Many a stroller in that lovely place, many a pleasure-seeker floating by on the waters, paused to watch these two at their daily retreat on the beach. The child loved to be there, and Mabel would sit among the rocks with her work while he gathered pebbles and shells; or she brought his books and taught him his lessons in sound of the sea, or more rarely she would walk up and down with him and tell him of his father. While the boy listened with breathless interest, the red sunset that only faintly warmed his mother's stern, dark beauty, seemed to shine through his transparent whiteness, to kindle his pale, glossy hair into deep gold, to brighten his eyes like jewels, to fuse his whole lovely being in light. It was a fair picture.

So thought Captain Halday as he looked upon it, and he looked often. Sailing in and out of the harbor, with rich foreign cargoes, bags of fragrant coffee, sugars, oranges, strong Indian spices, or more cumbrously laden with great planks of rosewood and mahogany, the saller had got to look for the widow's lonely light more eagerly than for the red lantern that swung round and round over the reef outside. From gradual beginnings he had established a sort of acquaintance with her, bringing his sewing to her, paying well, but not too liberally, and bringing the boy beam-

tiful shells and knick-knacks from over the sea.

By-and-by, when everybody else had made up their minds about it, Mabel first perceived that Captain Haliday was courting her, and angry enough was she to see it. His dismissal was swift and decisive.

"You'd best come here no more, Captain Haliday," she said, coldly. "I have work enough, and Charlie has toys enough."

"Why, Mabel—" he began in pretended surprise.

"I mean it," she said firmly, going quietly on with her sewing. For they sat on the rocks where the sailor had joined them. She could see, even with averted eyes, a boat that floated up on the tide, and one man on board pointing her out to another. In her faithful and jealous love the thought of this gossip seemed an insult to herself, and a sacrilege to the memory of her husband.

For an instant a frown darkened the cruel, handsome face of her suitor, then a smile followed as swiftly, and bending suddenly toward her he said in a half whisper, "Mabel, will you marry me?"

Her heavy black eyes flashed out on his, and her face turned scarlet. "No!" she cried. "And you are impudent to ask such a thing."

The sailor grew pale, and was silent for a moment; then he said in a changed tone, "you might at least be civil."

"But to think that I would be false to my husband!" she said, indignantly.

"Your husband has been dead these three years, Mabel, and it's time you had some one to take care of you."

"He's never dead to me," she said in a sharp whisper; then, as Charlie came up to them from sailing his mimic boat, added, "My boy will take care of me when he grows to a man."

"What will you do when he goes to sea, and leaves you for a year at a time, or longer?"

"Goes to sea!" she echoed in terror. "He's not going to sea." But she put her arm round the child and drew him with a fierce clasp close to her side.

"He'll go to sea whether you like or not," said the sailor, smiling at her distress. "It was in his father, and it's in him. His father ran away when he was ten years old, and went to Rio and from there to Antwerp, and they didn't know where the little scamp was till he came back two years after with a face as brown as mine, and a clay pipe stuck in his mouth. It's no use, Mabel. You can no

more keep a born sailor off the sea than you can keep ducks out of water, if they can reach it."

The widow took the small, sweet face between her shaking hands. "Charlie, will you go away to sea, and leave mother alone?"

"Yes, mama," he lisped. "When I'm big I will go to sea, and bring you home shells and guava jelly."

She turned angrily upon Captain Haliday, as though he were to blame for the child's predilection.

"Better make up your mind to it," he said, hastily suppressing the smile with which he had been watching her. "Go he will. And if you would only say yes to me, the boy would do well. He could go in my ship, and you could go with him whenever you wanted to."

She started up with a gesture of angry impatience.

"You don't know how fond I am of you, Mabel," he urged.

"Never! never!" she cried, passionately; and snatching the boy up into her arms as lightly as though he had been a child of one year instead of six, she turned away and walked hurriedly toward the house.

The baffled suitor gazed until the door closed after her, his face full of anger but admiration also. "When she says no, she means it," he said, sighing heavily as he turned away. "Vaughn was a white-faced, chicken-hearted fellow, but I envy him, I declare."

And with one more glance toward the closed door and curtained window, he went away to town, and then to his ship, and so off to distant lands. And all the time a slow feeling of hate was growing up where the love had been.

There were no more walks on the sea-shore for little Charlie, and no more tales of his father's travels and adventures; but the mother set herself steadfastly to work to root out the feelings which her own training had fostered, perhaps, but whose seeds were not of her planting. When the boy was old enough, he was put into the office of a civil engineer, and as he prospered there, his mother congratulated herself on having overcome the danger she had dreaded. He lived at home, only taking his dinners in town, and if he went away early and came back late, she took for granted that his business required all his time, and asked him no questions. He was steady and affectionate, and she was happy, and proud of him, her handsome, high spirited boy.

Coming home one evening Charlie found the cottage a perfect bower of flowers and fresh spring green. Tender May foliage quivered like a mist of golden green on dark evergreens framing the pictures, looping the curtains, filling large vases on the hearth and in the windows, and wreathing even the doors. Hot-house roses and heliotrope shed their rich sweetness on the air, and where the table was spread in the pretty parlor, bunches of English violets lay by the plates, and a string of crimson pansies hung round the glass plate of honey, and just dipped their deep-tinted bells in the amber sweetness. A little feast was spread on the snowy cloth, and, conspicuous in the centre, a birthday cake which Mabel had brought that very day from the confectioner's.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Charlie, pausing on the threshold, "how beautiful!"

A smile of almost girlish brightness played on her lips, and her eyes were full of eager pleasure.

"If you have forgotten your birthday, I haven't," said she. "You are eighteen years old to-day."

"And this is all for me?" he cried, flinging down his cap, and tossing back his sunny brown hair. "You make me feel like a king, mother dear. And everything so lovely! I didn't know you were such an artist."

She watched his bright face with fond delight, more than repaid for her labor of love by his pleasure in it. They seated themselves at table in the gayest of moods, and after supper drew their chairs out into the portico and sat talking in the lingering sunset.

The sea stretched broad before them, softly heaving with a vague unrest, as though an excess of happiness throbbed under the rosy waves that blushed under the sky. Lines of fine foam that sparkled like flame crept up the beach, and far away, a ship came slowly up, every sail set to catch the faint breeze, the whole pyramid of canvas glowing in the warm light.

"Now if I were a girl, mother," Charlie said, leaning back in his chair, and watching the light clouds overhead melt from one lovely form to another, and yet another, "if I were a girl, I should be out of my time to-day, and could do as I please."

She watched him, smiling, his face of girlish fairness lighted up with the sunset blush, his bright, roving eyes drinking in all the beauty of the sky. "As you please, Charlie? And how would that be?"

"I hardly know what a girl of eighteen would be most anxious to do," he laughed.

"And what is a boy of eighteen most anxious to do?" she persisted.

The blush deepened in the boy's face, and he moved uneasily in his chair. "O, different persons want different things," he answered, his glance forsaking the clouds, and seeking the ship that came up like a rosy cloud over the sparkling waters.

A swift change passed over the mother's face, and her eyes became keen. "What would you rather do, Charlie?" she asked, in a low tone.

He looked at her in surprise. "O, I'm well enough, mother. I don't want to trouble you," he said, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would tell me what you like best," she said calmly, but looking very pale. "I want you to be contented."

He looked at her for a moment with a varying color; then, as though unable to bear her fixed gaze, went and stood behind her chair with his hands on her shoulders.

"You know I can't help it, mother," he said in a passionate whisper. "It was born in me."

A strong shiver passed over her form, but she said nothing.

He waited a moment, then slipped down at her feet, resting his head in her lap. "Don't think me ungrateful, mother. I have tried hard to overcome these feelings, and I will never gratify them without your consent. I know you would be lonely without me, and I don't forget how much you have done for me. But you can never know how the sea fascinates me, how I long to be on it. I haven't said anything because I knew your feelings, but I lie at night and listen to the surf, and when I see the ships come and go, my heart aches."

A shaking hand lay among the tumbled curls of his hair, but there was no reply.

He went on after a moment. "I don't spend all my time at the office, mother. We don't go in till nine, except when we are to go out surveying, and we leave at five. Every day I go down to the wharves among the shipping; and, mother, if you knew how I long to sail away in one of them, you'd pity me. To think of the beautiful lands that I shall never see—and to think of being all my life cooped up in a dull office drawing plans, or out measuring off land, instead of tossing over the ocean, and seeing all that I have read about. It is too much!"

Dropping lower his face into her lap, the boy burst into a passion of tears.

The hand trembled still more that smoothed his hair, and something like a moan broke from the widow's lips.

Charlie recovered himself presently. "Captain Haliday would take me as second mate—" he began.

"Captain Haliday!" cried Mabel, fiercely. "Has he been coaxing you away?"

"Indeed not, mother!" he answered, looking at her in surprise. "I needed no coaxing to want to go, and no coaxing could make me go without your consent. But he knows, and he only said this in case—"

The mother rose wearily. "We'll talk no more to-night, Charlie. Let the matter rest. I'll think it over,"—turning away so that he could not see her face.

With a cry of joyful surprise he sprang up to embrace her.

"No, no!" she said faintly, putting him away, still not looking at him.

He was used to obeying her, and only stood and watched her as she slowly went toward her room, entered, and closed the door after her. She stumbled once in going, but the boy had not seen her face, and thought it was but her long dress, or a stool in her path, and after waiting for awhile, he went out on the beach and walked up and down, weaving fair visions in the purple twilight. His confessions had relieved him; and though he sighed now and then "poor dear mother!" he soon forgot the regret in his new hopes.

And while he dreamed, the flowers of his birth-day *fete* faded, and the boughs drooped; and Mabel Vaughn fought her misery alone.

Charles looked at his mother anxiously when they met the next morning. She appeared about as usual, and did not refer to their evening conversation till just as he went out. Then, following him to the door she said, "Charlie, ask Captain Haliday to come out to see me to-day."

A light flashed into his eyes, but he went on without venturing a word. One fortnight from that day Charles Vaughn sailed for England with Captain Haliday.

"It's only for three months," he said, with an effort at cheerfulness, "and I shall be back, you know. But, mother, be sure you put a light in the porch window when it's time for us to come, so that if we come up at night, I may see it."

"Yes, Charlie."

Three months after Charlie came home,

full of delight with his voyage, and with seeing his mother again.

"I saw your light, mother, though it was midnight when we came in sight of it. You didn't forget."

She did not tell him that for every night of the last month she had placed that lamp, weeping bitterly the while.

The next voyage was a longer one, and it was a full year before the young sailor returned. Night after night in summer or winter, the lonely widow went out to walk the beach, wildly weeping, trembling in storms, stretching her arms out over the darkened sea that somewhere rocked on its bosom the one darling and stay of her life. It gave him back to her safely in due time.

"The captain took Minnie this time," Charles said as he sat talking with his mother, having related his adventures. "He's a hard man, harder than I thought, but she can do anything with him. I never saw a man idolize a child so."

"She is his only child," sighed the mother. "And his wife died when she was born."

"Yes, and a smart little thing she is, mother, and as pretty as a picture. We sailors call her the queen of the ship. Some day you shall be the queen of my ship. In a few years I shall be ship-master, the Collins' have promised me, and then you are to go with me."

The mother smiled fondly. How handsome he was, how full of life, and hope, and love for her! How all his plans clustered around her as their centre. It was a joy to see him so happy and satisfied. And so with an easier heart than ever before she sent him on his third trip, a six months' one. They were only going to the Southern States and Rio, maybe a little further. It was fall, and with spring they would be home again.

Spring came, and the mother set about her joyful preparations for his reception. The ship had been spoken and would be in a day or two. Then it was seen down the harbor, waiting for a tow-boat. A few hours at most and her boy would be in her arms.

Mabel went about her house in a tremor of joy. It was Charlie's twenty-first birthday, too, that fourteenth of May. How beautiful that he should come on such a day. Everything in the house was shining and sweet, and in her son's bed-room on the little white-draped toilet table was a case containing the mother's special birthday gift—a sparkling new gold watch, bought with savings every cent of which she had earned herself. Not

one dollar of his money had she used; it was all put by for him.

The sun went down and the stars came out, and in the deepening twilight a ship went up the harbor like a ghost. Charlie's ship, no doubt. He would be home in an hour. She hurried into the house from her watch on the beach, and newly-arranged everything. The coffee must be spoiled with waiting; she poured it out, and made fresh. She smoothed the table-cloth anew, and looked again into the pretty bedroom, and at the shining gift. She was very proud of that.

Mabel was so happy that no one would have known her. Her pale, stern dignity seemed quite gone. She moved hurriedly about, a smile on her lips, and a dewy light in her eyes. A soft flush warmed her cheeks, and sometimes a snatch of an old song would rise to her lips. Then she would hush herself and listen eagerly. Her heart was strangely softened that night. She almost felt that she could pray, were she not so agitated. But she must not lose his first foot-fall even for praying. So she sat thinking, something in this wise.

After they had had their supper, and their talk, and Charlie had seen his watch, and had looked at the box of new shirts, and handkerchiefs she had made for him, all fine enough for any gentleman, and after he had gone to bed and she had stolen in to look again on him as he slept and softly kiss his bronzed cheek, then Mabel thought she would like to thank God, and to have a good happy cry all to herself.

She was not religious, this woman. She lacked the reverence and spirituality which make half of our sex pious, and the weak sentimentality which the other half mistake for piety, and she wouldn't be frightened into making any sort of pretence. But she was honest and true, and, in her way, was tender to the poor and the suffering, and when a religious impulse struck her, it was genuine.

Hours passed, and Charlie came not. That must have been some other ship, then. He would not linger a moment. Midnight came. No matter; he came home as late after his first voyage. She walked down the road almost a mile, then turned back. One o'clock, two o'clock, still no Charlie. It was too bad he didn't come on his birthday, after all. All night she watched.

Morning dawned clear and bright, and Mabel renewed all her preparations, sprinkled the drooping flowers, and re-set the table. From her sleepless night she had come with

a brighter, dryer eye, and a more unsteady hand. This suspense and expectation were exciting. The sun came up over the sea, changing it to fire.

At last! at last! Round a distant turn of the road came a slight figure in a sailor's dress. "He is coming, he is coming!" she almost screamed in her wild delight, not daring to go out yet till she could calm herself. She closed her eyes an instant, then opened them with her heart in her mouth. Had she been deceived? No, he came near. It must be Charlie!

A pang caught her heart. Charlie always ran when he got near, but this man walked slowly with his head averted. Mabel sat down and watched him, she could not stand. As he came slowly up to the little gate he lifted his face, and she recognized Ned Williams, one of Charlie's shipmates.

With an involuntary cry she started up and stood looking at him when he entered the room, but speaking no word.

He sank into the first chair. "Do sit down, Mrs. Vaughn," he said hoarsely; "and don't look at me that way, or I can't tell you. I've got bad news."

For a minute she seemed choking in the effort to speak. Then she cried out in a strange, sharp voice, "Is my Charlie sick? Is he in the ship sick? You wouldn't dare to leave him sick among strangers!"

The man slowly shook his head. "Charlie isn't sick, Mrs. Vaughn."

"Speak!" she cried, wildly, catching his arm.

"Charles is in the sea," he faltered out.

She did not start, she only seemed to stiffen, and said no word, but stared at him. He mistook her quiet for calmness, and taking courage, went on:

"He'll never come home again, poor fellow! He was drowned off H. Island."

She made no sound, but dropped like a log at his feet.

For days kind hands ministered to the bereaved one, she unconscious of bereavement and ministrations. She was stupefied, ate nothing, and scarcely spoke, but lay silent and pallid as marble, her eyes vacantly following the motions of those about her. But after a week she began to grow restless, and went about her house as though expecting some one. Every night she placed her lamp in the window for the lost voyager who would never return to see that signal of love.

Those who had been with her went away,

since she seemed capable of taking care of herself, and averse to company, and she was left alone.

Half demented as she was, she was yet quiet and harmless, and more confused and stunned than crazy. Still the neighbors "kept an eye on her," as they expressed it, and some one dropped in for a moment almost every day.

A fortnight passed in this manner, and Captain Haliday's ship had sailed again. The day it went an old woman, Ned Williams's mother, came out to see Mabel.

"I've come to tell you what I think you ought to know, Mabel," she said. "Some people advised me not to, but I always have maintained that you have a right to know the whole truth. I waited till Captain Haliday got off, and now I shall tell you. Why, half of his men have left him this trip, and good for him. My Ned said he wouldn't go with him again to own his ship. They all thought so much of Charlie."

Mabel stared at her visitor with a frown coming on her brow, and raised her hand to her head in her odd way.

"Does your head ache?" asked the woman.

"No, I think not, it feels tight as though there were a band round it."

"Well, I'm going to tell you how Charlie died."

Mabel's eyes opened wide and were fixed on the other, and her breath came quicker.

"You see they had a storm off the coast somewhere about a week before they arrived here, and when it cleared off they came in sight of a wreck on some reefs. My son Ned was there, you know, and he told me all about it. There were people on this wreck, it was a passenger ship, and they had up signals of distress. Well, the sea was high, and the captain hadn't a mind to help them, but the men were determined to, and Charlie among the foremost. At last the captain gave in and said, crossly enough, that two of the men might go if they'd risk their necks in that sea. They launched the boat, and Charlie and my Ned went. It was a hard pull, Ned said, but at last they reached the wreck and took off what they could. The others prayed, and begged, and threw themselves into the water, and nearly swamped the boat, but the boys took only what they thought safe, and promised to go back for the others. Well, they reached the ship at last, and got the poor creatures aboard, and were for starting again, but the captain said they shouldn't. He didn't want to wait any longer, and night was com-

ing, and it wasn't a nice coast to be on. So he ordered them aboard; and Ned had to obey. But Charlie wouldn't, and, he talked and begged, till at last the captain told him he might go if he'd go alone. No sooner said than done, and off the poor fellow started.

But no one man could row there, Ned said, and before he had got a quarter of a mile the boat capsized, and Charlie went out of sight. The men drew hard breaths, but the captain wouldn't let them launch the other boat and go to save him. In a few minutes they saw the boat bottom up and Charlie clinging to it, and then he climbed on to it, and shouted for help. But the captain took out his pistol and told the men to steer out to sea, and threatened to shoot the first one that disobeyed. He said the boat was drifting on to the reefs where he couldn't follow, and that if Charlie threw away his life he wouldn't throw away his. And so they steered off and left the poor boy shouting after them for help. Ned says he heard him for half an hour, and can't yet get the sound out of his ears."

In the interest of telling her story the woman seemed to forget to whom she was relating it, till she was recalled. As she ended, Mabel threw up her arms with a wild shriek, and rushed out of the house.

For six months there was no more violent inmate of the B—— hospital for the insane than Mabel Vaughn. Had she been less strong, her violence would have killed her, but she had a frame of iron. She was wild always with one idea; her son was not dead, but was starving and thirsting out on the sea, and crying to her to help him. She was found, after hearing the story of her boy's desertion, far down the harbor in a boat, rowing with the frenzied idea of saving him, and ever since her effort had been to reach the sea.

But after six months of this frenzy she became suddenly quiet. After a few weeks of trial, there seemed no need of confining her longer, and she was sent home.

It is doubtful if she was perfectly sane, or if it were merely the cunning of insanity; and certainly, solitude and the old scenes did not tend to restore her. But she raved no more. One idea alone possessed her, and that was revenge.

Captain Haliday loved his daughter with a strength scarcely less than Mabel's for her son; with the difference that hers had been a proud affection, and his was an abject one. All the good in his coarse, brutal nature was clustered around this affection for the lovely,

happy girl who seemed the only one in the world who either loved or respected him. He knew that others shrank from him, but when Minnie flung her white, dimpled arms around his neck, and kissed his sunburnt face, he could laugh at the world.

This girl should be a great lady, he resolved, and lavishly he spent upon her. Not a lady in town wore richer silks or rarer laces than this miss of thirteen; her jewel-case glittered with many a costly bauble, her piano was inlaid, and had pearl keys, her saddle-horse was a model of elegance, her little pony carriage the observed of observers. She had visited all parts of the world with her father, and could chatter in half a dozen languages.

Captain Haliday made himself a slave to the girl, and, had she been less amiable, would have fared hardly. But she was happy and affectionate, and loved her father with all her heart.

Mabel fixed her wild eyes on this girl. She saw not her innocence and loveliness, she saw only what was dearest to the man who had left her boy to perish on the ocean, depriving her of even the dreadful certainty of his death, but giving her forever that maddening vision of him crying for help, and crying in vain. That cry in her ears drowned all other sounds, that sight before her eyes shut out all pity. But she guarded herself, going quiet, and like one resigned.

Captain Haliday was going on a voyage to China, and, to his delight, Minnie proposed to accompany him. "I want to see the little feet of the women, and see tea grow, and to hear the Chinamen jabber, papa. I'm all ready. When do you sail?"

"You'll have to wait a fortnight for me, beauty," he said, fondly stroking her dark curls. "But, I promise you, you'll find nobody there to chatter faster than you, or with prettier feet, by George!"

"Well, papa, don't lose anytime. I'm in haste to go, good-by. I'm going out to have a ride on Lightfoot."

"Be careful, pet," he said, kissing her.

She laughed at the thought of fear, and ran to get ready. Half an hour after, he saw her ride off in company with a young lady friend. She looked back with a smile on her bright face, threw him a kiss from her fingers, then touching up her horse, trotted gayly out of sight.

The afternoon passed, and she did not return. Inquiries were made toward evening. No one had seen her return, but her horse was

in his stall. The groom said that Lightfoot came round to the stable alone, and he put him up without any misgivings, as Miss Minnie often sent him round so when there was no one at hand to take him. He noticed that the creature seemed to have been ridden hard, but that also happened sometimes. Further inquiries showed that the horse had been seen galloping through the streets riderless. Minnie's friend was called on, but knew nothing of her, except that just as they started on their ride they had a disagreement about something, and getting into a fret, had separated, Minnie riding off by herself in the direction of the seashore. Search was made through the town and environs, and along the shore, and Mabel Vaughn was called on for information. She was just putting on her things to go in town. She had seen a young lady ride down the shore toward the cliffs in the afternoon, and about an hour after had seen a riderless horse rush back again toward town. She did not know the young lady, and was not sure it was the same horse that went back, but on thinking it over, had concluded to go in town and tell what she had seen.

There was no sign of the girl that night, or the next day. Rewards were offered, telegrams sent, advertisements printed, and every inch of the shore searched. Since the horse might have thrown her over the cliffs, the water was dragged far around.

If a thought of suspicion ever glanced toward Mabel, her manner quite threw it off. She was quite calm, and as no one expected her to express much sympathy for Captain Haliday, her cool word of pity for the girl was considered enough. Some imaginative persons fancied they heard loud laughter from her cottage at night, and saw her running up and down the beach with gestures, but they found little credence.

After a week of fruitless search a strange whim seized Captain Haliday. This great affliction had proved the weakness of his apparently stony nature. He dared not be alone, he sought pity and re-assurance like a child; he shrank with terror from the very revelations which he sought. He had a longing to speak to Mabel. From the first, the disappearance of his child had seemed to him a judgment, and, without believing Mabel connected with it as an actor, he yet had a superstitious fancy that he should never find Minnie till he had begged forgiveness from Charlie's mother. Since the boy's loss he had shunned her like the plague, and had never

met her face to face; but now, as he prowled and watched about the shore among the rocks, he took courage and walked up to Mabel's door.

She had not seen him, and called out "come in," without knowing who her visitor was.

It was an awful face he saw as she rose upright on his entrance. Thin and deathly white, with pinched features and sunken mouth, she looked more a ghost than a woman. Her hair, no longer black, but perfectly white, was drawn tightly back, and only her eyes kept their old fire. But the tall form was still erect, and she drew it to its full height as he entered.

"Mabel," he said, piteously, "I couldn't rest till I had come to ask your forgiveness."

"Where is my son, Tom Hallday?" she cried out.

He recoiled, but took heart again. "I couldn't help it, Mabel. If we had got out the other boat it would have been swamped, and the wind was blowing us on to the reefs. I didn't want the boy to go. I tried to coax him off," he whined, in abject humility. "I'm so broken down about my little girl, I think you might pity me. I'd give all my money, and both arms off my body, to find her alive."

"I would give my life to find my son, dead or alive," said Mabel, sternly.

Then as the sailor began his weak pleadings again, a change came over her. Her stately calm broke up into a strange, nervous tremor. She smiled fitfully, and seemed scarcely able to restrain a laugh.

"Come, come, captain," she said, at last. "Don't whine any more, and I'll forgive you. And to prove it, I'll give you a little boat-ride. Come." And she beckoned him out of the house.

"Regular crazy," he muttered, but followed her. If she should try to play him any prank, he was the stronger, and a good swimmer, and he felt curious to know what she would do. Besides, a vague suspicion began to creep into his mind, that perhaps she knew more than he had thought about his child. He saw that he had mistaken her strength, as she bent to the oars, for the boat shot like an arrow out into the harbor.

A little further up the harbor than Mabel's home, and out in the midst, was a little grassy island over which the water flowed at high tide, leaving only a bunch of rocks visible in the centre. No one ever visited this place, for there were shallows all around it, and the earth was soft and oozy. He had not thought

to come there, even in searching for Minnie, since it was further up than he would expect to find her if she were in the water at all. But Mabel steered straight for the island.

"I've got a little entertainment for you out here," she said, gleefully. "We'll soon be there."

She looked so wild that he began to be afraid of her, and ventured to propose that they should return. "The island is nearly covered with water, by this time," he said. "Let us go back and wait till low tide."

"We can't wait," she laughed. "See, the cloth is spread."

Turning to look, he saw something spread white over the rocks, and while he looked, the boat shot up and struck the shore. As he landed at her bidding, he saw what seemed a sheet spread over a hollow between the rocks, and a stone on each corner to keep it down. There seemed something under the sheet, and as he looked, Captain Hallday turned purple in the face, as though going into a fit.

"Mabel Vaughn," he shouted, "what in God's name is it?"

"O, look for yourself, captain," she laughed in the same light, airy manner as before.

He tried to do it, but shrank in horror from lifting the sheet.

"O, lift it, lift it!" she cried, mockingly.

With a desperate effort he tore away the sheet, and there lay a sight of horror. A dreadful shadow of his beautiful, lost child lay there dead, bound hand and foot, and bound between the rocks, so that movement had been impossible. There were bands around the head, just leaving room for sight and breathing, but none for sound. No chance for one cry for help. There she had lain within sound of voices from the ships that passed up and down, lain in pain, in terror, in starvation, at last in death.

"Fiend!" roared the father, turning upon the maniac, like a wild beast. But she had pushed her boat out, and was flying down the harbor. A mocking laugh came back to him, and a cry "I have found your child, now I'm going to find mine!"

A few hours after, a boat took off Captain Hallday and the awful burden he bore; and the next day Mabel was taken far out at sea, and carried back to the hospital.

Sure and sincere truth is heaven's pathway; to meditate on truth in order to practise, it is to discover the pathway and the duty of man.

THE LOVE TRYST.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

More precious than gold the words she spake—
Words never uttered till doomed to part,
And they quivered on air from her pallid lips,
Like blood-drops wrung from a breaking heart,
As we stood by the brookside 'neath willows' shade,
When the moonlight strange freaks in the branches
played.

She to her home, and sorrow, and fear,
I to the battle's fearful plain;
She in silence to weep alone—
Alas! we might never meet again.
And the brook seemed hushed—the leaves scarce
stirred,
As if they would list to the parting word.

The wealth of two hearts, that long had kept
Their secret well, was then freely told;
And the forms that before had kept aloof,
Were fast enlocked in each other's hold;
And lips that never before might press,
Were anxious to give the last carous.

She to a cottage, I to a camp—
Who would suffer most there was none to tell;
And death is busy in tranquil walks,
As where cannon belch forth the breath of hell!
And with sorrow the lot of woman is fraught,
When each hour is one of prayer and thought.

Ah! hard it was to be doomed to part,
When life for us was a flowery spring,
And we tearfully gazed on each other's face,
Not daring to think what a year might bring;
Though each to the other was firm and true,
And our hearts were bound as with links of steel.

But war waits not upon human love,
But little it recks of pain or of sorrow;
To-day there's a battle that must be won,
And the soldier can never think of to-morrow;

And, though bloodless, equally stern is the strife,
In the daily walks of our earthly life.

And so 'neath the moonlight soft and pale,
With the spray of the willow bending over,
And the ripple of waters filling our ears,
And the air perfumed with the blushing clover,
We parted with blessings, and tears, and prayer,
And promised to hold our next tryst there.

* * * * *

Three years are gone, and a veteran seeks
The home of his childhood, scarred and brown,
And he shuts his ears to the welcoming
That is ringing from hillside, vale and town,
And hastens away to a leafy maze,
Where watery lips with the willow plays.

The moon looks down as it did when last
He travelled that well-remembered way,
And the air is soft, and as faintly sweet
With the clover bloom and the new-mown hay,
As he reaches the scene where love had birth,
That to him is the dearest spot on earth.

But there's no one to welcome—he calls her name:
Never before did that signal miss;
No one to fold him within her arms,
And repay him, with interest, kiss for kiss;
And he stops his hot brow in the tide to lave,
And falls, in tears, o'er a new-made grave!

One still upon earth, and one with the stars—
One reaching aloft, and one bending low,
Who, when death from her cheeks had kissed the
rose,
And her heart grew faint, and her pulse beat slow,
Breathed a prayer to be laid 'neath the willows'
spray,
That she her love tryst might keep for aye.

HOW SHE SAVED HIM.

BY MRS. M. A. BATES.

MAX BENTON was lying asleep under the
elms on Hillsdale Common, when a lively
"Wake up, old boy!" and a slap on the shoul-
der aroused him.

"Hallo! is that you, Sam?" cried Max, in a
cordial tone, springing up and grasping his
friend's hand. "When did you return to
Hillsdale?"

"Only a week ago," replied Sam Maynor, as
they seated themselves for a chat. "But I—"

"A week!" echoed Max, looking a little
offended; "why didn't you let me know of
your arrival before?"

"I was about to tell you," said Maynor,
apologetically, "that my wife and I—you
remember, I wrote you I married—have been

so busy furnishing the cottage which I have bought I haven't had a moment to spare."

"Bought a house?" asked Max, looking comically surprised, "how the deuce did you get money to make such a purchase? Married a rich wife, eh?"

"No," denied Sam. "Lucy is as poor as myself. The way in which I have secured me a home is this: I paid one hundred dollars down, and the mortgage, remaining on the cottage, I am to clear off by making yearly payments. I wish, Max, you would marry some good, capable girl, and settle down in the cottage next to ours; you can buy it on the same terms as I did mine, and we could have jolly times together!"

"So we could," agreed Max, with animation. "But it would take me forever to get a house in this way."

"Not if you had a cheerful, industrious and saving wife," responded Sam, confidently. "There! I have just thought of a little girl who would make you a capital wife—pretty, smart, and of an excellent disposition! What do you say to that, old boy?" giving Max a nudge in the ribs.

"I—I—" stammered Max, "I have already picked me out a wife; in fact, I'm going to be married this very week. Will you come to the wedding?"

"Certainly! But who is the lady?"

"I think she is a stranger to you," replied Benton—"her name is Abby Kent."

"Heavens!"

"What do you say *heavens* in that way, for?"

His friend seemed loth to answer, but at length he said, seriously:

"Max, when you get a home of your own you want it to be a pleasant and orderly one, I know. You don't want your hard-earned money wasted, do you?"

"Of course I don't!" was the other's ready reply, while he wondered what his companion was driving at.

"Then," said Sam, "don't marry Abby Kent. I know her well," he quickly added, as an angry flush began to burn in Benton's face, "and can truthfully assure you that, for all she makes so neat an appearance, her habits are slovenly and extravagant. I learned this just as I was on the point of popping the question, for I used to court her myself."

"You have got some grudge against her which makes you speak so," retorted Max, testily. "I have never seen any evidence in her of the failings you speak about. When I

have been at her house, I have many times observed her assisting her mother in the housework, and have particularly noticed her neat habits."

"This was done to deceive you, Max," maintained Sam. "Her parents have reared her in idleness. It is very seldom she has heart or willingness to lighten her old mother's labor. I heard the other day that Mr. Kent's house was mortgaged, and I have no doubt it was caused by his daughter's love of dress and show."

"I shall marry her," said Max, a little defiantly—"yes, and will take that cottage you spoke of, also; and you will find I shall have it paid for as soon as you will yours."

"I hope and pray that you may be prosperous and happy in your marriage," replied Sam, fervently; "though," he added to himself, "you never will as her husband, I'm afraid."

It was not long after Sam Maynor had moved into his snug home, that his friend Max came with his wife to dwell in the adjoining cottage, which he had purchased by the same agreement Maynor had made in buying his. There was something attractive to Abby in the idea of having a home of her own to control; and stimulated by this feeling she made the little cottage a model of taste and neatness. Still she did not hesitate to gratify herself, out of her husband's small means, in as rich dresses as her parents had indulged her in before her marriage. With the glamour of the honeymoon before his eyes, and elated with her neat housekeeping, Max did not reproach her, for he was proud of her looks, and surmised that the beautiful and expensive purchases she now made would last her for years. But when, after a short time, he saw the carelessly kept articles in ruin, and she still demanded money to buy others, he began to look at reality, feeling if she continued her expensive course the debt on their home, which he was working so hard and ambitiously to pay, would never be cleared.

The dependence, which thus began gradually to come over his new life, deepened when Abby, no longer stimulated by novelty, ceased her labors in the cottage. When he failed to supply her with all the money she wanted, she would complain, regretting that she had ever married so poor a man as he was, to be nothing but a drudge and live in a hut, as she styled her pretty home. Her discontent was heightened by her mother, who

now declared if it had not been for that love-in-a-cottage fancy, she might have married rich. Thus, poor Max, already seeing his error in this foolish marriage, was assailed unceasingly with his wife's fretfulness and neglect. The old adage of "throwing out with a spoon what is brought in with a shovel," was well illustrated by her wastefulness. There was no cheerfulness, no pleasant, tempting meal to comfort him now, as he returned at noon or night to his neglected home. He still loved Abby, but she gave him only light affection, for her vain love of dress and show absorbed all her true love, if indeed she had even entertained any for him. He often asked her to be less extravagant, more careful in her housekeeping, but she only returned him bitter, independent replies, little dreaming of the wretchedness she was bringing upon herself and him. A darkness was before her, preventing her from seeing her faults. Max Benton was not one to complain much, and pride forbade him to tell her, as some would in plain terms, of her shortcomings; so he suffered in silence, and often wondered with a shudder what a few years of such a life would make him.

Max had been married two years, when a daughter—a cherub—was born to brighten with her wee, magical presence the desolation in his heart and home—giving, even to its light-minded mother, some idea of what true joy was. Max was happier than he had been since the first days of his marriage, and thought, as he held his dimpled baby May on his knee, he would not murmur about his many disappointments as long as God spared her to him. Poor Max! It wasn't a year later ere the death angel came to put its seal, even while her lips and cheeks were rosy, upon the little darling. Its mother went into hysterics when she died, but Max helped lay his child out, and followed her to her little grave in the cemetery without a tear. Yet Sam Manor, who knew his friend's nature, felt that he carried a broken heart beneath his outward calmness. He feared, from this moment, for the moral safety of his poor friend, and his apprehensions were soon realized. Max had not been in the habit of using strong drink, but now all his leisure hours were spent in the bar-room, and not a day passed but some part of it found him under the influence of the fatal cup. Sam's kindly efforts to reclaim him were in vain; his wife declared that she would leave him if he did not reform; and the mortgagee of his little

cottage threatened to foreclose if the long due payments were not soon cancelled; yet all these warnings of shame had no effect to call him back. Max was indifferent to everything now; he ceased his work almost altogether, so that want of money was soon felt at his once comfortable home. Abby still lingered there in its wretchedness, for fear of the talk which a separation from him would create. When Max returned home it was never to hear any gentle remonstrance from her on his conduct, but to brave the hard, bitter talk which she threw at him. Lately he spent his nights where, she knew not, but she surmised in the tavern, which privilege the landlord allowed him no doubt for being the most constant customer at the bar.

One afternoon Max came home terribly intoxicated, and being more than usually enraged at her bitter talk, struck his wife violently in the face, and then staggered from the house. The wretched wife now determined to separate from him, and only waited for the night to execute her resolve, for she feared to go into the street before then on account of her badly bruised face; but having locked the doors to prevent her husband's again entering, she sat down to meditation.

As she was leaving the house that night to seek her mother, an involuntary prompting caused her to go to the little grape arbor in their garden. The perfumed shade of this place was so grateful to her feverish pulse, that she seated herself there for a little while.

The garden of Sam Maynor joined theirs; and soon after entering the arbor she saw Mr. Maynor and his wife pass from their house out under the fruit trees, where they stopped.

"Lucy," she heard him say, "I have got good news to tell you. This afternoon I made the last payment on our house and took up the note; and now I am going to buy you the best melodeon that can be found in Hillsdale, to pay you for being such a good, careful little wife; for it is owing to your economy and orderly housekeeping, that I have been enabled to free our home from debt so much sooner than I expected."

Abby was ashamed to listen, but something made her continue her breathless attention to their conversation. The next moment Mrs. Maynor said:

"I am very thankful, Sam, both for your promised present, and that our dear little home is free. Do you know how your friend

Max is getting along with the payments on his cottage?"

Abby trembled a little, and a feeling of shame was within her as she awaited for Sam's answer.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Maynor, "he hasn't paid his mortgagee anything for over a year. The latter told me this afternoon that he could not wait for him any longer, but should foreclose immediately. Thank God!" continued Sam, fervently, "that I did not marry Abby Kent. I could almost curse the wretched woman for the ruin she has brought upon one of the best fellows that ever lived. I have often wondered, though, if she realized that her extravagance and her cheerless home was the real cause of his degrading habits. How different Max would have been with such a wife as you are, Lucy."

They passed into their home—the home where love and order and happiness dwelt; while Abby Benton, sitting till now like a statue, wailed out:

"O, can it be that I am to blame for all our misery? I can hardly believe it. Yet, Max was good and temperate and happy, once; and now I remember it. It was in those days when I made our home so pleasant and neat. Yes, it must be my fault that we are wretched, but the light has broken at last, thank God. What would I not give to have Max as happy and prosperous as Sam Maynor! He shall be, if a new and better life on my part can make him! But what if it should be too late for me to influence him! I cannot bear the thought! I will plead with him to renounce his degrading course, and labor with me for home and happiness!"

She rose, and entered the cottage a new being; for the fire in her heart was not the vain and worldly one which had created her own and husband's misery, but an animated longing to labor for the light and joy of home. Max did not return that night—nor until the stars were beaming the succeeding one. Then he entered what, to his hardly sober sense, seemed fairy land. The little kitchen was fairly shining with order and neatness. The lights were softly burning, the fire was glowing brightly from the polished stove; while upon the little table, drawn up with its snowy drapings before it, was the tempting evening meal prepared with a neatness and care to which he had long been a stranger. The delicious sense of comfort—the great surprise of the young man kept him silent. So, without a word he suffered his wife to

help him put on the warm, clean suit she had prepared, for the one he had on was muddy and torn, and then led him to the table where the fragrant cup of tea awaited him. She could not eat herself—her heart was too full of bleaded hope and fear, so she left the table and sat down by the stove opposite Max. The kind of spell which had until now been upon the young man was dissolved by seeing the great tear-drops which gushed from her eyes through her half-closed fingers. He was beside her in an instant and drew her to his heart.

"Darling!" he said, in a voice that thrilled her, "yesterday I went out unloved and despairing from a comfortless home, but now you have turned it into a little palace—dressed me in warm, clean clothes, and placed before me such a supper! What does it mean, Abby?"

"Max!" and her arms went around his neck—"O dear Max, it means that you are to have a true wife hereafter—one to cheer and help, and love you! And now," she added, beseechingly, "promise me to quit the dreadful rum-cup for my sake, dear husband—for the sake of the little angel May, say that you will."

Max Benton could not answer then, for his exceeding joy at knowing that this new brightness around him was to be continued, prevented him from speaking. But with a happy look and resolved tone, he said, after a little silence:

"Yes, my dear wife, I will become a temperate man, and we will strive together for the true life which will secure us at last a bright eternal one with our little May!"

A DIRTY LORD.

The Earl of Surrey, afterwards eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker, and a leading member of the Beef-steak Club, was so far from cleanly in his person, that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent, by the way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed the needful ablutions. He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and had tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied, "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

THE DEAD BABE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Gently play the shades of twilight
With the roses on the floor;
But that infant's foot, so tiny,
Ne'er will press the carpet more!
As first pictured, woven fair,
Still the flowerets freshly bloom;
But the darling of the household
Moulders in the silent tomb.

Now the woodbine clusters fondly
Round the mossy window-sill,
Yet the hand that swung its branches,
Lieth now forever still.

Merry tones of coying laughter
Filled with music all the room,
But of late, instead of sunshine,
Lingers there a settled gloom.

Of a mother at the casement
Held the treasure in her arms;
But alas! the leaflets need not
Whisper now their lulling charms.
For those blue eyes—O, so lovely!
Closed on earthly things for aye,
To e'er glow in fairer mansions,
Brighter than the skies of May!

SAVED.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

"So you are engaged, sister mine?"

"Yes, Gordon, with your consent."

Ellen Kingsley's beautiful face flushed and her eyes drooped under the steady scrutiny of the orbs regarding her.

"What if I don't give it?"

"O, but you will when you have seen Vincent."

"I don't know," shaking his head dubiously. "Who'll comb my hair, if I do—who'll kiss me, I wonder, Miss Ellen? Will you leave one you have known all your life, to follow the fortunes of a person you have known but a few weeks?"

"I shouldn't be truthful if I said I would rather stay with you."

"Go away, you ungrateful girl!" he said, pretending to push her off his knee upon which she was perched.

"Allow me to suggest, my dear old Gordon, that you might get those sisterly offices you mentioned performed a great deal better by a wife."

A quick flash, expressive of mingled doubt and desire, passed over his countenance.

"If I could find that soul of sincerity, purity and fire which would answer to me, I'd wed to-morrow."

"You are too mistrustful of us, Gordon."

"Experience has made me so. Did you

ever, Ellen, enter into a mathematical calculation of the amount of connubial bliss enjoyed by your acquaintances and friends?"

"No indeed. I am not over-fond of mathematics."

"I have. Out of twenty marriages among them, two are really blissful and enlightened, four have medium happiness, ten have what is better in its results than the dissatisfaction and unrest of celibacy, the remaining four (God pity them!) are hells. Let me recapitulate and place them in arithmetical figures. At this estimate, out of every hundred of these partnerships,

10 are undeniably happy,
20 are 'seated in the mean,'
50 are miserable generally,
20 are utterly wretched.

100

I opine that this approximates to the reality throughout the country."

"Your cool, business method of putting things makes me shiver, Gordon."

"Now, Ellen, will you slip your neck through the matrimonial noose, when there are so many chances against you? Nothing less than a complete union will satisfy you and me."

"Gordon, I don't believe it is quite so much of a lottery as you make out."

"Why not?"

"Because—" and she hesitated.

"Because what?"

"You made the estimate from the standpoint of old bachelorhood."

He laughed.

"Admitted."

"What would not make *yours*, might another's happiness. Our ideas of it are as unlike as our ideas of heaven. One man is content if his help-meet cooks good dinners and sees that his hose and linen are in proper order. You take a higher view, and say, she must understand my intellectual tastes and wants, must be capable of sympathizing with the finer emotions of my nature, as well as meet and minister to my physical necessities."

"After all, we are very much alike, and can reach tolerably accurate conclusions in relation to the sum total."

"But, Gordon, I don't like to have you so cynical. The old ballad of 'John Anderson, my Joe' has more parallels in our actual, work-day world than you think; and they ought to charm you out of the bitter spirit of captiousness that possesses you. Don't you remember Aunt Shaffer? After a conjugal life of sixty years, she was separated from her husband by poverty and the unkindness of children. She pleaded with streaming eyes:

"Give me back to him—I'll live on one potato a day, if you'll let us be together."

"Another, plain in form and feature, uncouth in manner; but with a light in her face that for the moment rendered it lovely, said:

"My old man and me can't live apart. I am as unhappy as I can be when he is away. I should die if he were taken from me."

"Go on, Ellen—I like to hear you. Those sayings are as refreshing as a breeze straight from the courts of Heaven."

His face was warm with the reflex glory that fell upon him.

"Are you convinced?"

"That these old ladies belonged to the fortunate ten? yes—that you are a darling sister? yes."

"You are incorrigible."

"I am thirty-two and have seen much of society. I have no desire, however, to dampen your youthful enthusiasm. Come, tell me about this Vincent of yours. When shall I see him?"

"Next week."

"And you love him better than me?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to love him better than

I do you?" with a twinkle in his fine gray eyes.

"No, indeed, Gordon."

"Selfish little Ellen!"

The affection existing between them was stronger and more fervent than is felt by most brothers and sisters. Since their father's death, Ellen had yielded him the obedience and reverence of a child. For the past three months he had been necessarily absent from home; and, during the interim, Vincent Ormes had sought and won her heart. Ellen looked forward to the meeting between them with anxiety.

"Vincent, this is my brother Gordon."

Their hand-shaking was as cordial as she could desire; but in the moment when the gray orbs met the black, each took the other's measure of manhood. The evening passed pleasantly enough, interspersed with social chat, music and repartee. Gordon adroitly led the conversation into channels where he wished to sound the depth and temper of Vincent's mind, and was as adroitly kept at bay. Vincent had a wonderful agility in slipping around or hopping over opinions and principles he did not wish to discuss. He would take no offensive position on any question, in short, was as alert and wary as a politician. In argument, Gordon found him the most skillful fencer he ever crossed swords with. He found himself constantly warding off by a keen and ready wit, baffled, but not beaten nor thrown off the scent. His penetration told him there was no real stamina of virtue in the man; but how could he assert this without proof? He felt instinctively that there was blackness in him, that he was dangerous to a rich, glowing, palpitating woman like Ellen; but he could not say it. Vincent must be run down and caught; but it must be cautiously done.

"How do you like him?" asked his sister when they were again alone.

"I like you best yet," playfully.

"But what do you think of him?"

"We gentlemen don't make up our minds as quickly as you ladies do. We are slow coaches, and are obliged to go through a tedious, round-about process of reasoning, to arrive at a conclusion."

"But, indeed, Gordon, you might tell me something."

"Well, puss, he is superbly handsome and fascinating; not quite so rough and home-spun as your old brother."

"I *knew* you could not help being pleased with him," giving Gordon a small, delighted

hug, "but I won't have you drawing odious comparisons. You are capital, and would make somebody a splendid husband."

"Whom 'a splendid husband?'"

"Some one I have quite set my heart on calling sister—shall I tell you her name?"

"Yes, by all means, match-maker."

"Amy Randolph."

"Hum! That soft-eyed 'school-ma'am' who was here once? Not a bad selection, certainly. She don't fall a whit below the famous school-mistress of Holmes. Thank you for the suggestion—I must get better acquainted with her," musingly.

"Ellen."

There was a shade of earnestness on the noble face.

"What, Gordon?"

"Are you fast bound to Vincent?"

"Our engagement is conditional, waiting your sanction."

"Will it be too much if I ask you not to marry him for a year? I want you to know each other as fully as you can, besides you will have attained your majority then. Remain with me a little longer, won't you?"

"Yes, Gordon—I promise."

"What if Vincent objects?"

"He will not object to so reasonable a request."

Ellen was mistaken. Vincent *did* strenuously object. He was opposed to being made a study of for so lengthened a period by her calm, clear-sighted guardian; but he was too much of a diplomat to allow her to even guess at the true reason. He held up to her what would have most influence over a woman's heart, namely, his growing need of her.

"Ah! Ellen, you don't care for me as I do for you, or you would not deny me the joy of coming nearer to you."

"I do—I do, Vincent; but I owe so much to Gordon, who has been both father and mother to me. A twelve month is but a short time, and then I shall be yours forever."

"Only a short time! With you, it would be brief; but without you, how can it be otherwise than long?"

"I have promised, Vincent."

"What is a promise any way?"

The laxness evinced in his impatient question struck her painfully; but a caress bribed memory to forget. "Will not Gordon release you from it?"

"If I should ask him he would."

"Do so then, for my sake."

"I ought not—I must not."

"Your brother is cold-hearted, or he would not have required it."

"No, Vincent, no—he was kind and considerate. I freely gave my word."

"He dislikes me, Ellen, and will poison your mind against me."

"You are unjust—you mustn't talk so, Vincent."

But for the voluntary pledge, her resolution and steadfastness must have been swept away by the lava tide of mingled passion, eloquence and tenderness. The love that makes a woman strong against all others, renders her weak against its object; and this is why so many of our sex go down to ruin. To be able to cope successfully with him, she must have on the full panoply of honor.

CHAPTER II.

WEEKS and months glided by, and still no substantial proof of Vincent's inherent baseness came to light. Though Gordon inquired diligently, he could find no clue to his past life. He moved in the selectest circles of society, was courted, feted, welcomed everywhere; yet the belief that he was a rascal hung upon Gordon like an incubus. He was turning things over in his brain, one day perplexed and grievously worried. Ellen and Vincent were off on an equestrian excursion. There came a tap at the door.

"Misther Kingsley, there be's a lady in the parlor that's been axing after yer honor. She wants to spake with ye, sir."

"Show her up, Bridget."

A light, reluctant footstep was on the stairs, a refined, shrinking presence stood framed in the doorway.

"Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Kingsley."

"Miss Randolph! How unfortunate that Ellen is not at home."

Her tender eyes were downcast, her heavy, brown lashes swept cheeks in which a faint rose color came and went. He saw and pitied her embarrassment.

"Excuse me, Mr. Kingsley, it is you I came to see, not Ellen—I knew she was absent."

"Ah! Can I do anything to aid you? Command my services."

"Thank you, it is not for myself I am here—" hesitatingly; "my errand is a painful one, and I scarcely know how to broach it. It concerns one near and dear to you."

"Speak out, Miss Randolph."

"Is Ellen to marry Mr. Ormes?"

"Yes, within a month."

His brow and lips were compressed.

"She must be saved from him."

"What do you mean?"

"That he is a dangerous and wicked man, that for guileless womanhood he has no real regard."

"Do you know it, or is it suspicion merely that induces you to make the assertion?"

"You do me wrong—I would not dare speak thus on suspicion."

"I beg pardon."

"I thought it safer to reveal what I have learned in reference to Mr. Ormes to you, rather than to Ellen."

"You are wise, Miss Randolph—she would not have listened to you—I am afraid she will not to me. Please let me know the worst without delay."

"Vincent Ormes has a wife already, though under a different alias."

Gordon clenched his fist, and paced fiercely up and down the apartment. Restraining himself he took a seat opposite Amy.

"He is more of a villain than I thought. How did you obtain your knowledge respecting him?"

"I went to my early home in Maine to spend my vacation. While there a cousin of mine we had not seen in years paid us a visit. In turning over the leaves of my album she came across some lines written by Vincent."

"Who is this Vincent Ormes?" she inquired of me.

"A gentleman I became slightly acquainted with during the summer."

"Nay, that is not enough. Is he anything to you?"

"Nothing."

"The hand-writing is most familiar, Amy; it is that of my husband, Hugh Low."

"Your husband, Hattie! There is a dreadful mistake somewhere. It cannot be, for Vincent Ormes is Ellen Kingsley's suitor."

"Hattie's face was full of a white anguish."

"I must have it put beyond a doubt. This will decide it, touching a spring in her bracelet, which opened and revealed a likeness."

"Look well, Amy—are Hugh and Vincent one and the same?"

"She faintly hoped my reply would negative her fear."

"It is Vincent."

"She dropped to the floor like one dead, Mr. Kingsley. He deserted Hattie soon after he was married to her; and latterly she had lost all trace of him."

"The perjured knave! And he has dared aspire to my sister?"

His glance said he would like to throttle him.

"Do you forgive me for bringing you the disagreeable intelligence?"

"You have won my everlasting gratitude, Miss Randolph," clasping the fine, delicate hand she extended. "Ellen will live to bless you for it too, some day."

His sister returned with exultant spirits. She was aglow with excitement and gayety, and came tripping into the library. How the brother dreaded to dash out the light and color from her brilliant face.

"What is the matter, Gordon? I believe you are envious of Vincent and me. Own up now."

"Change your dress and come to me. I have something to say to you."

"I am ready to hear it now," tossing her plumed cap on the sofa and shaking out her golden brown curls from their confinement. "I don't like to wait for anything," and she slipped her arm through his and timed her footsteps to the measured gravity of his walk.

"Amy Randolph was here this afternoon."

"Amy?" peering up archly, "you are getting better acquainted, I see. If you will be married when we are, I will put off our wedding day six months longer if I can tease Vincent to consent."

"Ellen you cannot wed him then or ever."

"Why not, pray?" starting back.

"He is already married."

"It's a lie," recoiling still further, "a vile lie. How dare you repeat it? Who told you?"

"Amy."

"The officious meddler! I won't believe it—my Vincent is noble."

Gordon regarded her with a grieved pity, not choosing to dispute her whirling words.

"It is as Vincent said—you are unaccountably prejudiced against him. You and Amy have entered into a conspiracy to ruin him and break my heart."

"Poor Ellen!"

"Amy has wheedled you into believing this infamous thing about Vincent—I ought to shut my ears against you all."

"But you must hear me."

He gave the particulars already related as concisely and clearly as possible.

"I tell you it is false, Gordon. I won't believe it from her say-so—I hate her—I hate you, and every one but Vincent. Who is this

cousin Hattie, and what connection has Hugh Low with Vincent Ormes?"

"If you wish, we will go to his deserted companion and sift the story to the bottom."

"You are killing me, Gordon."

Ellen sobbed and moaned convulsively. She clung desperately to her tottering faith; but she could not entirely resist the conviction that was forcing its stinging, blistering way into her soul.

"I know it's false; but I'll go to satisfy you, Gordon."

She would not see Vincent the next morning when he called, but let her brother fashion excuses for her non-appearance.

Later, she and Gordon were in a wayside station house, prepared to go on their proposed journey of inquiry.

"Gordon."

He was instantly by her side.

"See there?"

He strained his sense of vision to get a view through the dingy panes of glass. Vincent Ormes had drawn rein in front of the window. He was heated, and seemed to be waiting for something or somebody. The spirited horse he held grew restive. "Whoh?" he thundered. It refused to be quiet, backed, started forward, swerved to one side. Vincent was in the white heat of wrath. A volley of indecent and horrible oaths was poured forth, which caused Ellen to shudder. He sprang from the carriage, caught up a broken rail, and commenced beating the brute unmercifully. Nothing fired Ellen's generous nature so quickly as cruelty to dumb creatures. She trembled violently as the heavy blows fell in quick succession on the head and neck of the offending animal.

"He has knocked him down—Gordon, Gordon—stop him—don't let him," grasping nervously hold of her brother. "He is striking something beside the poor brute—don't let him, Gordon."

"Be still, Ellen."

"Do go, Gordon, if you don't, I will," trying to break from him.

"You must not attract the attention of the multitude," and he held her firmly.

The train they were expecting came in.

"Shall we go, Ellen?"

"There is no need," she whispered with an ashen hue of countenance.

"If Vincent will profane the air with such unclean, and dreadful breath, if he is so cruel to an innocent horse, he will do other wicked things—I believe him guilty."

"Thank God! you are saved, my sister."

The same time Vincent Ormes received a note in a plain, decided chirography.

"MR. ORMES:—Repent of your cruelty. Be kinder to brutes. Go home to Mrs. Low, lead a better life; and may God forgive you the injury you would have done

ELLEN KINGSLEY.

Ellen did indeed live to bless Amy for her interference; and after a season, she recovered the sparkle and grace that made her so charming to her friends. Gordon has become very intimate with the tender-orbed school-mistress, who is the chief attraction of his home—no longer Amy Randolph, but Amy Kingsley.

BADEN-BADEN ANECDOTES.

One gentleman at Baden-Baden, a Russian, was so elated after an unparalleled run of good fortune that he went out and ordered a glorious feed for himself and friends at the restaurant; but during the interval while dinner was preparing, he thought he would go back and win a little more. His good fortune, however, had deserted him, and he lost not only all his winnings, but every florin he was possessed of, so he was compelled to countermand the dinner. On the arrival of his remittances, determined not to be balked of his repast this time by want of funds, he paid for a spread for twelve beforehand; but his luck was very bad, and he actually went back to the restaurateur, and, after some negotiation, sold him the dinner back at half-price. The money he received was, of course, very speedily lost. Another, a student of Heidelberg, won at a sitting 970 florins, but, disdaining to retire without a round thousand, he tempted fortune too long, and lost it all back, as well as his own money. The most absurd thing was, that not having any friends in Baden, he was driven to return on foot to his university, a distance of more than 100 miles.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Where will our sorrows receive the same solace, as in the bosom of our family? Whose hand wipes the tear from our cheek, or the chill of death from our brow, with the same fondness as that of the wife? If the raging elements are contending without, here is a shelter. If war is desolating the country, here is peace and tranquillity. Welcome to the blissful and happy hours, that unite us together in sweet and holy companionship.

LOOKING ON.

BY CATHERINE EARNSHAW.

Narragansett's bluest waves
 Flowed up the placid, silvery sand,
 With lingering touch, foam-white and soft,
 Carressing sweet the waiting land.

Across the blue, Rhode Island lay,
 Enchanted in a purple haze;
 Its curving shores, its sloping fields,
 A-dream through all these summer days.

Along this beach the high rocks rise
 Their rough brown sides against the sky,
 With many a rent, and cool, deep nook,
 Within whose shade I dreaming lie,

And hear the splash of spray on stone,
 The roar of chasmed waters here,
 The laugh of sea-gulls o'er the wave,
 The pipe of birds that flit a-near.

From further up upon the ledge,
 'Tween rushings of the ebbing sea,

A woman's laugh floats down the air,
 Subdued and soft, it reaches me.

I see the flutter of her veil,
 The careless droop of scarf,
 The foldings of her brilliant cloak,
 Attuned to her harmonious laugh;

The faultless hand that holds the cloak,
 The loose, bright golden hair,
 The listening bend of graceful head,
 The high, patrician air.

With hurrying lips and eager eyes,
 With man's strong heart aglow,
 With swarthy cheek's swift varying flush,
 The man beside her, pleadeth low:

In vain, for her entrhralling smile
 Has wooed to win, but not to keep,
 O Nora, in your years to come,
 Pray your blue eyes may never weep!

THE WRECK OF THE PRINCESS MARY.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

It would seem absurd to give such a title as the above to a little, common fishing vessel, were it not that John Warwick, its sole owner and commander, was a born Englishman, and, as such, had a right to give as royal and high-sounding a name to his little craft as he pleased, notwithstanding she was to trade only to genuine Yankee ports and was manned by a true Yankee crew. We find no fault with the old man's love of royalty. He has long ago claimed the inheritance which alone can never be disputed by quarrelsome heirs—space enough in the deep ocean to lay his bones. The waters he loved have for long years chanted his requiem: the sea-bird still hovers with drooping wing above his place of rest; but no sound disturbs the dreamless sleeper there.

Twenty years ago this very night, on the nineteenth of September, John Warwick was standing in the cabin of his cherished craft, and looking proudly around at the neatness and order it displayed. There, as indeed all over the little vessel, his English love of comfort and precision had caused everything

to shine and glisten. He would not allow a single spot to be tarnished; and, as she was to sail in the morning, he was taking his last look to see if all was trim and in order, before he went home to his supper.

Two of his own sons, Harry and William, both named for dead English sovereigns, and a father and son, named Leigh, formed his crew; while another young American, Alick Courtney, filled the station of mate of the Princess Mary.

Ten minutes only had elapsed since Warwick had gazed upon his beloved little vessel, when he entered his own house. Everything there, too, was bright and shining. A crimson carpet covered the floor, bright, warm-looking crimson curtains hung at the windows. A soft cloth of the same color draped the table between the windows, and in the centre of the room stood a round table which glittered with bright glass and silver ware. For John Warwick was well to do in the world, and had kept up the old English fashion of laying a neat and generous table, as the shining spoons and the cold sirloin and the

two tall tankards of beer bountifully testified.

Mary Warwick, still called Mary, although she, as well her husband, had fallen into years—was awaiting him, with her fair, rose-pink cheeks, shining black eyes, and tresses of soft brown hair, as yet guiltless of a single white thread; and beside her was another Mary, the picture, as John said, of her mother at seventeen.

The damsel looked a little disappointed at the entrance of her father alone. She had expected he would bring the handsome mate, Alick Courtney, home to tea; and she now glanced at the china plate and glittering knife and fork she had laid for him, with a grave, almost vexed, air.

There was no house in the seaport that could boast of so many little luxuries and elegancies as John Warwick's. Instead of spending his money foolishly, among evil companions, as many of his class were doing, he was careful to invest every dollar where it would yield some return; and his sons were following his example. Already they could exhibit a respectable number of certificates of stocks, and other property was not wanting. Each of his sons owned a part of two or three fishing vessels; and although they lived better and more comfortable than any of their neighbors, their superior economy and thrift enabled them to do so without trenching upon invested sums.

"Where are the boys, John?" anxiously asked the mother, as she poured out her husband's tea. "Surely, they will come home again, before they sail."

"No. Old Leigh and Robert wanted to pass the night at home with Elinor, who is very sick, and Harry and Will must take care of the craft."

Mrs. Warwick looked grave; but her husband added, hastily, "if Mary was sick, the boys and myself would have stayed at home to-night. You do not grudge the sacrifice to poor Elinor, when she may never see her father and brother again?"

"No indeed!" answered his wife, ashamed of her feeling; "but surely Alick Courtney might take care of the craft, as you say, while they come up to bid us good-by."

"Alick wished especially to have leave of absence," said Warwick, with a sly glance at Mary, which dyed her face with deeper roses. But Mary, the elder, looked slightly vexed. She did not quite relish the aspect of affairs lately. She acknowledged Alick Courtney to be a good young man—quite proper, in-

deed, in his deportment; a good scholar, a good son to his old mother; but not just the match which her Mary had a right to expect.

There was really quite a difference between Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Courtney, considering that their station was actually so nearly equal. The one was the wife of a fisherman; the other was the mother of another fisherman. But Mrs. Warwick wore a nice broad-cloth cloak and velvet bonnet to church, while Mrs. Courtney had only her faded black straw and threadbare shawl which had done duty many years but were still neat and smooth. Alick had wanted often to improve his mother's wardrobe, and had given her money for the purpose; but she only bought more flannel shirts and knitted more woollen socks for her son.

Now, as the time had drawn near for him to go, he had secretly bought for her a handsome dark shawl, a new plain but very good bonnet, and material for a pretty black dress, and had left them in her great chest, where he knew she would be looking, as soon as he had gone, to hunt out work for him.

As he stood that night, upon the little strip of rag carpet before the fire, and surveyed the bare, poverty-stricken room that sheltered himself and his mother, the contrast between his abode and that of Mary Warwick struck upon his mind with painful distinctness.

There all was comfort, plenty and brightness. Here was the desolation brought by the death of his father, when Alick was but four weeks old. That was when the Three Sisters went down with all her crew, leaving Martha Courtney a widow and her child an orphan.

It had been a hard struggle for him to reach the age of eighteen without asking aid for his mother of strangers. But he had contrived so to do, by hard pinching and rigid economy on both their parts, and even now that he was twenty-two, it seemed next to impossible that he should ever arrive at a position where he could ask Mary Warwick to be his wife.

As he thought of these things he uttered a sigh so deep that the anxious mother started from her low seat by the scanty fire, where she had been silently knitting for the last hour, and thinking that, on just such a night had her brave and handsome Philip left her, with little Alick in her arms, and had never returned.

That scene had passed twenty-two years ago, but its details were just as fresh and clear in her mind, now that her boy was a grown man, as when he lay in her arms, a poor fatherless child. O, that was a sad remembrance; and no wonder that Alick's deep-drawn sigh startled her. Would he ever come back? Or was the sea to take away all her treasures?

"What is it, darling?" she asked, as she sprang towards him. "Are you sick, my son?"

"Sick! no mother, but I was dreaming."

She smiled faintly.

"Dreaming, child? How could you sleep, standing there?"

"I was dreaming of a bright sunny home, mother, where you and I shall dwell, one day, if it please God to let me have life and health to work for it."

"O, you know, dear, the Courtneys were never rich; and then I am so contented here! But you will marry, Alick, and build a little home close by this, and bring somebody to it. There is many a one would be glad to share it with you."

"I have never seen but one that I could wish to bring home to you, mother; and I am sure I shall never wish to, unless you could be with me, just as free and independent as you are now."

She laid her hand on his arm, looking up tenderly in his face, and said, "She must be a very good woman with whom I could trust my son's happiness."

"Well, mother, what do you think of Mary Warwick?"

The boy had turned away his head as he asked this question; but his mother only tightened her clasp lovingly upon his arm, and said how pleasant it would be to her to see little Mary Warwick his wife.

"Thank you, thank you, dearest mother! I am so glad it pleases you; though Heaven knows I have not much hope. They are grander than we are."

"Bless you, they were boys and men together, your father and John Warwick; never separated until that last voyage—loving each other like brothers. What should hinder such a match?"

"I must go now, dear mother, and I shall not come up again, unless it storms badly in the morning. Good night and good-by."

He kissed the faded cheek affectionately, and was gone. He little knew how she sat there until morning, dumb with a sadness

that she could not account for—quiet and tearless, under the workings of a presentiment that she had all day struggled with, that she should not live to see her son again in this world.

Meantime, he was walking rapidly on, till he faced John Warwick's house. It was lighted up cheerfully, and its red curtains threw a glow upon the white fence that surrounded it. He entered the house, and before he departed, Mary Warwick had promised—the old, old, yet ever new promise that has gladdened the hearts of men for ages past.

Alick presented himself in the little cabin at half past eleven that night. A favorable breeze had sprung up, and the master had decided to sail. There was a barometer on board; left, as a present for him, by a sick passenger who once sailed with him a few weeks; but John never believed its predictions. Had he consulted it now, he would have found that it gave an ominous warning. But the moon was bright or floated only through white, transparent clouds, and the sea was so quiet, that it seemed very certain there could be no storm. Alick Courtney thought otherwise; for he had consulted the glass more understandingly than the master could do. The boy had a better education than Warwick or his sons; and he ventured a protest against sailing; but he was given to understand that his opinion went for nothing; so there was but one alternative left for Alick, and that was to perform his duty and leave the rest to Providence.

He found, before long, that the two young Warwicks and the Leighs, father and son, were secretly opposed to the movement of the skipper. Old Aaron Leigh had been a sailor from his tenth year; and observation had supplied the place of education with him. He shook his head ominously, whenever the young mate passed by him. He had heard Alick's words to the master, and knew that he sympathized with his ideas; but Warwick's authority was absolute, and the men did not choose to revolt. The sails were spread under the soft, misty light of the half clouded moon, and soon she stood out to sea, a bright speck, alone, upon the billows.

"Mother! mother! do you hear the storm?" called out Mary Warwick, from her own little room, next to her mother's. "Why the wind is terrible, and the rain pours in torrents. O, I hope father is safe, somewhere."

This was the night succeeding the one in

which the Princess Mary had gone out. The day had been very calm, with scarcely a ripple on the waves—a dull, dreamy day, when the atmosphere is rich and heavy with the smell of fallen leaves that give out a powerful odor, when crushed beneath the footstep.

Mary had wandered out just before night-fall, thinking how a few sweet words had changed the whole current of her life in the last twenty-four hours; thinking that if her heart was burdened with a new tenderness, it was also burdened with a new care and anxiety.

She strove to shake off this feeling, and to think only of Alick's return; but, just as it was growing dusky and she was coming out of the little woodpath, she met Mrs. Courtney, with a face so troubled that her own grew still more deeply shadowed. The two met as they had never met before, with the consciousness that each had her dearest interest in one and the same person; and yet neither could utter a word on the subject.

Still, Mary almost fancied that the old woman looked at her with a sort of dumb pity, yet mingled with a beseechingness, as if she would have asked pity and sympathy from the young girl herself. Each felt, in some way, drawn to the other, by some new and strange tie; and Mary's simple kindness of heart would not let her pass Mrs. Courtney without a greeting more cordial than usual, for was she not one day to be a daughter to the almost desolate old woman?

Nor did Mary Warwick shrink from the relationship, as her mother would have done. Nay, she felt really attracted towards Alick's widowed parent, with a feeling as if she would like to take his place in her affections, or, at least, to share them with him.

Mary sat down upon a fallen tree, and beckoned Mrs. Courtney to sit beside her. This kindly act opened the fountain already gushing at the mother's heart, for her whom her son had chosen from all the world to be his wife; and she talked long and cheerily to the young girl, without saying a word of that which lay nearest to both their hearts. She begged Mary to come often to see her, which she readily promised; and they parted with feelings akin to love, if not already deepened into that sentiment.

Something prevented Mary from speaking of the widow, to her mother, on her return home; nor had she revealed to her what had passed the night before between herself and the widow's son. It was quiet and even dull

at home, and mother and daughter retired early. Mary's walk had tired her, and she soon slept, to be wakened by the heavy storm that was battling furiously against her chamber window. The thought of danger to the Princess Mary and her crew forced itself upon her mind, and she cried out to her mother, because she could not bear the weight of this thought alone.

Tender wife and thoughtful mother as she was, Mrs. Warwick had slept heavily. No presentiment of evil had pale the rose-pink in her good-humored countenance; no sound of the storm nor of the sea, now running mountains high, had disturbed her until Mary's sharp cry had awakened her from her deep and quiet slumber.

"What are you saying, Mary, dear?" she said, in a sleepy tone. "Storming, is it? Well, thank Heaven, your father and the boys are well out of its reach. The Princess Mary is the fastest boat that sails, and they were out of the bay by twelve this noon."

Still, Mary could not be quieted; though she spoke no more. She soon heard her mother's loud and regular breath, coming and going as that of a person in high health always does; but Mary closed the door between their rooms, and, putting on a shawl, sat down by the open window and looked out upon the sea. It was not dark; for the moon was just at its full, and she could see the billows rolling white and high, beneath the powerful rain that was falling in torrents, rearing their foaming crests, in the pale, uncertain light, like the floating drapery of some spirit of the deep.

What if such a billow had gone over the frail bark that had carried away so many of her heart's treasures? O, heavenly Father! could it be that such had been their fate, in that awful night?

The poor girl shuddered, as she asked the question, and tottered back to her sleepless bed, unable to bear the sight of the waters or their dreary sound.

She covered her head with the bed-clothes, to smother the wall that came leaping up to her lips every moment, and lay thus until just before the dawning. Then, worn out with the excitement which she experienced, for the first time she fell asleep.

When she awoke, the sun was streaming brightly into the window she had left uncurtained when she had staggered to her bed. Half afraid, she rose and cast a look upon the sea. The salt spray had caught the sunbeams

and was dancing over the rocks, in wild glee ; but beyond the shore, the ocean lay smooth in its unruffled blue, as if no storm had disturbed its quiet repose. A single white sail was seen upon that otherwise unbroken surface, glittering in the sunlight, and moving lightly over the waters, the only thing visible in their wide waste.

Such a grand sight presented itself to Mary's eyes, in the sunlit ocean, that all her fears were laid at rest. Who could borrow trouble, when earth and sea and sky were thus glorified ?

She dressed herself and joined her mother at breakfast. Mrs. Warwick was as usual. She did casually allude to the heavy rain of the preceding night, but expressed no anxiety, and was even gay, over some little incident which she had forgotten to relate to Mary before.

"How foolish I was!" said the girl to herself, as the sunbeam touched her glowing cheek. "I will never make myself so unhappy again, without cause. No doubt the Princess Mary is dancing in this bright sunlight, as gayly as yonder little vessel."

She was delighted when her mother asked her if she could go to the next town, and buy some things she needed for the coming winter. It was a larger seaport than the one they lived in, and had plenty of shops where most of the inhabitants of the smaller town were in the habit of buying their goods.

Mary set off soon after breakfast. The fresh breeze brought the color back to her cheeks that had faded through the night, and, as she walked by the shore, she sang a sea song. Her glad, cheery voice was not unheard. Sitting upon a rock, in the shadow of an old fish-house, she came suddenly upon Alick Courtney's aged mother.

There were deeper lines about the withered mouth and on the wrinkled brow than she had yet worn. The pale lip quivered with anxiety, as she tried to return Mary's good morning ; but her tongue refused to shape the words.

"You are lonely, now that your son has gone," said Mary, laying her hand gently on the old woman's arm, "but cheer up! it is a short voyage only. Father said it would be but seven or eight weeks at longest, even if they went quite far south to sell their fish."

"Your father, dear child, is no prophet. Their lives are in the hands of God; and, it may be, that even now they are carried down, by this storm, to the depths of the sea."

"O, don't say it! don't say it, I beseech you, Mrs. Courtney. Your words sound almost like a prophecy," said Mary, her low, sweet voice sharpened almost to a wall, by the sudden recurrence of last night's fears.

The aged woman looked kindly, yet sadly upon her.

"Yes," she murmured, "it will come hard upon her, poor thing. Father, brothers and lover! Father, brothers and lover! Hush, I am a silly, half crazed old woman. Don't mind me, dear, will you? I had bad dreams last night; but I am going to Falmouth, this bright, pleasant morning, and when I get back, perhaps my Alick will be there."

She smiled feebly and rose up to go.

"Take my arm," said Mary, tenderly, for she saw that her companion was broken with some real or fancied grief. They walked thus for a mile or more, Mary speaking to her in a cheery voice, for she had again recovered her spirits that had been disturbed by Mrs. Courtney's words.

By-and-by, their path lay across the beach, and they wandered along slowly now, for the older woman had begun to slacken in her walk, and to droop her head, as if weary. Suddenly, their feet stumbled against something directly in their path, and Mary fell heavily over it, half fainting with the pain and fright of falling. A darkness as of midnight seemed to shut out the blessed sun, all at once; and a merciful insensibility closed her eyes to an object that lay beside her.

"O Mary! Mary!" shrieked the frantic woman, close to the ear that heard not. "O, merciful God! what is this that tells me of my son's fate as truly as though he, too, lay at my feet?"

She exerted all her strength and drew the inanimate girl from the object over which she had fallen. Then she saw clearly that the face upturned in the sunlight was that of Harry Warwick. The lad was lying where the treacherous waves had thrown him; his bright, curly hair matted with sand, his fair young face scarred with the rough sea-drift, but still perfectly recognizable.

It was strange that the widow should have retained the senses that were so evidently wandering before; but the sight seemed to nerve her to effort. She ran a short distance across the beach, to a fisherman's cottage, and begged him to go with her. The rough, hardy man, accustomed as he was to scenes like this, wept as he looked upon the wreck of what was once Harry Warwick, the youth

best beloved of all the neighborhood. He soon called assistance and had him conveyed to the cottage, where everything was tried to restore the body again to life; but with no success.

As yet Mary knew not what had befallen them in that peaceful walk. She had opened her eyes, after Harry was removed, and seeing only Mrs. Courtney, she asked if she had been faint from falling. Mrs. Courtney could only answer in the affirmative. She could not tell her that it was her brother's dead body that had impeded their progress.

"We will go back now, dear," said the widow. "I am too much shaken by fatigue and anxiety, to go to Falmouth to-day. You will go back with me, wont you, my child?"

"Certainly; I will not leave you. There is an empty carriage. I will ask the driver to take you home."

Seeing the two women moving slowly and painfully along, the driver stopped and kindly helped them to the seat, and soon they were both lying on the widow's bed, with a gentle looking woman attending upon them.

There was no need of telling her kind neighbor what lay upon the widow's mind. The news had drifted over to the little seaport, that the crew of the hapless Princess Mary had found a grave in the sea, save the one bright little fellow whose body had been washed ashore.

But who should tell Mrs. Warwick, and who should unfold it to the now weak and feeble Mary? Mrs. Courtney needed not such a revelation. She had taken in the full sense of her terrible loss, and had even the magnanimity to own that Mrs. Warwick's trouble was greater than hers. But she failed rapidly, and before noon, she lay in a feverish state, with strong symptoms of delirium, and Mary was conveyed to Alick's little bed-room, still unconscious of all.

An old friend of John Warwick, Captain Paul Carroll, undertook the task of breaking the news to Mary's mother. It was some relief to the widowed and childless woman, that her Harry was found. The sight of her dead boy broke up the fountains of her grief, and she shed tears freely above the face that had always been the dearest.

She would not believe that they were all dead. They had been taken on board some other vessel, she said. God would not have taken them all at once from her, she knew; but Captain Carroll besought her not to trust in what he felt would be a most bitter disap-

pointment, and strove in vain to reconcile her to what appeared to be the only probable view of the case—that of the death of the entire crew.

Weeks rolled on. Mary was removed home and was told of her terrible loss. She was strangely calm under the trial, and strove to take some part in the household labor; but her white face seemed so ghost-like that no one could endure to see her try to work.

Mrs. Warwick, strong in her belief that her husband and Willie were living, became almost cheerful. Mrs. Courtney was still lying in an almost unconscious state, occasionally brightening up and addressing her son as if he were present.

Mary was filled with a tender pity for her aged friend; and she began to devote some part of each day to her bedside.

From the window of the chamber where the poor invalid lay, the ocean could be seen in all its grandeur. A wide beach, with only the street between it and Mrs. Courtney's house—so near that the waves often overswept the narrow boundary and washed the very walls of the dwelling, lay full in Mary's sight whenever she looked out. She did not shrink from it because it was the grave of her dear ones; but it was a mournful sight to one so bereaved.

She could raise the curtain only when the patient was asleep; for Mrs. Courtney had never given a single glance to the sea since it had been so cruel to her.

It was early in the morning of a bright day, the very last day of October, that Mary put on her shawl and took the path leading to the widow's house. She stopped, once or twice, at some point where the waters, blue as the sky above, lay in full sight; and then she traversed the rocky path leading to the broad, smooth beach.

Afar off were some men—fishermen, she judged—walking leisurely along. One of them was lame and carried a crutch; and both he and another who walked beside him, were apparently feeble, perhaps from recent sickness. Her head fluttered like a wounded bird. O, the possibilities that ran riot through her imagination! Surely she had heard of men disappearing for a long time and then as suddenly reappearing when they were given up for dead. What if these men had been yielded up from the great deep? Nay, more—what if these were they who had gone down in the Princess Mary!

A faintness again seized her, but she struggled firmly against it, and walked on to meet the persons who had thus strangely interested her. Take courage, poor, worn heart! He who is now hastening, with feeble and painful steps, to meet thee, bears the same heart in his bosom that prompted kind and loving words on a September evening, six long, long weeks ago; and close upon his footsteps are those of thy fair young brother!

Friendly hands had drawn them upon the deck of an outward bound vessel that joyfully outrode the gale; and Alick Courtney and Willie Warwick were saved—were here before her eyes. Ah! that poor, form above stairs, in the cottage whither Mary led the dear boys whom God had mercifully preserved! Would it not kill her, this new joy? No!

his voice first restored her to reason and memory; and, soon, to health and strength.

And Mrs. Warwick did not frown upon him who tenderly offered to take the place of her dead Harry, in her heart!

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE SELWIN.

George Selwin was telling at dinner table, in the midst of a large company, and with great glee, of the execution of Lord Lovat, which he had witnessed. The ladies were shocked at the levity he manifested, and one of them reproached him, saying:

"How could you be such a barbarian as to see the head of a man cut off?"

"O," said he, "if that was any great crime, I am sure I made amends for it; for I went to see it sewed on again."

DOLORES.

BY F. M. CREEKBAUM.

O, lay me down,
Where the willows wave
Their trailing boughs
Above my grave!
For the earth is dark,
And the heart is lone,
Since the beautiful dream
Of my life is gone.

With mournful joy the heart-throbs tell
Their ceaseless flight as the hours speed;
And I long to lay in the dreamless grave,
With my cold arms twined round my beautiful
dead.

The pale heart-idol
That smiled and died,
Like a broken flower
By my anxious side,
Too lovely for earth!
For not brighter beam
The angels that haunt us
In summer's light dream;
And her lute-low voice was softly sweet
As the tones of a breeze-stirred lyre at even,
When, her pale brow pillowed on my breast,
We pledged our faith in the sight of heaven.

The soft winds of autumn
In sadness were sighing,
And a beautiful head
On the pillow lay dying;
One thrilling clasp
Of the snow-white hand,

One long love-glance
From the dark death-strand,
And she floated away o'er the moanless sea
To the cloudless spirit-land far before,
With the pale king's robes round her silent form,
And left me weeping on the shore.

* * * * *

Where the rose tree waves
O'er a little mound
With mourning ivy
And cypress crowned,
Mid the clustering graves
She slumbers low,
With her soft hair twined
Round her beautiful brow.
Her eyelids closed in a dreamless sleep,
And her white hands clasped on her pulseless
breast,
An angel smile on her pallid lip,
By the spirit wreathed ere it soared to rest.

Then lay me down
In my narrow bed,
Where the wild flowers bloom
O'er my painless head;
Where the weary sleep on,
In their white robes dressed,
And storm-waves of sorrow
Shall break not their rest;
For I long to roam with my angel guide
Through the cloudless spirit-land far before,
And my beautiful saint, with her snowy wings,
Is waving me on to that blissful shore.

THE PRIVATEERSMAN.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

THE trees of Babelmandel, looking to us like the line of a low and verdant island, show their dark tops in the distance, as the ship, turning on her heel, like a marine at the "right about," moves slowly away from the "Gate of Tears," (the Arabic signification of the name of this celebrated strait.) Long and musingly we looked at the green land, the more romantic of our number pondering its historic associations, and the old "canvas-backs" thinking what "bully grog" they would be likely to get at Aden, if they could only go ashore.

In our anxiety to "strike oil," for our ship was a whaleman, we had cruised from Madagascar to the Straits of Malacca, thence by Ceylon and the Maldives to the Arabian Sea and the Gulf of Ormus; had anchored for a few days under the towers of Muscat (which city, it appeared to me, must have looked precisely as it does now in the age of Melchisedek, with the same dingy streets and houses, and the identical dried and preserved Arabs—for I don't believe these people ever die), and thence we had stood off and on along the coast of Arabia, to Babelmandel.

The coast we now looked upon embraced the gateway of that Red Sea, "which parted at the prophet's rod," and gazing towards the romantic shore, I could not help saying aloud: "And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea."

"That old Moses was a ticket," said big Tom, who lay coiled up on the topgallant forecabin.

"That's so!" was the answer, from a little fellow resting half out of the forecabin, "that's so! I allus like to hear about them coves—old Exodus and Ramath Glead, and sich—they was high old chaps, considerin' they never went to sea."

Here, too, upon the very spot where we now sailed, "our trusty and well beloved servant, Captain Robert Kidd," as the royal commissioner styled him, essayed his first exploits in piracy, attacking the fourteen ships of the Mocha fleet, which sailed, as the old chronicler hath it, "some with English, some with French; and some with Moorish

colors." The afterwards renowned buccaneer fired upon one of the Moorish ships, but was chased off by the men-of-war that convoyed the fleet. In the evening, as we sat upon the windlass, we discussed the subject of Kidd and his exploits, and one of our men roared out the famous old song commencing:

"My name was Robert Kidd,
When I sailed, when I sailed;
My name was Robert Kidd,
When I sailed;
My name was Robert Kidd,
And most wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid,
When I sailed."

The conversation presently turned from piracy to privateering—a distinction without much of a difference—when a boat-steerer named Ben—the oldest man on board—spoke of a cruise he once made in a privateer famous throughout the United States. I had read before, and have read since, several pretended accounts of the doings of this craft—not a word of truth in any of them—and was, therefore, much interested in the narrative of the old tar, especially as he was a man of some education, fine powers of intellect, and presented his picture of scenes, "all of which he saw, and part of which he was," without any affectation of those intolerable salt phrases, which, after all, occur oftener in the pages of sea-tales than on shipboard.

"We got underway in the morning," said Ben, "the owner, the very picture of an old time merchant, and the Napoleon of progress in the busy little seaport, running about the wharf in his short breeches and knee-buckles, and giving directions in his sharp, quick manner, as long as we could hear him. We passed Montauk and kept away to the eastward. In sixteen days we made Land's End, off which we spoke a Swedish ship, and learned that a fleet of eight sail was about to start from the Downs for the West Indies and ports on the Spanish Main. Two days after, we saw it coming, looking like the Spanish Armada. It was convoyed by the Romney and Agamemnon, ships of the line, the Cheviot and Newcastle, frigates, the Solway, sloop-of-war, and the Owl and Atlas, brigs. We kept out of their way until nightfall, when we got into their

wake, and followed them under easy sail. For more than four thousand miles, like a little white cloud, we hung to windward of the squadron, not half so welcome to the British mariners as the cloud of Elijah upon Carmel was to him. Sometimes they presented a beautiful spectacle—the heavy old West Indian under full sail, and the ships-of-war, a-weather and a-lee and ahead and astern of them, looming up only a few miles from us, till we could see the copper on their bottoms as they rolled in the lazy swell. From first to last, we captured six of their merchantmen, by pouncing upon them unaware, yet not one of our prizes ever reached the United States—except, indeed, the last, which, as the result proved, might, as well have been recaptured with the rest.

“Once, in the mid watch, we found ourselves right up among some scattering ships, but rather to the windward of the main squadron. Here and there was a dark object which we knew must be a vessel. One of them was close to us. We heard eight bells struck on board of her, and the watch called. Now and then we could even hear the officer of the deck speaking to his men. Getting close alongside, we grappled her on the quarter, and twenty or thirty of us jumped aboard, but there was a good deal of noise made, and two or three muskets were fired, as I suppose, to alarm the fleet. We bundled the prisoners into the privateer—stout-looking fellows they were, in their blue shirts, with their greasy sheath knives strapped behind them—put a crew on board the ship with old Tom Brown (you know him) for prize master, and ordered him to take the ship out of the squadron as soon as he could. A tall, dusky object, traced dimly against the sky appeared nearing us rapidly as the two vessels parted company, but bringing the prize in range between the stranger and ourselves, we soon lost sight of both.

“The cloudy-looking visitor, as we afterwards learned, soon ranged alongside the prize, revealing the fair proportions and grim battery of the Owl brig, which, from her peculiar ability to see in the dark, was the first of the war vessels to appear upon the scene. I had noticed her with admiration as we hung around the fleet—a large, rakish, handsome brig, four hundred and fifty tons, or thereabout, mounting twenty guns, beautifully sparred, with yards very square. As she came dashing alongside the prize-ship, the following ‘amusing and instructive’ dialogue

occurred between her commander and ‘Captain Tom’:

“‘Ship ahoy?’

“‘Hallo!’

“‘What’s the row among you? and what craft is that we have a glimpse of?’

“‘That’s the bloody Yankee pirate; she’s been trying to board us, but the bloody coves found somebody as could ‘andle cold hiron as well as they. Ve ‘ad a bloody ‘eavy tussle, but the cat-faced son of a marine sheered hoff ven he seen the bloody old Howl hat ‘is ‘eels.’ Tom’s crew chuckled at the adroit manner in which he had fooled the—

“‘Back your maintopsail, you lying Yankee pirate, or I’ll pitch a ton of iron into you!’ shouted the British captain, and the chuckle of the prize crew went over to the other side of the mouth.

“The British commander knew the ship even in the darkness, from her having lost her main royal-mast at dusk that evening, and he knew also her late captain to be a man who didn’t say ‘ve’ for ‘we.’ Tom had overdone his ‘cockney.’ I saw him soon after he came out of Dartmoor, and we had a good laugh over the matter.

“Although the prize captain’s bungling artifice sprang from necessity, trickery is always mean; and this perhaps is the reason why Tom, an honest-hearted fellow, succeeded no better in it. I wish that novelists, and venders of contemptible anecdotes of low cunning would not so lead one to the inference that because a man is a Yankee he has the right to be a lying knave.

“One morning not long after this affair, the ships-of-war and most of the vessels of the squadron were becalmed, while we had a breeze. We bore down upon them with some caution, taking a good look to see that they were all right; for once, upon just such an occasion, when we became too familiar, the Owl, which was always mousing about to windward of the squadron, plunged an eighteen-pounder shot into our bows, knocking one of our six-pounders the whole length of the vessel. We returned the compliment, and, as I live, at the first fire we put a shot right between the big eyes of the figure-head, spoiling the great, spotted scarecrow that had so long roosted under the brig’s bowsprit. Then we threw half a dozen shot at her foremast, losing all our credit, for we didn’t even hit the vessel. ‘Give a man luck,’ you know—but, as I was saying, now was our time, and we improved it. They saw the little har-

maphrodite brig, which had so long been a plague-spot upon their happiness, running straight down among them, but they were powerless to avoid or chase her away.

"A very large ship was astern of all the others, with barely wind enough to keep her under steerage way, and towards this bulky foe of freedom, our patriotism inflamed by the thought of the probable two hundred thousand dollars worth of British goods in her hold, we directed our efforts. She was called the General Wellealey, and mounted twenty-two guns, while the privateer, having been obliged in a gale on the outward passage to throw overboard ten of her fifteen guns (a circumstance I forgot to mention), had now but a wretched armament. The action began at long range, but we worked nearer and nearer whenever we could, pouring in grape and canister and round shot. The British commander made a noble resistance, while the ships-of-war, with all sail set, vainly endeavored to come to the rescue. Our brig sat so low in the water that most of the enemy's shot went over her; but the fire from the privateer did dreadful execution.

"It would be folly to say that nobody was afraid, for we had fastened to a big fish, a regular hundred and thirty barrel old sperma, but, neck or nothing, we went at the work, and when the flaming old bunting came fluttering to the quarterdeck of the merchantman, I felt a pretty strong sense of relief. It is not pleasant to lose a leg or an arm, even for one's country, or for sundry bales of broadcloth; and talk of such things as we will, every man in battle feels much as Falstaff did at Shrewsbury—'I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.'

"A fog had for sometime been rising, and when the fight was over, it had hidden the ships of the line and most of the fleet. A breeze had now reached them all, and while the merchantmen fled like a herd of buffalo cows, the ships-of-war, like the old black bulls, came plunging toward us. But the fog was coming faster than they. A prize crew sixteen in number, was thrown on board the ship—I was one of them—the huge maintop-sail was hauled round with a will, and we were off. The privateer shot to windward, out of harm's way. The excitement of our feelings was prodigious. The fog was coming—the sternmost frigate grew indistinct, looming up like a shapeless castle. The next, the Cheviot, was soon grasped by the rolling mist, and faded into its depths. The Solway and

Atlas were swallowed by its sealike waves, that rolled above their lofty spars, till nothing of them could be seen but the skysail-mast, that for a moment shot above the cloud. But the Owl was still in sight, not more than a mile astern, and gaining on us as if we were tied to a post.

"That's a 'soon' brig, and a 'soon' man commands her," said one of our fellows.

"Rolling the smoke from her long bow-chasers, she sent the shot singing all around us; but the fog was too much for her; sweeping over her stern, covering her quarter, her mainmast, her foremast, and away out to the end of her flying jib-boom. She would soon be hidden. 'Boom, boom, boom,'—and as the last report died away the round-eyed Owl was buried fathoms deep in an obscurity that might be felt. A few moments more, and our own ship was equally enveloped; the fog lay all around us, and we were free. Taking in studding-sails, we hauled on the wind, so that only by good luck on the part of our enemy could they stand any chance of finding us, and when night again set in, we bore away for Charleston.

"On the coast of Carolina we were chased by the Mermaid, sloop-of-war. With all sail set, though the wind was blowing a gale, we headed right in for Charleston harbor. The British cruiser gained fast upon us, and our hearts sank at the thought of Dartmoor, and the prospect of losing all we had tolled for. With a tremendous sheet of foam rolling from the bows, and the lee cat-head under water, the ship went plunging on. At length we were under the guns of the fort.

"'Thank Heaven!' cried the prize master, 'we are all right now;' but even as he spoke, the fore-topmast went over the side, and the foreyard was carried away in the slings. We let go both anchors, but the cables parted, and in a few moments we were on the bar. A tremendous swell was breaking, and the ship went all to pieces. Many of the hands were lost; but getting hold of a drift spar, I came right side up at last—I suppose the old adage of the 'bad penny' is as good as ever—and here I am telling you the story off the coast of Arabia, in the evening watch. But I'm sorry we lost the General Wellealey; she might have set me up for a merchant; she was the richest prize, with the exception of the Royal Bounty (burned at sea), that the Yankees ever captured. Eight bells! well, I'm glad to hear it."

SHADOWS.

BY ANNIE M. LAWRENCE.

Why sit in the shadows, maiden?
Why dream of sorrowful things?

Why weave garlands enwrapping
Blossoms of bygone springs?

Round thee fair flowers still open,
Softly the clear waves glide;
Why sit alone in the shadows,
Why turn from the sunshine aside?

Has the huge cross of affliction
Shrouded thy pathway with gloom?
Have the eyes that gazed on thee fondest,
Closed to rest in the silent tomb?

Or, if the pale boatman has summoned
No friend from thy cherishing heart,
Art thou learned in that other sad lesson
Of souls grown estranged and apart?

Over the glow of thy beauty
Thou art letting the shadows rest;

Knowest thou not that affliction
Is often thy Saviour's test?

Look, maiden, above and beyond thee,
The skies are aglow with light,
Lift thy heart from amidst the shadows,
Till the cross of thy sorrow grows bright.

Come out from the shadows, dear one,
Dream no more sorrowful dreams;
Leave the sombre wreaths of the by-gones,
Pluck flowers where the sunlight gleams.

There's a Hand that is ready to guide thee,
He has proved thee, and claims thee his own;
And Faith, his beautiful handmaid,
Shall leave thee no more alone.

Fall many a dark cross of granite
Gathers grace from the flower-crowned vine;
So let prayer, with its heaven-born blossoms,
Round the cross of thy sorrow entwine.

SCARLET SINS.

BY CARRIE B. LEROW.

"THOUGH your sins are as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

The words fell from the lips of the old gray-haired minister, who, for nearly half a century had preached from the same old-fashioned desk in the little church, where I sat that quiet Sabbath afternoon, listening with strange emotion to the solemn words which breathed, not condemnation, but pardon to sinners even as great as I. Never could the old man know how the divine message of forgiveness fell upon the crushed heart of the proud, wicked woman in the pew directly in front of him, who listened so eagerly to every word which fell from his lips.

Proud, they called me, but not wicked. The world did not know that; how should it? God knew it, and I had realized it through many gloomy years which seemed as though they would never end. That was enough.

For months my eyes had not felt the blessed relief of tears, but as I listened they fell fast, raining down beneath the heavy black veil

upon the sable garments which were a fit emblem of the inward desolation.

Life had not always been so darkened. I can easily recall a happy girlhood, and I never knew a care or a heart-ache till I was twenty-three. That summer Edgar Bradley came to the Falls House to board, and thus became a temporary member of our family, for my father was proprietor of the largest hotel in the village. That was a long time ago, yes, more than seventeen years, for I have passed my fortieth birthday now. He was only a year my senior, and noble, trustworthy I believed him to be before we had been acquainted an hour. I knew him better in the years following, and I never found otherwise.

Losing both father and mother in his early boyhood, he had been adopted by a New York merchant, and was engaged with him in business. Chance led him to our mountain village when in search of a place in which to pass the summer months, for the benefit of his health. We became the best of friends in a

few weeks, and afterwards more than that, nearer and dearer to each other, and when the September days were nearly counted, and he spoke of leaving us, the pain at my heart told me how entirely it was his.

True, that period of life had not been reached without experiencing some of its romance, but the surface of the heart only had been touched; the depths were sounded now, and one of life's best blessings, a good man's love, was offered me in exchange for the affection which was his before he asked it.

There was no formal engagement between us. We knew each other's hearts too well to need questions or answers. In the hazy twilight, down among the rocks, and near the dashing water of the Falls, we spoke, in few words, of the coming separation, the hope of a reunion, and then, for an hour, sat silent, hand in hand, listening to the heavy sweep of the cataract, and looking forward in our thoughts, to the time when we should not be separated. Before another night he returned to his New York home and his many friends, leaving me with a great happiness in a heart which had at last awakened to that experience which comes sooner or later to every woman to make or mar her life.

Letters came from him regularly, every three days, for as many weeks; then one—O, so different from the rest. Sitting on the piazza with a number of the boarders, I had suggested a sail for the evening, and in the midst of our planning to make up for the loss of one of the boats, which was being repainted, I heard my brother Fred calling me from the house. It was just after dinner—time for the mail to be in, and those precious letters were always punctual. Excusing myself with a promise to return in half an hour, I ran into the house. Fred teased me as usual, just a little, before giving it to me, with that merry ringing laugh which has been silenced for so many years, for he has been taken from me with the rest. I went up stairs to my own room, singing softly to myself, and reading, over and over again, my own name traced on the envelope in that large, handsome writing.

Perhaps I grew pale, as I read that letter. I do not know, but I felt as I think those must who are dying, and, faint and moaning I slid from the low rocking-chair down to the floor, and, with my face buried on the side of the bed, tried to think and understand. The last was easy enough, however; it was harder to think, and hardest of all to bear, as we often find in this life of endurance.

Edgar Bradley's letter was plain enough. He had made no unnecessary torture for himself or me, and I knew the worst in a few minutes. His adopted father had an only child, a daughter Mary, who had always been as a sister to him, and whom he dearly loved, but with a brotherly affection only. He had accidentally become aware that her regard for him was more than a sister's, and that her father had planned for the future on the certainty of his becoming her husband. He could not deny that he had always encouraged her to love him, but, feeling himself her brother as truly as though he could claim the tie of blood, he had never dreamed of this. It was Mr. Bradley's great ambition to see them united, and to be able to call him in truth his son. He had settled that as a matter of course, and it had never occurred to him that anything could possibly prevent the fulfilment of his plans.

To this man, Edgar owed everything, the clothes he had worn, the bread he had eaten from childhood until the gift of a liberal education placed him in an independent position. And now, as a proof of his trust and affection, he gave him his idolized daughter. The circumstances were peculiarly trying. To reveal his true feeling seemed impossible; for if that gentle girl loved him as he had reason to believe, disappointment would crush her, and break her fond father's heart—and so, after one short struggle, his resolution was taken.

Only as far as concerned himself, however. He did not feel that he had the right to alter my future, after what he had said to me, and he had said it honestly, believing himself a free man. These words ended his letter:

"I wait only to know from you if I am at liberty to make this sacrifice, and prove to my father that the one he so nobly befriended when an orphan boy, has not lived to disappoint him at last. Your own heart must tell you the cost of such an act, and with what anguish I write these words. It will also plead for me, and judge me truly, knowing, as you surely must, that even if I never call you wife, you are, and will ever be, the best beloved on earth."

He made no further mention of his own suffering. That it was deep I knew, for I never distrusted him or his motives. I believed him utterly and I was right. He was always true to me.

And this Mary—how often he had talked about her to me. A lovely girl of eighteen,

one of those delicate beings, whose very breath of life is tenderness and affection, who had never known a deeper sorrow than the temporary absence of Edgar, or her father, from their home. It seemed impossible to associate the thought of disappointment and grief with one so utterly unfit to bear it. I had grown to love her for his sake, and long to see her, but now, how changed it all was! How changed the world was since half an hour before, when I had come singing up the stairway so happy and contented!

Only half an hour, for the town clock rang out sharp and clear, telling the time. I had lived through hours, I thought, and I groaned aloud as I looked at the sunshine. There were yet so many hours before darkness and night. Trouble seems magnified when coming suddenly in the glare of day; there is so little chance to hide one's self from the world; our duties must be completed, we must keep in sight the faces with which we begun the day; and wait, patiently if we can, for the night when we can be alone, and learn to get used to the new life which waits for us on the morrow.

I felt all this as I prepared to go down stairs, but I could meet no one then, try as I might. So I stole out of the house, away from the gay party on the piazza, to the rocks under the Falls, where I had so often been with him. Sitting where the cool spray dashed on my face, I grew calmer, and stronger by degrees, stealing away again, when the sound of merry voices and laughter betrayed that persons were coming to the spot.

I met them all at the tea-table, but no one could have detected a change in me. There was some dissatisfaction expressed at my long absence. It was hardly fair, they said, for me to leave them entirely, and had I altered my mind about going to sail that evening? No, I told them, I was ready. Business had detained me longer than I had expected when I left them so abruptly, but I had not forgotten them. True, I had not forgotten that I must spend the evening in society, where I must appear so differently from what I felt. It is a common trial in this life of ours, but I was learning it for the first time.

So a gay party was off on the lake in the beautiful moonlight, and none was gay as I; and no one could have believed, as I looked at the shining water with smiles and jesting words on my lips, how earnestly I longed, in my utter desolation, to be at rest forever, beneath those sparkling waves.

In my own room again at last, away from human eyes, I answered Edgar Bradley's letter, and without hesitation. To be sure I could choose, for he was honorable enough to keep his word with me, even were it the death-blow of the others, and he had given it before he knew all that was in store for him. That was an added bitterness. He could have borne it better alone, as he said, but it was too late.

I will not say that I did not hate Mary Bradley, for I did; and it was a proud, jealous, loving woman's hatred, and that is the most cruel and unrelenting of all. It worked out its own bitter punishment at last, and she was always innocent of my suffering, for Edgar had never told her. He had waited, as we often do, before confiding even to our dearest friends that one secret.

But she was to be the wife of the only man I had ever, or could ever, love; she had robbed me of him—she and her father. What was her love to mine? I could have died for him—nay, more, it was for the love of him I sinned.

I gave him up wholly, leaving him free to do as he would, had we never seen each other. I wrote that I believed him, and understood his motives perfectly, that my feelings towards him could never change. The letter was a short one—no unnecessary word in it—but it took hours to write it, hours in which my heart cried out against this cruel sacrifice, in passionate, tearless sobs, which shook me fiercely. I had never learned self-denial, and the first lesson was too hard for a beginner.

Our summer boarders left us gradually, and the house settled down again into quiet for the winter. The long, dreary winter—I never liked it, and now it was a hundred fold more desolate than ever. There were no letters coming to help note the days, and shorten the wretched weeks. I grew harder and prouder, as the months went on, more rebellious against my destiny and against God who had planned it. I had never told even my mother of my trouble, my kind fond mother, whose sympathy would have been mine for the asking, and who would have taught me a better way to bear it. Household cares and labors engrossed her attention too closely for her to notice the change in me.

The New York papers came regularly by the mail, and at Christmas, one contained a notice of Edgar Bradley's marriage. My father read it aloud to the family.

"Isn't that the young Bradley who boarded with us last summer, my daughter?"

I answered, "yes," and, seeing my mother looking intently at me, added, "I knew he was to be married soon, to the daughter of his adopted father."

"We all liked him," said my mother, quietly, and I felt that the words were too true for one at least.

So that was over at last. I must not think of him now, he was *her* husband. Ah, if it was only possible not to think.

I made occasional trials to conquer my rebellious heart, and become reconciled to my loss, but with little success. The spring time came at last, and then the bright summer again, bringing with it our usual boarders from the city. I made another effort to forget my trouble, and persuading my mother to let me take the place of one of the extra girls usually hired at that season, I worked early and late. The drudgery was disagreeable to me, but it did me good, by forcing me to think of something beside myself.

Fred came in one day with a piece of news. "Here's that Mr. Bradley, who was at our house last summer, come with his wife to board at the Joyces. Father told him we were so crowded they couldn't come here. I think it's real mean, Nell, don't you? and he *does* have such luck a fishing."

I leaned heavily against the sink, where I was at work, for it took my strength away, and had to leave the rest of the dishes for the girls to wash, after shattering two which slipped from my trembling hands.

I wondered why he had come there—it was so strange. For an instant, I confess, I doubted him, but only for an instant. I believed him too perfectly to distrust him long. I would wait. We should probably meet, and I must not falter.

They called at the house in less than a week. Edgar Bradley was unchanged. He introduced his wife to "his friend, Miss Helen Olmstead," in a calm, steady voice. I was not sure of mine. The muscles of my throat twitched convulsively when I attempted to speak to her, but she saved me the necessity.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Olmstead. My husband used to write home last summer how kind you and your mother were to him while he was staying here, and his health was so poor. He was not inclined to come, however, this summer, and proposed travelling South, but he had described this mountain scenery as so perfectly beautiful, and seemed to enjoy himself so much before when he was here, that I had a great curiosity to visit the

place, and at last persuaded him to bring me. I am so sorry we could not be accommodated here. Are you not unusually full this season?"

I was glad she had uttered some commonplace remark, and given me a question to answer. It was easy to speak of the hotel and the boarders, and of the reputation the village was acquiring, from the natural scenery which brought so many visitors during the summer.

"There is one place I have not seen yet, which I hope you are willing to show me. Those magnificent Falls which I have heard so much about. The house takes its name from them, I presume. I wonder if Mr. Bradley is ready to accompany us?" with a look across the room, where he sat talking with my mother.

How little she could know what it cost me to utter that untruth, which society so often requires of us, without calling it a falsehood, "I should be most happy," for I would rather have died than gone to that spot with her. I thought, but in a moment pride came to help me. I determined to try my strength.

"Mr. Bradley," I said, "your wife is anxious to see the Falls. Mother will excuse you, I know, before it grows darker, for it is so near twilight—"

I had gone too far. A sudden memory sent a quick pain through my heart which stifled my voice. I had done my best, but I could not endure it.

"Excuse me while I get an extra shawl. You will need it there," I managed to say, as I left the room, taking time while on my errand to quiet myself as best I could.

Mrs. Bradley was "delighted," as she expressed it, talking on in her social, girlish way, which called for no reply. I gave one glance at Edgar, who stood close beside her, apparently listening. But had she looked up into his face she would have seen that he did not hear her. He was very pale, and in his eyes was that strained, fixed look of one in deep thought.

It was a hard trial for me to see him thus, for it spoke so plainly of mental suffering, and my own was severe enough. And to see that woman standing there so close beside him, his arm around her, to keep her from falling. What right had she there? It was my place once. She had wronged and robbed me, O so cruelly! And turning away I started to clamber over the rocks to return home.

"Are you ready to go now, Mary?" I heard him say, in a voice that seemed a little husky and unnatural, and as she assented, he guided her carefully over the rough stones. Once

he always helped me in the same way, but—she was his wife. I must walk alone now, in even rougher paths than this.

"Please wait one moment, Miss Olmstead, till we overtake you, and I can assist you both."

"O no," I called back, in as careless a voice as I could command; "you forget that I am as much at home here as Tell among his native mountains. Take good care of Mrs. Bradley, for she is not used to these slippery rocks."

Before they returned home, she urged me repeatedly to call and see her, affirming innocently that she liked me, and wanted to know me better. How little she was ever to know of me, however.

I accepted her invitations to call, walk, or ride whenever I knew I could see Edgar. It was wrong, I knew, and I was doing a great wrong to myself, but I was so contented to be where I could see him, and hear his voice if only afar off. I loved him so, I pleaded for excuse, and I might never see him again.

As for him, he never, by word or look, gave intimation that our acquaintance was anything more than it appeared. He was the soul of honor, and in accepting the lot which had been portioned out to him, he had given up all that could come between him and duty. He was true to her whom he had made his wife, in the spirit as well as the letter of the law. A constant rebuke to my unprincipled and selfish gratification seemed clothed in that courteous, friendly bearing towards me, and his care and tenderness for her, which was all that a husband's should be, but with no needless display of what he could not feel. I respected and admired his conscientiousness, but I was not as noble.

How could I wonder that she loved him? I did not, but it maddened me to see that pure affection which expressed itself in so many ways, and I stained my soul with another sin, pretending to care for her society when my hatred of her was but growing more intense. But he was as much deceived as his wife. I would have died rather than have had him know it.

In about two weeks Mrs. Bradley was suddenly attacked with a fever, brought on by a violent cold. Edgar came to my mother in evident distress, to know what nurse could be procured in the village. I offered my services at once.

"If you would only go," he said gratefully.

"She dreads the thought of strangers, and we are so unfortunate in being away from home."

In ten minutes I was on my way. Only one motive prompted me—I could be with Edgar, for I knew he would not leave her sick bed. She was dangerously sick, with but little strength to contend against disease. In a few days her father was sent for, and came up from the city, thanking me with tears for what I was doing for her, and giving way to his uncontrollable grief as he realized her danger.

The crisis came at last—that night would decide. The doctor told me so privately, keeping it from the knowledge of Edgar, who was already worn down with anxiety and confinement in a sick room. He prepared her medicine carefully, a colorless liquid in a little vial. "To be given every half hour," he said; "while there is life there is hope."

He persuaded her husband to leave her, and try to obtain some rest, which after long urging he consented to do. With one long look at the white face on the pillow, he went to an adjoining room, and leaving the door open, threw himself upon a lounge trying to sleep. Her father sat close beside her in an easy-chair.

After arranging everything for the night, I seated myself where I could watch Edgar, and fell to thinking. The doctor's words were ringing through my brain, and while sitting there I began to realize that while there was life there was *no hope*—for me. She might recover, and then they would return home, and I should go back to my weary life again. She might die that night, and then!

Heaven knows I was innocent till that thought came. Not innocent in my hatred towards her, or my love for her husband, but of all else that followed. I had ministered at that sick bed faithfully, content to be near Edgar, and without looking forward to the dreary future; but here it faced me and with it the chance to alter it if I so chose.

I *did* choose. In that deadly struggle the tempter triumphed. God be merciful to me a sinner! but I loved him so—and between us there came only this woman.

I got up deliberately, and, taking the vial of medicine from the little table, poured the contents out of the open window, and refilled it with water. One look at the sleeping man in the room beyond, one at the slender form on the bed, and then one into my own soul. Lost forever, I thought, and to gain him. O,

what shall it profit if we gain the whole world! It was too late to reflect then. The watch ticked the minutes away, and as each half hour went by Mary Bradley received from a murderer's hand, not poison certainly, but harmless water in place of the medicine which might save her life. The ceremony must be gone through with, at least, for there sat her stricken father beside the bed.

The vial was emptied before the doctor came in the morning. There had been no apparent change in his patient. Her husband was told then that he could do no more. Nothing remained but to wait. He could give him no hope. As for myself I thought I was going mad. The blood beat fiercely through my temples, and the look of wild despair gleaming from the glittering eyes of the haggard face which looked at me from the mirror, was frightful. I wondered why they did not read the fearful story which was written there so plainly.

"This night's work has been too much for you, I fear," the doctor said, with an anxious look. "You have scarcely eaten or slept for a week, and I insist on your going home to rest, for the day at least. You may come again to-night—if you are needed," he added, "but you have done what you could."

I made no objection for I dared not trust myself to stay. If she should die, I might in my wild desperation confess all, and I could not witness that last agony. He told the truth when he said I had done what I could, and the memory of it must be the haunting demon of my soul. I rode home with the doctor, and at night was prostrated with brain fever. That night's work had been too much for me, and finished the work which excitement, and want of sleep and food had begun.

The first snow of an early winter was on the ground when I was able to sit up again. By degrees, I learned that Mrs. Bradley had recovered slowly, and been carried home as soon as she was able to bear the journey. She had begged to see me, but the doctor decided that the shock would be too great, as they concealed from her how very ill I was.

Truly it was like a return from the grave, and in my misery I wondered why I had not been taken from this world. I dared not pray, but I thanked God without taking his name upon my lips, that she whom I had tried to destroy, had not died. That was spared me, though my sin was the same—for it is our motives which are judged, not the results, and I was no less a murderer.

I had to take up the weary burden of my life again, a life rendered a hundred fold more wretched by my sin.

In the following summer a package and a letter were sent to me bearing a foreign post-mark. It proved to be from Mrs. Bradley, who wrote from Florence, where she had gone for her health, thanking me with the most heartfelt gratitude, for my care of her during her sickness, and asking my acceptance of the set of magnificent rubies which the casket contained. I could not look at the jewels without a shudder; to me they seemed drops of blood, and I shut the case which has never been opened since.

Four miserable years followed. Months of that time were spent in a sick room, where came the death, which I had tried to lure towards an innocent woman, to take from me first, a father, then a mother, and at last the precious brother, to save whom I would have laid down my own life. That was my punishment, I knew. Not all, however, though it was heavy enough, I thought. My cup of bitterness remained to be filled up.

In my utter loneliness and sorrow, a letter came from Edgar Bradley:

"HELEN:—One year ago, my wife was taken from me by consumption, speaking of you but a few hours before she died, as her gratitude was unfailing for your great kindness to her which so nearly cost your life. She sleeps in the sunny Italy from which I have just returned, to know if you have still a place in your heart for, and are free to welcome,
EDGAR BRADLEY."

I wrote in reply merely the few words, "Come to me," and then sat down to count the hours and think. I could not marry him with my sin unconfessed. I must tell him all and obtain his forgiveness. Yes, he surely would forgive me for I had sinned from my love for him.

I counted the hours till I should see him, but he never came. Instead, tidings of a fearful railroad accident, with his name among the list of killed, and for me nothing left but memory and remorse.

Though a Father's hand wielded the rod, I saw no mercy in it till I heard that promise, "Though your sins are as scarlet they shall be white as snow," and in humble trust and penitence I lay my sins at his feet, believing—O, blessed assurance! that he will forgive to the uttermost.

SAVED FROM THE STORM.

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 BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.  
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JOHN QUINN had a heart of gold, hid under that coarse, rough exterior of his. Famous as the ugliest man in the place, he was also known for his generous kindness, and his warm-heartedness. No one ever went to him for aid and came away empty-handed. Some persons said he gave too liberally, that he did not make a proper discrimination between worthy and unworthy persons; but John shook his head with a smile, saying that he could never find it in his heart to refuse any one. He thought it far better to give to an undeserving person, than, in refusing, to turn off some one who might be really in need. So he went on in his good work, giving freely to all who asked, and winning hearts all along his path. Indeed I doubt that there was a man in all L——, more universally beloved.

John Quinn kept a grocery store; not one of those dirty, dingy shops, that commonly go by that name, but a nice, neat, tidy store, the very sight of which did one good. The counter was kept clean and free from dust, the boxes and barrels were ranged orderly, and the red tin boxes were so tempting, and the display of goods so inviting that you could scarcely resist the desire to step in and buy. On one side of the store were bright jars, with neat tin tops, containing candles and good things for children. This John called his juvenile department. It was not of much profit to him, I fear, for John, in the kindness of his heart, was a poor business man. Often while standing at his door, some child would look in wistfully at the candles, and then he would take the little thing into the store, give it a nice stick of the delicious article, and send it on its way with a happy heart. Sometimes, in thinking over the financial affairs of his juvenile department, he would almost resolve to be more business-like in its management. But then his resolution would give way.

"Why should I stop it?" he would say to himself. "Are not the bright looks it brings to their little innocent faces, and the happiness with which it fills their hearts, far better pay to me than the price of the candles?"

So John Quinn went on in his old habits, constantly winning new friends, and losing whatever good opinions people had of his

business talents. Once when he was sick, he received many a present from his little friends, and his sufferings cast a gloom over all the children in the place. So he had his reward.

John had been married once. It was when he was advanced in life, and his happiness was of short duration. His wife had died in the fourth year of their wedded life, and had left him a wee little girl to take care of. He never married again. To his little Nellie, who was now twelve years old, he was both father and mother. He had done everything for her, himself. He had taught her to read and write, and to sew, and now helped her in her studies at school. His heart was bound up in his child, and his love for her caused it to warm more tenderly for other little folks, than it had ever done before she came. When she brought any of her companions home with her, her little guest was sure of a happy time while with her.

Little Nellie inherited her mother's beauty and her father's goodness. She was a lovely, and a lovable child, and did not lack for friends. No one envied her success at school, but all felt proud of it. All the boys were in love with her, and showered upon her all the attentions which boy-love prompts, and which, while they may amuse older heads, are so true and genuine in themselves. Little Nellie bore her triumphs becomingly. She was not made vain by them, nor did they cause her to be less amiable to her companions. On the contrary they seemed only to heighten her gentleness and sweetness.

She was a wee little thing—very small for her age, even—and when held in her father's strong arms, seemed almost an infant compared to him. John always spoke of her as his baby, and even now that she is grown, and has children of her own, frequently calls her so.

One cold winter night, the snow fell heavily in L——. It filled up the streets, save where it was blown off by the fierce winds that drifted it away, only to be deeper in some other place. Just in front of John Quinn's store the wind had left a clear space of a few feet, but the snow lay deep around it. John had built a good warm fire in the stove, and was sitting by it, toasting his feet, and listen-

ing to the storm. He had put up the blinds to the windows, but had not put the fronts up to the doors. From these the bright light streamed out into the storm, and once or twice as John looked in the direction of the door, he thought he saw a little wan face pressed against the glass. But it vanished instantly, and he thought it only the effect of his imagination.

At last, when the clock was striking ten, John went to his desk to lock it for the night, previous to closing his store. As he reached it, he heard the door open. Looking up, he could see no one, and he thought it was the wind that had blown it open. He hastened around to shut it, and to his astonishment saw standing in the store a little girl that the high desk had hidden from his view.

She was a little thing—smaller than his Nellie—and was dressed almost in rags. She had no shoes, and her dress came scarcely to her knees. Her little feet and legs were bare, and red with cold, and her arms, which the ragged shawl she wore over her head could not cover, were in the same condition. She was dirty and ragged, but the sight of her brought tears to John's eyes.

"What do you want, my little girl?" he asked, kindly.

The child stared at him vacantly, and then pointing to the jars of candy on the shelves, said, hesitatingly:

"Give me one, will yer, mister?"

John gave her the candy, and she devoured it ravenously.

"My poor child," he said, "were you standing out there ever since I first saw you at the door?"

She nodded her head.

"Why did you not come in?"

"'Cause I was afraid you would beat me."

The child suddenly tottered, and would have fallen, had not John caught her. He placed her in a chair, where she lay in a senseless state, and hurriedly closed the store. Going to the stairs that led to the upper part of the house, he called his little daughter Nellie, who came down at once.

"Look at this poor little thing, Nellie," he said. "She is dying with cold. Indeed, I think she is almost gone."

He made Nellie help him to get water and the things he needed. Then removing the rags which covered her, he washed the dirt from her person, then clothing her in some of Nellie's own garments, he carried her up stairs, and placed her in bed.

The child had recovered from her stupor, and had remained quiet and submissive during the procedure. It pleased her, evidently, for when he laid her in the bed, she looked up into his face, and murmured, in a low tone:

"O, it's so nice, mister."

"Poor little thing. It's the best night you ever had in your life," muttered John, as he tried to keep back his tears; "we'll have a doctor here in the morning; but I'm afraid it will be of no use."

He tucked the cover around her, and sat down by the fire, while Nellie stood by the bed, regarding the little stranger pityingly.

"Who is he?" asked the girl, pointing her worn finger towards John.

"He is my father," said Nellie.

"Is he God? Is this heaven?" she cried.

"No, no," said Nellie, quickly. "God lives up in heaven—ever so far above us. If you are a good little girl you will see him when you die."

The child made no reply, but lay perfectly still, with an expression of satisfaction on her features. Nellie went up softly to her father, and stealing her hand into his, and resting on his knee, whispered, as he gazed into the fire:

"Do you think she will get well, father?"

"No, darling," he replied, softly. "I think she will die before morning. O! God be thanked that it is here, and not in the street."

Nellie wept softly for a long time, and John Quinn sat gazing into the fire. At last, Nellie turned to look at the child, and saw her gazing at her, as though she wished to ask something. She went up to the bed.

"Did you say I would go to heaven if I died?" she asked, speaking with difficulty.

"Yes," said Nellie. "God loves little children, and he will take you to him. Wouldn't you like to pray to him?"

"I don't know how," she replied.

"I will teach you," said Nellie. She folded the little hands. "Now say after me."

She was about to commence, when John caught a glimpse of the child's face. The sudden change in it made him spring to the bed. Nellie stopped him. The little sufferer lay with her eyes closed, and her hands folded.

"Our Father," Nellie began, gently bending over her.

"Our—Father," came faintly, from the lips.

"Who art in heaven."

"Who—art—in—heaven—" Her voice sank—then she murmured, very faintly:

"In—heaven—"

Yes! in heaven at last.

MISS DELANO'S PUPIL.

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 BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.  
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MARY DELANO, teacher of the district school at Arlington Centre, was on her way to school. It was August weather, and the day was very warm. At Brown's corner she turned off the turnpike and struck across lots that she might be in the shade of the woods part of the time. The red grass was brittle and stiff beneath her feet in the sun-seared fields, so that the green dimness of the woods, when she reached them, seemed more refreshing than ever before. Masses of birch foliage were quivering and glancing in the broken sunshine, and damp, cool breezes blew out of the dark woods where Arlington brook ran under the bushes. A mile further towards the sea the brook was a strong river—here it trickled silverly over the stones hidden under the alders and rank brakes.

She found a mossy stone and sat down among the bush-grass, untying her bonnet and putting it in her lap, while she shook back the damp hair from her flushed forehead. It was fine, dark, neutral-tinted hair, cut short in the neck and rolled into little curls, though the hair was evidently not curly. A year before Miss Delano had been very ill of fever. Her face was pale and a little sallow—clear-cut in feature, but rather repellant in its expression of sharpness and decision; the eyes gray, the hands and feet tiny, the figure *petite*.

She sat there in the shade under a bowery, swaying elm, and the sunshine kept glancing through the branches in little flecks, and falling on her head, trying to win a gleam of brightness from the fine, dark hair. It did not succeed. It was hair that never smiled.

Her slight hands were folded in her lap, and her gray eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon the school-house, seen in the distance through an opening in the wood. While she rested she was wondering if Mr. Clermont had come. If he had, he would ring the first bell soon. She had other things to think of, also, which made her very grave and unconscious as she idly slipped a bracelet of her mother's hair round and round upon her arm. A bird was calling sweetly over her head, but she did not hear him—a pink and purple-winged fly balanced himself in the still air right before her face, but she did not notice. Her brow was a little contracted and her lips tightly shut.

Suddenly the bell rang, imperious and dissonant on the summer air. Miss Delano arose, shook back her hair again, put on her bonnet, and went out of the woods, up the hill to the school-house.

Mr. Clermont, the head teacher, had not rung the second bell, but he had the bell in his hand ready to do so, as Miss Delano entered, looking flushed and weary. He put the bell down, looking at her across the room as she hung up her bonnet and shawl. A faint flush passed over her face as she observed this.

She went rapidly to her desk and took her place. Then she glanced, with a displeasure she could not conceal, at Mr. Clermont. He bowed low and rang the bell. Immediately the scholars came trooping in, and the room was buzzing with confusion.

What did this little episode mean? Did Mr. Clermont intend to rebuke his lady assistant for tardiness, since it was a rule that she should be in her place before the second bell was rung? Not at all. He had paused, courteously, that she might rest and compose herself before the school assembled—and the consideration and attention from him annoyed her. Since he was privileged to do so, she had rather he had rebuked her. She wished no favors from him.

Miss Delano had taught in Arlington for three weeks with Mr. Clermont. She could frankly have avowed that she did not like the head teacher. She had never said so, however.

When school was finished, Miss Delano was very glad. With a sigh of relief she was putting away her books when she saw one of the young girls come upon the platform and speak to Mr. Clermont. As the girl looked up the light fell upon her face, showing a rare roseate flush there, and Miss Delano wondered why she had never before noticed that Lotty Silvertown was pretty. Then she remembered that Lotty was a pupil who had not a prominent place in the school, and she believed that to be the reason.

The girl was fifteen years old, but particularly diminutive. A wonderful wealth of golden hair was twisted into a careless knot at the back of her exquisitely proportioned head, and the outlines of the bust were peculiarly mature for the innocently sweet face. The petite figure and the dignified and classi-

cal head made the girl rather a study to Miss Delano for a moment. The longer she looked the more she was struck with the pensive air, sweet expression, and remarkable beauty of this poverty-marked child, whose short and scanty dress showed her position in life. She even disregarded her aversion for Mr. Clermont to say, as he came by:

"I never observed before how pretty Lotty Silverton is."

At her first word Mr. Clermont had turned quickly. He bowed.

"Have you noticed also that she is a very good scholar?" he asked.

"I think I have. Can you tell me why it is that she is not more popular in the school? She is more apt than many who are before her."

"I do not know exactly," replied Mr. Clermont's polished voice. "I think, however, that there is a current prejudice against the girl on account of her origin."

"What may that be?"

"I cannot tell exactly. The family are considered low, however, and are not received at all in society."

If Miss Delano had not found it disagreeable talking with Mr. Clermont, she would have asked more questions, but Mr. Clermont suddenly found himself dismissed by a bow that was almost curt. She took up some books, turned away, and left the school-house. As she left the school-house yard, she heard a voice cry:

"I say, sis, where's your father?"

She would not have heeded this if the voice had not been peculiarly mocking, and followed by a shout of derision.

Miss Delano turned. A large, coarse boy sat upon the fence, laughing and jeering. A young girl was going down the road. Miss Delano saw instantly that it was Lotty Silverton. The girl was walking with a hanging head and distressed air. Her face was covered by an old sun-bonnet, but the teacher saw that she was crying.

"Hillo!" called the boy, "what's your name? Say!"

Just then he caught sight of Miss Delano, and, slipping down from the fence, disappeared. The girl turned a corner and was gone also, while Miss Delano went home, not quite understanding what all this meant, and very much interested in her pupil, Lotty Silverton.

The next morning was bright and cool, and Miss Delano went down the turnpike to

school; the sunshine was none too hot in the face of a northeast breeze. The grasses glimmered with dew, but suddenly she noticed the glimmering of something which was not a dewdrop. It was a small shining object lying by the roadside. She did not hesitate to pick it up. It was a gold locket, set round with pearls and rubies, and a pressure of the spring revealed a man's face. Miss Delano started. Dark, sentient, false, and handsome, the face was that of Mr. Clermont.

The locket was fastened by a blue ribbon, the knot of which had slipped, and thus, probably, the owner had lost it. Miss Delano observed all this thoughtfully, and finally put the locket in her pocket.

A moment after she observed a figure moving slowly up the road—the head bent as if the girl were searching for something. She soon saw that it was Lotty Silverton.

"Lotty!" she called.

The girl turned, and uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"O, Miss Delano!" said she, coming up, flushed and eager. "Have you found anything?"

"Have you lost anything?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"It was a locket," said Lotty, after a moment's hesitation, and with a troubled manner.

"Is this it?" asked Miss Delano, in unsurpassed incredulousness.

"Yes!" exclaimed the young girl, grasping the locket eagerly. "O, I am so glad!"

"Why, Lotty, how came you by Mr. Clermont's picture?" asked Miss Delano, as soon as her surprise would let her speak.

"He gave it to me," answered the girl, tying the ribbon round her neck, and dropping the locket into her bosom.

"He was very kind," observed Miss Delano, doubtfully.

"Yes, he's real good to me, kinder than any one else since my mother died."

"How long has she been dead, Lotty?"

"Two months."

"Poor little girl! It is very hard to lose a good mother."

Lotty was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"Some people say my mother was not good, but she was always good and kind to me. Do you ever hear anything said about my mother, Miss Delano?"

The anxiety of the childish face was pitiful.

"I? No, Lotty. I have been in the town only a few weeks, you know."

"I know; but I did not know but you might have heard her spoken of. My mother was beautiful, Miss Delano."

"Was she?"

"Yes. Any one to look at her would know that she was a great deal better than the people who talked about her! She had blue eyes, and white hands, and she used to sing."

"Where is your father?"

"I do not know."

"Is he living?"

"I do not know."

Miss Delano forbore to press the subject further. But she asked:

"How long have you known Mr. Clermont, Lotty?"

"Two months, about. I was thinking of my mother one day in school, and I cried. I did not think any one noticed, but after school he called me to the desk and asked me what the matter was. I told him, and he's been to see my grandmother—I live with her now—and he takes me to walk sometimes when he comes to the flats."

"And he gave you this locket?"

"Yes. Don't you think he's beautiful, Miss Delano?"

Miss Delano was puzzled by the innocent, wistful manner and the flushing cheek, red with the rare scarlet heart blood.

"He is very gentlemanly, Lotty. Does your grandmother know that you go to walk with him?"

"Yes, usually. She does not care."

"Do you love your grandmother?"

"No."

"Why?"

"For a great many reasons. If you saw her you would know."

The delicate face had grown dark and dissatisfied. The breeze was blowing little tendrils of the gold hair about the Clyde forehead. Afterwards when Miss Delano came to see Lotty's grandmother, old Betts, as she was called, she did not wonder at the darkening face of the girl, but just then she was rather shocked. She entered the school-house in silence.

She could hardly avoid being pre-occupied and absent-minded in school that day, the morning's episode was so strange. She could not make the matter out. Of course Mr. Clermont had a right to be kind to a pupil out of school-hours if he chose. If he had been another sort of man she would undoubt-

edly have respected him for it; but that dark, subtle, handsome face and elegant figure—she saw them wherever she looked that day. She dreamed of them that night when they were in reality miles away, and their imagined presence was very distressing.

She had another dream, too. She thought she was walking down a hillside, and before her stretched a long grassy space. The clouds hung low before her as she stood upon the elevation of land, yet through them she saw a figure gathering a rare red flower upon the plain. Though the distance was great, she saw distinctly the face of Lotty Silverton. The gold hair hung down on the bosom and partly shaded the features as she stooped to gather the flowers. But right in her path was a frightful chasm, its edge lapped with long grass. As the dreamer anxiously watched the child's course, there came the swift rustle of wings above, and out of the clouds bent an angel, pale and sad, and beseeching; "Go to my child and save her," she cried. "She does not see whither she is treading. She is so young! save her, before it is too late!" Out of this dream the teacher woke, bewildered, and with the cry still ringing in her ears. She could not sleep again, and early in the morning she arose. It was hardly four o'clock. No one was stirring in the still house. She put on her bonnet, and went out into the air.

After a while she found herself walking towards Arlington flats. As she came in sight of them, it struck her that they did not look unlike the plains of her dream. The black earth showed in dark patches between the stretches of green grass studded with rank yellow weeds. The sky hung low and fleecy above, the clouds tinged warmly by the rising sun. The morning breeze was refreshing, and Miss Delano went on.

At last she observed two figures walking slowly over the fields. One of them she discovered very soon was a young girl—she could see her sun-bonnet hanging on her neck, and her curls blowing. The other was Mr. Clermont. She recognized his graceful figure at that distance. The face of Miss Delano flushed crimson, for again she seemed to hear that mother's call in her ears: "Save my child! She is so young! Save her before it is too late."

What ought she to do? They were coming towards her, and she finally concluded to sit down upon a stone beneath a tree, and wait. Her decided face was set in its strongest lines. She sat motionless, her small hands tightly

locked in her lap, and her gray eyes fixed attentively and comprehensively upon the two figures slowly advancing towards her.

They came nearer, nearer. Clermont's head was bent—she could hear his low voice, talking. Lotty had taken off her bonnet and swung it in her hand, carelessly, yet seemed listening attentively. Her eyes first fell upon Miss Delano. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and her companion looked up. His glance met fully the eyes of the teacher.

His face darkened. The next moment he had bowed low, and when he raised his head, the expression of his countenance was changed.

"Good-morning, Miss Delano. You are walking early, as well as Lotty and myself. Do you go our way?"

Miss Delano did not reply except by a bow. She turned to the young girl, her pupil, who stood silent.

"Which way are you going, Lotty?"

"I don't know. We were only walking," stammered the girl, glancing at Clermont.

"It is almost time for our walk to end," said he, glancing at his watch. "Here are the flowers for your herbarium, Lotty, and you had better go home now, or you'll be late at school. Will you take my arm along this road, Miss Delano? The way is rough."

Lotty had flown away like a bird. Miss Delano looked after her, then turned back to Clermont. He smiled.

"Will you take my arm?"

"No, I am accustomed to walking alone."

"Then since your way is not mine, I will bid you good morning. I go to the lower village."

He lifted his hat, and turned on his heel. They were both gone. Miss Delano bit her lips, and walked abstractedly homeward.

There was one thing she was sure of. Though Bertrand Clermont bore currently a good character, and the whole town trusted their children in his hands, she was certain that he was an evil man.

Lotty was not at school that day. When school hours were ended, Miss Delano went to the house of a farmer, hired a covered wagon, threw upon the back seat a few shawls which she procured at her boarding-place, and in the rosy light of the sunset, drove across Arlington flats. Of a ragged boy driving some sheep she asked where Lotty Silvertown lived. He pointed out a low, black house. Miss Delano drove over the grass towards it.

Lotty stood in the doorway, but she did not see the teacher. Her face was turned towards the sunset, and she looked as if she had been crying. The wagon rolled noiselessly over the sods, and she did not see Miss Delano until she spoke; then she started, nervously.

"Lotty?"

"Miss Delano?"

"Will you come and spend the night with me, Lotty? It is a pleasant night, and I want to take you to ride?"

Lotty hesitated in a remarkable way—but an old woman's figure hobbled into the room, and the cracked voice of the crone said:

"Ay, go, girl, and not stand here a fretting for t'other teacher. He'll not come every night, taint likely."

"I'll go," said Lotty, hurriedly.

She hastened into the dismal, dirty place to get ready, and Miss Delano stood by her horse, listening abstractedly to the senseless cackle of the filthy old woman. Lotty was absent but a few moments; then came back with her gold hair in fresh, damp ringlets about her flushed, beautiful face that was like a rose, and her poor dress concealed by a decent shawl. Miss Delano's sharp eyes filled with tears as the little figure clambered into the wagon.

They rode almost in silence for a long way, Miss Delano stopping once to gather some sprays of rank sweet-pepper bush at the side of the wagon for her companion, and once again to break a branch of fruit from a wild cherry tree and lay the green bending burden across Lotty's lap.

"Thank you," said she. "My mother used to love them."

"Lotty," asked Miss Delano. "Was your mother good?"

"People said that she wasn't, but she was good to me."

"Did she teach you to be good?"

"Yes."

"Why did people speak against her?"

The child's face flushed, yet she spoke simply:

"She never had any husband."

"How old was she when you were born?"

"Only fifteen. When I told her that I was fifteen last spring, she smoothed my hair and cried. I know my mother was good!"

"Your grandmother—"

"She was my mother's mother. She isn't good. She drinks and swears. My mother ran away from home when she was fourteen years old. She went into a gentleman's fam-

ily to live. She never told me any more, but I was born in that old house, I think. Anyway, I have been there ever since I can remember. It's all the home I have ever known. I don't love to stay there, but I haven't any other place."

"Lotty, if I take you to my home, will you stay there?"

"Now?"

"Yes—to-night."

"O, I can't."

"Why?"

"A good many reasons."

"Give me one."

"I want to see some people first."

"Your grandmother?"

"No. She would not care."

"Who, then, Lotty?"

"I ought to see the neighbors; they have been kind to me, and would not know what it meant if I went away so suddenly."

"Are they all?"

"No."

"Who else?"

"I ought to see Mr. Clermont."

"But I can tell him where you have gone. If he has seen your home he will be very glad of the change for you, will he not?"

Lotty moved uneasily in her seat.

"I want to see him," she said.

"Lotty, do you think he is your friend?"

"Yes."

"He is not. He is not kind because he is good, Lotty."

Miss Delano had expected surprise and indignation, but the brow of the girl suffused with crimson and she was silent.

"I like him," she said, too sincere and ignorant to conceal her feelings.

Miss Delano hardly knew what she said to the girl after this. She talked earnestly, passionately, pleadingly. She prayed her to trust her and confide in her, but there was evidently nothing to tell; and the child was crying in excitement and dread of some unknown danger.

"O, I wish you wouldn't talk so about him, Miss Delano!" she cried. "He has been good to me. He is all the friend I have."

"Lotty, I am a better friend for a young girl like you. I am going to take you home, and you must stay there with me."

They had ridden a long way in an hour's rapid driving, and Miss Delano drew up her horse before an old red farm-house, buried in lilac bushes. A dog ran out of the yard, barking, and leaped upon her in joyful recog-

nition. She conducted Lotty into the house, and, after supper, to her chamber. They two shared the same bed, and after they had retired Miss Delano made the girl promise that she would remain there while she returned to Arlington in the morning.

In the morning she kissed her, relying upon her promise, and drove back to school.

In spite of herself she was insufficient for her duties that day. She had passed a sleepless night, and endured more fatigue than her slight frame was able to bear. She struggled through half the day. In the afternoon a faintness came upon her. She left the school-room, closed the door carefully behind her, and attempted to go along the hall to the open door; but the place grew utterly dark, and she fell, unconscious.

When she recovered her senses she was reclining upon the hall settee, and Mr. Clermont was bathing her forehead.

"I am better," she said, struggling up.

She rose to her feet, turning away from his gaze. The man was repulsive to her.

"I will send one of the older girls home with you. You are not able to work any more to-day. Margaret!" he called to one of the elder pupils, who brought Miss Delano her wraps, gave her her strong, young arm, and accompanied her home.

She lay and rested during the remainder of the afternoon. Then she wrote to Lotty a little letter, tender and affectionate. After supper she went out to walk in the orchard. There was no dew falling. The grass was dry, and strong, warm winds blew among the ripening apples on the boughs. The twilight was rosy with the warm west. The sun grew an ashy violet, at last; the birds in the trees ceased their restless twittering; the chanting of the insects only broke the stillness of the night.

Miss Delano, wrapped in a plaid, lay upon the grass and looked at the stormy sky. It was so pure, so tender, so exquisite in its beauty, she wondered how men could live beneath it and be bad.

A sudden sound startled her. She sprang to her feet. A tall form stood beside her. It was Clermont. She could see his black eyes gleam through the darkness.

"Mary Delano."

"Well?"

"You are not afraid to stay here with me for an hour?"

"No."

"I want to tell you something. Do you hate me?"

"No. I do not hate any one."

"Ah, little Puritan—of course not. Yet you turn your eyes from me as if I were a serpent. Now, do you know that I love you?"

"No."

"I do. What I feel is no covetousness of peachy cheeks, and silky hair, and dimpled shoulders—you have none of these things, and I have coveted and possessed them so many times that I am tired of them. Nor is it an enthusiasm for your intellect; I have known a hundred more brilliant women. But you are true as steel, good, fearless, yet frail as a reed, and I love you—love your little hands that avoid the clasp of mine, love your frail body failing beneath the tasks of a self-sacrificing and laborious life, love your plain, stern face through which the strong spirit looks out. You are made of the stuff for martyrs—you fear nothing under God's heaven—weak atom that you are!—but to do wrong. You will go on suffering and enduring bravely until you die. You dare do anything given you to do which is right. You have taken that girl away from me. How did you know what the revenge of such an unscrupulous man as I would be? You are an angel, Mary Delano, and I love you!"

She heard him in silence.

"I'll never find another such a woman as you are. Will you marry me?"

"Let me pass now, if you please. You have said quite enough."

"No, I have not done. My proposal is not utterly an insult. I will be a better man if you will be my wife."

"I will not."

"Do you not believe that I love you?"

"I do not know."

"Answer!"

"I cannot think of you without a shudder."

"Ah, am I as vile as that? It is true that I am more so than you know. Yet you will say nothing to me. Do you think I often plead with women in this way?"

She had her eyes on his face, fascinated by the subtle power there, yet she withstood it.

"I can know nothing about you."

"I am rotten to the core then because I strike false wherever you have lain the weight of a glance upon me. Mary Delano, I am a villain, and because of it I love you as you will never be loved by a better man. Dare you turn from me?"

Still with her eyes on his face—the dark, magnetic eyes burning down into hers, the

black curls falling about the olive forehead and thin, smooth cheeks, the lips red and proudly compressed under the silken beard—she struggled away from his sensuous effect upon her.

"I do not believe in you. Let me pass."

He stepped back without a word, and she went into the house.

The next day he was in school. He kept aloof and did not trouble her. But at night he came to her desk as she sat alone.

"Now I will have my revenge," said he. "Listen."

She looked up, paling. Her eyes were heavy; she had not closed them all the previous night. If she was less sure of her position after a night of prayer and pity, he did not know it—thank God!

"What I said last night was false," said he. "What I promised of reform, and hinted of repentance and struggling good, was a lie, I would not be a good man if I could have my choice. If you had yielded to me, I should have despoiled you, for I was acting. All the possible good you gave me credit for was a sham. I did not mean one word of it. Now I think you have concluded what the forbidden sin is:—the assumption of God's grace wherewith to serve the devil. Good-night."

All that term this man presided over seventy children, innocent and impressible, and Mary Delano stood by and watched him, shuddering. When the term was finished, he left the town, and she never saw him again.

The episode had one bright side. Lotty Silverton, saved, taught, and loved, became a noble and true woman; and of all the world she loves best her old friend Mary Delano, to-day an invalid for life, supported by the powerful pen of her old pupil whose name is widely known in literature.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth and Falsehood travelling one warm day, met at a river, and both went to bathe at the same place. Falsehood coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes and left his own vile raiment, and then went on his way. Truth, coming out of the water, sought in vain for his own proper dress, disdain to wear the garb of Falsehood. Truth started all naked in pursuit of the thief, but not being so swift of foot, has never overtaken the fugitive. Ever since he has been known as "Naked Truth."

O, TO BE FREE!

BY PERRY BENJAMIN.

O, to be free, like the winds of the ocean,
That sweep o'er the billows, besieging the main;
That daah with an awful, commingled commotion
The surf to the shore, which, surging, leaps back-
ward again.

No arrow can fly
Like the wings of the sky;
No lore of the scholar can tell whence they spring;
The zephyr and breeze
May die 'mong the trees,
But the wind of the ocean of freedom is king!

O, to be fleet, like the stag of the mountain,
That starts when twilight hath gilded the morn;
He feeds on the prairie, and drinks from the foun-
tain,
And snuffs from the thicket the wind of the horn;
Then forward he bounds,
While horses and hounds
Follow fast with their loud-sounding yell and
halloo;
The ox, in his home,
His pasture may roam,
But the stag bounds afar when the hunters pursue.

O, to be strong, like the oaks of the forest,
That wave their green tops while the breezes
blow high,
And never are felled till they are stricken the
sorest—

Then they throw down their saplings, when
falling to die!
The shrubs and the flowers,
In gardens and bowers,
May sicken, when mildew hath blighted the field;
But the oaks ever stand
The pride of the land,
And to none but the arm of the lightning will yield.

Then, free in the world as the winds of the heaven,
And swift as the stag, when, at morning awoke;
By horn, and by hound, and by hunter it is driven:
And sturdy and strong as the wide-spreading oak.

Then, darken the sky,
And friends, they may die,
But ever we'll laugh with those that are here;
And, like heroes of old,
On life bravely lay hold,
And so live without sorrow, and die without fear.

THE WHITE DOE AND THE BABE.

A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

"THE sun gets into Karl's eyes this after-
noon, doesn't it?" said his nurse to an infant.
The babe which she carried in her arms replied
by rapidly opening and shutting his eyes,
rubbing them at the same time with his little
hand, and, finally, giving utterance to a cry
of discontent.

"Here, turn his back on the naughty sun—
so—and we'll walk another way. Look at
the pretty flowers," said she, plucking a pink
to soothe him. A butterfly hovered over the
flower and lighted on the child's head. Little
Karl crowed softly, and twisted his bright eyes
up to see the butterfly on his perch. Then a
humming-bird came, like a flash from the
land of rainbows, and thrust its long little bill
into the pink, and without touching a thing
with its tiny red feet. "Happy little Karl!
he must have a fairy gift, to love butterflies

and birds so much and to fright them so little,"
said his nurse.

They were in a very large garden belonging
to a great, grand-looking house that stands
near the river Rhine, just below Mayence in
Germany. The nurse passed on through the
garden and outside the high, thick hedge on
the north side, and stood looking down upon
the river. She could just hear the shouts of
the sailors, and the songs of the boatmen as
they went to and fro over the gleaming water.
"O, I should like to go down to the river,
but it would be too cool for the baby. I'll
set him down here and run to the nursery for
his robe."

So she took a light shawl from her head,
and, spreading it on the grass, sat little Karl
down upon it. She ran into the garden and
brought a handful of flowers to please him

during her absence. "Be a good little boy, and Hulda will be back in a minute," said the nurse, as she gave him the blossoms. Baby took them and crowed, and the nurse was gone. On the way back to the house she met one of the gardeners, and receiving a bouquet from his hands, stopped to chat a bit.

Time passed quickly, as time always does while we linger from our duties; but presently the nurse was hurrying back with the robe. "Poor little Karl; was he afraid when he found himself alone so long? Has he cried?" questioned Hulda to herself. So she went round a high bunch of rose bushes slyly, to see what baby was doing, and to play bo-peep a little. She looked from behind the roses—there lay the rumpled blanket and scattered flowers; little Karl, surely, had crept off. The nurse was afraid he would take cold creeping over the ground so; and, seizing the blanket, she hurried along the hedge in search of him. He was nowhere to be seen, neither could she hear him crying. Some one must have taken the child. Perhaps the gardener who gave her the bouquet was playing her a trick. Hulda ran into the garden, and came upon him where they had stood chatting.

"Have you seen the baby?" asked she, with a frightened voice.

"No!" he replied in astonishment; "where was he?"

He went with her to the spot where the child had been left, and while Hulda ran along the outside of the hedge, Nicolas, the gardener, went along on the side next the garden, searching with his eyes among the flower beds, that he knew so well, for the runaway, or creep-away Karl.

Meanwhile the lady, the child's mother, entered the nursery; and wondering to find both him and the nurse away, she went to a window that looked out upon the garden. Nicolas and Hulda were going down the garden toward the water in their affrighted search. The lady ran out of the house instantly.

"What have you done with Karl?" cried she, angrily, to the nurse.

Hulda burst into tears. "I left him sitting on my shawl a moment while I went for his robe, and when I came back he was gone," sobbed she.

"Where have you looked for him?" the lady asked, in kinder tones.

"All around the garden."

The lady looked down to the river, where

was the boat landing, with the fence running closely up to it on either side. It was the only point on the ground where the river could be approached without hindrance. By this time the master of the house had learned of the mishap and sent the servants in every direction over the place; and himself quickly followed his wife down to the shore. The nurse was still lingering about the garden, for she did not think the child had gone so far. The gardener went on with his mistress to the little wharf, and looked over into the water. There was at this point a wide eddy, where the water escaped from the strong current of the river, and ran round and round in endless play. The bottom was of light sand, showing every little stick and stone that had been thrown into it; but the child was not there. Nicolas turned to the wharf and perceived a trail as of baby clothes; and in its line was a small strip of thin cloth adhering to a splinter. The two felt sure the babe had crept over the wharf into the water. The lady sank down in a swoon, and Nicolas called back to his master, who, with the nurse, was just advancing from the garden. Her husband held her head upon his arm while the nurse bathed her temples with water from the river.

"What is this?" asked the gentleman, taking from his wife's hand the strip of cloth.

"It is a piece of little Karl's dress," replied the gardener.

The nurse looked at it. "This is not like Karl's dress!" exclaimed she.

The lady now revived, and the intelligence was communicated to her. "But there are the marks of his passing," she cried. "O, my child! my child!"

Her husband now examined the trail as well as was possible in the fading light; and when he rose up it was with a look of relief. "It goes away from the water," said he.

There were then no signs of the child's having passed that way. Yet he had gone—but how, and whither? Had the fairies carried him off?

It was dark as they, returning, entered the mansion. The servants had searched the premises thoroughly, but they found no traces of the child. They were now sent to obtain the assistance of the great houses nearest; and coming back with servants and masters, the search was again renewed. The men on the passing river-crafts noticed that night with wonder the moving lights in glade and grove for miles along the shore. Late into the

night the search was kept up; little birds flew frightened from their nestling-places, and startled deer leaped a few rods away, then, with shining eyes, turned to watch the bright lanterns. But there were no signs of little Karl. It was early morning before the child-hunters returned for a short rest after their tedious searching.

But in the morning, while the dew yet glistened on the leaves, growing numbers began the search anew, and again the hours were spent fruitlessly. The next day the child's father offered a great reward to any person who would restore to him the child. Men in boats dragged great hooks through the river, and with slender poles felt all over its bottom for miles below. Multitudes wandered through the open glades, scaring the timid deer, with which the grounds were stocked, or rustled through the wood, startling the birds from their leafy hiding-places. Squirrels ran chattering into their crooked, dark, little holes, or up to the high branches of the trees, where they sat looking knowingly, as if they could tell all about little Karl if they would. Was it possible that some fox of unusual size had carried off the babe—or had a wolf come from the mountain forest? Anyway they looked in the occasional fox-holes and hollow trees, and examined carefully the cavities about the rocks and ledges. Morning and evening came and went, but still no signs of the child. Again the nobleman offered a larger reward, and greater numbers came to join in the search.

Days had passed since the search began, and this was supposed to be the last effort. The men were set in a line, standing but a few feet apart, and reached all the way from the road outside the grounds down to the river. Each one was to keep his position and distance from the others, and thus they were to sweep the whole estate to its limit—the rapid little river that ran down from the mountains into the Rhine. The sky was just brightening in the sunlight when they left the mansion behind them; passing right on through groves, and tangled coverts in the woods, turning not to right or left. The birds sang, and dewdrops glistened and fell in silvery showers over the heads of the searchers, as they pressed aside the opposing shrubbery. Here fled a dozen deer before them, speeding from opening to opening as the line of men swept on. Here three or four ran from a grove, while another remained lying there right in the way of a searcher. It was a white doe; and Nic-

olas, the gardener, was coming directly upon her—yet she lay still, but trembling. He stopped, surprised, and gazed on the beautiful creature; looking to him and before her with pity and beseeching in her large, tender eyes. It was late in the season, but the creature had young. The child was not found; Nicolas was a searcher, and must not wait. He stepped towards her. She rose carefully; then turned to look on something she had been enfolding. It was the lost child—little Karl, just rubbing his eyes open from a nap. The gardener gave a glad shout; and the tidings were taken up by his neighbor, and ran all along the line. Five minutes had not passed before the furthest man knew the child was found. Some ran swiftly to the mansion in order to be the first to communicate the glad news, while others came, in open-mouthed wonder, to see the child. The gardener, Nicolas, carried him tenderly in his arms; the child looked at the crowd of faces about, then back at the white deer, whose mother-instinct kept her timidly following. The crowd grew so dense that the doe lost sight of the child and fled away among the groves. It was found again, however, and a little musical bell was hung to its neck, and it was the tamest of pets ever after. As to Nicolas and Hulda, they danced together at the feast the master gave because the child was found; then they married and lived at the mansion till little Karl grew up to be a man.

MALAYAN EXECUTIONS.

The kris is common to all nations of Malay extraction, except the New Zealanders, and throughout the Malayan Archipelago takes the place of our gallows. Their mode of execution by its means is curious and characteristic. The criminal is led unbound to the place of execution, and takes his place quietly in an arm-chair, usually chewing penang to the last moment. The kris used on such occasions is about eighteen inches long, and quite straight. Grasping this instrument, the executioner steps up gently behind the prisoner, and thrusts it in to the hilt between the left shoulder and the neck. The heart is pierced instantaneously, and the criminal leaps up from his chair, and falls dead.

Every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

THE BIRTH-MARK.

BY GERTRUDE GRAHAM.

"O MOTHER! mother! It will always stay here, always, always, till I die; this frightful, hideous birth-mark. I shall never look as other people look. I shall never make anything in the world. It will be a brand upon me all the days of my life." Robert Gordon leaned back in his chair and sobbed in all the bitterness of his woe.

He was a tall, manly, finely-formed boy of fifteen, of an ardent, impulsive temperament, with dark, curling hair, bright deep violet-blue eyes, one of the sweetest of smiles, and features of faultless regularity. But his high, massive forehead was completely covered by a large purple-red birth-mark, extending far down upon his temples almost to his cheeks, and making his face, which would otherwise have been one of uncommon beauty, painfully plain. From his earliest childhood it had been a source of the keenest mortification to him. He could never remember the time when it had not made him the object of much notice, pity and comment, and not unfrequently of taunts and ridicule.

For a full half hour he had been sitting in a large arm-chair by the open window of his mother's quiet, cozy, little sitting-room, wholly engrossed in reading, till the careless remark of a passer-by to his companion, of, "Harry, do look at that boy's forehead! It's a perfect sight to behold!" arrested his attention.

The words were spoken in an exceedingly low tone, and evidently not intended for his hearing; but his acute sensitive ear had caught their sound; a shiver ran through his heart sharper than though a barbed arrow had pierced it. The book fell from his lap; he leaned back in his chair, and cried and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"That's the way it always *has* been, and that's the way it always *will* be till I die. Everybody notices it, everybody talks about it. O dear! I do wish I was dead!" was his wild, despairing cry.

An expression of intense sorrow passed over the placid, thoughtful face of Mrs. Gordon, as she gazed upon the anguish of her unfortunate idolized son. She drew her chair close to his, raised the glossy, luxuriant locks from his brow, and placed her soft, gentle hand upon

the birth-mark, which had been the cause of so many prayers and so many tears.

For some moments neither spoke. Robert's sobs gradually ceased, though his chest still swelled and heaved, and a low wailing moan every now and then burst from his lips. At last Mrs. Gordon spoke, and there was all of a mother's undying sympathy and affection in her tones.

"Robert, my darling son," she said, "we do not make ourselves; God fashions us after his own good pleasure. It was his will to make you with a very striking personal defect. But it is only upon the surface. It can never touch the character; there is no stain there. Many no older than you are steeped in mendacity and wickedness. You would not exchange places with them?"

Robert did not answer; he only laid his head down upon his mother's shoulder, and seized her hand with a convulsive grasp, and Mrs. Gordon continued:

"You have been sorely afflicted, my precious boy, but God has not left your future hopeless, or your pathway in life, rough and rugged as it is, without a ray of light. He has given you a mind capable of vast expansion and cultivation. You may make it, if you will, a rich intellectual fountain, from which you may quaff draughts of inexhaustible joy."

"I know, mother, I know it, and it's because I'm so easy to learn, and my teachers all praise me so much, and because I want to do so much in the world and *can't*, that I feel so badly. I don't, on my own account, mind father's being in debt so that he can't send me to school any more. I can get along well enough myself. Many a poor boy by patient study and honest industry has won for himself an honored position in society; and I could do the same, mother, but for this odious, horrid birth-mark; but now my doom is sealed—I can never be anything if I try. O dear! what did God ever make me for?"

"To do the work he has appointed you to do," answered Mrs. Gordon, solemnly, and a moment later she added, "Robert, you have been blessed with more than ordinary mental endowments. Would it be right to let these fine powers of mind, for the use of which you will be called to render a strict account, lie

dormant, be lost to yourself and the world which needs them so much, because there is a blemish upon your face?"

"No, mother, I don't think it would; but what can I do?"

"Forget that you have not mere transient beauty. Cultivate the intellect and the heart; charms which never fade. Carry light to the dark places of the earth; fill your life with noble deeds of self-abnegation, mercy and love. These will give you a sweet peace, which the world cannot give nor take away, more than happiness—blessedness."

Ah! the mother little knew that the bright star of prosperity had already risen in the horizon of her son's future, and that even while she was seeking to pour a balm into his wounded, sorrowing soul, the unerring, mysterious finger of Providence was directing a course of events upon which his whole brilliant after-career was strangely to depend. It was even so.

But scarcely had she finished speaking when loud excited voices were heard without, plainly showing that something unusual had occurred; the door-bell rang violently, and before she had time to answer the summons, the door was thrown widely open, and two men entered, bearing the ghastly, bleeding, and to all appearances, lifeless form of a strange gentleman.

"Don't be alarmed! don't be alarmed!" called out the rough, but kindly Joe Swift, their nearest neighbor, as he beheld Mrs. Gordon's cheek blank at the sight. "He aint hurt nothin' dangerous; only bruised a little, and stunned; he'll soon come to. He got pitched out of his buggy down there by the bridge, and we'd a took him over to Widder Child's boarding-house, only your'n was nearer, and we thought he oughter be cared for as quick as possible," he added, as an apology.

"You did right; come this way," and Mrs. Gordon opened the door of a small, very plain, but exceedingly tastefully furnished sleeping-room. "There, lay him down on the bed, and go for Doctor Wells without delay," she said, in a rapid, excited tone.

"I guess you'd better take off that are spread. It looks so white and nice, and he'll get it all blooded over if you don't," said Joe Swift, as they entered the room.

"It will do no harm; it can easily be washed," and without further comment the men deposited their burden upon the bed and departed.

A week passed, and still Mr. Blanchard remained confined by his injuries, a close prisoner under the humble roof of Peter Gordon and his wife. He was a Baltimore merchant, a man in easy circumstances, of genial manners, refined sensibilities, and much general information. He had been hurt more seriously than was at first apprehended, and Doctor Wells emphatically declared, "it would be hazardous in the extreme for him to think of leaving under another week at least."

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were indefatigable in their efforts to promote the comfort and recovery of their guest, and Robert especially attended upon him with unwearied devotion. Mr. Blanchard had travelled in all parts of the world, and had mingled freely with all classes of people. He had studied every phase of human character, and it was easy enough for him, with his acute perceptions, and thorough knowledge of the human heart, to see in the fine phrenological developments of his young attendant, in the classical contour of his face, the almost ethereal brilliancy of his handsome blue eyes, and the touchingly mournful cadence of his intonations, that his was a deep, true, sensitive nature, and that splendid latent mental endowments were slumbering within him.

"Robert," he carelessly asked, one day, after they had been earnestly conversing together upon different topics, "what profession or occupation in life do you intend to pursue?"

"O, I don't know! I haven't thought yet, sir. I suppose though I shan't do much of anything any way."

"And why not, pray? what's to hinder you?" gayly queried Mr. Blanchard.

"O, because—because—because—sir," and Robert stopped, deeply coloring.

"But because is no reason whatever," rejoined Mr. Blanchard. "It's a word good enough to use with others, but perfectly meaningless when alone. Now, Robert, I really want to know why you don't intend to do much of anything in the world."

"Why don't you know? can't you see? It's because I look so." And his suddenly downcast eyes, and the sad, pathetic tones of his voice, went straight to the kindly heart of his questioner.

"Yes, my dear young friend," was his soothing, sympathetic answer, "your birthmark is indeed a great misfortune. I know it must be. It is a heavy cross for you to bear, but others have borne a heavier, and far

up the ladder of fame, too. Think of the poet Milton, with his sightless orbs, and the immortal name he left behind him; and how Bunyan, when confined in a dismal prison, committed to paper the workings of his master mind, which were destined to stir the souls of thousands yet unborn. Is your affliction greater than theirs? the obstacles you have to contend with more overwhelming? I think not."

Robert made no reply; his feelings at that moment were too deep for utterance. It seemed as if light had dawned upon his hitherto darkened existence. Those cheerful comforting words of his new friend of "It is a heavy cross for you to bear, but others have borne a heavier, and far up the ladder of fame, too," went far down into the chambers of his soul. They enkindled there a sweet hope, lofty aspirations, noble aims and resolutions.

"Mr. Blanchard," he said, at last, and there was an additional lustre in his bright blue eye, "do you really think there is anything of any importance I can do?"

"Certainly, my boy," was the smiling, encouraging answer, "a great deal, a very great deal. But, Robert, supposing all things were as you would like to have them; supposing there were no difficulties in your path, your father had plenty of money to give you a liberal education, and you were free to follow your own inclinations, what vocation would you choose?"

"Well, in that case, I should choose to be a lawyer; but I suppose father and mother would think I ought to be a minister, or a missionary, or some such sort of thing. They'd think that if I had learning, I ought to do good with it; and I don't know but I had."

Mr. Blanchard smiled.

"Certainly you ought," he said. "To do all the good in our power is imperatively a duty with us all; but I cannot see that it is absolutely needful to go upon a mission, or to go into the ministry to be serviceable to our fellow-creatures. In fact I think every calling in life has its scope for the exercise of the Christian graces, its fields for active benevolence. But tell me, Robert, why you would prefer the bar to anything else."

"Well, one reason is, almost all the finest talent goes into the legal profession. I should come in contact with the richest intellects in the country. O, it must be glorious for two or three smart, practised lawyers to stand up in a crowded court-room, and put their tongues

in battle array, and see which comes out of the fight victorious! Besides, people don't half the time get justice done; there would be something sublime in pleading the rightful cause of the innocent and oppressed; don't you think so, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Yes, I do indeed, and sincerely hope the time may come when you'll have that blessed privilege."

A few days after this conversation, Mr. Blanchard departed. Just before stepping into the coach which was to convey him away, he slipped a small bit of paper into Mr. Gordon's hand, saying:

"Take this check; go to B—— Bank, draw the money; use it for the education of your eldest son Robert. It could not be better spent, or in a way which would give me more pleasure."

Years passed. On a clear, cloudless October morning a large number of the inhabitants of the thriving, growing shire town of L—— might be seen eagerly pressing forward at an early hour to their newly erected courthouse. The case of Wallace vs. Bradley was about to be tried. It was one of unsurpassed interest to all classes of the town's people, from the fact that both parties were widely known; the plaintiff, as a hard, grasping, avaricious man, whom everybody cordially detested, and his cousin the defendant, as the accomplished, beautiful widow of the late highly esteemed Jonas Bradley. The cause of the dispute was the will of their recently deceased uncle, Philip Wallace, and to all impartial persons, it was a case of incontrovertible right and justice on the part of Mrs. Bradley.

But Mr. Wallace was a man of stern, indomitable energy and iron determination. In consequence of a trifling mistake of the writer, one passage of the will was rendered slightly obscure, and upon the strength of this obscurity, and in opposition to all truth, honor, and delicacy, he had relentlessly prosecuted what he emphatically asserted were his superior claims to the property of his uncle. The ablest lawyers were obtained on both sides, but to Mrs. Bradley especially, the decision of the court was a matter of vital importance. Her second husband had died insolvent about six months before, and the whole future dependence of herself and only daughter was the dying legacy of her relative, now in hot contestation.

For two days the trial progressed vigor-

onally, and when about the middle of the afternoon of the second day the counsel for the defendant took the floor, an intense interest was plainly depicted on every countenance.

He was a young man from New York city, possibly thirty years of age, and had been recommended to Mrs. Bradley as a lawyer of unimpeachable character, and upon whose rare and versatile talents she might rely with the most implicit confidence to maintain the rightfulness of her cause. He arose to speak, and every sound was hushed, every ear was strained, and every eye was riveted upon him.

From his tall, commanding figure, symmetrical proportions, innate grace of motion, and exquisitely chiselled features, it was evident that Nature designed him to be no insignificant actor in the great world's drama, and from one strikingly personal defect, a blemish upon his face, it was also equally obvious, that she had not capriciously lavished upon one individual all of her choicest gifts. The whole of his high capacious forehead was covered with a painfully ugly, purple-red birth-mark, extending almost down upon his cheeks. It was imprinted of too deep a color to fail to elicit much notice and comment; but the instant he opened his mouth to speak, there poured forth from his lips such an overwhelming tide of masterly eloquence, delighting, astonishing, and thrilling the hearts of his audience, and causing to sink into utter oblivion, that personal defect which was at first sight denominated, "a foul stigma upon a splendid face."

It was not the first, but only *once* out of many times that Robert Gordon had thus stood up before admiring hearers, and fearlessly with his matchless oratorical powers, pleaded the cause of the widow and fatherless, the heavy-laden and oppressed, and not unfrequently the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence; and it was now apparent from the thrilling energy with which he battled his opponents, shivering their fallacious, incongruous arguments into atoms, and dexterously and clearly setting truth and justice before the minds of the jury, that his heart was in his work.

But there were several times during the course of his plea, when the eyes of the eloquent advocate encountered the deep earnest gaze of a sweet young girl clad in mourning, near him, and who from the first moment of her entrance into the court-room

had watched the progress of the trial with undisguised anxiety. Mr. Gordon had met her once before, but for a moment only, and he knew her to be the daughter of his client, Mrs. Bradley. Was there witchery in those soft lustrous eyes of hers? or why was it that ever and anon he felt his own drawn towards them by an indescribable, irresistible power? That face! that face! again and again he returned to behold it, and at every fresh glance his soul-stirring eloquence seemed to gather new inspiration. Strange indelible emotions stole into his breast; the image of one whose form and features were judiciously engraved upon his memory, seemed to rise in imagination before him, inciting him on.

At last the case closed. Mr. Gordon had won his suit, and there being nothing to detain him further, he directed his steps towards the hotel. He had just reached the piazza, when the light elastic tread of a lady came up from behind him; a soft, lily-white hand touched lightly his arm, and a low, sweet voice said:

"O Mr. Gordon! How shall we ever sufficiently thank you, my mother and I? You have saved us from poverty."

He turned suddenly around. By his side stood the same young girl, whose sweet innocent face had held so powerful a fascination over him all the afternoon.

"My client's daughter, I believe?" he said, after an instant's sharp scrutiny of her features.

She bowed.

"You ascribe too much credit to me," he continued. "Your mother's suit was one of simple incontrovertible justice, Miss Bradley, and it required very little skill to place it in its proper light before an enlightened, unbiased jury."

"No one could have equalled you, sir," replied the maiden, with modest dignity; "but you called me Miss Bradley; that is not my name. I am Agnes Blanchard; your client's daughter to be sure, but my father was her first husband."

"May I be permitted to inquire your father's Christian name. Did he ever reside in Baltimore?" questioned the lawyer, with intense interest and agitation.

"Yes, he died there. His Christian name was William," was the reply.

In an instant a change, rapid as lightning passed over the smiling, animated face of Robert Gordon. His eyes were bedewed with tears, his whole frame quivered with emotion

which seemed for several moments absolutely to choke his utterance.

"My noble benefactor and friend! and I have been pleading the cause of *his* widow and orphan child, and knew it not?" he at last ejaculated: then turning to Miss Blanchard, he asked, with almost startling abruptness, "did you ever hear your father speak of me? of Robert Gordon, of —, Mass?"

"No, I never did. He died when I can scarcely remember him; but you speak gratefully, reverently, of him, as though he had in some way greatly assisted you; may I inquire how?"

"You observe this birth-mark, Miss Blanchard," he said, in tones of mournful pathos. "It was the one great trial of my earlier years. I regarded it as a blot upon my life, my usefulness, my happiness: My mother sought to show me that no blemish of looks can ever equal the misfortune of having an enfeebled intellect, or a ruined character, but with only partial success. Just sixteen years ago yesterday morning, your father received an injury in our village. He was brought to our house and remained with us three weeks. I shall never forget his deep, true sympathy for me, his kind words of encouragement and cheer. They came like rays of sunshine to my desolate, despairing soul. They enkindled a sweet hope within me, stimulated me to action. When he left, he gave my father a sufficient sum of money to liberally educate me. Since that moment when I last beheld him, I have never flagged in my onward march; I have grappled with life's duties, its stern responsibilities, with unflinching zeal. Now, Miss Blanchard, you can understand the lifelong obligations I owe him."

"And you have repaid them! doubly repaid them, this afternoon, in pleading the cause of his wife and orphan child! You have gained our suit, you have rescued us from poverty!" exclaimed the listener, with warmth and energy.

Mr. Gordon smiled faintly. It was a sweet, sad smile, for his thoughts were with the past.

"Miss Blanchard," he answered, musingly, "you do not particularly resemble your father, and yet most unaccountably to myself my eyes have been irresistibly drawn towards you many times this afternoon, and whenever I beheld you, *his* image seemed to rise up vividly before me."

"I visited Baltimore," he continued, after a short pause, "just after completing my education. I went there for no other purpose

than to see again your sainted father, and express to him in person my deep obligations and undying gratitude. They told me that he had died five years before, a few months after his return from our village. I visited his last resting-place; my lips pressed the green swelling mound which enclosed his mortal remains, and my tears watered the flowers which grew by it. But I did not sorrow as one without hope. I knew then, as I know now, that I shall again behold him, not here, and not yet, but when I shall myself have passed the dark valley, triumphant in a brighter and better world."

Reader, in the autumn following this conversation, a very quiet wedding took place in the pleasant, tastefully furnished parlor of Mrs. Bradley. Robert Gordon was the happy bridegroom, and pretty Agnes Blanchard was his bride.

His birth-mark, greatly as he had deplored it, had not prevented him from accomplishing just *that work* God had appointed him to perform in the world. It had not prevented him from leading a life of active benevolence, and broad Christian love for others, from standing in the front ranks of the legal profession, or from securing, as the companion of his earthly pilgrimage, one of the dearest, sweetest little wives, that ever graced the home of an adoring husband.

JOHN OAKHEART AND SON.

John Oakheart and Son are Baltic merchants. Young John entered his father's office as a clerk, at sixty pounds a year, of which he paid his mother forty for his board, lodging and washing, and clothed himself with the odd twenty. Do not imagine that Mr. Oakheart's establishment required this assistance. The old gentleman desired to make his son feel independent—he was a man, he earned his own livelihood, and he should feel that he supported himself. At twenty-five years of age young Oakheart married, receiving with his wife a moderate sum of money. He wants to purchase a share in his father's business; they cannot come to terms. Young John can make a better bargain with a rival house in the trade. The old man hesitates; he likes the sound of John Oakheart & Son, but business is business. Had his son married a penniless girl, the father would have given him what he now refuses to sell; but now business is business, and as a calculation, he can't do it. So young John becomes chief partner in a

rival firm to that which must one day be his, and trades against the old man, whose only aim is to lay up wealth for his son.

Every day, at four o'clock, leaning against a particular corner on 'Change, stands the elder merchant, his hands deeply sunk into his dogs-eared pockets. A young city man approaches; they exchange a quiet, careless nod:

"Feel inclined to discount for 1200 at long date?"

"What security?" asked old John.

"Turkish, '54."

"Any names?"

"My own only; it is a private matter, and has nothing to do with our house," replies the younger man. "I will give four per cent."

"I should want more than that, as money goes—say 4 5-8."

"The brokers only ask 4 1-2," replies the young man.

"Then give it." And they separate with an indifferent nod. That was father and son.

Every Sunday young John and his wife dined at Russell square, in the same house where old Oakheart has lived for thirty years. His name has been cleaned out of the brass plate on the door. This house young John still looks upon, and speaks of it as his home. All the associations of his childhood are there—every piece of furniture is an old friend—every object is sacred to his eyes, from his own picture, taken at four years old, with its chubby face and fat legs, to the smoke-dried print of General Abercrombie. They form the architecture of that temple of his heart—his home.

After dinner the ladies have retired. The crimson curtains are comfortably closed. The crackling fire glows with satisfaction, and old John pushes the bottle across to his son, for if old John has a weakness, it is for tawny port.

"Jack, my boy," said he, "what do you want with 1200 pounds?" "Well, sir," replies young John, "there is a piece of ground next to my villa at Brixton, and they threaten to build upon it—if so, they will spoil our view. Emily," meaning his wife, "has often begged me to buy it and enclose it in our garden. Next Wednesday is her birthday, and I wish to gratify her with a surprise; but I have reconsidered the matter—I ought not to afford it—so I have given it up."

"Quite right, Jack," responded the old man,

"it would have been a piece of extravagance"—and the subject drops.

Next Wednesday, being Emily's birthday, the old couple dine with the young folks. Just before dinner, old John takes his daughter-in-law aside, and places in her hands a parchment—it is the little plot of ground she coveted. He stops her thanks with a kiss and hurries away.

Ere the ladies retire, Emily finds time to whisper the secret to her husband. And the father and son were alone. Watch the old man's eyes fixed on the fire, for he has detected this piece of affectionate treachery, and is almost ashamed of his act, because he does not know how to receive his son's thanks. For a few moments a deep, gentle feeling broods upon the young man's heart, he has no words—it is a prayer syllabled in emotions that make his lips tremble: he lays his hand upon his father's arm and their eyes meet.

"Tut, Jack, sir! pooh! sir, it must all come to you some day—God bless you, my boy, and make you as happy at my age as I am now." In silence the souls of those men embrace. But who is that seraph that gathers them beneath her outspread angel wings? I have seen her at the fireside fluttering like a dove from bosom to bosom. I have seen her linking distant hearts, parted by the whole world—she is the good genius of the Anglo-Saxon family—and her name is home.

AN ANCIENT PUZZLE.

The celebrated and well-known puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise was invented by Zeno of Elea some centuries before Christ, and furnishes a good example of this philosophical play. This problem is as follows: If Achilles and a tortoise were to run a race, and Achilles were to run ten times as fast as the tortoise, if the latter had the start, Achilles would never overtake the tortoise, as can be thus shown: Suppose them at the starting of Achilles to be separated by a space of a thousand feet; when Achilles has run this thousand, the tortoise would have run a hundred, and when Achilles had run this hundred, the tortoise would have run ten, and so on forever. This sophism has even been considered insoluble by many philosophers, and among others by Dr. Thomas Brown, since it actually leads to an absurd conclusion by a sound argument. The fallacy lies in the concealed assumption that what is infinitely divisible is also infinite.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

BALLOU FOR 1866.

The *twenty-third* volume of BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE commences with the number in the hand of the reader.

The year 1865 has been the most prosperous of any since its establishment. We have averaged through the year a circulation more than double that ever attained by this Magazine under its former proprietor, being larger than that of any similar publication in the world. We account for this circumstance, from the fact that BALLOU gives more and better original articles than any other magazine, not excepting those, even, of more than double the cost.

Our readers are informed that we have several well-known and talented new contributors, who will furnish fresh stories and sketches for its pages, during the year 1866; that our engravings will be more than usually fine—nearly all of them being engraved expressly for the Magazine; while our poetry and humor, anecdotes and valuable miscellany, together with the funny pictures, will be unsurpassed.

During the year, we shall publish several charming stories, especially calculated to please the young of both sexes, and make them long for the monthly visit of BALLOU, as that of a dear friend. In short, we shall make this Magazine as good as ever, and improve every opportunity to better it.

TERMS FOR 1866.

Single subscriptions for 1866 will be \$1.50; SEVEN COPIES, \$9.00; THIRTEEN COPIES, \$15.00. In other words, we will send a copy *gratis*, one year, to the persons who will send us six names with nine dollars, or twelve names with fifteen dollars!

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ECONOMY IN LABOR.

How often do we hear people say that a moment spent in doing nothing, is an eternal loss. This, in reality, is only partly true. Idleness is sinful, and it is also a foe to health and happiness; but too much work is equally as bad, if not worse. The body and the mind are made to endure only a certain amount of labor, and after that is performed, they need rest.

We once heard of a man, who carried a book in his pocket, in order that he might not lose a moment of time. He died early. We knew many women, who, after a hard day's work, will sew for hours at night. They think that every moment lost from work is idleness. The result is, that they suffer severely with pains in the shoulders and back; their sleep is unsatisfactory and unrefreshing, and their health gives way slowly, without their knowing the cause of it.

Now we think that the man or woman who is constantly at work, either with the mind or the hand, is engaged in a course of slow suicide. The true plan is to allot a certain, reasonable number of hours to work, and in this period to work faithfully and with energy. The remainder of the day should be devoted to rest, or to such light employment as will not cause bodily or mental fatigue. No one can safely venture to over-work himself or herself. The body and mind will stand only a certain quantity of exertion. Then it demands repose or recreation, and if refused, will surely inflict a deserved punishment upon the guilty party.

A few hours each day, devoted to steady, systematic labor, will accomplish in the end, much more than days of over-work. For every hour over the requisite amount, Nature will at least deduct one from the next day. One has really no idea how much can be accomplished by a few hours of systematic labor, until the trial is made.

Sir Edward Bulwer warns literary men against the dangers of which we have written, and at the same time affords them a fine example of what can be done by systematic and economical labor. He declares that all of his success as an author has been gained by laboring only three hours per day. He is one of the most prolific writers of the age, and yet has worked only three hours per day. He states that he found this time to be all he could safely devote to his writings, for the reason that if he worked longer, he could not work as well or as long the next day.

This, then, is the true theory, the true economy of labor. It should commend itself to every one.

—♦♦♦—
To SMOKERS.—Dr. Richardson has found that one good Havana cigar will yield, when its smoke is condensed, a sufficient amount of poisonous matter to induce active convulsions in a rabbit, and six pipes of common shag tobacco will yield sufficient poison to destroy a rabbit in three minutes.

MEERSCHAUM.

Those of our readers who smoke, will be interested in the following information concerning their favorite pipe. Meerschaum literally means sea-foam, and is the name given to the substance from which pipes are made, on account of its lightness and pure white color. It is a mineral of soft, earthy texture, somewhat resembling chalk, and is not, as many suppose, made from the foam of the sea. It is a species of hydrous silicate of magnesia. It is found in Spain, and several countries at the head of the Mediterranean, occurring in the form of veins in serpentine, and also in tertiary deposits. It has been found also in Asia Minor.

It is largely collected for the manufacture of pipes and cigar-holders. It is roughly shaped into blocks, and sometimes into rude forms of pipes, and freed as far as possible from the minerals which adhere to it, and impair its quality by interfering with the smoothing and carving of its surface. It is then shipped to various parts of the world, but principally to Germany and France. At the pipe and cigar-holder manufactories it is finished, and the work is sometimes ornamented with beautiful and elaborate carving. The lightest qualities are too porous to make good pipes, and the heaviest are rejected from suspicion of their being artificial products.

The artificial meerschaum is made by reducing the parings of the original material to a fine powder (sometimes clay is added), and boiling them in water, after which the substance is moulded into blocks. After drying and contracting, these blocks are ready for carving. The jury in the London Exhibition of 1851, reported that there was no sure method of determining between the genuine and the imitation.

In order to produce the yellow and brown colors, which smokers love so well, and which can be brought out only by long smoking, the blocks are steeped for some time in a mixture of wax and fatty matters. A portion of this mixture is absorbed, and being afterwards acted on by the heat and the tobacco fumes, assumes various shades of color.

The value of meerschaum pipes and cigar-tubes imported into the United States, amounted, in 1858, to two hundred thousand dollars, and in 1864, to over two hundred and eight thousand dollars.

MASTER SINGERS.

The above title was given to a class of minstrels who combined the qualities of poets and singers, and who flourished in Germany during the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They were generally of burgher extraction, and in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. were formed into regular corporations. These bodies no doubt took their origin in the assemblage of minstrels and pupils which Heinrich Von Meissen the *Fronschob* drew around him in Meissen, at the commencement of the fourteenth century. The seats of these corporations were the imperial cities.

Nuremberg was their chief patron, and there they flourished longest. A regular course of apprenticeship was necessary, in order to gain admission to them. The compositions of the members consisted principally of devotional and scriptural pieces, and were subjected to a rigid code of laws, and the chief faults to be avoided, thirty-two in number, were designated by particular names.

At the contests in Nuremberg a body of four judges, called *Merker*, each charged with separate duties, assembled to hear the poems recited and sung, and mark the faults in each. The first compared the recitation with the text of the Bible lying before him, the second criticised the prosody, the third the rhymes, and the fourth the tunes. He who had the fewest marks received the prize, and was after that permitted to take apprentices.

These corporations began to decline about the seventeenth century, and are now extinct. They have been succeeded by the *Liederkränze*, and other German singing societies. The most famous master singers were Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler, Muscatblut, Michael Behaim and Hadtlaub.

A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.

There is in the State of Oregon, a natural curiosity, which is attracting considerable attention. It is known as the Great Sunken Lake, and is situated in the Cascade Range of Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. It is entirely enclosed by the mountains, the sides running perpendicularly down to the water, at an average height of two thousand feet all around, and leaving no beach or projections at the edge of the water. The depth of the water is unknown. Its surface lies so far down in the hollow, that it is smooth and unruddled, being entirely unaffected by the air currents. The length of the lake is estimated at twelve, and its width at ten miles. There is an island in its centre, having trees upon it. It is believed that no human being has ever reached the water's edge, and it is hard to see how one can do so now. A visiting party recently fired a rifle into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note a few seconds of time between the discharge of the gun and the time when the ball struck the water. This fact would show that the height of the sides of the lake is very great. The lake resembles a huge well, lying silent and mysterious in the midst of the wild and picturesque mountains. Its secrets are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery, which, in all probability, will never be broken. Dark and mysterious, it will mock and defy the efforts of man to wrest from it its perplexing story.

EUROPEAN POPULATIONS.

The island of Jersey has an area of less than seventy square miles. Guernsey has about fifty square miles. In 1861, the population of the former was 55,613, and of the latter, 29,850. This is at the rate of over eight hundred per square mile for Jersey, and six hundred per square mile for Guernsey. The population of Great Britain will average a little under two hundred and eighty per square mile; that of Belgium about four hundred and forty per square mile; and that of Holland two hundred and eighty per square mile.

WANTED HER SHARE.—An ancient colored gentlewoman in Chattanooga, ascertaining where the Freedmen's Bureau was kept, called in the other day and astonished the clerk by her confidential disclosure, to wit: "I have come for my bureau; now give me a pretty large one, with a glass top; I have a wash-stand at home, but it too small to put my fixturs in."

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

At day's decline, when sinks the fiery sun,
Amid the crimson clouds that tinge the west,
And labor's crowd, their daily wages won,
Return to home, to love, to peace and rest;
When Cynthia with her borrowed beams has shed
O'er Nature's haunts her strange and mystic light,
And sweet perfumes creep up from each bright bed
Of flowers unseen, to lend fresh charms to night;
When hushed are all the glad and dulcet strains
That through the day enriched the forest grove;
When o'er the busy world a silence reigns—
Then is the time when hearts may breathe of love.
Say, wilt thou then, dear maid, the emblem own,
And meet me by the moon's soft light alone?

Artemisia.

This genus contains, among other plants, two well-known shrubs—the Southernwood or Old Man, and the Wormwood. They are both very hardy, and will grow in any common soil; and the Southernwood is valuable for bearing want of air, and smoke, without injury. Few persons are perhaps aware that the leaves of this plant, when held up against a strong light, appear full of transparent dots. These are the vesicles containing the fragrant oil that gives out the scent; and it is by breaking them, that rubbing the leaves between the fingers makes them smell stronger.

Thrift.

Hardy perennials, most of which are ornamental; and one species, *A. vulgaris*, the common thrift, is a good flowering plant for edgings to beds and borders. It thrives in any soil not saturated by moisture, and is rapidly increased by division. *A. alpina*, which produces its pink flowers from May to August, is a most desirable plant for pots, or rockwork.

Gaultheria.

Dwarf hardy shrubs, natives of North America, with flowers like the arbutus, and berry-like fruit, which is good to eat. Both the species should be grown in peat or heath-mould; they are quite hardy, and will thrive under the drip of trees. They are propagated by layers.

Erinus.

Only two species are known, one of which is a beautiful little plant, with purple flowers, which grows naturally on old walls, and is admirably adapted for rockwork, as it continues flowering profusely all the summer. It is increased by seeds, or by dividing the roots; and it requires scarcely any soil to grow in, but the most suitable is peat and pounded bricks or lime rubbish.

The Sea Daffodil.

Splendid lily-like bulbous-rooted plants, some of which require a stove, and others the greenhouse. They should be grown in light loam and vegetable mould; and should be allowed a season of rest, by being kept without water when not in a growing state.

The Snapdragon.

Annual and perennial plants, natives of the middle and south of Europe, and of which one species, the common Snapdragon, is in almost every garden. There are many varieties of this species, the finest of which has the flowers striped like those of a flaked Carnation. All the species of Snapdragon grow in any soil that is tolerably dry, and they are readily increased by cuttings; for though they produce abundance of seeds, yet the varieties can only be perpetuated with certainty by the former mode of propagation. The beautiful carnation-like variety will, indeed, very seldom produce striped flowers two years in succession from the same root; and thus a person who has purchased a plant with beautifully striped flowers, will generally have the mortification, the second year, to find it produce nothing but flowers of the common Snapdragon, unless cuttings have been made from the young shoots of the plant, and the old root thrown away.

Swallow-wort.

North American herbaceous plants. The most ornamental species is *A. tuberosa*, which has fine orange-colored flowers, and is somewhat difficult to cultivate. It thrives, however, in sandy peat, kept rather dry than otherwise, and seldom disturbed by removal; and it is increased by division.

Basella.

The Madeira vine is a beautiful clinging plant, quite recently introduced, which, from the elegance of its glossy foliage, and its numerous fragrant white flowers, has already become quite a favorite. It grows with the greatest ease in any soil, but in a rich loam, it will grow forty feet in a single season—and is therefore an admirable plant for covering an arbor or screen, where immediate effect is desired. The roots are tuberous, with numerous eyes or buds, somewhat resembling the potato, and may be kept through the winter, in a warm cellar, in the same manner.

Papyrus.

An interesting marsh plant, which requires a stove in our country, and which is worth growing from its having been the only paper used by the ancients. It should be planted in loam at the bottom of a tub or cistern.

Christ's Thorn.

A curiously bent thorny shrub, with very oddly-shaped flat fruit, which has given rise to the French name for the plant of *porte-chapeau*. It is a native of Asia, and it will grow in any common garden soil.

The Poppy.

Showy annual and perennial plants, which will grow in any common garden soil; and which being quite hardy, only require the common treatment of their respective kinds.

Sassaparilla.

A kind of camellia, the blossom of which strongly resembles that of the tea-tree.

The Housewife.

Veal Pot-pie.

Take a scrag or breast-neck of veal; cut it into slices about an inch thick; fry some slices of salt pork in an iron pot; flour the veal; lay them into the hot fat, and let it brown a little; add water enough to just cover the meat; let it simmer about half an hour; season it with pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour. Have ready a common paste; roll it about half an inch thick, just large enough to cover the meat; cover the pot with a hot iron cover. Let it cook gently about three quarters of an hour.

Boiled Oustard Pudding.

Beat five eggs, whites and yolks separately; add a little salt, two tablespoonsful of white sugar, and one pint of milk or cream. Butter a tin mould that will hold the mixture; set it into a saucepan of boiling water; cover the mould with a piece of muslin, and be careful that the water does not boil into the mould. Boil the pudding twenty minutes; take it from the water about ten minutes before serving; then take it out carefully. Serve with wine sauce.

Arrowroot Pudding.

Mix a tablespoonful of arrowroot in two of cold milk; pour it into a pint of boiling milk, in which dissolve a teaspoonful of white sugar; stir it constantly, and add a little mace, or any other kind of spice, and four eggs. Bake it half an hour in a dish lined with paste. If it is preferred to look clear, substitute water instead of milk, and add one more egg.

Macaroni or Vermicelli Pudding.

Take two ounces of macaroni; simmer it in a pint of milk until it is quite tender. Add a pint of cold milk, beat up five eggs, and a teaspoonful of white sugar, and flavor it with lemon or peach-water; butter a pudding-dish, and stir the pudding all together, and bake one hour.

Roast Leg of Mutton.

A leg of mutton weighing ten pounds should be roasted two hours. When half done, turn the fat out of the roaster; then baste the meat with the dripping. Make the gravy the same as for roast beef, or add a few spoonful of currant jelly and a cup of red wine. Ten minutes more should be allowed for every extra pound of mutton.

Roast Saddle of Mutton.

A saddle of mutton weighing eight pounds requires three-quarters of an hour to cook. The gravy is made the same as for a leg of mutton.

Preparing and cooking small Birds.

Some cooks do not take out the entrails of small birds; but the flavor is much nicer to draw all out, excepting the heart and liver. This may be done by making a small opening in the vent, and drawing very carefully. Wild birds should not lie in cold water to soak, but should be washed quickly and wiped dry.

Soda Jumbles.

One quart of flour, two teaspoonsful of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda stirred into the flour, two cups of sugar and one of butter rubbed together; cold milk enough to make a dough just stiff enough to roll, and cut into jumbles. Bake as soon as made, in a quick oven. When rolled in sugar, instead of flour, they are much nicer.

Raised Doughnuts.

Two cups of sugar and six cups of flour sifted together, one pint of milk and a piece of butter the size of two eggs warmed together, and spice to the taste; add half a cup of good yeast. Mix all this into a stiff dough, and set it to rise four or five hours. Roll it thin; cut it into any shape you please, and fry in hot lard.

Soda Gingerbread.

Two quarts of flour, two teaspoonsful of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups of butter, four of sugar, one of yellow ginger, and milk enough to make a stiff paste to roll very thin. Butter the tin sheets, and roll the paste on the tins very thin. To be cut in squares, and baked quickly.

Lemon Cake.

One teaspoonful of butter and three of sugar; rub them to a cream, and stir into them the yolks of five eggs well beaten, one cup of milk, the juice and grated peel of one lemon, the whites of five eggs, and sift in as lightly as possible four cups of flour. Baked in shallow pans about half an hour.

Coffee Cream.

Mix three cups of good coffee with one pint of cream, and sugar according to taste; boil them together, and reduce them about one-third; observe that the coffee must be done as if it was for drinking alone, and settle very clear before you mix it with the cream.

Pineapple Jam.

Peel the apple and weigh it—a pound to a pound of sugar; grate the apple on a coarse grater; put the apple and sugar in the kettle together, and let it boil thirty or forty minutes.

Rout Cakes.

Procure one pound of ground almonds, to which add one pound of powdered sugar, mixing them together with yolks of eggs until forming a stiffish but flexible paste, when form it into small biscuits of the shapes of coronets, bunches of filberts, birds' nests, or any other shapes your fancy may dictate; let them remain five or six hours, or all night, upon the baking-sheet, and bake them in a warm oven.

Molasses Cake.

Half a pint of molasses and a teaspoonful of butter mixed together; one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, fourteen tablespoonsful of flour, two tablespoonsful of ginger, three eggs, and a little fine orange peel. Bake it in a tin pan, half an hour.

Curious Matters.

Coca Leaves.

These, which are the leaves of different varieties of the *Erythroxylon Coca*, a South American shrub, have a very remarkable effect on the system, rendering the person who chews them capable, with the use of little or no food, of enduring great fatigue for a very considerable time. Von Tschudi employed an Indian for five days at some very fatiguing work: during the whole of that time he took no food, and rested only two hours in the night, but chewed an ounce of coca leaves every two or three hours. At the end of the five days he was able, without any inconvenience, to perform a considerable journey, taking no sustenance but what he derived from chewing coca. Dr. Scherzer mentions an Indian who travelled a distance of 243 miles and back, resting only one day between the journeys, and having to cross a mountain 13,000 feet high, using, during the whole time, only a little maize, but chewed abundance of coca. These leaves are consumed in large quantities in South America, but have not yet come into use in Europe. They afford another curious instance of the instinctive choice of substances containing theine, or some analogous nitrogenous compound; for it has been found that the coca contains a base which has been termed *cocaine*, and which resembles theine, caffeine, etc.

The Legs of Insects.

M. Dellese observed a fly, only as large as a grain of sand, which ran three inches and a half a second, and in that space made the enormous number of five hundred and forty steps. If a man were to be able to walk as fast in proportion to his size, supposing his step to measure two feet, he would, in the space of a minute, have run upwards of twenty miles, a task far surpassing our express railroad engines, or the famous seven league boots recorded in the nursery fable. In leaping, also, insects far excel man, or any other animal whatever. The flea can leap two hundred times its own length; so also can the locust. If a man were six feet long, and could leap as high and as far as one of these insects, he might stand near the Custom House, leap up into the air over the top of Trinity Church spire, and alight in Greenwich Street, which would be something more wonderful than it has ever entered into the minds of the writers of fairy tales to conceive of. The insect called the frog-hopper can leap more than two hundred and fifty times its own length. Some spiders can leap a couple of feet upon their prey.

Lavoisier and Fermentation.

At a late meeting M. Dumas presented to the Academy the third volume of his edition of the works of Lavoisier. This volume contains a hitherto unedited paper on fermentation, of which it is truly said that Lavoisier gave the first rational explanation. He determined the amounts of carbonic acid and alcohol produced in the fermentation of sugar. Lavoisier appears to have worked very hard on this subject, and, it seems, drew the conclusion from his analyses that sugar must be regarded as a compound of carbon and water, an idea subsequently published

by Gay Lussac and Thenard. It seems, too, that Lavoisier must be regarded as the father of organic analysis. He burnt sugar by means of oxide of mercury, and collected the carbonic acid in a weighed flask of potash. This volume shows more plainly than ever how much was lost to science when that great genius went to the scaffold, not for any crime of his own, but as the representative of an obnoxious system.

The Moon.

A *savant* argues that a "day in the moon" equals fourteen of ours. It begins with a slow sunrise, followed by a brilliant sunshine and intense heat (about 212 degrees Fahr.); the sky is intensely black (there being no atmosphere like ours, to which blue sky is due); the stars are visible, and the horizon is limited; there is dead silence; the cold in the intensely black shadow is very great; and there is no aerial perspective. Thus the moon is no place for man, or any animals or vegetables that we know of. The "night of the moon" (fourteen of our days) begins with a slow sunset, which is followed by intense cold (about 334 degrees below zero.)

French Vinegar and Oil.

A great part of the vinegar consumed in Paris is produced by the distillation of vine-stalks. It is much stronger than the vinegar produced from the distillation of wine, and it is consequently reduced by the addition of water previous to being offered for sale. The neighborhood of Orleans produces the greatest quantity of white wine vinegar sold in Paris. A great proportion of what is sold for olive oil is either poppy oil or beech oil, flavored with olive oil. Unadulterated olive oil, which is scarce and dear in Paris, comes from Provence (where the production is constantly diminishing), from Genoa, and the island of Candia. Algeria now supplies a large quantity of olive oil. Rape oil is produced chiefly in the departments of the Nord, the Pas de Calais, and Calvados, where the cultivation of the plant is a great source of wealth. It is used for the lamp, for painting, and in various manufactures. Fish oil, brought to France by the boats engaged in the northern fishery, is chiefly employed in dressing leather.

A Refuge for Cats.

Among the curious old institutions still extant in Florence is a house of refuge for cats. It is a cloister situated on the side of the church of San Lorenzo. When you wish to get rid of one of these interesting quadrupeds, instead of killing it, you send it to that interesting establishment. On the other hand, when you want a feline companion, you have only to go there to find a complete assortment of tabbies, tortoiseshells, blacks, whites, grays, and every other color usual to the race of cats. There will be seen old cats, middle-aged cats, and cats just budding into youth—Agoras as well as the common species; in short, every variety of the species is plentiful in that unique institution.

Facts and Fancies.

PLANTING WATER MELON SEED.

A correspondent writing from Austin, Texas, relates how a colored gentleman managed to raise the biggest kind of water melons: When we had stopped to feed ourselves and water our horses, about noon on the 1st, and about five miles from Austin, a superannuated negro man, old enough to be mossy, came down to the fence, and, after regarding us over a top rail for a minute, inquired if he would buy some "millions" (water melons). Several of us went with him to his "patch," which was about half an acre in extent. His melons were the largest I had ever seen, but there was one monster that loomed up above its fellows like an elephant among oxen. Some one asked him the price of it. "All I wants is the price ob de chicken, sah?" Seeing no chickens about, an explanation was asked. "Why, you see, sah, early in de spring, before plantin' time comes, I take a young chicken, as soon as his throat gets big enough, and I feeds dat chicken with seven dry water million seeds—just seven—and just as soon as he got dem seven seeds down his throat I kills him and sah, I plants dat dar chicken in de middle of de patch." "What," asked one of the party, "do you mean to say that that is the way you raise melons?" "Dat is de way I raised dat one, sah," replied the old man, "and I've done dat same thing dis forty year, and long afore I was sold into Texas." We satisfied ourselves with some twenty smaller ones, whose parent vine had originated in a less objectionable place. I mention this incident in the belief that I am telling your readers something of both agriculture and ornithology that they did not know before.

BROTHER GILES AND HIS WAYS.

The residents of Charlemont, Mass., will recollect Brother Giles, as he was called. He was a man of strong natural sense, and endowed with more than a common share of wit and sarcasm, was frequently before the courts in matters of civil suit. The patience of the court having become exhausted, they turned Giles's case over to referees. On the occasion to which we refer, the referees were Deacon White, Squire Taylor, and Captain Rudd—three of the most prominent men in town. The case was a perplexing one and occupied considerable time, resulting at last in a decision adverse to Giles. When this decision was reached, and it became necessary to call in the parties, good Deacon White arose and said:

"My friends, we are all aware of the impetuous character of Brother Giles, and we must expect to hear much strong denunciation and personal abuse; let us be contented with having done our duty, and receive his abuse in a Christian spirit."

The door was then opened, and brother Giles was called in with the other parties. Deacon White announced the decision thus:

"Brother Giles, we have sat long and patiently on this case; we have endeavored to do our duty; and we have viewed the whole matter—we trust prayerfully—and regret that our sense of justice and right compels us to decide against you."

Then followed the delivering of the papers, the bill of costs, etc., and the referees reclined back in their chairs to await the expected storm. Giles, who, when occasion suited, could be the most polite of gentlemen, stepped back with quiet dignity and ease, lifted his hat and bowed very graciously in acknowledgment of the arduous services of the referees, and retired towards the door—they, meanwhile, feeling an inward satisfaction that the storm had blown over. But, alas! it was a calm before a tempest, and the retiring form of old Giles re-appeared through the half-closed door. Placing his hat upon the table, he thus addressed the referees:

"Gentlemen, I have one duty to perform, unpleasant, but one which, as a philanthropist, I deem necessary."

"Gentlemen, you have suffered thus far through life in not having any one to tell you your real characters. I will do it, that you may hereafter benefit by it."

"First—Deacon White, you are a representative of that class of which the world is full, and which the world despises—you are a *hypocrite*. You will kneel beside your brother in prayer, and, in the act, rob him of his wallet; you, I *despise*."

"You, Squire Taylor, belong to another class, not so numerous. You are a *professed scoundrel*; you cheat a man, and then laugh at him. I *admire* you, for I always know where to find you; you are open and bold in iniquity."

"And as for you (pointing his finger and looking with ineffable scorn), Capt. Rudd, you are an *old fool*; to be teased about by two such precious scoundrels as Deacon White and Squire Taylor!"

Brother Giles then retired in good order and the referees looked at each other in speechless astonishment.

A PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.

Count d'Artols wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered his tailor to attend on him one morning when his granddaughter, who resided with him, had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast room when the maker of leather breeches was shown in; and, as she did not happen to know one handicraftsman more than the other, she at once intimated that she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for, as she remarked, the wet weather was coming, and she felt cold in "cloth." The modest tailor could hardly believe his ears.

"Measure you, miss?" said he, with hesitation.

"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room; for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear anything that constrains me?"

"But miss," exclaimed the poor fellow, in great perplexity, "I never in my life measured a lady; I—"

And there he paused.

"Are you not a lady's shoemaker?" was the query calmly put to him.

"By no means, miss," said he; "I am a leather

breeches maker; and I have come to take measure not of you, but Mr. Gilbert."

The young lady became perplexed too; but she recovered her self-possession after a good common sense laugh, and sent the maker of breeches to her grandpapa.

HOW HE FOUND THEM.

Not long since, the worthy pastor of one of our city churches, who combines divinity and humor in a woof of wit as bright and rich as a "cloth of gold," was called upon one evening by a nameless gentleman, and informed that his services would be required at an early hour in the morning for a peculiar and delightful duty, and took his leave.

Bright and early the reverend gentleman was ready and waiting, when a carriage was driven up by a "sorrel" boy with "freckled" horses, who rang the bell, which was answered by the dominie in *propria persona*. The following dialogue ensued:

Boy—"Is a pussen 'ere as goes to the cars?"

"No sir! I am going to a wedding!"

The boy's face fell as he said, "Get in, sir."

"But," remarked the clergyman, "do you know where to go?"

"No, sir."

"Nor do I. Who sent you?"

"Mr. —, sir."

"Well, go and find Mr. —, and inquire where I am required."

Off went the boy with his carriage, and in a short time returned, and the conversation was renewed.

"Have you found out the place?" asked the minister.

"No sir, but I've found out what street he went on; you'd better get in, sir; I think I kin find it."

And in he got. After riding some distance the carriage was stopped, the driver got down, opened the door with a most sober countenance, and said, "*There's a feller a courtin' a gal here; you might try the place.*" And the dominie did try it, and found the precise place his services were needed by two anxious and palpitating hearts, which he quickly bound together in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony. After the services were concluded, the story was told, and a happier, jollier laugh has seldom been heard.

A STAMMERING COUPLE.

Stephen C—was a jovial soul, and did not hesitate to play a trick on any one. Among his acquaintances was a young lady and a young man, both of whom stammered very badly, yet were not acquainted with each other's defect.

Bob F—, the young man alluded to, was quite sensitive; and to think that any one was making fun of his defect, made him frequently fly into a passion. It was Stephen's fortune to meet both of them at a party, and he soon determined on a joke.

"Miss Sue," said he, approaching his lady friend, "may I have the pleasure of introducing you to one of my acquaintances, a worthy young gentleman?"

"Cer-er-certainly, sir."

Away he started for Bob F—

"Bob, old fellow, here is a nice girl I want to introduce to you. Come on."

"Does she taw-taw-talk?"

"Yes—like blazes."

So off they started, and soon approached the seat of the lady. Stephen introduced them, and immediately drew to one side that he might see how they would manage each other, when his ears were greeted with the following conversation:

"How are you enjoy-enjoy-joying yourself th-th-this evening, marm?"

"Th-th-thank you, pleasantly. But it is ra-ra-e-rather warm."

Bob's brow contracted; but he restrained his feelings, and continued:

"I pre-pr-r-r-presume you are acquainted with most of those pr-pr-r-present."

"Ye-ye-y-e-s, s-i-r; with all, I be-be-be-believe," said she, smiling.

But that smile ruined her forever in Bob's estimation; for hastily rising, he exclaimed:

"By th-th-thunder! ma-a-dam, if that is the w-w-way you make f-f-fun of a f-f-fellow's inf-fir-firmities, you may go to gr-gr-grass."

Stephen laughed immoderately all the time, and was subsequently called to an account for the trick; but his good nature drove away all bad feelings.

WANTED A CIVIL ANSWER.

Those who are familiar with the Parker House, will remember the large mirror at the hall leading from the office. A few nights ago, a gentleman stopping at the house, who had been unloading too much glassware to be steady in his legs, or lucid as to his brain, came in and passed through the hall in search of his room. Reaching the mirror at the end of the hall, he caught sight of a reflection in the glass, and mistaking it for an attache, addressed it as follows:

"Will you show my (hic) room, please?"

A pause and no reply. He spoke again in a louder and severer tone:

"Can you tell me where for seven is?"

Receiving no answer to his interrogation, he turned indignantly on his heel, and sought the clerk, and said:

"Who's that fellow in the (hall?) Most pertinent fellow ever saw. Can't answer civil question. Aint he (hic) drunk?"

The clerk admitted the possibility, and saw that the weary traveller was sent to his rest at "for seven." The mirror was a "glass too much" for the stranger.

CURRAN AND THE BENCH.

Not long after his first brief, a circumstance occurred which elicited the first scintillation of Curran's genius, and rendered him a terror alike to the bench and the bar. Lord Robertson, one of the presiding judges, was very unpopular both as a man and a jurist. He had undertaken to edit an edition of Blackstone, but being afraid of the critics, he simply gave it the title of "Blackstone's Commentaries by a Member of the Irish Bar." Soon after the work appeared, Curran was pleading a case before his lordship, when the judge interrupted him and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the learned counsel has mistaken the law of this case. The law is so and so."

To which Curran tartly replied:

"If his lordship says so, the etiquette of the court demands that I submit, though neither the statute nor common law of the country should sanction his

lordship's opinion; but it is my duty and privilege, too, to inform you, gentlemen of the jury, that I have never seen the law so interpreted in any book of my library."

Lord Robertson sneeringly replied:

"Perhaps your library is rather small, Mr. Curran."

"I admit," said Curran, "my library is small—but I have always found it more profitable to read good books than to publish bad ones—books which their very authors and editors are ashamed to own."

"Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the dignity of the judicial character."

To this Curran promptly replied:

"Speaking of *dignity*, your lordship reminds me of a book I have read—I refer to 'Tristram Shandy'—in which, if your lordship has read it, you will remember that the Irish Butler Roche, on engaging in a squabble, lent his coat to a by-stander, and after the fight was ended he discovered that he had got a good beating and lost his coat into the bargain—your lordship can apply the illustration."

"Sir," said the judge, very petulantly, "if you say another word I'll commit you."

"If you do, my lord," replied Curran, coolly, "both you and I shall have the pleasure of reflecting that I am not the worst *thing* your lordship has committed."

SOLD AGAIN.

A Northern correspondent relates the following story, which occurred in Mobile:

I was standing quietly on the front steps of the custom-house the other day, looking casually at a beautiful creature sitting at one of the parlor windows of the Battle House, and trying to discover whether she was an old acquaintance of mine from the country, when a strange young man, with a limp in his walk, came up and stopped near me.

"I'll swear it's mighty hot walking for a lame man to-day," said he.

Whether the remark was addressed to me or to society at large, I did not think it worth while to inquire, but simply said in reply:

"I should think so, really. May I ask how you came to be lame?"

This was an impertinent question, I know; but as he had provoked it I did not think there could be much harm in it.

"Certainly, sir," said he, "I got hurt, and very badly too, in a personal difficulty I had with a Northern man named Meade."

"Ah, indeed!" said I.

"Yes; the thing created a good deal of excitement at the time, and as an account of it was published in all the newspapers, both North and South, you must have read something about it."

"Not a word, I assure you. When and where did it happen?"

"Why a little over two years ago," said he, "at a town in Pennsylvania, called Gettysburg."

"Sold again, and the money received!" shouted a small newsboy, who was standing by and heard the conversation, but who now took to his heels.

"My gallant young friend," said I, "I acknowledge the corn cheerfully. And speaking of corn—do you ever drink anything?" at the same time tossing my head in the direction of the nearest drinking saloon.

"Very rarely," was the reply; but when I do, it's generally about this time of day."

"Well," said I, "as you are doubtless in a hurry to get to the grocery, I won't detain you any longer."

And I walked on and left him.

I shall never cease to regret that the small newsboy didn't stay there to hear the end of it.

A PECULIAR STATION.

On the Little Miami railroad is a station called Morrow. A new brakeman on the road, who didn't know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired:

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

"No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger, "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day. You can go to-morrow or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day and come back to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave him the required information.

AN OFFICIOUS OFFICIAL.

A few years ago a small manufacturing village in Berkshire, Massachusetts, had attained a sufficient degree of prosperity to build a church (having heretofore held occasional religious services in their small and only school-house), and a man named Walton—one of those good-natured, universally-useful men to be found in every small village—was appointed "to take care of the church."

Soon after the opening of the edifice a funeral was held there, and Walton was bustling about in conscious dignity of the prominence of his position until the sad services were terminated, and, as is customary in that part of the country at least, the face of the departed dead was to be exposed to the last look of friends and acquaintances. Walton took his stand by the coffin, and made the announcement in a clear and distinct voice as follows: "*The ordinance will please hold on while the corpse are opened.*"

VERMONT CHARACTERS.

Nathaniel and Thomas Fullerton of Chester, were in company in the mercantile business, selling large quantities of liquor and amassing a large fortune. Ichabod Onion, a tanner, had the reputation of selling sole leather when it was very damp. A man by the name of Dresser was a carpenter by trade, and so quick and keen in some replies to questions that people would frequently put questions for the sport of hearing the answers. One day as he was making computations for the frame of a building, Nathaniel Fullerton and Mr. Onion came along and one of them asked Mr. Dresser what he was doing there. He replied, "I am trying to figure up which sells the most water, Fullerton in his rum, or Onion in his leather."

HOW MR. BOGGS OBTAINED AND LOST A SUIT OF CLOTHES.



Mr. Boggs as he appeared on the morning that his wife suggested his obtaining a new suit of clothes.



Mr. Boggs stops a moment to look at garments on the outside of a store in Washington street.



Physical force is employed to induce Mr. Boggs to enter the store.



Mr. Boggs is on his dignity, and does not realize his true position.



Mr. Boggs at length begins to realize his position, and attempts to escape.



Mr. Boggs is plainly told his trick wont answer. He must purchase a suit of clothes before leaving.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



The coat which Mr. Boggs tries on is declared a splendid fit.



Every one declares that there never was such a coat.



Mr. Boggs as he appeared clothed in his new suit.



Mrs. Boggs is requested to do a little trading on her own account.



Mrs. Boggs suddenly recollects those horrid clothes which her husband wore home, and sells them for a china match-box.



Grand Washington street tableaux—The garments returned to their old place, and another trade earnestly desired.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 2.....FEBRUARY, 1866..... WHOLE No. 134.

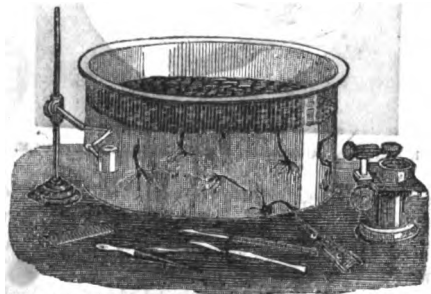
A GLANCE THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.



THE MICROSCOPE.

NATURE has given various kinds of eyes to different animals—various in number and in power of vision. To flies she has given five, three compound and two simple, one set for distant object, the other for those near at hand, while on birds of prey she has bestowed organs which can be adjusted to long or short distances, on the principle of the telescope. To man she has allowed only two, whose range of vision is comparatively limited, but she has more than compensated for this apparent niggardliness by giving him a cunning, thinking brain, which has enabled him to invent instruments that make his eyes more farseeing than the eagle's, disclosing to him world after world in the abysses of the heavens, and showing also another world in a drop of water or a grain of sand. The telescope is one pair of artificial eyes and the microscope another.

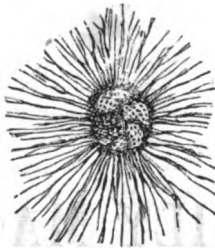
The microscope enables a man to bring his eye more closely to the object which he wishes to see, and also enlarges his power of vision by magnifying the object. "In a single microscope the object is seen directly through a single lens or a set of lenses employed in the same way as a single one. In a compound microscope the enlarged image of the object is seen through a single lens or set of lenses termed the object-glass, and this image is further magnified by the eyepiece." The compound microscope, with all its various appendages, its object-glass, slides, condenser and micrometer, is one of the most perfect instruments ever invented by man, and is of immense value in scientific observations; yet much may be seen through a simple microscope of low power, or even through a common hand magnifying glass, which may be bought for two or three dollars. The beautiful spots on many a beetle's back, the curious markings on many common seeds, such as the red poppy, prince's feather, and



APPARATUS FOR EXAMINING LARGE OBJECTS.



FORAMINIFERA.
—MILIOLINA.



FORAMINIFERA—ROSALINA.

snap-dragon, and the exquisite designs with which some insects' eggs are covered, can be seen through such a glass, and show us a world of beauty in things which have seemed before so insignificant as to be hardly worth a moment's notice.

But it is very important in looking through a microscope, to have the instrument steady and both hands at liberty to adjust the object at the best distance, and in the most favorable light. On this account glasses which in such an arrangement are called object-glasses attached to a stand, where they can be moved up and down, at pleasure, are much more desirable. The instrument should be placed on a firm table near a window, but not in the direct light of the sun. Day-light is the best light for microscopic observations, and as the use of glasses which magnify and diminish is trying to the eyes, care should be taken to favor them as much as possible. If one can learn to keep both eyes open while looking through



ROTIFERA VULGARIS, OR WHEEL ANIMALCULE.

a microscope, and use the right and left eye alternately, much less fatigue would be felt than if one kept one eye shut and looked through the other all the time.

It matters not what natural object we look at through a microscope, whether the wing

of an insect, the scale of a fish, or the petal of a flower, the brightest magnifying power we can bring to bear upon it, only discloses new beauty and delicacy of finish. Nature is no slovenly and careless artist, and never leaves her work half done; but take any manufacture of man, the eye of a needle, the point of a steel pen which appears perfectly finished, and the microscope soon shows the clumsiness of the workmanship.

The microscope opens not only a new world on the land, but another, if possible, more new, and strange, in the water. A pall of water from the sea discloses as many singular creatures (hideous monsters some of them seem to be until we make their acquaintance), as ever the prolific fancy of the ancient Greeks peopled the ocean with. If we wish to examine large objects, in the water, an apparatus like the one in the sec-

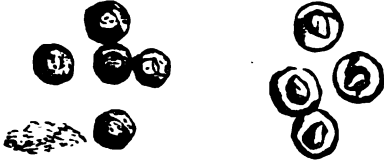


ROTIFERA.—BRACHIONUS URCEOLARIS.

ond engraving is useful, but for tiny creatures a little contrivance called the animalcule-cage is the best. This is a little brass box turned upside down, at the bottom of which is a piece of glass. Over this is a lid or cover with a glass top, which can be made to press on the glass underneath. This will hold a drop or two of water in place, but not so closely but that the creatures can move about freely.

Among the objects which we have before us is a little knot of sea-weed on which are sticking some shells so minute that we can hardly see them with the naked eye. Let us detach one without breaking it, and place it in the cage with a drop of water. We must be careful not to put in so much water that it will overflow, for if it run over the glass we shall not be able to see clearly. If the creature is alive, as soon as it begins to feel

at ease it will move. It seems a simple thing enough—a little speck of a jelly-fish, with a shell, a soft sort of body, with no blood vessels, nerves, head, eyes, none of those organs which seem so essential to the growth and

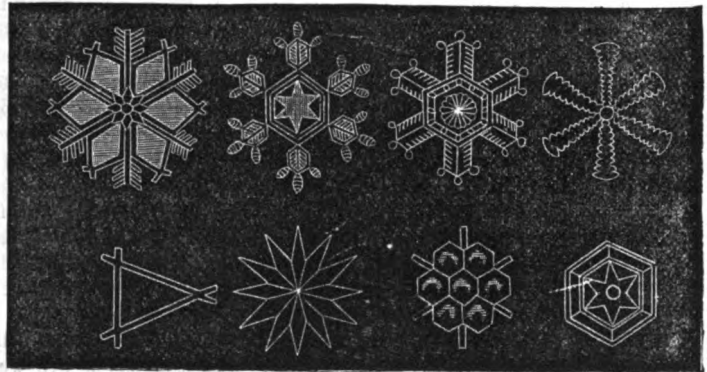


THE OVA OF OYSTERS MAGNIFIED.

enjoyment of more highly organized creatures. Nothing but body and shell, and as we look more closely we see that the shell is full of tiny holes, and from this perforation comes the name of the family, Foraminifera, a Latin word which means pierced with holes. From these holes, as the creature begins to move, come hundreds of long threads or filaments as water comes through the nose of a watering pot, till it seems as if the animal were slowly straining itself away. But no—it only wishes to move or eat, and simple as it is, it knows enough for that, and sends out these slender threads to entangle and lay hold of the still smaller creatures, which serve it as food, and when it has accomplished its purpose, it will draw them all back again.—The Foraminifera are a numerous family, and have many distinctive names, which are given them according to the growth and form of their shells, as Foraminifera, Milliolina, and Rosalina, which as the plate shows, have shells of different forms but each beautiful in its way. They are also an old family, and have a pedigree older than any man even if he could count every grandfather between himself and Adam. They are found everywhere, and some of the great fossils show how enormous they must have been in the earlier ages, and how the race has gradually grown smaller and smaller, like many another family of great renown and long descent.

They have been dredged up from the bottom of the Atlantic, found in the fine white mud of the Levant, and in the limestone and chalk rocks, showing that they lived before the earth was ready for man, and that by their life and death they have helped to make the world.

But here is another little creature in our drop of water, though its home is not exclusively salt water, being often found in fresh water sticking to aquatic plants, and a few kinds even live in moist earth. It is a little transparent thing, without legs, and as you look closely at it, it seems to have two little wheels at the upper part of its body turning round and round, and from these it takes its name of Rotifer, or wheel animal. These little wheels are two projections, whose margins are fringed with delicate hairs, called cilia. These are constantly in motion bending from the root to the point, but so quickly that little can be seen but the wheel in the water. Between the wheels is the entrance to the mouth, for these creatures are more complex than the Foraminifera. This mouth



SNOW CRYSTALS.

has strong jaws and a few teeth, and on the side of the neck are two little red specks which naturalists call eyes, but this seems rather a guess than a certainty, for Nature in her curious household gives or withholds eyes as it pleases her, and her creatures seem equally happy and equally capable of taking care of themselves without them as with them. The body is so transparent that you can look into it as easily as you would into a glass case, and see its internal economy, and you find that it possesses a gullet, a stomach, and an intestinal tube. Its tube ends in a pair of nippers which enables it to hold on to

aquatic plants where it is found resting. It is a pretty, lively creature, and can swim rapidly by its wheels, which, by their revolutions also bring food to its mouth, can creep up the stems of plants like a worm or a leech, and shut its body up together as one shuts up an opera glass. In some varieties, for they are numerous, the cilia are not disposed like wheels but across the body as in the *Brachionus*.

These little transparent things, so delicate and frail that they would seem to have but a small power of endurance, have a most wonderful tenacity of life, and will continue to exist under conditions which would prove fatal to creatures of a higher type than themselves. They can be taken from the water, which is their only proper home, and laid away to dry for weeks together, and yet, as soon as they are placed in water again, they will revive and swim about without apparently suffering any inconvenience, their long drying only acting like the hundred years' sleep of the beauty in the fairy tale, who, as soon as she opened her eyes, began her life again at the very point where she went to sleep. They must be often left to dry up in this way when the water in which they have lived has evaporated from any cause, and in this state they are, no doubt, often carried to great distances in clouds of dust by the wind, and only wait for food, warmth and moisture to again turn into *Rotifera*. In this way naturalists account for their sudden appearance in great numbers, in places where a few days before none were known to exist.

Why does Nature take such care of this frail being, multiplying them at so rapid a rate that one individual may have millions of descendants in a few weeks, and provide for its preservation under conditions most adverse to its existence? In her great chain of creatures she cannot afford to drop a single link, however small, and often accomplishes her great ends by trivial means. All over the world is the constant rotation of growth and decay—of life and death; but if we stopped at decay and death, the world would soon cease to be, and all organized bodies would be resolved into the elementary gases. To prevent this, Nature has a countless army of scavengers, great and small, that feed upon putrefying substances and change them from approaching dissolution into growing life again, till at last there is really no such thing as death, but only a passing from one form of life to another.

A drop of water in which vegetable substances are decaying, and which would soon be a nuisance, seen under a microscope, swarms with greedy, voracious creatures, whose business it is to eat these putrefying particles, and change them into the substance of their own bodies. The *Wheel-Animalcule* does not do this. He comes after those creatures have done their work, and the offensive stage has passed away, and eats the little scavengers themselves. He, in turn, furnishes food to larger creatures of the same kind, till we pass along the chain from animalcules to fish and bird, and lastly to man himself, and thus reach from death to life again.

One more glance through the microscope at some white, greasy, sticky fluid which the fishermen call "spats." It turns out to be the eggs of an oyster, that show nothing remarkable, and would, if we had left it alone, one day turn into great fat, dull, contented oysters, buried in the soft mud, with no power, and probably no wish for motion, though it is said if they are turned upside down they can manage to get right end up again.

But as we are about to cover the microscope, comes gently floating by the window one of the most delicately beautiful objects in nature—a tribute not from the land or sea; but from the air. The cold of last night congealed the moisture in the clouds, and instead of rain we have snow-flakes falling slowly, with a motion as beautiful as the flight of a bird, or the gliding of a fish; so beautiful, as we watch them looking far up in the heavens, that it seems hard to believe that the atoms have no pleasure in it themselves.

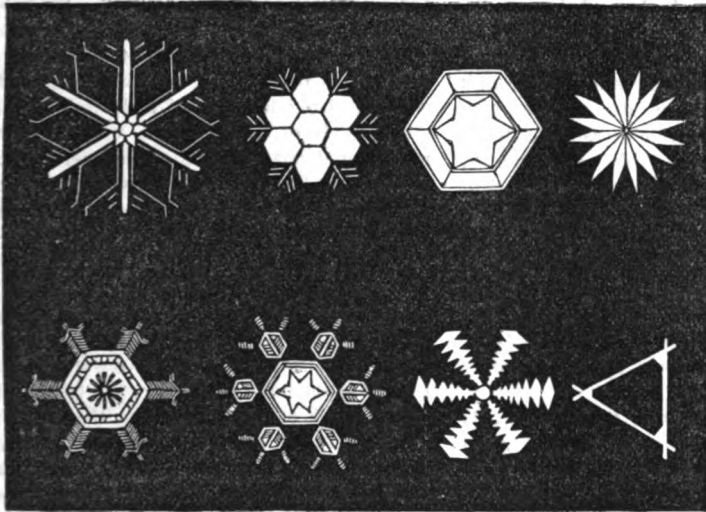
Put some soft, thick, dark fur out of the window and let them fall upon it, and even with the naked eye we see their different forms, and delicate, evanescent beauty; but on a piece of black paper under the microscope they become wonderful stars, flowers, and feathers of silvery sheen, the little facets of their crystals reflecting the light with a dazzling brilliancy.

Snow-flakes are not always of the same form and beauty. They vary with different days, and different conditions of the atmosphere. Sometimes they fall in grains without distinct shape, and the farmers call it "robin snow." They have a law of crystallization, like all inorganic bodies, and arrange themselves after a certain form. In a still atmosphere, where the icy atoms float freely, they always form an hexagonal figure as a

basis. These figures are encrusted with an endless variety of secondary forms, sometimes with thin plates, sometimes "with translucent prisms heaped one upon another." Sometimes six little rays spread out from the centre adorned with delicate filaments like a bird's feathers, a regular snow-star has three crystals crossing each other in the middle. But if the wind blows and the atoms are driven about violently, the shape of the snow-crystals which are disturbed in their formation become very irregular. As we gaze, our beautiful things have vanished, for they are like

"The snow flakes on the river,
A moment seen, then gone forever,"

and before we tire of looking at them we see nothing but a wet piece of black paper.



SNOW CRYSTALS.

BEAUTIFUL FISH.

The scari is a fish that swarms in the waters round Celebes, Java, and the Molucca Islands. This fish, once so highly prized, is considered by the Europeans in the East so worthless that it is never seen on their tables, being given up to the natives and the Chinese, who will eat anything.

It would be too much of a good thing to describe all the species of this family, for there are scores of them. All that can be done is to single out one or two, which; however, of course but imperfectly represent so large a group. We will select the *pseudoscarus tricolor* as a specimen. In this beautiful fish the upper part of the head and the back are deep blue, shading down into black;

the greater part of the side is of bright sky blue, while the color beneath is a pale Indian red; the hind part and tail are of a rich rose color. The dorsal fin bears at its free edge a strip of blue, and again a line of pale rose. The ventral fin is of rose color, inclining to yellow; the pectoral fin is yellow and black. The eye is of a bright yellow, and round the lips runs a delicate stripe of red.

The dorsal fin is often very beautiful in the scari. Nothing can exceed the tints of the pale blue and rose bars, the yellow and rosy green, the Indian red and port wine hue, the salmon color, the pink and lilac. Sometimes, the bars are spotted with strongly-contrasted colors, as, for instance, pink bars with blue or green spots. The head is often beautifully

marbled with irregularly curved narrow bars of some color, as, for instance, damask, green, red, lilac, or black, which is strongly relieved by the ground. The tail is frequently streaked or barred with blue, lake, and green, dark red, rose color, and yellow. The flower-like patterns on the scales are very well marked in some scari, beginning just below the root of the dorsal

fin, and running in a line from this spot towards the tail.

The most striking thing about these fish is the strong resemblance of the head to that of a parrot: owing to which, and the brilliancy of their coloring, they have been generally called "parrot fish." One member of the family (the *pseudoscarus microrrhinus*) is so like the parrot about the head, that at first sight it looks as if the waters of the ocean were displaying a paradox as strange in its way as the rivers of Australia exhibit in the water-mole. The great circular brown eye, the iris bordered with yellow, the dark green cheek, and the obtuse shape of the head, strongly remind one of the parrot. The mouth in all these fish is very like a beak.

Nor is this any forced comparison; it is owing to the teeth and jaws being all fused into one, and the effect of this is heightened by the rostral lip covering the jaw to a great extent, while the maxillary or internal lip is reduced to a mere slip of membrane. Oken, the German naturalist who according to his own account was inspired, and who had scarcely established a theory before he began to perceive the absolute necessity for immediately overturning it, lumped all the scari together under the name of "insect fish"—for what reason it is difficult to surmise. As a natural sequel, he afterwards elevated both them and the next family the reader will come to in this paper (the labroids), to the rank of "bird fish." Some of the old writers, with equal accuracy, described the scarus as a fish that feedeth on herbs and cheweth the cud like a beast—an idea to which still later writers clung, calling it the ruminant among fishes; the fact is, that the scarus, though it feeds upon the sea-algæ, also eats the molluscs and polypi; for which reason the fishermen take it in bamboo creels set among the roots of the polypi; never finding it in their large drag-nets at sea. It is restricted to such articles of diet by the strange conformation of the mouth, which, though strong, is too small to allow of the seizing of large fish. In order to masticate this rather tough food in comfort and safety, the scarus is furnished with teeth in the upper part of its gullet.

Next to the scari come the labroids, the name being taken from the labrum, a fish mentioned by Pliny, and rather vaguely described as a kind of ravenous fish, seeing that every fish is by nature utterly and entirely ravenous. The elegant trout who flies in the wildest terror if you show the tip of your nose, will eat nearly his own weight of bleak dace on a hot still June evening. A pike has been known to rush at a fish well-nigh the size of himself, and even to dash at a mule's nose! A fishing-frog has been known to lose its life in an insane attempt to swallow a wooden scoop, the proprietor of which objected to the proceeding. It is but a short time since an account appeared in the Times of a fish which had swallowed, among other matters, two broken bottles, a quart pot, a sheep's head, a triangular piece of earthenware, and a lobster, while in its liver the spine of a skate was comfortably embedded! These labroids are fish with a free upper lip, which, like the lower one, looks in some species as if

the animal had just been severely stung by some spiteful jelly fish; the jaws in certain species are shaped like those of a pig. There is frequently a long spine at the beginning of the dorsal fin. One of their most distinguishing marks, in the eye of a naturalist, is, that they possess a three-cornered or narrow gullet bone, set with grain-like or globular teeth. The gilt-head, the bass, and the wrasse may be familiar specimens to many readers. If there be fish more beautiful and strangely colored than the scari, we find them here. Some of the blues and reds, the rose and orange tints, are marvels; and yet it is hard to say whether some of the dark-colored fish are not even more to be admired than the showy ones. Dr. Bleeker, a Dutch naturalist, has added more than a hundred new species, and each species is a study in itself. We will speak only of one, and select for description the lullis lunaris, or the crescent-tailed wrasse. The head is dark green, beautifully marked with bent irregular bars of a damask color; the body is of lighter green, with narrow rose-colored bars cutting each scale vertically. The dorsal fin is bright yellow at the top; below this, it is bright blue; beneath this, it is deep rose, and again blue. The fin underneath is damask, blue, and bright yellow; from its beginning run two rose-colored bars, extending as far as the head. The tail, which curves broadly outwards, and ends in two long points which then bend towards each other like the limbs of a pair of old-fashioned compasses, is of bright yellow in the middle; outside this, it is colored Indian red; outside of all, it is streaked with a pale blue. It is a finely-proportioned fish, about the build of a well-grown dace, and is found over a wide extent of water.

Like the scari, these fish are not valued for their flavor. Except a few species of a pale gold color, with remarkably large red spots (the hemipleronotti), which in the Molucca Islands are called ikkan bokki, or "fish of the princess," on account of their delicate flavor, they are rarely eaten, except by natives and Chinese. Here the classical schoolboy will tell us the lupus, or sea-dace of the Romans, one of this family and an inhabitant of the Mediterranean, was greatly esteemed for its flavor. Don't believe it. You will find it like a bad roach, and a poor earthy fish. Out of the hundred and twenty-six species now known—seventy nine of which have been discovered by Dr. Bleeker—only five contribute in any material degree to the food of the people.

VOLCANOES.

Strictly speaking, volcanoes are openings in the earth from which heated gases, sometimes in flames, volumes of steam, eruptions of ashes, mixed with scorïa and large stones which are often red hot, and currents of melted rock called lava, are thrown out in great quantities. The phenomenon is chiefly but not exclusively confined to certain parts of the earth known as volcanic regions. The regions most celebrated as such lie along the coasts of the Pacific, and among its islands. It was estimated by Humbolt that there were four hundred and seven extinct and active volcanoes, but later discoveries have brought

most generally received opinion is that the various gases and animal substances, contained in the interior of the earth, becoming fused by the intense heat which their union produces, seek an outlet through some fissure in the earth's surface. The substance which results from this fusion is called lava. This lava is thrown to great heights by immense volumes of steam generated by the heat.

On this page we present a striking illustration of the formation of volcanic islands in the ocean. The island represented is called Sabolua, and is in the vicinity of the Azores. The captain of a vessel who saw its appearance, states that large columns of dust and



FORMATION OF A VOLCANIC ISLAND.

to light eight or nine hundred more. These volcanoes are usually found in high mountains, but not unfrequently rise up suddenly from the surface of the ocean. They are sometimes in constant operation, as Stromboli which has been unceasingly emitting burning lava, fire and smoke for two thousand years; and sometimes centuries may elapse between their eruptions, as in the case of the volcano at Iachia which broke into life again after a lapse of seventeen hundred years; so that it is by no means improbable that those volcanoes which are called extinct, may at some future time become active again.

Various theories are advanced in explanation of the phenomenon of the eruption. The

ashes were driven into the air, and accompanied by flashes of lightning of extraordinary brilliancy. In 1831 an island of a volcanic nature suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Sicily. It was about two miles in circumference, and had an average height of about one hundred feet above the water. It was taken possession of by the captain of an English frigate and named Graham Island. Its appearance was preceded by a violent earthquake shock, and an immense water-spout, followed immediately by a column of steam eighteen hundred feet high. It contained a crater which ejected volumes of steam and offensive gases. In about three months it disappeared.

IN THE SNOW.

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 BY ETTA W. PIERCE.  
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O, steep was the track on that hillside bold,
 Where the wind, like a wolf, in the wintry cold,
 Swooped down upon it early and late,
 Through the buttonwood trees at the old red gate.
 Steep and shining, and smooth withal,
 Curving it sloped to the low gray wall;
 Sharp rung the steel o'er its drifted snow,
 Pale shone the spires in the vale below;
 And frozen beneath it the mill-stream lay
 Through the long gray blank of the winter day.
 Ah, light were the prints of the children's feet!
 Ah, pleasant the sound of their voices sweet!
 Ah, the cheeks aglow, and the wind-tossed curls
 Of the romping boys and the bright-eyed girls,
 Where, long ago,
 We coasted the hillside bleak and bold,
 And laughed aloud at the winter's cold,
 And the whirling snow.

Dreaming, I look through the dripping pane,
 And fancy myself on that steep again—
 Dashing away in a headlong race,
 The winds and the snowflakes in the chase,
 With red blood bounding and pulses gay,
 And the wrinkles and gray hairs culled away.
 I hear the shout of the winner still,
 Afloat on the crest of the windy hill;
 I see the life of the careless flowers
 Lived over again in those sunny hours,
 And some of youth's passion, and manhood's pain,
 Creeps into my heart, like a ghost, again.
 Tresses of hazel, floating back,
 In the dizzy whirl of that beaten track,
 I feel your touch on my cheek once more,
 Silky and fine as it was of yore;

I see a face with sober eyes,
 Tremulous dimples and shy surprise,
 And the fringe of a light scarf trailing low,
 Like a scarlet snake, in the spotless snow.
 We were children then; they have come and gone,
 The years of blossom, the years of thorn.

Many, I know,
 But ah, with never that moment's bliss,
 When I kissed her a boy's first, bashful kiss,
 In the shining snow.

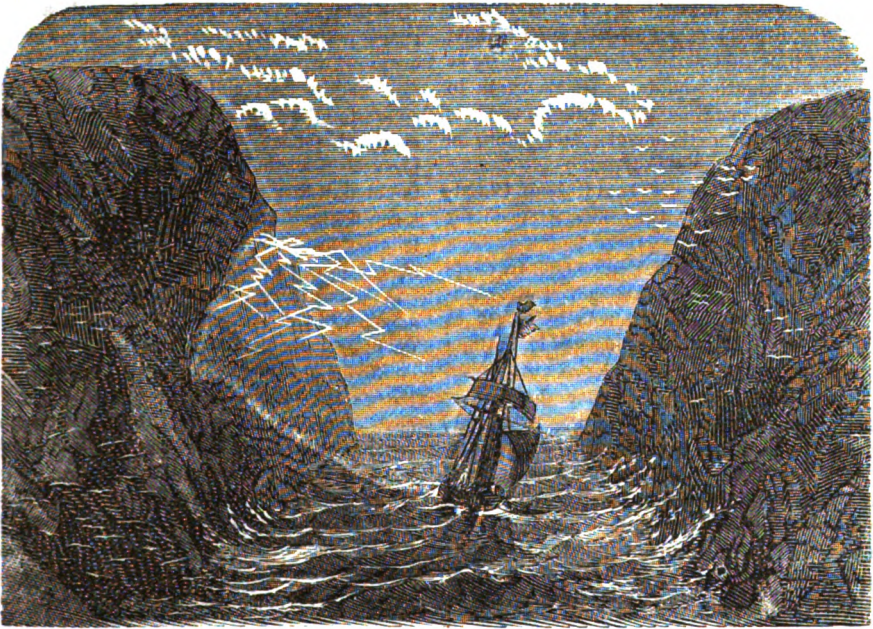
And as the night falls grimly down
 On the bustling squares of the quaint old town,
 And the street-lamp glares on the dripping pane,
 And the tall roof echoes the mournful rain,
 I think of the sad-faced women and men
 Grown from those happy boys and girls;
 Of the cankering care and the griefs since then,
 The withered bloom and the silvered curls;
 And I wonder much if the buttonwood still
 Stands at the gate on the windy hill;
 If one still hears on the passing breeze
 Some laugh of children among the trees;
 If other feet in the winter's cold
 Are trooping now on the hillside bold.
 'Tis a swifter race that we run to-day—
 Harder its labors, steeper its way,
 Further the goal from that low gray wall,
 And ah, the memory saddest of all—

Wild winds blow
 Over the spot where they long since laid
 Tremulous dimple and hazel braid
 Under the snow!

THE LOFFODEN ISLES.

After passing the little town of Bodo, latitude 67 degrees, the traveller bound for the far north will have his attention forcibly arrested by a gigantic and apparently unbroken line of rock, extending as far as the eye can reach in one continuous mass towards the north. On a nearer approach, however, he will find that what seemed to him to resemble a colossal fortress with protruding bastions and lofty turrets, is, in fact, a collection of rocky and barren islands, of all sizes, and of the most fantastic shapes, intersected by bays and narrow channels in every possible direction. Scarcely anywhere will his eye be able

Such is the sea-ward aspect which the Loffodens present, that group of rock-bound isles in the Arctic Sea, where the sea-birds and the fishing-eagle have their proper homes; and yet there is a considerable interest attached to them, apart from their imposing, though sullen grandeur. Stern and majestic as they seem, barren and forbidding though they be, they afford a mine of wealth. It is there that the great cod-fishery is carried on which is the life and sustenance of thousands, and which forms the principal source of wealth to the kingdom of Norway. Indeed, as may be imagined from a consideration of the physical configuration of that country,



THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY.

to penetrate into the interior, on account of the rocky cliffs that surround them, and which raise their frowning heads aloft to a height of two or three thousand feet. Nowhere, perhaps, does Nature assume such a savage appearance—nowhere does she present herself under a more appalling form. There is a savage earnestness about the whole landscape. In vain will the eye scan the perpendicular cliffs in search for some green smiling plot to relieve the monotony of the scene. Nothing grows upon them, or, at most, only a patch of rank grass here and there, high up in some rocky ledge, accessible to none but the mountain goat.

but a very small portion of it is adapted for tillage. The numerous mountain-ranges, lakes, and extensive pine forests with which Norway abounds, occupy so large a proportion of its superficial area, that but an insignificant remainder is left in which agriculture is possible; in fact, out of an area of 121,800 square miles, but 1000 square miles represents the whole tillable area of land in the country. It is true the timber-trade may be reckoned as a very important branch of national industry, but this occupies only a subordinate place, when compared with the fisheries carried on the north-western coast between latitude 65 degrees and latitude 70 degrees; and thus it

is that though the population of Norway amounts to but one and a half million of souls, her mercantile marine ranks third in importance and in numbers among the states of Europe.

No one knows from what quarter the fish come; they have never been noticed in any of the numerous channels which run in amongst the islands; and further, no shoals of cod-fish have ever been seen below Rost, the southernmost island of the ground. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of the old fishermen, for instance, say that it is owing to the springs that trickle down from the surrounding heights, and form a layer of fresh water at the bottom of the sea, and which the cod-fish resort to with eagerness to deposit their roe. Be the case, however, what it may, certain it is that every year, as regularly as Christmas comes round, the shoals begin to make their appearance there—not all at once, indeed, but in detachments, and continue doing so till the middle of March.

The native fishermen begin about Christmas-time to think of the fishing; indeed, for some little time before, there begins to be a stir in their huts; fishing-implements are overhauled, the provision-chest got ready, skin-coats mended, and boats put in order, till at length, all preparations being made, nothing is wanting but a favorable breeze. At length it blows from a quarter whence the greater part can take advantage of it. In a trice, boats are launched, everything needful put on board, and the last affectionate farewell interchanged with these who are left behind, and who crowd down to the beach to catch a last glance of their dear ones. The fishermen are generally well equipped for their journey. Their long, pliant, narrow boats are exactly suited to ride through those heavy seas; while the rigging, a simple square-sail, is admirably adapted for the fierce gusts of wind that dash down avalanche-like from the lofty heights, lashing the sea into foam.

By the end of January, the whole fishing population is assembled. It may safely be said that four thousand boats partake in the fishery every year; and as each boat averages not less than five men, the total number of persons employed is about twenty thousand. It may be asked, how is such a large gathering to find shelter and sustenance on these barren rocky islands? The following is a faithful picture of them. Imagine a small, low, log-built hut, one story in height, and with a peat-covered roof, surrounded by a

passage, as in a bungalow, where the nets are stowed away; one door, and a window about the size of your hand, and you will have an exact representation of the exterior of a Lof-foden fisherman's hut. The floor inside is the bare earth; along the walls run two rows of berths, or rather wooden boxes, supplied with straw, where the men sleep. In the centre stands the stove, immediately over which a hole, cut through the roof, affords a passage for the smoke to escape, and at the same time shows a square patch of sky to the inmates. In such a chamber, six or twelve men, according to circumstances, will take up their abode for the two or three months; though how they can manage to stow themselves away with any degree of comfort in such a small space, perhaps only those who have made the economy of necessity their special study can fully understand; and if one takes into consideration the state of the atmosphere in these crowded abodes, and the exhalations that proceed from the damp and fishy clothes of the men, it may well be supposed that a Lof-foden fishing-hut is not the most delectable lodging in the world. The fishermen, however, are well satisfied.

As soon as ever the first glimpse of dawn appears in the sky, the lad of the party gets up to prepare the coffee, that national beverage, without which, perhaps, not a single Norwegian, be he rich or poor, begins the day. When this is ready, the men get up too. It takes them but a little while to adjust their toilets, which, in fact, consist of nothing but a shake, and the putting on of the fishing-boots. They then swallow their coffee, and with a keg of water and a supply of biscuits, hasten down to the boats. On arriving at the fishing-ground, each boat strikes sail, and commences hauling up the nets. When this operation is completed, the greater number return ashore, while some remain to fish with the deep-sea lines; for it is not permitted to lay nets down during the daytime. It is about noon when they get back to the huts, where the lad will have got the dinner ready. Each man brings his own peculiar provision-chest, containing salted or dried mutton, pork, a plentiful supply of butter, cheese, flat-cakes, and potatoes. Dinner over, they employ themselves in preparing the fish they have caught. The head is cut off, the entrails taken out, and the liver and roe carefully placed in separate vessels. The fish is now either sold in its present raw state, to the captain of one of the numerous trading-vessels, or else is hung up to dry.

WASHINGTON PARTING WITH HIS MOTHER.



WASHINGTON PARTING WITH HIS MOTHER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The month of February having been that which ushered into the world the illustrious father of our glorious Union, we have thought it right and fitting to present to our readers a brief summary of a story that cannot be told too often. It commends itself to every one, and at the present time when our country needs so much of high and noble qualities in her children, there is no purer model for the study of our young men.

In the engraving on page 99, Washington is represented in the act of taking leave of his mother, just previous to his entrance upon his duties as President of the United States. Before setting out for New York where he was to take the oath of office, he journeyed from Mount Vernon to Fredericksburg, where his mother, then aged eighty-five, and afflicted with the horrible disease of cancer in the breast, was residing. Her influence over him was always great, and his devotion to her will always form one of the most beautiful of his traits, and now, the first citizen in his country, just about to take his place among the greatest rulers of the earth, we behold him coming to his mother to ask her blessing and bid her farewell. The interview was most touching. Both felt that they were parting for the last time on earth, and although buoyed up greatly by natural pride in such a son, the aged mother could not restrain her tears, and he, who owed so much of his greatness to her, sobbed like a child. She bade him go forward, and assured him of her conviction that in all things he would prove worthy of the destiny Providence had evidently marked out for him. At last the farewell was spoken, and he left her, promising a speedy return to report to her the inaugural steps of his career.

The twenty-second of the present month will be the one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of his birthday. He was born on the 22d of February, 1732, and died on the 14th of December, 1799. The following is a brief summary of his glorious career.

At twenty-one years of age he took the field in discharge of his military duties. He was, however, first sent as commissioner by Gov. Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander why he had invaded the king's colonies. For seven hundred and fifty miles, through an unbroken wilderness, accompanied by only seven persons, he pursued his journey, and, after forty-one days of toil, reached its end in the middle of December. The next year young Washington was made lieutenant col-

onel, and, at the head of only three companies, boldly entered the wilderness. Encountering a detachment of the enemy, he engaged them and captured the commander and his whole force. Thus opened the French and Indian war.

The next year young Washington witnessed Braddock's defeat, and by his calm courage, reckless exposure of life, and firm resolution, he succeeded in saving the wreck of the army. Next, appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, for two years he used every effort and spared no toll to beat back the Indians, who were constantly making inroads on the frontier and butchering the inhabitants. From constant toll and hardship, his strength gave way, and he was compelled to retire from the service. It was four months before he could again rejoin the army.

In 1759, he retired to private life, and marrying Mrs. Martha Custis, a young, accomplished and beautiful widow, he settled down as a farmer, and the stirring career on which he had entered so early, and pursued with such ardor, seemed nearly ended. For nine years he remained in the bosom of his family, though still he took a deep interest in public affairs, and was looked on as one of the chief public men of the province.

After the battle of Lexington, and at the meeting of the Second Congress, Washington was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the American armies. Shrinking from the tremendous responsibility of the appointment, he nevertheless accepted it, from the same motive and in the same spirit he would have offered up his life. Declaring that he did not think himself equal to the command, and refusing all pecuniary remuneration for his services, he boldly stepped into the gulf opened beneath his country, and wielded all his vast energies for her welfare. As a commander, history does not furnish his equal.

On December 25th, 1776, was fought the battle of Trenton. The river was full of floating ice, and a storm of sleet and snow set in. To surprise the enemy was his object, and in boats and batteaux he crossed the dangerous ford. When first made aware of the presence of the American forces, the Hessian drums beat to arms, and in a few moments they were marshalled into order. But the American troops pressed them on every side, and by their unerring aim thinned the Hessian ranks. All order was at an end, and they fled in dismay. Finding their retreat cut off in every direction, they threw down their arms and



DR. LIVINGSTON, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

implored mercy. In this battle twenty-three officers and 886 non-commissioned officers and privates were made prisoners.

The battle of Princeton followed in quick succession upon that of Trenton. It was a clear and brilliant morning. At the first onset the American troops were repulsed. The enemy pursued the flying patriots until met by Washington at the head of the regulars and Pennsylvania militia. The action now for almost fifteen minutes became very severe. Washington was exposed to the hottest fire, while encouraging the militia by voice and example. In this battle fell Gen. Mercer, a companion-in-arms with Gen. Washington in the French and Indian War. The loss of the enemy was one hundred killed and three hundred wounded and prisoners.

After dark on the 3d of October, 1777, Washington, with his army, moved silently towards Germantown. After the first assault the battle raged long and severe, and for awhile the issue was doubtful. A thick fog for a long time enveloped both parties, so that they were unable to discover the movements of each other. This battle lasted two hours and forty minutes, and the loss on both sides was very great in comparison to the numbers engaged. The Americans, it is estimated, lost near 1000 killed, wounded and missing. The loss of the British was somewhat less, being held at about 800.

And when the gloomy winter of 1778 set in, he (Washington) shared with his army, at Valley Forge, its privations and its sufferings. Eleven thousand American soldiers, two thousand of whom were barefoot, and half naked, stacked their arms, in the latter part of December, in the frozen field, and began to look out for huts to shelter them from the cold of winter. Hundreds, with nothing but rags upon their bodies, their muskets resting upon their naked shoulders, their bare feet cut by the frozen ground, till you could track them by their blood, had marched hither for repose and clothing; and, alas! nothing but the frost-covered fields received them. Starving, wretched and wan, they looked like the wreck of a routed and famine-struck army. And when the December night shut in the scene, the weary thousands laid down on the barren, bleak hill-side, with scarce a blanket to cover them. As the cold morning sun shone down upon the encampment, they again commenced their heavy task, and one by one went up the rude hovels. Into these they crept, many so naked they could not come forth again into

the camp, but there, stretched on the straw, passed the weary days and nights in intense suffering. As the cold increased, they dared not lie down at night, so unprotected and naked were they, but slept sitting up around their fires. Without a mouthful of meat to satisfy their hunger, they thus passed days and weeks, and yet not a movement of dissension. On such an army, did Washington gaze with anxiety, and his noble heart yearned towards the brave fellows, who thus clung to him in the midst of neglect and suffering.

On the 11th of September, 1777, was fought the battle of the Brandywine, followed by the memorable battle of Monmouth, June 28th, 1778. Passing over other events which followed, we come to the time when, the war ended, Washington took leave of the army, on the 4th of December, 1782. There were Knox, Greene, Hamilton, Steuben and others, whose locks had grown white in the storms of freedom's battles, gazing mournfully upon him. Washington gazed on them for a moment in silent sorrow, and then turning to Knox, grasped his hand, and clasped him in his arms. When he appeared before the soldiers, all discipline was at an end, and the soldiers broke their order and rushing around him, seized him by the hands, covering them with tears and sobs of sorrow.

In December 1782, General Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief, amid the deepest devotion and love of the nation. The demonstrations of the people were lavished upon him wherever he went. His progress was a triumphal march. For eight years he had served his country in the battle-field, and now that she was in peace, he sat down in contentment with his family on the banks of the Potomac.

At the close of the Revolution, the general voice called on Washington to become chief magistrate of the Union. He was looked to as its saviour from the strife of factions. The tottering structure needed his mighty hand to steady it, and public faith required his virtue to satisfy it. Every electoral vote was cast for him, and he was chosen president by universal acclamation. Against his will, but yielding to a strong sense of duty, he consented to leave his private life so dear to him, and take upon his shoulders the responsibility he had so long borne. The people welcomed his election with the greatest demonstration of joy and gratitude.

After filling for eight years the highest office in the gift of the people, Washington, at

the age of sixty-five, bade adieu to the cares of public life, and turned his weary steps to Mt. Vernon. As we see him approach his quiet home, his locks white with the frosts of time, his benevolent cheek furrowed with age and the cares and anxiety of a life of toil in his country's service, we involuntarily say, severe cold, brought on by exposure, hurried him rapidly to the grave. On the 14th of December, 1799, two days after his attack, he ceased to breathe. Not in the delirium of battle did his soul take its flight, but calmly he sunk to rest, and the lamentations of a heart-broken people, the mourners over his



BRIDGE OF ST. MAURICE, IN THE VALAIS, SWITZERLAND.

—"Great and good man, peace be to thy declining years, and the smile of God on thy last hours." The history of the world furnishes no nobler example than that of this hero, in seeking that repose in which his latter years were spent.

His last hours were in perfect harmony with the goodness and purity of his whole life. A

death, were scattered over every hill and valley of this free land. His work was done, his fierce battles over, and crowned by the noblest laurels ever worn by mortal brow, the sleeper was laid in his last resting-place, his memory bedewed with the tears of a sorrowing nation; and ever to be embalmed in the affections of a grateful posterity.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTON.

On page 101 our readers will find an excellent engraving of Doctor Livingston, the famous African explorer, rumors of whose death were recently published in this country. We are glad to state that they were false, and that

BRIDGE OF SAINT MAURICE.

On page 103 we present our readers with one of the most picturesque views in Switzerland. It is taken from the bridge of Saint Maurice, in the Valais, near the baths in the neighborhood. Travellers frequently remain



ADAM POE'S ENCOUNTER WITH BIG-FOOT.

at the last accounts the doctor was in India, being engaged in preparing another expedition. Few explorers have brought to view a greater amount of information, than he has done with regard to the interior of Africa. The likeness is said to be an excellent one, by those who have seen the doctor.

near the bridge for several days, while journeying from Paris to Milan, for the sake of the views in the vicinity. Switzerland is magnificently rich in its revelations of mountain scenery, and has ever been the resort of travellers who enjoy the sublime in Nature.

ADAM POE'S ENCOUNTER WITH BIG-FOOT.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

Big-Foot, as he was called, was a chief of the Wyandot tribe of Indians, and for a long time the terror of the inhabitants settled in the vicinity of Wheeling. Being of a gigantic size, considerably exceeding six feet in height, and well proportioned in every way, with the exception of his feet, which were very large, and from which he received his name; with immense strength and remarkable powers of endurance, guided by intelligence and cunning far superior to most of his race, he was indeed a formidable antagonist for any in single combat. He had also five brothers but little inferior to himself, who usually accompanied him in his warlike and predatory excursions among the whites. And as the inhabitants at that time were few and scattered along the southern shore of the Ohio, with often several miles intervening, it is not to be wondered at that they stood in fear of them, and trembled at the name, or the rumor that Big-Foot had crossed the river.

But there was one who knew no such fear, and who burned with an insatiable desire to meet him and measure his strength with his own; and at the mention of his name, his eye would kindle, and his breast heave with excitement and the ardent desire to encounter him. This was Adam Poe, a man finely formed, of large size and immense strength, and whose powers of endurance were not excelled or equalled by any one in the settlements.

The opportunity was at length afforded him. In July, 1782, information was given that a party of Indians had crossed the Ohio a few miles below Wheeling, and were committing depredations along the southern shore of the river, having murdered one old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and perpetrated several other outrages, frightening the inhabitants of the whole vicinity.

In a few hours Adam had collected a party of eight men to go in pursuit, among whom was his brother Andrew, a man but slightly his inferior. They immediately started for the point where they were supposed to be, but found they had retreated; and gathering what information they could, they continued the pursuit, and in a short time after striking the trail of the retreating Indians, Adam became

satisfied that they were in pursuit of Big-Foot himself, with six others, five of whom were probably his brothers.

Adam was delighted with the idea that the opportunity he had so long wished—that of meeting the bravest and strongest of the whole Wyandot tribe—was at length afforded him, and urged on the pursuit with such vigor and speed as soon brought them into the immediate vicinity of the enemy. The last few miles of the trail had led them along the southern bank of the Ohio; and the soil being light and sandy, they had been able to follow it at a rapid pace; but when within a short distance of the usual crossing-place, both for the Indians as well as for the whites, it suddenly turned from the river, and ran along a rocky ridge, on an angle with its former direction.

Here Adam ordered a halt for a moment, and after holding a brief consultation, directed his brother, with the rest of the men, to proceed cautiously on the trail, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows, directly to the spot where he supposed the enemy must be. Having examined his arms, to be prepared for an encounter where he expected to be obliged to use all his skill, he crept cautiously through the bushes until he came in full view of the usual point of embarkation. Here he found two canoes, empty and apparently deserted; and from this, being satisfied that the Indians had not yet re-crossed the river, and consequently must be in the immediate vicinity, he redoubled his vigilance, and pushed forward until he came to a jutting cliff, immediately overhanging the canoes; but still not seeing the Indians, he listened intently for some sound to guide him, and soon hearing a low murmuring below, as of human voices in conversation, he looked over the edge of the cliff and beheld the object of his search. There lay the gigantic Big-Foot, stretched out at full length under the shade of a willow, and talking in a low, deep tone to another Indian, who in comparison, seemed like a Lilliputian by his side, though of the average size.

Adam's chest expanded, and his whole soul seemed concentrated in his eyes, as they

rested on his long-sought foe; and drawing cautiously back, he cocked his gun. The mark was fair and within a few feet, and taking deliberate and unerring aim, he felt confident that his enemy would never again disturb the peace of the frontier, and that to himself alone would belong the honor he had so often wished—that of displaying the scalp of the terrible Big-Foot. He drew the trigger, but the gun flashed in the pan. Both Indians sprang to their feet at the click of the lock, with an expression of surprise, and for a few seconds stood gazing at each other. This, however, was of short duration. Adam was too much hampered with the bushes to allow of retreat, had he wished it, and quickly deciding upon his mode of action, sprang over the bush which had sheltered him, and with another tremendous bound, sprang over the cliff, alighting full upon the breast of Big-Foot, with a shock which bore him to the ground. At the moment he struck, he had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the ground together.

At the same time the quick report of rifles above gave notice to Adam that Andrew and the rest of his party were engaged with the balance of the Indians, and to Big-Foot that he could expect no aid from that quarter, should he wish it. But neither of them were disposed to give much attention to anything but themselves. Big-Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was able to keep them both down, but it required all his strength to do so, leaving him no opportunity to use his knife; and Big-Foot quickly recovering, without attempting to rise, placed his long, sinewy arms around Adam's body, pressed him to his breast with a strength that almost overpowered him; and he afterwards acknowledged he had never before or after experienced such a hug as that of Big-Foot.

He instantly relaxed his hold of the smaller Indian, who sprang to his feet, and at an order from Big-Foot, ran for his tomahawk, which lay within a few steps, intending to despatch Adam while Big-Foot held him pinioned. But Adam, seeing his danger, struggled fearfully to free himself from the embrace of his adversary, but in vain. The smaller Indian then approached with his tomahawk uplifted; but Adam, cool and collected, although seemingly with but a small chance of escape, watched him closely, and just as he was about to strike, gave him a kick with so much force as

to throw his tomahawk from his hand to the edge of the water, and send him rolling after it.

Big-Foot uttered an exclamation, in a tone of the deepest contempt, at the failure of his companion, and in a thundering tone uttered a few words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but which he supposed to be some directions for a second attempt.

The smaller Indian again approached him, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making false motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where he intended the blow to fall. This continued for some seconds, until Big-Foot, becoming impatient, uttered a thundering exclamation, commanding his companion to strike. But Adam, wary and quick, managed to receive the stroke of the tomahawk slantingly on his left wrist, wounding him badly, but not entirely disabling him. He then made a quick and desperate attempt to free himself from the hug of his adversary, and succeeded. The smaller Indian had not ventured to shoot, for fear of injuring his companion; and Adam, snatching up his rifle, instantly shot him through the heart, ridding himself of his further interference, and making the remainder of the contest more equal.

But he had scarcely done this, when Big-Foot sprang upon him, and placing one hand on his collar, and the other on his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he would himself have pitched a small dog. Adam struck upon his back, near the water, but before the Indian could spring upon him again, he was upon his feet, filled with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, and springing upon his opponent with such force and fury, as for a time to make up for his inferiority in strength. It was now a fair fight between them; for in the hurry of the fight, neither had time to draw his knife. Adam had the advantage in this, over his adversary, from his greater experience as a pugilist, and did not fail to use it to the best of his ability, dealing quick and powerful blows at the most tender parts. Big-Foot struck awkwardly, and was unable to ward off the blows with the facility with which Adam could, and finding himself rapidly losing ground, closed in with Adam, and threw him again to the ground.

In their struggle, they rolled into the water, and continued to use great exertion, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian, from such unusual exertion, and suffering

from the injury received in the stomach, by the shock of Adam's descent, and the powerful blows from his fist while on shore, soon began to fail; and Adam, seizing him by the scalplock, forced his head under water, and held it there, until, from the faint struggles of the Indian, he believed him to be nearly drowned, when he relaxed his hold, and attempted to draw his knife. But, to use Adam's own words, "The Indian had only been possuming," and with a violent effort regained his feet, and in his turn put Adam under water. In the struggle, they were both carried out into the current, beyond their depth, and to save their lives were each compelled to let go their hold, and swim for the shore.

There still remained one loaded rifle on the shore, and each exerted himself to the utmost to reach it first; but Big-Foot proved himself the most expert swimmer, and Adam, seeing he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to baffle his enemy in his aim, by diving.

At that moment, Andrew, hearing that his brother was engaged alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran to the edge of the bank above in order to assist him. Another of his companions followed close behind him, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming from the shore, mistook him for an Indian, and firing upon him, wounded him dangerously in the shoulder.

Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly to him, "to shoot the big Indian on the shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having been discharged in the affray with the other Indians. Fortunately, Big-foot had seized the gun with which Adam had shot the smaller Indian, so that he had no advantage over him, or the affair might have terminated differently. The contest between them was now one of dexterity, the one who should be able to load first having the advantage. Big-Foot poured in his powder first, but in drawing his ramrod from its sheath in great haste, threw it from his hand into the water, and while he ran to get it, Andrew gained the advantage; still the Indian was but an instant too late, for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands, and he fell upon his face into the river.

Andrew now began to be alarmed for his brother's safety, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and plunged into

the river, in order to bring him to the shore. But Adam, anxious to secure the scalp of Big-Foot as a trophy, called loudly to him to leave him to himself, and scalp the Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into deep water, from the desire, peculiar to all Indians, to secure his scalp from their enemies. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving his brother, before attending to the scalp of the Indian. In consequence of which, Big-Foot succeeded in rolling himself into deep water before life was extinct, and his body was borne off in the current without being stripped of the ornament that was so much coveted by Adam, and was never recovered.

They afterwards ascertained that the party engaged by Andrew and his men were the five brothers of Big-Foot, not one of whom escaped, and thus the flower and pride of the Wyandot nation were cut off at once. The news of the calamity threw the whole nation into deep mourning. The remarkable size and general superiority of the six brothers gave them great influence with their tribe; and in most instances, it was exerted on the side of humanity, many prisoners who had been condemned to the stake having been saved by their instrumentality, and the whole character of Indian warfare having received a milder and more humane tone, throughout that part of the country.

Adam Poe recovered from his wounds and lived many years, but always loved to tell the story of his encounter with Big-Foot, and the tremendous hug which he received from him.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

A New York paper advises its readers to lay in their stock of coal and other winter stores at once, and illustrates the advice by the following little anecdote:

"Billy," said a benevolent vender of food for stoves, as with cheerful visage he sat down to his morning repast, "is it cold?"

"Werry cold, father."

"Is the gutters froze, Billy?" rejoined the parent.

"Werry hard, father, they is," was the response.

"Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "put up the coal two pence a pail, Billy! God help the poor!"

DREAMS.

BY ANNIE M. LAWRENCE.

I mused on many things, till round my brow
 Sleep pressed her poppy crown,
 And on the breast of slumber, snowy-winged,
 In peace I laid me down.

I slept, and visions very fair and bright
 Hung out their charms for me;
 But whence they came, and wherefore fled so soon,
 Is veiled in mystery.

Faces long passed away smiled fair again;
 Voices long hushed rang clear;
 And the dim shadows that my pathway draped,
 Were gone, with all their fear.

The beautiful was mine without a cloud,
 My tears were wiped away,
 The flowers I gathered held no hidden thorns,
 My night had changed to day.

I woke, and though no sound of step or wing
 Whispered of forms unseen,
 The roseate light, the sweetness felt, not heard,
 Were tokens sure, I deem.

The brightness lingered, though the visions fled,
 And I, new taught by hope,

Felt my frail heart fresh-girt with strength to dare
 E'en sorrow's sternest scope.

And so I learned that dreams are not in vain:
 For when life's tangled way
 Leads where the thorns are thickest, and we bow
 'Neath agony's stern sway,

There are yet smiles that win as if from Heaven,
 And learned at Heaven's throne;
 There are yet words that breathe a holy spell,
 And claim our hearts their own.

And though they come not only in our sleep,
 It surely matters not,
 If the dear lesson thus so sweetly taught
 We weave into our lot.

And when the rain of some great sorrow drips
 In weary patterings,
 The unseen forms that bless us in our sleep,
 Come on their hueless wings;

And we, tired pilgrims, groping in the dark,
 Catch now and then glad gleams,
 And bless the loving care of Him who sends
 Some comfort in our dreams.

LOVE AND SWAMP APPLES.

BY MRS. M. A. BATES.

SUE GIBSON was beautiful and bewitching, yet a perfect little noquette. Her brown eyes, darkly golden hair and ruby lips made her the envy of all the girls in our village, and caused many a bumping heart among us boys, who used, years ago, with nearly frozen cheeks and toes, to consider it the greatest pleasure to be permitted to haul her to school on our sleds. And many were the times that we, for the benefit of her rosy little mouth, climbed nut and apple-trees, and thought our trouble amply repaid when we laid our spoils in her wee apron, and heard her silvery "thank you."

In these early days we discovered her coquettish nature; for, should some one of us unlucky urchins be led by her gracious manner to suppose that he was really her "beau," her words and bearing to another boy, per-

haps the same hour, would be such as to make the defeated one forget the fat doughnuts and pies in his dinner-pail, and trudge home from school broken-hearted. Yet her assurance the next day that she liked him the best, set him up triumphant once more. Now that she was eighteen, she had not changed in this respect, for she still had a dozen unaccepted admirers, and, as of old, her flattering demeanor convinced each for a time that he was the most agreeable to her.

The Lolawn boys, although deeply enamored of her beauty and charming ways, resolved at length to forget her, and seek after a sweetheart more easily won; but I, despite her fickle nature, persuaded myself that her "dear Joe" to me, was prompted by a true regard, and determined sometime to possess her. Still, if I commenced speaking

to her of my love; the mind would chat immediately on another subject, or spring up and away, in a manner that reminded me of the "Vanshlers."

"Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste;
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste!"

I couldn't tell what to do. But one day the idea occurred to me, if I should mention to her that I thought of leaving Lolawn, the thought of my absence would elicit a look or word by which I might know whether she really cared for me other than as a friend. Accordingly I repaired to Aunt Polly's, with whom she lived from a child, and just commenced to speak to Sue about my journey, when Miss Polly, with her eyes distended and hands raised, rushed in upon us:

"O mercy!" she gasped, as she sank into a chair, "I have had the awfullest time in the woodshed with our tabby. She's a fit! and it all comes of your giving her, Susan, so much of them hard billed eggs."

"Hain't we better have the doctor to her, Aunt Polly?" asked Sue, her eyes and lips working with mischief.

"You've got a terrible unfeeling heart, child," said the ancient maid, humbly an-sling, "but if that cat had perished, I should have gone crazy! She has lived with me ever since her earliest childhood," said she, turning to me, "and I've had the dreadfulest time bringin' on her up, she's so sloshy!"

"What seems to be the matter with her?" I asked, endeavoring with all my strength to refrain from smiling.

"O," she replied, "sometimes it's one thing—sometimes 'tother. She seems to be defeated all over. Did you notice, Sue, how kinder stalled up she was after eating this morning?"

That young lady hid her face in the great work-basket she was bending over; but I couldn't suppress the laugh in my throat another moment.

The old maid spring up, and fastening her heavy hands in my unfortunate hair, dragged me forward to the open porch door, exclaiming:

"Scat out o' this house, you sassy critter—mar don't you come here again, nuther!"

My descent down these doorstep, with her assistance, wasn't very slow, I can assure you. I glided in quickstep toward one of the parlor windows, where Sue peeped out from behind the curtain, her eyes sparkling with fun, and

one little white fist pressed hard over her mouth to keep back her merry laugh. I went home, cursing that old maid and her cat, and determined never to forgive either for depriving me of the opportunity which had been so favorable to attain my desire. I felt truly wretched.

"For goodness' sake, Joe!" remarked my mother, who had noticed my fit-humor, "don't think any more about Sue Gibson, for she ain't worth anything only to flirt and make these unhappy who are all too good for her."

"You are mistaken! She has the kindest, most generous heart in the world, and all the poor people in Lolawn will tell you so!" I warmly returned.

"It's just as the boy says, wife," spoke up my father, who had always liked Sue's bonnie face; "and if it wasn't for her belm' the plaguyest little coquette I ever saw, I'd rather have her for our darter than any girl in Lolawn."

"Of course, she can afford to be charitable with all the money her parents left her; and if Joe persists in liking her, I suppose I must agree to it, though I'm afraid she'll never be sensible enough to marry him," said mother, a little mortified.

I couldn't muster courage to go to Miss Polly's again, but I hoped to meet her niece elsewhere, and then I vowed to have an understanding between us, come what would. I felt if she refused me, I would really leave Lolawn, and never return while she remained there; for with my strong love for the dear girl, how could I, if rejected, bear to meet her?

Miss Polly's low, white house was situated on a hill only a short distance, and plainly visible from my father's dwelling. And one morning, a few days after my visit to Sue, as I was sitting dolefully at my chamber window, wondering why I had not seen her, I saw a chaise drive up before Miss Polly's gate, and a young man with graceful dress and motion alight, hasten up the little path leading to the door, and rap away upon the polished knocker. Soon Miss Polly answered the summons, and admitted him very readily, it appeared to me.

"Some lover of Sue's, I'll warrant," I groaned, full of the miserable conjecture this stranger's visit had created. "Perhaps it may be some fellow she got acquainted with while she was absent in Mapletown, last spring. I thought she went marvelously often to the post-office."

I was a fool, and scarcely ate anything for the next ten days, during which time I was often seated at one of the windows facing Miss Polly's, and fiercely watched the stranger as he went to and from there, which was sometimes twice a day. One thing puzzled me exceedingly. I never observed Sue admit him or close the door on his departure. It was always Aunt Polly who did this.

"Perhaps," I bitterly pondered, "the heartless girl's reason for being so unattentive to this lover, is that they are to be married soon, and she is busy making her wedding attire."

Notwithstanding my conclusion that she was really lost to me, I could not resolve to go about my usual occupations, but continued my anxious watching towards the white house, and brooded more drearily over my disappointment every day. It was on the ninth day from my seeing Sue, as I was enjoying the blues to the full, Seth Allen, my old school-mate, popped in upon me with his own genial way.

"How are ye, Joe? Jest stepped in to see if you went join the party which Parson Mellen is getting up to go swamp-applying to-morrow. They say Logan's swamp is hanging full of them, and as the mud is dried up there, we shall have a jolly time. What say! Will you join us?"

I assented, very ungraciously, and off he went, without seemingly noticing the gruffness in my speech.

As I reached the shore the next morning, and mingled with the gay company, scrambling into the boats that were to carry us to the swamp, I unexpectedly met Sue Gibson, who looked, from some cause, very pale and listless. I greeted her very stiffly, for, in the belief that she was lost to me, my pride and chagrin would not allow me to give her a kind word.

As I withdrew a little from the crowd, to hide my feelings, and discover if the stranger was among us, a little soft hand grasped mine, and Sue's voice whispered in my ear:

"I have been very sick, Joe, did you know it?"

The look which I cast down into the brown eyes must have been very different from that which accompanied my greeting to her a few minutes before. I assured her I would have come to see her, had I known of her illness, and was about to add many other words of love and sympathy, when the thought of that stranger recalled me to my wrongs, and I immediately determined to know the character

of his visits to her, whether she thought me impertinent or not. I had no chance to speak, however, before she said, with speaking eyes:

"What a glorious morning it is; yet I should not have been here to enjoy it, if indeed I recovered from my sickness at all, only for Doctor Harlan!"

I gave her hand a pressure that brought a terrified little "O" from her lips. A new hope was now mine!

"Sue," I whispered, "was he a small man with black clothes and whiskers, and—"

"Yes," she interrupted, looking at me mischievously; "and if he was not married, I should like no one so well for a husband!"

I felt all right now—was happier than I had been for a month; and I vowed, as we were getting on to the little craft that was to take us to the swamp, that my first chance of being alone with her that day should be devoted to learning the real state of the feelings of her heart towards me. Soon we were at the dry landing of Logan's Swamp, where our whole party were fast assembling, merrily gathering the clusters of white apples which hung so temptingly amid the green leaves, that we speedily consigned them to our mouths, instead of the baskets we brought. Sue ate like a giant, declaring that she had been starved ever since her sickness began.

"Be drefful careful, child, and not eat too many of them are apples, or you'll be sick agin!" squeaked Aunt Polly, who was invisible behind a near bush.

Sue did not heed this anxious reminder, but continued to eat and laugh and chat—her pale cheeks reddening, her brown eyes full of happy light, and her hair taking a richer gold in the genial sun. With longing eyes at the little beauty, I was just thinking that I would give anything if the crowd around us and the lynx eyes of Aunt Polly were only gone, when Parson Mellen's voice hallooing from a distant part of the swamp:

"Come this way, friends! You wont regret it, for the trees are loaded out here!" caused a general stampede from our direction. I thought, for a moment, that Sue had also gone, but the sight of a well-known white hand, reaching vainly through the leaves of a not far-distant tree for the mammoth apple near its top undeceived me. It was not a moment before I was at her side.

"O, do get me that apple," she said, turning to me with comical distress.

"What will you give me if I do?" I asked,

half-jokingly, though there was very little of such feeling in my heart at that moment.

"Anything," she replied quickly, though her eyes fell from the earnest look of mine.

I secured the apple, and placed it in her little basket. Then, with my whole heart in my tones, I said:

"There it is, Sue! And now, in return, I must know whether you feel for me only the light friendship you have outwardly given me so many years. You cannot be ignorant," I went on in a sort of agony, for fear she would refuse me a chance to declare it, "how very dear and precious my heart holds you. Sue—Sue, darling! O, don't reject my love!"

While I thus spoke, though my hands grasped hers, I had stood, in my strong emotion, with my countenance averted from hers, for I thought if she said me nay, I could better bear such misery with my eyes away from her face.

"Joe!"

Her tremulous, yearning tone made me turn quickly towards her. She was silently weeping, and the breast under her pure robe was heaving in a manner no inward indifference would have sanctioned. A flood of bliss warmed my soul, and made me draw the golden head close within my arms; and there alone, with all the glory of that mellow day around us, she sobbed out:

"Dear, dear Joe! Yes, I do love you! have loved you long ago! And you have been so kindly patient with my dreadful habits! But," she added, ceasing to weep, and look-

ing up with blushing earnestness, "I resolved on my sick bed, never again to trifle with your noble heart. Forgive me, Joe, O forgive me!"

"You are mine now, dear, so do not reproach yourself any more, for I am happy, O, how happy at last!" I exclaimed triumphantly.

The bushes rattled near us; Sue sprang from my arms, and the next moment, Mr. Mellen, our good minister, stood at our side.

"My dear children," he said, blushing, though his kind face beamed with an inward pleasure, "I—I got caught in these bushes," pointing to the ones from which we had just emerged, "and as I did so, I heard your conversation. I was aware," he added, addressing Sue, "of how much he loved you; and, fearful if I moved, the noise would prevent his being rewarded," playfully shaking his finger at her, "for your long mischief towards him, I kept silent."

I rather think I blushed a little, myself, during his remarks, but I spoke up cordially:

"You are not to blame in the least, my dear sir, we can trust you."

"That you can!" was his smiling response. Then over our heads the good old man raised his hands, and up in the sunlight his voice arose softly, yet earnestly, praying God to bless us in each other. Then, as the distant voices of our party came near, he whispered that he should be happy to officiate at our wedding, which he did a month afterwards.

DYING ALONE.

BY OLARENCE F. SUHLER.

Alone! mid the glittering wealth of the city,
Alone! while the happy and rich fluttered past,
With no human eyelid to moisten with pity,
The heiress of misery was breathing her last.

Pomp gathered its robes as it by her was sweeping,
Lest by contact with one of God's poor they should stain,
Though heaven's starry eyes their dews o'er her were weeping:
Ah! had angels worms' pride, who would feel for our pain?

Hard hearts are to kindred heads oft stony pillows,
And while like the bay-tree the transgressor towers,
The shipwrecked are tossed by the world's ruthless billows
Where the pitfalls of vice are concealed by its flowers.

So I felt as one shiver should feel for another;
 Nor said with the world "She had died—let her die;"
 Kind words force the tears that harsh ones did but smother,
 They are magnets that draw hearts of steel to the sky!
 As the beams of the moon quiver through a blown willow,
 Through her storm of black hair lightnings of her eyes shone,
 As she wildly glanced up from her comfortless pillow,
 More soft than the hearts of mankind—though 'twas stone.
 She, marking its periods with tears, told a story
 Too sacred again to reveal till the ear
 Of the Judge who in smoke of our burnt world his glory
 Will sell, is inclined in compassion to hear.
 For as wreckers exult in another's disaster,
 And fashion their huts from the reef-shattered ship,
 Those who built on the wrecks of her ruined life passed her
 With a toss of the head, and a curl of the lip.
 Her soul passed away like a psalm that is ended,
 And though torn was her gown, and her feet bare and cold,
 The silver-stringed lutes their best symphonies blended
 To welcome the straying sheep back to the fold.
 Think not of the dead one, but purgify each passion,
 Ye whose banqueting now is the price of her pain,
 Whirl on to the grave in the vortex of fashion,
 With what measure ye mete ye'll be measured again!

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MOLLIE BROWN.

"A WOMAN'S love! Bah! it is as evanescent as a snowflake, and about as warm! Who ever heard of a woman dying for the man she loved, except in stories where such a circumstance merely existed in the writer's own silly brain? Look at those women in there, Ralph! Do you suppose their thoughts ever rise above the furbelows on their heads? Humph! that is their seventh heaven!" Will Harks's lips curled scornfully as he looked in at the open window on a gay, laughing, chatty party of the sex he was abusing. Will Harks was a crusty old bachelor, fair reader, as you might know, for none but a sour, narrow-minded specimen of that order, or a chicken-hearted, henpecked husband would have made the above assertions.

"Hush!" Ralph Leland laid his hand on Will's arm and looked sternly into the surprised face of his friend. Then raising his great, dark eyes, he looked in at the long French window, with its silken draperies and rich lace. His eyes rested on a slight, little body, half reclining on the crimson velvet

cushion of a sofa, her face lit up with a bright smile as she listened to some merry tale or other. Brown eyes and hair, a sweet, witching, little mouth—no wonder the gray eyes grew dark and tender as they gazed on the beautiful picture. One little, white hand was caressing the great Newfoundland dog that sat by her side; the other—was resting in a silken sash. Poor, little withered hand! its work was over. We will listen to its story."

"Will, do you see her—my wife? I will tell you of a woman's love—her love! You will take back your hasty words when you hear it. You remember when we were married, and how soon I enlisted after that had taken place? Well, it was our first quarrel that sent me away. Don't shrug your shoulders, and smile in that sarcastic way, but hear my story. It was about such a silly, frivolous thing, I will not mention it. But you know my proud, stern temper, and Effie in there was the most wilful, obstinate and tantalizing little piece that ever breathed. She would have died rather than relinquish anything she

had set her heart on, and I—Will, I should have borne with her—she was but a child—scarce eighteen when I married her.

"I was very stern and cold with her. I thought she would grow tired, and come back to my arms again; but I was wrong. The child grew pale and thin, but she wouldn't unbend from her stately dignity. O, we lived along in such a miserable way, and just then I was offered a captaincy in the —th volunteers, and in a fit of desperation I accepted it. I said nothing to Effie, but she found it out somehow. I saw it in her eyes, and yet the little white teeth were shut firmly together, as though they would never open to speak loving words to me again. The morning I was to start I sought her out, thinking, 'she will not—cannot let me go without one word of peace between us?' Her face was white and cold, her small hands were clenched together so tight the nails pierced her tender flesh, but she bowed coldly to me, and I returned it—'that was our parting!' In my cruel selfishness and conceit, I never thought that I was to blame; that if I would open my arms, she would fly back to her resting-place. My poor little bird! I went away the most wretched being on the face of the earth, and vowed that if Death did not find me in my first battle, it would not be my fault.

"We had been in camp only a few weeks when a lot of recruits arrived to fill out our company, as fine a set of fellows as I ever saw. Among them I noticed a frail, girlish looking boy, with great, soft-brown eyes that dropped like a girl's when you looked at them. Somehow they made me think of Effie's eyes. That was why I took such a fancy to him, I think. His face looked pure and innocent, as if it had never been away from a mother's loving care before, and I thought, 'What will this sensitive spirit do among these rough men? I will take him into my own tent and care for him as for a brother.' I sent for him that night, and finding him well educated, I told him I would keep him as my clerk. 'He should be my tent-mate,' I said, smiling. He crimsoned, and finding my gaze embarrassed him, I went on talking carelessly, and found his name was Eliza Lee. He would tell me no more of his history.

"From that time he was always with me, and I grew to love the boy as though he belonged to me. He won all the men's hearts by his gentle, mild ways, and they never were rude or rough when he was near, but grew gentle as they would in their far-off homes in

the presence of mothers and sisters. He would share every danger with me, and sometimes when I refused to let him go, he would look at me defiantly and say, 'I dare not keep him from his duty!' And I did not.

"At night when we were out scouting, and lay under the sky, the cold, pitiless rain beating on our heads, I have gathered the form of Eliza up in my arms and tried to shield him from the storm. I have gone to sleep and dreamed sweet, tantalizing dreams of my darling, and woke to find his head nestled in my bosom, just as Effie's used to. All this while there was no word from her. I had waited till my heart seemed breaking; then I had written, but no answer came. O, the dark despair of those days! I think I would have died if it had not been for my boy. When he saw my head bent in agony, he would come and lay his hand on it caressingly, while such a strange look would creep into his eyes, I could not fathom them.

"One day we were surprised, and a fierce battle ensued. There was sharp, quick work, and through it all my little soldier kept by my side manfully. I had ordered him to the rear, but I hardly think he heard me. His eyes were glittering—almost wild in their look, and many a life went out by his steady aim, whose hand was lifted against the dear old flag we were fighting for. We routed the rebels, but not before many of my brave boys had hit the dust. Eliza and I were unscathed. We were walking along among the killed and wounded, when my attention was called away by an orderly. I heard a little, low cry, and Eliza sprang forward between a ball and my head. A wounded rebel lying near had raised himself on his elbow and fired the shot. I caught the boy in my arms—his head fell back. A beautiful smile crept over his face, while his lips murmured, 'My husband!' Then I knew I was holding the lifeless form of my wife, who had died for me, perhaps—I, so worthless—so harsh and cruel to her! Thank God she was spared to me! You see that poor, useless arm, Will? That is what she gave for my life that day. With all the pain and suffering she has had with it, there never has a murmur crossed her lips. O my wife! my darling! Eternity is hardly long enough for me to recompense your love!"

Ralph Leland's face was lit up by the beautiful light of worship as the fairy form stole out to his side in the moonlight, and looked wondrously at Will Hark's sober face. That gentleman bent his head down and sighed.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

IN one of the dim aisles of a forest, that stood, centuries old, in the heart of Scotland, a gipsy court had been long held, undisturbed. If two or three sheep were weekly abstracted from the shepherd on the hillside, or a cow taken from her sheltered byre almost beneath her owner's window, all knew that it was of no manner of use to raise any search, or make any disturbance. The gipsies, of course, were the marauders; and they stood outside of all legal restraints or penalties, as secure as though the laws of the realm, or even the laws of God, had never been enacted.

Sometimes, the women of the tribe would leave their wild haunts in the depths of the forest, and come forth to exercise their supposed talent of prophecy. Young people subdued their fears, and eagerly placed in the brown hands their store of silver coins; and many put implicit faith in all that the gipsies told of future happiness and prosperity—of fair children to inherit the broad lands and towering castles, and all the gay and splendid imagery with which the brown people love to amuse their poor dupes.

One of the most intelligent, as well as most crafty of the tribe, Nell Moldant, was usually selected for this mission; and one bright autumn day, when the red maple leaves and stately evergreens mingled together, making a fairy bower of the whole forest, Nell tied her scarlet cloak around her shapely shoulders, half concealed her brown face and brilliant black eyes within the folds of its ample hood, and took her way toward the little coast town.

At the very entrance of the wood, reclining on a rustic bench which ran around a mighty oak, sat a young girl, beautiful as the autumnal dawn, which was just brightening the eastern sky. She was dressed in the tartan worn by the McLoods; and the gipsy readily divined that she was of no mean birth. Softly the latter made her way toward her, with a deep reverence in her look and manner, and begged the lady to hear her prophecy of the future.

Flora McLeod looked earnestly into the woman's bronzed face, and consented; for, in its smooth, olive tint, and the pleasant-looking eyes, she saw nothing to alarm or disgust

her. On the contrary, she was pleased with the expression of simple good nature which met her gaze.

A moment more, and the gipsy's hand closed over the shining coin, and Flora was listening to a tale of coming destiny, more brilliant than her own dreams had ever conjured up. To be wedded to a brave and high-born husband, to live in a grand castle and have a train of devoted servants, to be the mother of two fair sons, was surely a fate that would make a girl's heart beat high; and Flora, bred as she had been in retirement and simplicity, could not help showing a little girlish exultation, even in the gipsy's presence.

The woman's next words made Flora's heart almost cease its pulsations, although she rallied, a moment after, into a fit of real girlish laughter, and forgot the prophecy almost as soon as it was uttered.

"There's a cloud over ivery house, a bare skillton in ivery cupboard," the woman had said; "and yer own wont be free from the ban. Yer lordly husband will forsake ye for anither, and ye will gang home to dea by yer mither's side."

When Allan McDonald, or, as he was called in the Highlands, Allan McIan, came wooing at the house of John McDonald, asking for the hand of his daughter Flora, the latter had buried the gipsy's words in utter oblivion. She forgot everything, save that he was the master of Castle Terrin, and the last representative of the Clanranalds; that he was a handsome, stately man, toward whom she could indulge in no passionate tenderness, but whom she could love with the serene tranquillity which was a part of her nature.

It was not thus that the ardent heart of her husband wished to be loved. He would fain have desired some deeper sentiment—some counterpart of his own impassioned nature, to which the humdrum serenity of their daily life was gall and bitterness.

The birth of a son divided the intensity of his love, and softened his impetuous nature, by forming another channel for its escape; while, with Flora, it assumed a new phase also—that of increased and intensified emotion. Her son's birth awoke a new feeling,

skin to worship, in her gentle heart. Loving the child to idolatry, some portion of her surplus affection rested lovingly upon her husband. Never had he seemed so perfect in her eyes, as when she came to regard him as the father of the young chieftain she adored.

She named the boy Robert; and her husband did not seem displeased that he did not bear his name. She taught him, from year to year, the arts she was herself so distinguished for. Music was her passion, while painting and poetry were ever a resource to which mother and son turned with delight.

In such genial companionship, the lady of Clanranald did not miss that of her husband. She believed him devoted to all brave and noble exploits; to feats of strength and prowess; and even when long absent from home, she did not feel any anxiety, as she knew him to be as skillful in all his sports as he was courageous.

Meantime, Robert McDonald was growing almost beyond a woman's society. He longed for the hunter's toil—the hunter's perils. The wild woods had a charm for his eager, active mind, and his mother found a rival in these absorbing pleasures. It was only when left alone, as she now often was, that she started with terror, to feel that she was but second in the affections of both father and son. Until then, she had consoled herself for the easy neglect of the one, by the warm affection and gentle companionship of the other.

Impatient at the loneliness of her situation, and feeling deeply the void which surrounded her, she one day went alone to the forest, to await her son. Afraid to tempt its deeper recesses, she lingered long upon the old, half-ruined bench that had once held her youthful figure, while the gipsy had unrolled the page of prophecy, and read to her the weird scroll.

"After all, she was an impostor," she said, half aloud. "My life has been serene enough, and I seem in no danger of being returned to my father's house, a deserted wife. My Robert is the dearest child that ever gladdened a mother's heart; and if Allan does not love me with the passionate regard which some women demand, why," she continued, half laughing, "I receive as much as I give, and I can expect no more."

As if to answer all her words, and to stir up jealousy in that easy, gentle heart, the very person of whom she was thinking, met her eye at that instant. Unchanged, bold and beautiful as ever, her fiery eyes unsoftened, her smooth cheek unwrinkled and her hair

unfaded, she came with airy, elastic step into the lady's presence, and threw herself down upon the grass that waved at her feet. But how could she know Flora, altered as she was from the alight, girlish thing, to a woman, full of the matured graces of wifehood and motherhood. She *did* know her, and accosted her with a half bold, half respectful demeanor.

"Ye're a braw leddy noo, I see—not much like the wee bit of flesh ye were sixteen year ago, when I kim to this verrn place, and told you what wad kim to pass."

"But you were a false prophet; for I am an honored wife and a happy mother still. Woman, it was cruel to try a young heart thus, for the sake of money! Had I not been so kindly cared for, I should have laid your false words to heart, and must have been an unhappy creature all these years."

"I told you nothing but truth," answered the gipsy, doggedly. "Ye are born, my leddy, but ye are not buried."

"Is that a threat?" she asked, hastily, and with some emotion.

The woman looked up at her with a scornful expression in her eyes—so scornful that Flora could not bear it, and clasped her hands over her own.

"Nell doesn't want to tell the leddy. She will go away, and never be seen here again. Farewell—I come no more."

She rose, gathered her scarlet drapery around her, with a sort of wild grace, and, waving her hand, was passing into the forest, when Flora, now thoroughly roused, seized her arm.

"Tell me—tell me now, if it kills me!" she shrieked, at the same time dropping a large silver coin at the woman's feet.

She picked it up, placed it in Flora's unwilling hand, and, holding out her own, she said, quietly:

"The leddy must cross Nell's palm first."

Flora did as she was desired, and then came the dreadful story:

"A wae, it's hard tellin' ye; but yonder boat that's on the river, hauds the laird, and ye ken the young leddy by his side is no his wife. She, puir foolish thing, will be here before lang, thinkin' hersel the true wife, and ye only the sister o' Allan o' Clanranald. Hoo wad ye bear it, puir lassie?"

Flora put up her hand, as if to implore her to cease speaking, but the hand fell powerless by her side, and she sank upon the green-sward, lifeless as a stricken deer.

"O, wha hae I done? wha hae I done?"

cried the gipsy, frightened at the pallid face that glared up from the green bed on which lay the lady of Clanswald.

She strove to restore her, by the aid of water, and soon succeeded. Flora begged her to leave her alone, that she might think a little, before she returned home. The woman threw herself upon her knees, passionately begging her forgiveness, and urging her to go away to her father's house, before she was more deeply insulted.

In one of his wild wanderings from his home, Allan McDonald had found shelter in the domain of McLeane, Laird of Duart, a neighboring chief. The storm that drove him thither had drenched him through, and, to prevent a fever, he was put to bed, and did not leave it for several days.

Recovered at length, he was perfectly fascinated by the attractions of the laird's two daughters, who did the honors of the house. Struck by the grace and beauty of Alice, the youngest, he lingered on, until he had charmed her, as the snake charms the silly bird. She did not know that he was married; nor, in the wildness of her passion for the bold, bad man, did she stop to ask if it were lawful for him to love her. Had she lived centuries later, she would have adopted Moore's lawless lace:

"I knew not—I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

In a moment of utter forgetfulness of all that held her to father or sister or home, of all, indeed, save the bold, handsome stranger, she fled with him, to bring disgrace upon another home, where dwelt a virtuous wife, and an innocent son.

The gipsy had been gone but a single half hour, when Flora, looking from the window, beheld her husband disembark from the little boat that had brought him and his victim to her very door. She did not wait to be insulted by their presence; but, throwing on a cloak, she seized Robert by the hand, and passed quickly out by the great front gate, just as they were entering the postern. Two of the servants obeyed her directions in launching a boat to convey her to her father's house. One of them, catching sight of his master's boat, said:

"We can take this, my laddy."

She shuddered, and turned deathly pale.

"Not that, Sandy, not that! It is freighted with curses!"

"Is the mistress daft, Davie? I never heard her talk that ilk till now."

"Flee, Sandy! mind your own nose. Sma' business to be watchin' your batterb!"

McLeod met them at the door, and took the poor white-lipped woman and the frightened boy to his arms and heart.

"I was just coming for you dear. You need not speak now," he added, "for I knew all. McLeane has been here, almost frantic at his daughter's escape. Thank God! my daughter is too pure and good to herd with such as she. You shall never leave me again."

Silently she listened to all her father said, thinking, perhaps, that God was good in giving her such a father and son; but still the sorrow pierced deeply to a heart like hers. She had loved her husband with no passionate or romantic love; but she had believed in his perfect faith and purity; and her heart was broken by the shock.

McLeane went that night to Castle Terrim. He could not believe, until his eyes saw, that McDonald would carry her to his own home. Long and loud were his denunciations of his master, and bitterly did he reproach Alice for bringing shame upon him and her innocent young sister. It was all in vain.

"I love him, father, and I will never leave him!" was her only reply.

"Love him?" repeated the heart-broken old man. "Such love as wantons boast. May God curse you both—the base betrayer, and the weak betrayed!"

He left them, to return to the broken flower of his home. The sweet young girl, whose head was bowed in shame for her sister, never left the house again, until she was carried out on her bier. The father, wandering about, half crazed, calling upon his daughters, was an object of the deepest commiseration to all.

Meantime, the healing dews of time were falling upon the heart of Flora. The father and son were all to her that the most devoted love could prompt them to be. For their sakes, she tried to take an interest in her books, her music and flowers; and the effort brought her peace, if not happiness.

One day, she was uneasy and restless, without any apparent cause, and they had persuaded her to have her palfrey saddled, and ride with them to a pretty glen, a few miles distant.

While waiting for her, McLeod was called

out, held a hurried communication with a man at the door, in which loud and indignant words were heard by Flora, whose window overlooked the spot where they were uttered. When the father and son sought her for whom they waited in vain, she was sitting, like a ghastly corpse, at the window, rigid and motionless. She had heard all. The man had come with a verbal order for Robert McDonald to come to his father's home in a week from that day, there to remain permanently.

It was dreadful to behold the wild sorrow of the boy, the deep, settled grief of Flora, and the stormy indignation of her father. The desertion of McDonald, and even the shame, wrought no such woe as this. To give up her beloved, her innocent child, to the guidance of the woman who now queened it at Castle Terrim, was more than the bitterness of death to poor harassed Flora. Already, a child had been born to McDonald, whose mother was to act as guide to her pure, uncontaminated son. How could she bear this, and live? When the boy was at length carried away, by the stern command of his father, she was insensible to all around her. She never saw her son again!

Wallace McDonald grew up, with many an evil passion inherent in his nature. Strong of limb, bold and cunning, inheriting his mother's fierce and passionate nature, he soon lorded it over the gentle son of Flora. Alice hated Robert, because he was Flora's child, and although many years older than Wallace,

she always insisted that he should give precedence to the latter.

As he grew older, one wild wish arose in her heart, growing with her son's growth, and strengthening with his strength. It was, that he should be the heir, instead of Robert. The wish was parent to the deed. There came a morning, when the elder boy was missing, and the perturbation in the lady's countenance was mistaken by no one for sorrow.

The news only brought a single pang more to the heart of Flora.

"He is dead!" she moaned. "He is dead, and I shall join him in heaven. Thank God, who has removed him from the wiles of that woman!"

She died, unconscious that it was her rival's hand that removed him.

Castle Terrim is now but a pile of loose stones, which no one dares remove, for it is haunted, they say, by the spirit of the gipsy.

AN INTOLERABLE INDIGNITY.

A medical man, who had just returned from setting the broken leg of an Arab, gave the following anecdote: "The patient complained more of the accident which had befallen him, than I thought becoming one of his tribe. This I remarked to him, and his answer was amusing. 'Don't think, doctor, I'd utter one word of complaint, if my own colt had broken both my legs; but to have a bone broken by a jackass is too bad, and I will complain.'"

GENTLY BEAR THY BURDEN.

BY GEORGE BARONST GRIFFITH.

Meekly bear thy burden, friend,
Journeying to a holier clime;
For thy trials all will end
With the close of earthly time.
Sorrow's pall the aching heart
May enwrap with chilling fold,
But the balm its clasp will part,
Of which dying saints have told,
Gently bear thy burden.

Hopeful turn thy weeping eyes
To the light religion gives;
For its glow beyond the skies
On the spirit features lives;

And the weary soul will rise
From the touch of earthy taint,
In the fields of paradise
Nevermore to sink or faint:
Gently bear thy burden.

Come, depressed one, strengthen now!
Cast the dross of life away!
Seek the path with smiling brow
Leading up to endless day.
Green with verdure is the road,
Shrub and blossom bloom thereby,
And removed is all thy load
At the mansion gate on high:
Gently bear thy burden.

AFOUL OF AN ICEBERG.

BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.

In the year 1860, I was travelling in England, and was enjoying myself to the utmost. I had good company, and had made many friends in the kingdom, and was sorry enough to receive a letter summoning me away. It was from a lawyer in Melbourne, Australia, and was somewhat as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR:—It is my duty to inform you that your uncle, Mr. Edward Barrett, ship owner, of this city, has just died, leaving you his sole heir. The affairs of Mr. Barrett are somewhat involved, and to adjust them satisfactorily, we shall require your presence in Melbourne at the earliest possible day. By judicious management, I am convinced that you can soon come into full possession of at least thirty thousand pounds, which can be converted into ready money, should you desire it. I congratulate you upon your good fortune, and shall expect you here by the next steamer. Very respectfully yours,

"JOHN HOLMES."

This letter surprised me, and, although it brought me such good news, annoyed me not a little. It worried me to be called away from London, where I was enjoying so much pleasure; but as thirty thousand pounds did not fall into my lap every day, I did not feel disposed to neglect the summons. I could not help wishing that my old uncle had had the good sense to die somewhere else besides in Australia, for it seemed like leaving the world, to go to that distant place. However, I soon made my preparations, and embarked on a new and splendid steamer. The voyage was delightful and unusually quick, and I was in Melbourne before Mr. Holmes, who was my uncle's lawyer, expected me. He received me cordially, and we went to work in earnest. It took us longer than we expected to settle the affairs of my uncle, so that it was six months from the date of my arrival before I was ready to start for England again. This was early in the year 1861:

I took passage for Liverpool on the steamer *Royal Standard*. She was a new vessel, and had made but one trip before; but that one had ranked her as one of the swiftest steamers on the ocean. She was a large ship, and very handsomely fitted up. My friends congrat-

ulated me upon being so fortunate in the selection of my steamer, and prophesied a delightful return voyage for me.

We left Australia with light hearts, and cheer after cheer went up from our decks, as the noble steamer glided swiftly out of the harbor and turned her prow seaward. There were eighty passengers in the first cabin, and five hundred in the second cabin and steerage, and a happier and more hopeful set I never saw.

The first part of our voyage was delightful. The weather was clear, and the air soft and balmy. Our ship made excellent time, and by the first of April we were nearing Cape Horn. I had looked forward to this part of the voyage with anxiety; for if we could safely pass around "the Horn," I had no fear for the remainder of the run. As we approached the cape, the weather changed, and became colder, until on the night of the second of April, it was disagreeably cold. The atmosphere, too, became thicker, and there were unmistakable signs of the proximity of foggy weather. I asked the veteran steersman with whom I had passed many a pleasant hour, what he thought of it.

"To tell ye the truth, sir," he said, slowly, glancing around, as if to see that we were not overheard, "I don't like it. This ere mist's a goin' to breed a fog, and Cape Horn isn't the best place in the world in foggy weather, 'specially when icebergs is as thick in this ere latitude at this season as harvest flies is in August, in England. This ere sudden change in the weather is bad, it 'pears to me. 'Taint natral for it to be so cold. There's icebergs about, chillin' the air, sartain."

I was impressed with the truth of the old man's answer; but as I agreed with him that it was useless to alarm the passengers, I said nothing about it.

The next day was Sunday, the third of April. I was awake quite early, and was lying in my stateroom, listening to the plashing of the water against the ship's side, when I heard the lookout sing out, sharply:

"Ice on the port bow, sir!"

In a few minutes, I was dressed and on deck, where soon the greater portion of the passengers were collected, to witness the glo-

rious spectacle. The sun had fairly risen, and had scattered the light mist from the water, and there was nothing to obstruct our view. Fully a mile to our left, lay an immense iceberg. The sun shone full upon it, and the huge crystal surface reflected back his rays with a radiant glory. Every color of the rainbow was visible, and the berg seemed to be a tremendous mass of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds and other gems. Huge peaks rose fantastically from it, like the spires of some gorgeous cathedral. It was the most dazzlingly beautiful spectacle I ever witnessed; though now I confess icebergs have lost their charm for me. Still I was delighted, and gazed at it in silent awe and wonder. The rest of the passengers were equally pleased, and one of them, a lady, clasping her hands, said, enthusiastically:

"I do wish we could see some more of them, don't you, captain?"

The commander of the steamer, to whom her remarks were addressed, replied, with a troubled smile:

"We seamen are not quite so fond of them, Mrs. Lacy, as to wish for them."

"But they are so beautiful!" said the lady, quickly.

"And so dangerous," added the captain. "They are one of the greatest troubles we have to contend against, and I shall be heartily glad when we are out of their reach. However," he continued, "the *Royal Standard* is a good sailer, and a couple of days more will see us safely out of their track."

"You don't apprehend danger, do you, captain?"

The lady's enthusiasm was gone now, and her face wore a look of deepest anxiety.

"O no," he replied, hastily. "I was only telling you my reasons for not liking icebergs. We have done remarkably well, so far, and I am sure we shall have a pleasant voyage."

I had watched the captain closely during this conversation, and I saw that his face wore a troubled and anxious expression. I knew that he was not as well satisfied as he had told Mrs. Lacy, and my fears were increased. During the day I noticed the captain heaving the thermometer, and each time the anxious expression of his countenance deepened. I learned from the man at the wheel that the temperature of the water was an unfailing source of ascertaining the presence of icebergs, as the water grew colder as they approached.

"If we have clear weather," said the old

man, "I don't mind it. The ship's a fast steamer, and has made a splendid run so far; but it ain't sartin how long the weather'll continue fair. For my part, I'm pretty sure it'll be thick and foggy to-night, and maybe a good part of to-morrow."

"What will we do, if it is?" I asked.

"Trust to luck," said the old man, quietly. "I don't like the looks of things, and I'm afraid of a fog."

That night I could not sleep well. I was dreaming of icebergs and shipwrecks, and my sleep was restless. About daylight I rose and dressed. When I went on deck, I found that the whole sea was covered with a thick fog. We could scarcely see the steamer's length ahead. The morning was cold and raw, and the mist penetrated to my vitals. I retreated to the saloon, and did not leave it again until after breakfast. The other passengers were busy, making preparations for killing time during the miserable day; for few of them thought of venturing out of shelter until the fog cleared off. I could not take part in any of their amusements. I was restless and uneasy, and paced the floor anxiously until about eight o'clock in the morning. Then I could stand it no longer, so wrapping myself in my heavy great coat, I went on deck. I knew it was my old friend's turn at the wheel. I sought him out, and bade him good-morning. He didn't seem inclined to talk, so I stood by him, silently, wondering how the day would terminate.

"You had better go below, sir," he said to me, at last. "It's a raw, bad day, and you are not used to this ere weather."

"I am well protected against it," I replied. "I couldn't stay below you. If we have to encounter any icebergs, I had rather be up here."

He looked at me for a moment, and then muttered, with a grim smile:

"It matters little where you are, if we do meet any."

He had scarcely spoken, when the lookout's voice rang out, sharply and startlingly:

"Ice! ice! dead ahead!"

At the same instant, we saw a huge object looming up in the gloom, scarcely two fathoms' length ahead of us. The wheel turned like lightning, and the vessel swung suddenly around.

"My God!" I cried, seizing the old man's arm. "Are you mad?"

He threw me off, fiercely, and held the wheel down with almost superhuman strength.

Another instant, and we went crashing into the mountain of ice, striking it with our broadside. The ship quivered violently, and groaned like a human being in mortal agony. The tall masts and yards, which were of iron, snapped as though they had been reeds, and heavy masses of ice came crashing down upon the deck. It was a moment of fearful horror. We had escaped destruction for the time, but how long could this last? We had scarcely struck before the captain was at the wheel.

"That was well done, Ben," he said, hoarsely, to the old steersman. "If we had struck her bow foremost, we'd have gone down at once. Keep her steady, just as she is, and we'll try to forge ahead slowly. With God's help, we may clear the berg yet." He disappeared in the direction of the engine room.

It was a fearful situation. We were lying heavily against the berg, neither end of which could be seen through the fog. The dense mass towered above us as far as we could see, and I am sure I do not exaggerate when I estimate its height at five hundred feet. The first collision had injured us greatly. The hull of the ship, though made of iron, was bent in in several places, and the bulwarks on the port side were almost entirely destroyed. The masts were gone, and, together with the heavy yards and rigging, which were of iron and wire, hung over on the ice, and every moment dragged off huge blocks of it, which fell on the deck with deafening crashes. Had we struck fairly on the bows, instant destruction must have been our doom; and as it was, only the immense strength of our iron hull saved us.

The incidents which occurred after the collision did not occupy more than three quarters of an hour, but they seemed then like a lifetime. Words are not strong enough to depict them. They occurred in much less time than I am consuming in describing them.

The passengers crowded on deck at the shock, but were driven into the saloon, and stowed by the captain. So great was their terror, that they obeyed without hesitating. As the vessel moved slowly ahead, the masses of ice, caught by the wreck of the rigging, fell faster on the deck.

"They'll crush in the decks if they are not stopped," cried the old steersman. "Aloft, there, and clear away that rubbish!" he shouted.

Desperate as was the undertaking, several men with axes sprang aloft, and soon their energetic blows severed the mass of rubbish

from the ship. The vessel recovered her equilibrium, and moved forward more freely.

We could do nothing but forge ahead slowly, and await the turn of events. The iceberg was fully a mile in length, and as yet we could not see the end of it. Each moment seemed an age of agony, and we were constantly crashing against the berg, and at every collision it seemed to me that the ship would go to pieces.

"Forward, there!" shouted the captain, to the lookout in the bow.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"What do you see ahead?"

We held our breath as we waited for the answer. It came slowly and mournfully, and smote painfully upon our hearts.

"Nothing but ice, sir."

Again we went crashing into the berg, and again the ship quivered as with a violent spasm. Since the first collision, I had not moved from my place near the wheel.

"How long can we stand this?" I asked, of the old steersman.

"God knows," said he. "I am only surprised that we are living now."

"Starboard your wheel!" cried the lookout, suddenly. "There's a crack in the ice, and we are going into it."

The vessel's head swung around from the berg, and we moved slowly by an immense aperture in the glittering mass. Here was another danger. Suppose we should be drawn, or should run into one of these flaws. No human power could save us then, for we could never extricate the ship from such a position.

"Forward there!" shouted the captain, again.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What do you see ahead?"

"O, how our hearts ached as we listened to the answer! "Nothing but ice, sir."

He had hardly spoken, when a tremendous stream of water burst from the iceberg and swept down upon the decks. The men could scarcely stand against it. There was a rush of passengers from below, and they swarmed out on deck, thinking that the vessel was sinking.

"Drive them back!" yelled the captain. "The hatches and doors must be closed, or the ship will be filled with water in an instant."

There was a desperate struggle, but the passengers were finally forced down below, and the doors and hatches secured. Still the water rushed down upon the decks from the

dizzy heights of the ice. The vessel rolled and rocked violently, and at every strain her hull creaked alarmingly. The men were completely drenched, and could scarcely keep their footing. I had not left my post by old Ben, and was wet through to the skin; but I could not move. I was powerless to stir.

"This can't last much longer," said old Ben, as he held the wheel hard down. "This heavy fall of water, and this constant thumping against the ice will knock her to pieces in a few minutes, if she is iron."

The fog now seemed to be growing lighter, and I could see more of the iceberg. As far as my eye could reach in any direction there was nothing but the clear, crystal surface, with its huge fissures and jagged pinnacles. Every minute the ship would crash against the fearful mass, and I felt that old Ben was right. We could not stand it much longer. The rush of water from the berg now lessened, and soon ceased entirely, but the fall of blocks of ice re-commenced. The captain cried out:

"Forward there!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"What do you see ahead?"

There was no answer. A deep silence reigned along the deck for a minute or two, but then the time seemed greater to us. Then the reply came clearly and slowly:

"There's clear water a hundred fathoms ahead, sir, and the fog is lifting."

Not a man stirred, or spoke. The vessel moved slowly and painfully forward. Another moment, and we saw the end of the terrible mountain of ice. Three minutes more, and our stern was clear of it, and we were running in open water, and the sky was brightening. Still not a sound was heard until the captain's voice broke the stillness.

"Let us pray."

Involuntarily we all fell on our knees, and the captain in earnest, trembling tones gave thanks to the God of heaven for our deliverance from our great danger. Yes we were free from the danger, and in half an hour the fog had entirely disappeared. Then as the sun came out, we could see our iceberg a few miles astern, flashing and glittering in the brilliant light. It was an immense berg, and we had ample cause to be thankful that it had dealt so lightly with us.

We had suffered fearfully from our collision, and now, that the danger was passed, we could afford to ascertain the extent of our damages. Our masts were so completely destroyed that they were of no use to us at all;

our hull was bent and crushed in several places, but fortunately no holes had been made in it by the ice. The immense strength of this portion of the steamer had alone saved the entire vessel from destruction, but the strain on it had been so great that a dangerous leak had been sprung. This we endeavored to stop, but with only partial success, and during the remainder of the voyage, the pumps were kept going constantly. The scene on the deck was fearful to behold. Nearly all the bulwarks had been knocked away by the collision and the falling ice-blocks; and the fore-castle, fancy wood and iron work, and almost everything of the kind had been destroyed, and there we lay a wreck. No one would have recognized the proud steamer that had sailed so gracefully out of port a few weeks before. We were terribly crippled, but through the mercy of Heaven we were not helpless. Neither the engine, the screw nor the rudder had been injured, and as we had on board an unusually large supply of coal, we felt confident that we could reach Liverpool if we had favorable weather, though we should be several weeks behind our regular time. All hope of a speedy voyage was ended now. We were glad enough to get to England on any terms.

Strange to say, during the collision and the scenes that followed, not a human being was lost or injured. This was all the more wonderful from the fact that the deck was full of men at the time, and the masses of ice were falling the whole length of the ship. To the coolness of the captain and the old steersman we felt that we owed our safety, and when the danger was fairly over, the passengers held a meeting, and drew up a set of resolutions thanking them for their gallant conduct.

A great change came over the passengers. They became more serious than they had been before the accident. Religious services were held daily on board, and were attended by every one on the ship, except those on duty, and never have I witnessed more interesting meetings than I saw and participated in there.

Old Ben confessed to me that the accident had "converted" him, and that after so signal and great a manifestation of God's mercy, he could hold aloof no longer. It compelled him to be a Christian.

In due time we reached Liverpool. Our sorry appearance as we steamed into the harbor, attracted great attention, and the story of our trials was listened to with wonder and interest.

MARIAN DUSK.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

Marian Dusk was here to-day—

Marian whom we loved so well
Years ago; she crossed the way,
And stood under the porch while a shower fell.

Stood there looking so pale and wan,
Watching the rain with mute brown eyes,
To see if, mayhap, the smiling sun [skies.
Would break through the heavily clouded

Stood there looking so lone and sad,
I opened my heart and the door to her,
Saying, "Alas! were you twice as bad,
Poor Marian Dusk, pray stand not there!"

"Come in with your beautiful searching eyes,
(How well I remember their shadowy hue!)
As vainly they look for sunny skies
Now, as for friends the whole world through."

"Yes," said Marian Dusk to me,
"I've done with looking for friends, indeed;
And little it matters; the world is free;
I've stood alone in my sorest need."

"O Marian, why did you fall so low?
You whom we loved so long and well!
Fall, from standing in heaven's glow,
Down to the very gates of hell!"

"Nay," she said with a weary moan,
"You're like the rest—I never fell.
Is it a sin to love but one,
To love but one, and to love so well?"

"You remember his wedding, long ago,
And how the beautiful, queenly bride
Stood like a statue, white as snow,
And I, with a heart as chill, beside.

"She married him for his gold and lands
(Her heart with a soldier over the sea);
Giving a false and empty hand
For a soul all love and loyalty.

"She took me with her to his princely home—
Our mothers were sisters, and dead, you
know—

And strove to cover her heart of gloom
With a veil of pride and glittering show.

"Scarce had the honeymoon waned away,
When some one told of a soldier dead,
Well I remember that terrible day, [head.
And the blight that fell on her haughty

"One cry of a stricken heart she gave,
Then, like a broken calla flower,
Fell at her husband's feet. The grave
Could not have severed them like that hour.

"They parted: she to her father's home,
Scorned, and scorning as proudly, passed;
And he through his desolate house to roam,
Half-stunned, and falling ill at last.

"For many a weary day and night,
I watched the laboring, fevered breath,
Now loud in maniac rage or fright,
Now low as if hushed by the hand of death.

"And sometimes he called me his 'Isabel dear,'
His 'beautiful idol' his 'own sweet bride,'
Till one fair morning his eyes were clear,
And 'Ah! poor Marian Dusk!' he sighed.

* * * * *

"A rich October sunrise poured
The golden wine of the clustered year
Over city roofs, and spires that soared
A thirst and sharp through the amber air;

"Over the river mirror-bright, [breathe,
When a child, so happy he scarce could
Stood doubting which was the fairer sight,
The world above, or the world beneath.

"I turned within. Ah, what to me
Whose dawn of life had dropped to night
Ere noon was come, were childhood's glee,
And sunny waves, and morning light!

"My dawn was there within the room!
His eyes had a clearer, blither ray,
And his thin cheek wore a deeper bloom
Than it had shown for many a day.

"Said he, 'all things are ready now;
When this sun sets 'twill light the wave
That bears me o'er the sea—' his brow
And lip grew sad—'and to a grave!'

"One moment he stood as still as stone:
Then turning with searching eyes that read
My soul, clasped my hands in his own,
'Do we part now, Marian Dusk?' he said.

"My breath, that scarcely I cared to keep,
Came back in a gasp; but my whirling head,
And trembling limbs, and heart's quick leap,
Drowned never a blessed word he said.

"One time—it seems now many a year
Since then—I stood to breathe a vow;
Two women in snowy robes were near,
Both were beautiful, one was true.

"Not seeing clearly, that fatal day,
I took the wrong hand in mine, I fear;
But now, since that is cast away,
Will you give me the right one, Marian
dear?"

"O, we were happy as heaven!" she cried,
A sudden rose blooming in either cheek,
'Never the sea on its dancing tide,
Nor the sweet land we went to seek,

"Bore a heart blest as mine; for he
Loved and needed me—yes, and though
The world might frown; I bent the knee,
Thanking God who had crowned me so!"

As though a door 'twixt day and night
Had opened, and suddenly closed again,
She stood one moment bathed in light,
Flushed into radiant beauty—then

The rose dropped out of her cheek, her heart
Seemed sending a bitter though unheard cry
Through her pallid lips, and with a start
She stretched her yearning arms on high,

And strained her wild dark eyes, as though
Her bliss had but that instant fled,
And she could stay its passage so;
Then in another voice she said:

"O, was it love that lit the wave
And dyed the clouds three years ago?
And is it the shadow of his grave
That darkens skies and waters so?"

"Alas! but have you the right to mourn,
Marian Dusk?" I weeping, cried.
She sighed. "Though many a loss I've borne,
My right to grieve was ne'er denied.

"If I have sinned, there's One above,
My Judge, who loves all love so well,
He'll sooner spare the unwise love,
Than the wise coldness that ne'er fell."

Ceasing, a ray like an angel's kiss [caught;
On her brow, and her shadowy hair was
"Pity a sinner, as Marian is,
Should look so much like a saint!" I thought.

And when the clouds and the girl were gone,
Her words in my memory would dwell:
"Is it a sin to love but one,
To love but one, and to love so well?"

TREASURE TROVE.

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BY MARY A. LOWELL.  
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"Yes, on the whole, I think I do pity Charlie a little—a very little," was the slow, deliberate answer given by Helen West, in replying to her sister Sophia, who, after detailing the incidents of her morning calls, had appealed to her for pity towards Charles Armstrong, their own cousin.

"Very thoughtfully said, sister Helen," said a young man, who had been so very quietly reading in a dusky corner, that his sisters had forgotten he was there. "What has been done to Charlie, to call forth the pity of two such sorrowing looking damsels? (One would think he was to be set in the stocks, or some other punishing place, to see your faces.)"

"Don't, John," said Sophia. "I will tell you. Charles has got mistaken in his wife. He married her for her pretty looks, you know, and he finds now that she has no other merit."

"Now you are unjust, Sophia," said Helen, warmly. "Kate Armstrong has good and noble qualities, only that no occasion has yet drawn them out. Charles has spoiled her with petting and flattering her beauty, and now he expects her to be a perfect woman. I have not much sympathy for him."

"Bravo, Helen! that is generous, at least, when we consider that Charlie left you for Kate Ward."

"Nonsense!" cried Helen; but the quick blush that overspread her cheek told that there had been some romance, as well as nonsense.

"Well, well, I will not tease you, because I see you are sewing for me. This is a pretty, little gold thimble you have there. Will you tell me who gave you that? I don't believe father gives you pin-money enough to indulge in such articles, unless he is more generous to you than he is to me. But never mind, I see you don't want to tell me. So now tell me more about Charlie."

"Well, to begin at the beginning—"

"No, Sophia, let Helen tell me herself. I consider her the most reliable of the two. You are apt to exaggerate, you know."

It was not true—so his sister was not angry. Sophia had always been remarkable for her straight-forward, conscientious way of speaking; especially when the subject was the faults of others; but John preferred to hear what Helen would say.

"Well, then, Kate has disappointed his hopes in every possible way. He is not rich, as you know, and he wishes her to be economical. She, on the contrary, spends large sums for trifles that she could do without. He wants her to give up going to balls and

parties, except for an occasional one. She wants to go to all, and, of course, must have numerous dresses. Then, after a course of such amusements, she is ill, and unfit to perform the duties of her family; lying whole days in bed or on the couch; and when Charlie comes home, the house is one scene of uproar and confusion with the children and their nurse. I don't know as I can tell anything more definite," she continued, relapsing into her thoughtful mood, "but this, every one knows—that cousin Charles is a disappointed and unhappy man."

John whistled "'I'm ower young to marry yet.' And I'm very glad that I am. No wile for this child, till he sees her in all her moods. You need not laugh, girls, I shall go to board with the family before I propose."

Helen was right. Charlie was unhappy. In years gone by, when she was scarce more than a child, Charles Armstrong had shown great affection for his cousin Helen, for which she was perpetually jested at by the family, who all considered it a childish affair, not knowing how deep was the impression on both. Sensitive and shy, Helen avoided him while she dearly loved him, and he, in a fit of boyish indignation, engaged himself to Kate Ward, who, as the sisters said, was only remarkable for her pretty face. He found her in a ball-room, it is true—but, as Sophia remarked, he did not want to see her there always. They had married young, had now two children, and Charlie's means were getting low from the large drain which Kate made upon them for show and style, which, considering that she brought him no portion, was scarcely to be expected.

John West after hearing his sisters discuss the subject, went immediately to Charles. He found him extremely dull, and wearing an anxious look which John noticed, and spoke kindly to him respecting it. Although his cousin was much younger than himself, still Charles had always thought very highly of his judgment; and he did not hesitate to confide in him now.

"I am going to Australia, John. I cannot stand this way of life any longer. I am shockingly in debt, and my creditors know that I am living far beyond my means. I go privately in the next ship that sails."

"Privately! Kate knows it, does she not?"

"Not a word. I shall write to her from New York, send her all the money I have,

and hope to be able to give her one day, enough to satisfy even her large demands. But if I stay here I shall never be worth anything. There, I have two friends who will assist me until I can help myself. John, will you and the girls sometimes look in upon Kate and the children, and report to me how they are getting along?"

John promised; and promised also, to keep his departure a secret until he knew the ship had sailed.

Great was the astonishment of all, except John West, when Charles was reported absent. Kate was nearly distracted when his letter came. It was the first intimation she had received. She thought that he was going to New York for a few days only; and before she could reasonably expect him, he was gone, and the letter, though kind and affectionate, told her too truly that Charles thought her extravagant and wasteful; and that he must spend his life in hard labor to supply her demands. The tone of the letter roused up all that was passionate in her nature, until she came to the close, which was evidently written under great agitation, and expressed everything affectionate and tender.

"I love you, Kate," he wrote, "and will cheerfully work for all your reasonable demands. Our children, remember, must be educated at any cost whatever. Ask yourself if you are willing to forego the calls of vanity and extravagance, in order that they may become wise and learned. Your superfluous dresses cost last year, according to an estimate which you gave me yourself, *more than enough to keep Willy a year at college!* Choose then, whether you will apply the money which I shall be earning to that purpose, or spend it upon that which does not satisfy."

"God helping me, I will do what is right," said the desolate woman, as she read this letter over her child's cradle that night through her blinding tears. But that was a hard task, look at it how she might. Such habits as hers, indolent, extravagant, unthrift—what a world of trouble to subdue them! Several days elapsed, during which she saw no one. In her lonely chamber, revolving which course to take, where to retrench, how to do without resources, she gazed at the sum sent her by her husband, and thought how little way it would go, if she lived and spent as she had done. The Wests kept aloof—but ready to take her by the hand if she expressed but the slightest wish for their assistance, yet feeling a delicacy about offering counsel

to a woman who was situated just as she was. On the third day, however, a little note was handed to Helen, which ran thus:

"Come to me, cousin Helen. Charlie used to quote you and your excellencies to me until I was tired of hearing them. Now, I should be glad to learn some of your ways, if you can bear our lonely house, and the desolation you will find here. Come, and tell me how I can become a worthy woman—worthy of my poor Charles."

That night Helen stayed with Kate, and many succeeding ones too—helping her to plan, to retrench, to contract her expenses into the smallest possible space, and yet not to appear mean. Many superfluities were parted with; some to friends who paid well for them—others to a shop in another town, where they knew nothing of the people, and did not realize a great deal from their sale.

Mr. West knew of an excellent family who wanted a part of a house in a central situation, and Kate submitted to live in fewer rooms, whereby she saved a handsome sum. She did wisely, and had her reward in the truly valuable friends whom she thus brought under her roof. Her establishment now consisted of a few genteel neatly furnished rooms, and therefore she needed less help. She dismissed two of her three servants, keeping the eldest and most experienced, and taking care of the children herself. She was surprised to find that time lagged less heavily now than she had so much to do, and that it seemed so very short. No time now for lying down. She submitted almost meekly, for her, to all Helen's suggestions, though she flamed up a little one day, when Helen said very gently:

"Kate, had you not better wear a plainer dress to day? You know Mr. —'s daughter is coming here, and I need not say why you should not appear so magnificently before her."

Kate flushed scarlet. The lady was the daughter of Charlie's largest creditor. It was a struggle to bend herself to circumstances, but she did come down with a dress from which she had stripped every vestige of the rich and costly trimmings. Helen was so full of praise, and assured her so pleasantly that the dress was absolutely improved, that she lost her momentary vexation.

For several days Kate had been quite private in her interviews with a young clerk from a card establishment, and Helen had rallied her a good deal about it, but without discovering her secret. One morning she

entered the sitting-room with a handsome card in her hand, and gave it to Helen. Surprised and pleased, the latter read the announcement that Mrs. Armstrong would receive a limited number of pupils in music. This was Kate's single accomplishment, and Helen was delighted.

"No more talk about learning from me, Kate," she said. "You are ahead of your teacher, I think. I had not dreamed of this."

Kate had—and she fulfilled the vision. In three months she had as many pupils as she could teach. At first it was difficult to make people believe that the gay and indolent Mrs. Armstrong could be a good teacher; but the assurance of the West family that she was in earnest and would succeed, induced many to try her.

Kate had many battles with her pride, and shed many bitter tears over its wounds. She won her way to humility with much tribulation; and sometimes it was hard telling whether she or pride got the victory. One thing was certain, she spent no dollar of her husband's earnings, although he sent home drafts of great value, and supposed that she used them. She acknowledged their receipt, but nothing more. She even laid aside from her own earnings, although a nursery-maid had been added to her household, since she had begun to teach.

If Charles had thought Kate beautiful once, how much more so would she have appeared to him now. True, she did not look as if she mourned his absence much; for her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. She had become stronger, and looked almost queenly in the plain, dark dresses which she selected now with taste, but yet for durability and usefulness.

It was five years since Charlie went away, and he had not once mentioned coming home. Kate had always written that they were "comfortable," and he believed that, in her sense of the word, it meant that she was living in style. He knew that he had supplied her with means to do so. He saw no one from home, and her letters and the few written him by the Wests were the only communications that he received.

Willy was now eight years old, and at a first-rate school; and the little girl was six, and a beauty like her mother. Kate said that little Minnie should be a better woman when she married than she was. She had dismissed her last pupil one golden afternoon, and sent Milly over for Helen and Sophia to

come to tea. They came in their pretty, white summer dresses, and Kate, seeing them approach, donned hers also, and twined a rose-bud and geranium blossom in her hair, offering them the same beautiful ornaments for their smooth, glossy tresses. They sat down to tea in a room overlooking the garden, the children beside the. It was a pleasant sight, the three beautiful women, and the sweet, intelligent children. They were laughing and chatting gayly—a cheerful, happy group.

"If Charlie were here—" began Kate, but she broke down, and her eyes looked moist.

"You will have a letter to-night," said Helen, "I heard the mail was in."

Almost before she had done speaking, she saw Kate's eyes open wide, and her cheek grew pale and red by turns. She rose from her seat and went trembling and staggering to the piazza. There was no beckoning ghost there—but Charles Armstrong himself, alive and strong-looking, and with such a beard!

They live for each other and their true friends now—not for other people's eyes. Kate has her little faults still—she is not a perfect woman yet—but her husband has confidence in her; and on the whole, they are quite happy for married people! They have learned a lesson which they will not quickly forget.

THOUGHTS OF GOD.

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BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.  
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As the bright morning, when the long dark night
Is past, kindles the earth with beaming light,
And Nature's children all rejoicing rise,
To greet her welcome smile with glittering eyes;
So do sweet thoughts of thee, my God! uproll
The brooding clouds of sorrow from my soul.

As bloom of flowers within the churchyard's shade,
Or opening roses on the cold brow laid,
As music trembles on the still night air,
Or like the deep-felt fervor of a prayer—
So to my hushed heart, with power to heal,
Do thoughts of thee in solemn beauty steal.

I watch and wait for tokens of thy grace,
Knowing thee near, if hid thy smiling face!
I cannot count the sands upon the shore,
How number then the countless blessings o'er,
That drop upon my path, as on the plain,
Falls the sweet baptism of the latter rain.

With the calm blessedness and peace of heaven,
Like angel whispers to the spirit given,
Come thoughts of God in his own home above;
Where myriads bow in rapt, adoring love!
And where, till we may come, do ever wait
Our own beloved by the open gate.

Earth's blended wreath of beauty and decay,
Its sorrows and its joys, will pass away,
Yet God, the Father, keepeth his command,
And holds all destinies within his hand!
Then, though some clouds may dim the prospect o'er,
I will rejoice now and forevermore.

THE HUSKING FROLIC.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Merrily, merrily, went the night—
The laugh rang out,
And a gleeful shout
Shook the autumn leaves in that starry light."

"We can't have the husking in the barn to-night," said Farmer Spalding, as he came into the house one glorious autumn afternoon, and addressing his wife and daughter, who, up to their elbows in flour, were compounding all sorts of good things.

"Why not, father?" asked Bessie, his piquant, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked and pouting-lipped girl of sweet sixteen, as she slammed the oven door with a crash, and turned round with a wonderfully disappointed air.

"Well, the fact is, it won't hold half that are coming. I didn't think there would be a quarter as many—folks are so busy with their own work."

"But what are we to do, father?"

"That is the question, Miss Puss. I don't rightly see how we are to manage. I'm e'en-a-most sorry that we talked about it."

"O, I know," and the black eyes snapped, and the little form was drawn up with intense satisfaction and self-importance.

"Your knowing won't help us any if you keep it to yourself," replied her father, with a smile at the consequential air.

"We'll have it down in the south meadow!"

"It would save a power of hauling if we could, for it is adjoining the corn-field."

"Yes, and the air is so warm, and the moon will be so bright, and the—"

"Ground so damp that you will all catch your death," interposed the good mother, wiping her floury hands upon her apron, and then resting them very positively upon her well-developed hips.

"I didn't think of that," said Bessie, with a little sigh, as she saw her castle demolished with a breath. "But father could put down some straw, and we could have pumpkins to sit on, and the chestnut woods would break off the wind, and there won't be any dew—will there, father? and—"

"You had better catch your breath before you go any further," said the farmer, "or my little Puss won't have any left to dance to-night. I think, mother," he continued, turn-

ing to his wife, "I think Bessie is right. The south meadow will be a capital place. It is near the house, and you can have the tables all fixed in the barn before sundown, so that will be out of the way, and—"

"Suppose there should come up a sudden storm?" persisted the careful woman.

"Then they'll have to scamper like young ducks for shelter, that's all."

Still the good mother opposed the plan, but Bessie had set her heart upon it; her father took her side of the question, and, being in the majority, they at length declared it carried, and the girl put on her sun-bonnet, and went with him down to the meadow to see that all was arranged to her satisfaction. Far more busy than a bee in buckwheat blossom time, Bessie flew around among the "help," telling them where to put a load of pumpkins—where to bring the straw—where to empty the ears, until a late hour, when suddenly thinking that she was not dressed for company, she scampered back to the house, leaving her father to see to the rest.

The sky was cloudless—the moon bright and the air as soft, almost, as June, when she returned again to the field neatly attired in a blue dress—a dainty apron, with a butterfly wing of a baby waist, and her long black curls floating at will around her rosy face, and down upon her rounded shoulders. Already she could hear the sound of voices and the merry laughter of happy hearts. She had determined to be the first there, but found so much to be done about the tables, that it was long after the appointed hour before she could get away. But now the little feet pattered like raindrops through the leafy paths of the chestnut woods. Only once she stopped, out of breath, picked a cluster of the blood-red sumac berries, and twined them in her tresses, where they gleamed brighter than any coral. Then, as she was about starting again, a man stepped from behind a tree, and touching her upon the shoulder, said, "The first dance to-night, Bessie, if you please."

"O! O my! How you frightened me, Will Bronson."

"I am sorry, Bessie. I did not intend to do so."

"But you did, and ought to be ashamed of yourself. You don't know how angry I am."

She did look a little vexed, but it was only at his catching her at self-adornment. That is something the best of the sex like to do without inspection. It is womanly pride, thank goodness, to look as beautiful as possible, but they like to keep it to themselves. Even Acantha would not have been pleased had Apollo discovered her putting the finishing touches to her toilet.

"I hope you will not be angry with me, Bessie," he continued.

"Well," she replied, with a little laugh, that to his ears was sweeter music than any other in the world; "well, I won't be very, very angry, if you are a good boy, and promise not to do so again."

Something of a rustic coquette was Bessie Spalding. Not one of the heartless kind; for a truer girl never lived. But she had just enough of willfulness in her composition to keep her from being insipid. She couldn't have been angry, however, with Will Bronson for any length of time, if she had tried ever so hard, for he was not only the best looking but (to her mind) bravest young man in the neighborhood. Hadn't he shed his blood for his country, and came very near dying? Alas! for poor little Bessie, she thought she would have died, herself, when the news came of his being badly wounded. Not that he ever was her lover, but they had been playmates from childhood—had been in the same class at "spelling school," and had sung side by side in the same choir. Then, too, hadn't he, when scarcely fit to leave the hospital, gone back to the army and fought bravely to the end? Yes, he was a hero in her eyes. She thought, soft-hearted little thing that she was, that he deserved more honor than all the generals in the land.

And so she only pretended to be angry for a moment, and then smiled sweetly upon him—promised to dance with him the first set, took his offered hand, and like "babes in the woods" (as Father Spalding said when he saw them coming from the shadow of the chestnuts), marched to the husking.

Like a dream of Arcadia was the south meadow that night. High overhead shone the full, round moon from the clear blue sky

spangled with myriads of stars. A score of girls with their attendant beaux were scattered among the golden ears or rustling shucks. Every tongue was as busy as the fingers, while song and laughter rippled out from lips overwhelmed with happiness. But engrossed as they might be, every eye, black, blue or hazel, was keeping watch for the coveted red ear that would give them the *carte blanche* to rosy lips.

"I have it!" shouted Mollie Watkins, suddenly jumping up, waving the rustic emblem of Cupid around her head, and dashing away followed by half a dozen rivals for the first kiss.

Then another, and another was found, and the scene became one of confusion, to the utter demolishment of dainty ruffles, pretty head-dresses, the entanglement of coat sleeve buttons in silken curls, and more than one pair of ears were set singing by a spiteful slap of some fair maiden's hand, as an unflavored swain attempted to take more than the usual amount of penalty.

"I guess the corn will be shelled as well as husked, if they keep on finding red ears," laughed Farmer Spalding, enjoying the fun as much as the youngest. "It puts me in mind of old times; don't it you, mother?"

"Pshaw! you are too old to think about such things," replied his wife, though she could not but blush at the recollection of long past days.

"Am I? Just wait until I find one, and I'll show these youngsters how we old folks used to kiss. But what is the matter with our Bess? Luck seems to be agin her."

Silently watching the rollicking sport, Bessie Spalding sat with Will Bronson by her side. They were engaged in a race—each trying to husk the fastest, and the ears flew through their fingers like hail. But suddenly the girl dropped one she was about to strip of its russet covering, gave a little flirt of her apron, and reached forward towards the pile with cheeks more crimson than the sumac berries in her hair.

"What is the matter, Bessie?" asked her companion.

"Noth—nothing—only I—" she stammered.

"Bessie, you are not dealing fairly with me," he answered, and drew a bright and plump red ear from under the little apron where she had attempted to conceal it.

"Yes I am, and I—"

"Will have to pay the forfeit."

"Keep your distance, Will Bronson!"

But, as if in fear that he would not do so, she started up, and dashed away towards the chestnut woods.

Not slow was he to follow, though he let her get a good start so that she would be out of the way of the others, and he would have the luxury all to himself. He could not bear to see any one gather the clover bloom from her lips, for he had just discovered that she was the one love of his lifetime. And so they disappeared from the eye of Father Spalding, who had been somewhat jealous that his fair daughter should have been the only one unblest with the ruby favors.

The leaves rustled under the feet of the girl as she ran along, and whirled in eddies as her dress swept over them. Intent only on not being easily caught, or giving a kiss, even to him, without a struggle, she did not stop to pick her way, and when she saw that he was gaining rapidly, turned at right angles to the beaten track, and darted into the woods, forgetting that there was a mill pond near.

"Now I have caught you!" exclaimed Bronson, as he saw her little figure flitting along in the moonlight that stole down, ghost-like, through an opening in the branches. "Now I have caught you, and you shall pay for both the penalty and the race you have led me."

"Not yet," gasped Bessie, for she had little breath left.

"But I will in a minute, so you might as well give up."

"Not to you, Mr. Impudence!"

"Wont you?" and he caught the flying girl round the waist.

Heavily and almost breathless she lay upon his arm, with her hair, freed from all confinement, hanging in semi-curls, her pretty face flushed with exertion and modesty, her black eyes swimming in mirth, and her rosy lips half open by the panting breath.

"First for the red ear, then for the race, and then—good heaven!"

The last exclamation was fairly jerked from his lips, for even as he was stooping down to take his reward, the footing slipped from under him, and both he and Bessie were hurled into the deep water! In the terror of the moment, he had unconsciously released his hold of her, and even as he came again to the surface, he saw her floating rapidly down to the dam, with her black hair streaming out behind like a fall. If she was swept to that point, if she was carried over and flung upon the cruel, ragged rocks she would be crushed

in a moment. O, the terrible agony of the thought!

"Will! dear Will! Save me!" came wafted back to his ears.

Peril had broken down all the barriers of pride. Fear had withdrawn the veil from the heart, and, living or dying, he knew that he was beloved.

Strong-armed, active, and trained by his army life to sudden and desperate effort, Bronson swam with almost more than mortal swiftness. The hoarse murmur—the sullen plunge of the waters filled his ears, and the foam-flecked brink, down which to go was certain destruction, was before his eyes. It seemed to him as if there was but a little span between her and eternity, when again he heard her desperate cry for help, though far more feeble than before, and then she disappeared beneath the swift rushing stream.

In an instant he reached the spot. In another he grasped her as she was sinking for the last time. Even then he kissed the pallid lips that answered not—could not answer, as he pressed her to his breast. "At least we can die together," he thought, as he struggled to reach the shore. Struggled as one with despair, until suddenly he felt a new power dragging him away as if from the very jaws of death, and hope arose again like a beacon star. He was nearing the shore—he was out of the grasp of the mad, foaming water—he would soon be safe!

"Thank God!" he murmured, as he caught a projecting root of the moisture-loving willow, and paused to rest himself for a moment before he endeavored to climb the bank.

Still the same subtle power that had drawn him away from danger was tugging at him, and he knew that he had escaped only to be placed in one still more terrible. He was directly in the swift though silent current that led to and turned the mill, and being sucked down to be crushed fine as powder beneath the massive wheel. Like iron he clutched the slender root that alone saved them from instant destruction. With terrible energy he shouted for help, but who could hear him amid the din of the revolving stones and the clatter of machinery? One might as well have whispered on the thundering brink of Niagara—have hailed the masthead when the fierce north wind was tearing the sails from the bolt-ropes, stranding the cordage and making playthings of heavy blocks and thrice-linked chains.

Down, down he was steadily, slowly, but

surely being drawn—down to be crushed beneath the lower millstone! Not for himself he thought, but of her, that glorious, budding beauty. Willingly, could he but have been satisfied of her safety, would he have given himself as a sacrifice. To think of her being torn piecemeal and ground to an indistinguishable mass was more than he could bear. All the mad whirl of the desperate battle was as nothing to this; and he strove to lift her still higher from the water. Strove, but found that he was only sinking deeper—that the root to which he clung was giving away—found that it had parted from its earth-hold, and he—they were again being swept away. Then all turned dark before him, and the two young, loving hearts were hurried to their fearful doom.

But a kind Providence was watching over them even as he does over the sparrow, and when, an hour after, they passed the bounds of insensibility into actual life, when they were able to realize where they were, they saw, as they lay on either side of the large kitchen

the miller's house, his burly form and merry face flitting around the fire-light—saw both of their parents, and heard him as he repeated for the ninety and ninth time:

"Mighty lucky I stopped the old mill jist as I did to look arter my fishing-lines. But what in the name of all that is wonderful did the gal hang outer the red ear of corn so for? It was jist as much as my old woman and me could do to git it out'er her hand."

Ah! that red ear of corn. It hangs over the fire-place now in Farmer Spalding's house, and is cherished far more than if each grain was a ruby. Sweet tales it could tell, if it were gifted with speech, of a night when soft words were spoken and soft cheeks were deeper hued than its most brilliant kernel—when a strong arm stole unresisted around a slender waist—when long black curls rested on a manly shoulder—when black eyes, swimming in love and gratitude, looked tenderly in answer to the glances of blue ones, and when red lips were bespoken of their clover-dew without the prelude of a husking frolic.

WINGED FISH.

Of winged or flying fish we find this extravagant account in a philosophical romance, entitled "Telliamed," by M. Maillet, an ingenious Frenchman of the days of Louis XV. He believed, like Lamarck, that the whole family of birds had existed one time as fishes, which, on being thrown ashore by the waves, had got feathers by accident; and that men themselves are but the descendants of a tribe of sea-monsters, who, tiring of their proper element, crawled upon the beach one sunny morning, and taking a fancy to the land, forgot to return. The account is as amusing as a fairy tale.

"Winged or flying fish," says Maillet, "stimulated by the desire of prey, or the fear of death, or pushed near the shore by the billows, have fallen among the reeds or herbage, whence it was not possible for them to resume their flight to the sea, by means of which they had contracted their first facility of flying. Then their fins, being no longer bathed in the sea-water, were split and became warped by their dryness. While they found among the reeds and herbage among which they fell many aliments to support them, the vessels of their fins being separated, were lengthened, or clothed with beards, or, to speak more justly, the membranes

which before kept them adherent to each other were metamorphosed. The beard formed of these warped membranes was lengthened. The skin of these animals was insensibly covered with a down of the same color with the skin, and this down gradually increased. The little wings they had under their belly, and which, like their wings, helped them to walk into the sea, became feet, and served them to walk on the land. There were also other small changes in their figure. The beak and neck of some were lengthened, and of others shortened. The conformity, however, of the first figure subsists in the whole, and it will be always easy to know it. Examine all the species of fowl, even those of the Indies, those which are tufted or not, those whose feathers are reversed—such as we see at Damietta, that is to say, whose plumage runs from the tail to the head—and you will find species of fish quite similar, scaly or without scales. All species of parrots, whose plumages are different, the rarest and most singular marked birds, are, conformable to fact, painted, like them, black, brown, gray, yellow, green, red, violet-color, and those of gold and azure; and all this precisely in the same parts, where the plumages of these birds are diversified in so curious a manner."

ALMOST MARRIED.

BY N. P. DARLING.

I AM a miserable man. What I've been through with no pen can describe. I am a bachelor, and probably shall ever remain one. I never attempted to marry but once, and that was a short time ago, in the city of Boston.

I sat down to tell you about it, but the tears dim my eyes so that I can hardly see the page. The sobs heave up from the bottom of my bosom. O Tom Day, why were you ever born?

I am not wealthy, neither am I handsome. But I have an excellent disposition, so my friends say. In fact, my Aunt Lucy told me that she thought I should make one of the best of husbands—that is, if I could get a wife.

I am thirty-two years of age. My business at present is thriving—no matter what it is, for that has nothing to do with my story. I have travelled with a circus; but that was several years ago. I don't suppose you ever heard of me in those days, for my position was not very exalted—I was a "tent man." I tried to be a "tumbler;" but I did not succeed in that. If I had, probably I should have made for myself a great name and Tom Day would be heard of years after his death. As it is, I don't suppose he will. But to my story.

I have—or had, what I considered, a friend. He resides in Boston. His name is Davis, Jerome Davis. He is a married man. His wife is a Boston woman. Jerome came from Juliet, my native place. We went to school there, and we have been friends ever since.

This last fall Jerome invited me to visit him in the city. "You must come, Tom," said he, "for you know you have never been to see me since I was married. Why, you've never seen my wife, Tom?"

"No, that's a fact," I replied.

"Well, come down then, wont you?"

He seemed so very anxious, that I promised him I would. We were standing on the platform of the Juliet station at the time, and just as he had finished the train came in, stopped a minute, and then, puffing and snorting, was off again, with Jerome, standing in the door of the rear car, swinging his hat and handkerchief at me as long as I remained in sight.

The paternal Day bought a farm in J— soon after. We were to take possession in November. But meantime there were several weeks in which I should have nothing to do. A lucky thought struck me. "I'll go to see Jerome in Boston. I can spend my time there as agreeably as elsewhere, I do not doubt, and so, go I will."

Having formed the resolution, nothing was left for me but to put it into execution. The next day it rained, and as that was Saturday, I concluded to wait until the Monday following, determined not to start upon my journey in bad weather.

Monday came and found me ready to start. I kissed my mother on both cheeks—that's the custom in our family—and then bidding her adieu, with tears in my eyes, I set forth, my mother's warning, to beware of bad company while in the wicked city of Boston, ringing in my ears.

I'd never been in Boston before. But for all that, although the streets are as crooked as they can well be, I had no great difficulty in finding the house of my friend, Jerome Davis.

He was at home when I got to the house, and I never wished to find a warmer welcome anywhere, than he gave me. I was introduced to Mrs. Davis, and believe me, my dear reader, I would give the whole world, were it mine, for such a wife. Not that she was beautiful. By no means. There was no beauty about her. But there was something about her, lovely to look upon. Her face was such an one as you could always find something new about. And then, more than all that, I knew that she possessed a warm, loving heart. I wanted "some one to love, some one to caress;" besides I wanted some one to love me. I have lived thirty-two years alone. Is it not time that I had some one to comfort and love me?

That one came forward in the person of Betty Creeksey—Mrs. Davis's sister. When I took her little soft, plump hand in mine and looked into her bright eyes, I felt that we were intended for each other. I think she experienced a little of the same feeling. Something in the expression of her twinkling blue eyes seemed to say—"we are one." Perhaps

you think this all imagination on my part, but nevertheless, I do believe that Betty Creeksey felt it and tried to express it as plain as she could without her tongue.

For my part, these midnight orbs of mine told Betty Creeksey that I loved her, and that I would be her own dear Thomas, if she would only accept me.

All this was performed in less than three minutes; yes, while I held the lovely Betty's hand within mine own.

I asked Jerome about her afterwards.

"She's your wife's sister, you said?"

"Yes," he replied.

"But if I remember, your wife's maiden name was not Creeksey, eh?"

"Why, no, that's a fact. Why, you see she's a—a widow!"

"O, ah, yes, I see. A widow, indeed! Husband long dead?" I inquired.

"About two years. Killed in the army. He enlisted four years ago," replied Jerome.

"Ah, then he was a soldier?"

"Yes."

"And he was killed—poor Betty!" I said, my voice choking, while the tears stood in these deep brown eyes of mine.

"Yes, it was a hard thing for her, poor girl!" said Jerome. "It is a wonder to me how the frail creature bore up so well under her great affliction. We did think that she would not long survive him; but, thank God, she is better now."

I felt more love for her than ever when I learned how the dear, sweet creature had suffered.

I am of a very sympathetic nature. I always feel for those who are in distress. My heart is large and warm, and it seemed to me then that I could take Betty Creeksey to my bosom, feeling for her as great a love as ever man felt for woman.

Time passed away. I saw more and more of Betty every day. We were thrown together very often. Besides, I often asked her to attend the theatre with me, and those blissful nights I shall always remember. We went to the Sunday evening concerts, too; and then at night when we would return, we always found that Jerome and Mrs. Davis had retired.

Those Sunday evenings could not come and go, without giving us a knowledge of each other's feelings, even though we never spoke directly of love. But the time came at last when we felt that there must be a definite understanding between us.

I remember the night well. I was seated upon the sofa and Betty Creeksey sat beside me, and one of her little dimpled hands had got mixed up with mine, so that neither of us really knew who it did belong to. I felt that I must speak at once. I had kept it back so long that I was red in the face, and my heart was fairly burning up with passion; and as near as I could tell, Betty was feeling very much the same.

"Darling creature," said I, striking an attitude and turning my "witching eyes" upon the countenance of this lovely female, "how can I tell you?"

"Thomas," she cried, in a voice choked with emotion and spruce gum, "thou needst not tell, I have known it all along."

"Thou hast, darling one? And thou knowest that thou art all the world to me? O Betty! Betty Creeksey, my all, my only love!"

It is needless, perhaps, to say that we immediately fell into each other's arms, while I rained kisses upon the sweet lips and blooming cheeks of that darling creature.

"I will be your wife, Tommy, whenever you wish me to," she murmured, with great tears of joy rolling down her cheeks.

"Let it be soon, Betty, dearest, for I feel now that I should die were we to be parted. And still there comes a dread when I think—"

"O Tommy," she sobbed, "do not speak of that. We never must be parted—"

"But, should oceans us divide, Tommy,
And leave the past a dream,
They cannot be so wide, Tommy,
But love can span the stream,"

she sang, her voice trembling. "But we will not speak of that again."

"No, darling Betty, we will only look upon the bright side. If trouble comes, it will be bad enough then, without borrowing it now."

We kissed and then bidding each other good-night, retired. I cannot tell you half the happiness I felt that night. It was so strange to love and be loved in return! "O, my heart will break for very joy!" I cried, as I entered my chamber that night. I could not sleep. I could only lie and think of Betty and my own great love for her. We were to be married very soon, and I had to think that all over too, and lay my plans for the future.

Next day I told my friend Jerome about my little affair. He didn't seem at all sur-

prised. He seemed to take it as a matter of course. But for all that he was very happy to learn that Betty and I had come to an understanding.

"The wedding will follow soon, I suppose, Tom?" said he.

"Yes, as soon as Betty can get ready."

"That's right; delays are dangerous, you know," Jerome answered.

So preparations for the wedding were made at once. Everybody was busy but just Betty and I. We were busy with our love, and could not be disturbed.

Meantime I wrote to my friends, and told them that when I returned from Boston I should bring a wife with me. I did not wish to take them entirely by surprise, but still, I only told them just enough to excite their curiosity for more.

The wedding day arrived. It was Wednesday. A more beautiful day for the season, the sun never shone upon. Betty was all smiles, and, for that matter, so was I. Jerome Davis and Mrs. Davis also, looked exceedingly affable. In fact everybody was in good humor. And when at last the minister arrived, everybody wore a broad grin, they felt so exceedingly happy, although I never could imagine why, they were no friends of mine.

The marriage ceremony was to take place in Mrs. Davis's front parlor. Already we had taken our position. The minister stood before us. A buzz ran around the room and

then all was silent, so still that I heard my heart beating (it might have been Betty's) at the bottom of my bosom. The minister opened his lips to speak, but no sound issued from them. He turned pale, pale as death, the book fell from his hand, and he staggered back, his eyes fixed upon the door.

I turned, and beheld a fine-looking man of about thirty-five or forty years, standing in the doorway. No one but the minister had noticed him. He looked pale and care-worn, and wore a suit of army blue. An awful suspicion flashed upon my mind. I trembled, and just then the bride turned towards the door. One shriek she gave, and then, tearing herself from my grasp, rushed into the stranger's outstretched arms, crying:

"Creeksey! Creeksey!"

That was enough. I stopped to hear no more. I was undone. The soldier lived. I fled from the house. Through the streets of Boston I wandered till night. I was half crazed. I could not return to the house of my friend Jerome. No, I never wished to look upon his face again.

That night I went to the theatre, and saw Maggie Mitchell play "Fanchon." Poor Didier Barbaud! He "wanted to die." I could sympathize with him. The play did me good, for I felt that there might be some poor Didier as miserable as myself, in this world of woe.

And I bury my sorrows milking cows and holding the plough.

GRANDMOTHER'S COT.

BY EMMA F. PRADT.

'Twas a little framed cot, just under the hill,
And only a step from Appleton's mill;
In a bright little nook, where the long summer through
The hollyhocks blossomed, and gaudy pinks grew.
Within, on the dresser, were long rows of tin,
That were like polished silver; while, glancing within
You would find the old china, of rarest device,
That you and I, Hal, used to think was so nice.
No silver, be it ever so costly or rare,
With that old-fashioned tea-set could ever compare.
As the dainty cups pressed each red, childish lip,
That tea seemed fit nectar for "ye gods" to sip.
Then that ancient arm-chair, with its creaking caw,
And its wonderful bottom of tricolored straw;
And the notes of the dear old evening hymn
Rise even above life's clangor and din;

It is soothing, e'en now, my worn spirit to rest,
 As in those old days, when tenderly preat
 To her warm, faithful heart. Ah! they are not the same
 Bright, sunny June days, though they bear the same name.
 Yet the old voices ring still through memory's halls,
 And the old cot is pictured on memory's walls.
 On the low wooden porch lay the purring old cat;
 Where the sun had woven a soft golden mat;
 While her kitten would cunningly sport with the spool
 That you held by a string as you sat on the stool.
 'Neath the clock was the stand, with its cover so white,
 And the snuffers and tray that were polished so bright;
 Next to them was the Bible, with pictures so rare;
 On a leaf next the "Deaths" was a tress of Nell's hair,
 That you tenderly held, while Grandmother told
 How she went up, one day, through the gateway of gold;
 Till we fancied, almost, that the sunbeam that lay
 On the porch was a gleam from the "azure-arched way,"
 Where the feet of "our Nellie" with angels had trod,
 As she entered the gateway to "glory and God."
 In the yard grew long green stocks of feathery dill,
 And such fragrant mint, as grew next to the mill;
 And a sprig of this carries me back to the church
 And the dull, nasal drone of good Parson Burch.
 He sleeps in the churchyard, just 'neath the brown stone,
 And his widow lives now in the parsonage, alone.
 Around Grandmother's door hangs a silence and gloom,
 That seems like dank breath from some just open tomb.
 Alas! for those days; when we sat by this stream,
 And had nothing to do but to love and to dream.
 Alas! for to-day there's another green mound
 Next to Grandfather Brown's, with white fence around;
 And my eyes with hot tears do rapidly fill,
 As I trace still another, just up on the hill,
 With "Hal" gleaming whitely, in letters of stone;
 And I turn from the spot with a sorrowful moan.
 For me, too, by-and-by, will be ended the strife,
 And the sorrow, that falleth on all human life;
 But the pathway to heaven seems to me evermore
 To lie straightest and nearest from Grandmother's door.

IN THE WRONG CAR.

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 BY JENKIN JENKINS, JR.  
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"ALL aboard!" shouted the conductor, and our party, consisting of my friend Sykes and his new bride, Fanny Newcomb, one of the bridesmaids and a bosom friend of the bride, and your humble servant, were soon within the car searching for seats. But this was a task difficult to accomplish, as every seat had its full complement save two—one at the rear end of the car, and one at the front. The latter fell to the lot of my companion and

myself, and very materially interfered with the plan we had formed of occupying seats sufficiently near to admit of conversation. But here we were, being whirled away on our bridal tour at the rate of thirty miles an hour. However, in order to make up for the interference with our plans, I endeavored to entertain Fanny to the utmost of my powers, and flattered myself that I succeeded; as I had long felt a "hankering" for that partic-

ular young lady's preferences. Matters had gone finely until about dusk, when, as the train stopped at a way-station, I proposed to step out upon the platform and purchase some fine-looking apples which were temptingly displayed in the window of a restaurant. I had barely made my purchase, when I discovered that the train was moving, and just reached the steps in time to jump on board.

Passing into the car, I found my seat, and poured my purchases into the lap of my adored Fanny. I thought she looked somewhat surprised as she raised her veiled face toward me; but then the excitement of my late chase to get on the train gave my movements a rather nervous character, and I did not doubt that their suddenness had startled her from a reverie.

"I succeeded in procuring some fine apples," I remarked, after a pause to recover breath; "try them."

Acting upon my own suggestion, I applied myself vigorously to the work of masticating a very fine one I had retained.

Noticing, after a time, that my companion still hesitated, I leaned over familiarly, and requested her to help herself.

I had scarcely recovered my equilibrium, when a half-suppressed titter reached my ears, from the seat behind us, and turning around with a glance intended to wither the perpetrator, I discovered by the faint glare of the lamp that every face within the compass of my vision was convulsed with laughter, and all eyes were turned upon me. But I gave them to understand by my look of "fiery indignation," that the exquisite Jenkins would not be insulted with impunity; and that whoever had the temerity to excite my vengeance should abide the penalty.

With all the dignity I possessed, I resumed my seat, when my ears were shocked with a loud "haw! haw! haw!" This was too much. Bursting with rage, I bounded from my seat, and approaching the source from which this fresh insult came, demanded an explanation.

"I wasn't laffin' at you, mister," said the fellow, "but at that yaller gal. I war jist thinkin' what a perplexin' fix she war in, to be dosed with apples and hugged by sich a dignified feller as you is."

This was heaping insult upon insult; it was unbearable. To think of my darling Fanny being called a "yaller gal" by this uncouth monster. It caused my blood to boil and seethe through my veins like streams of molten lava. I dashed forward intent upon

crushing him with one blow of my fist, but my puny arm was swept aside like a reed by what seemed a wave of the fellow's hand.

"Hold on, mister," said he, rising upright, and displaying a physique Hercules himself might envy. "I don't want to hurt ye, young man, but ye mustn't try that again."

I was thoroughly convinced by this time that I *had* acted rather rashly, and had mentally resolved not to repeat the experiment. The car now rang with laughter from end to end, as the cause of the affray was whispered from seat to seat. Upon looking for the rest of our party, I found that the seat I supposed them to occupy was filled with strangers. Added to this, the faces surrounding me were all strange—a circumstance I had not before noticed. I gazed around me with a bewildered stare. Had I got on the wrong train? No, there sat Fanny. But I might be mistaken in this, and I would make a clearer examination of my travelling companion. The full glare of the lamp now shone upon her, and, horror of horrors! *there sat a full grown negro woman munching my apples!*

The train stopped a moment at a station, and, with a confused apology to my muscular friend for my rudeness, I made my escape from the car amidst the most tumultuous roars of laughter I ever heard.

In the next car I found my friends greatly exercised at my absence, they supposing that I had been left at the station where I got off to purchase the apples.

When I explained the cause of my absence, I omitted a portion of my adventures; but that evening, over a bottle of wine, my friend Sykes and I had a hearty laugh over my adventure in the wrong car.

USEFUL PLANTS.

The number of known useful plants is estimated at 12,000. Of these there are no less than 2500 known economic plants, among which are 1000 edible fruits, berries, and seeds, 50 cereals, 260 roots and tubers, 37 onions, 420 vegetables and salads, 40 palms, 32 varieties of arrowroot, and 31 sugars. Vinous drinks are obtained from 200 plants, and aromatics from 206. Tannin is present in 14 plants, caoutchouc in 96, gutta-percha in 7, resin and balsamic gums, in 389, wax in 10, grease and essential oils in 330; 88 plants contain potash, soda, and iodine, 650 contain dyes, 47 soap, 250 fibres which serve for weaving, and 44 for paper-making; 740 are used in building, and 615 are known to be poisonous.

GRANNY PARKER'S POSIES.

A STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

EARLY in the morning old Granny would be pattering round in her garden, loosening the earth here, tying up some wind-beaten blossom there, picking off the dead leaves, transplanting, digging, raking, and "fixing up" generally.

"Good morning, Granny," the children would say, as they passed by to school.

"Good morning, dears," the old lady would answer, with a voice as fresh as the morning. "Wouldn't you like a posy to put in your buttonhole?"

"Thank you, Granny," and the boys and girls would start off smilingly, with a rose, or a lily, or a bright-eyed pansy, stuck into their jackets.

Sometimes, Granny's collection wasn't so choice. Sometimes, she had nothing better to offer than a hollyhock, or perhaps a prince's feather; but the children would plant their chubby chins against them, and trot away, as well pleased as ever; anything that came from Granny Parker's garden was as good as gold.

Kith nor kin had Granny! She lived all alone in her little tumble-down brown house, with not even a cat for company. Her flowers were her one enjoyment and delight. She watched them, and loved them, and tended them unceasingly. When everybody's else plants withered and drooped, hers bloomed out strong and beautiful: and though by just reaching over the low fence, any one might have broken off half the flowers in her garden, there was never a bush touched—never a leaf disturbed.

Among the children, not even the most mischievous ever thought of stealing a flower. They all loved Granny, and her garden was sacred. Indeed, if by any chance, one of them could carry her some rare seed or bulb, he was looked upon by all the rest with envy; he was indeed a lucky fellow.

But one morning, Granny's pet rosebush stood shattered and shorn; all the delicate white blossoms that had made it the chief glory of the garden, had been taken, and the pretty plat of scarlet verbenas that grew round about it, was trodden rudely down into the dirt.

"Why, Granny," cried the children, in horror and indignation, "how *did* it happen?"

"Well, dears, I don't know any more about it than you. When I went to bed last night I saw my rosebush, all smart-dressed in white, curtseying to the moonlight, and when I looked out this morning it was like this."

"O! we do feel so bad, Granny. Somebody must have come and done it on purpose."

"I'm very much afraid it's so," said Granny with a sigh, picking up a white petal, and smoothing it gently, "my Jane was a little girl when she brought it home to me: many and many a long day ago that was, and when my Jane grew up and died, this stayed with me, and it always blossomed reg'lar every year since and—" a tear came to Granny's dim eye as she looked at the sad wreck of her treasure; "and now that's gone too, it'll never blossom again."

This was the first time the children had ever heard Granny speak so. They had never known of her daughter Jane before. It was something new and strange to think that Granny had not always been old, and alone. It didn't seem right to imagine that she ever could have lived anywhere else than in her little brown cottage with its gay flower-patch in front. But any way their sympathies were touched, at once; they broke out in one voice:

"It's a downright mean shame, it is, and we'll find out who did it. We'll find out, trust us for that."

"Yes, you're very kind," said Granny, smiling at them kindly, "but you needn't do it. It won't bring the rosebush back to life again, you know."

"No matter, we're bound to find out, Granny;" and the children went off, for the first time in their remembrance, with no posy in their buttonholes. Their little hearts were swelling with Granny's sorrow.

Dear, good Granny Parker! "How could any one have been so bad as to spoil her beautiful rosebush, and steal her flowers when she never refused them to any one."

The children kept saying this over to themselves, and one thought ran through the whole village; from little Sukey Morrison, who was

no bigger than a piece of chalk, up to Andy Bounce, who outgrew his jackets and pants faster than two sewing-machines could make them, there was one firm resolve, "to find who did it."

The daily sight of the poor, mournful rose-bush kept it ever fresh in their memory. They set their eyes wide open, they laid their wits to work; but days went by, then weeks, and they hadn't made out the guilty one; no, not even a trace in all that time.

At first they suspected a half-foolish boy, named Shucks Danforth, but when they accused him, he screeched out as if they had struck him, and kept saying piteously, "not Shucks, O not Shucks, Shucks like Granny, nice Granny. Shucks never stole her flowers, not Shucks, O not Shucks."

He was in such distress over it that they believed him, and took away the cruel charge.

Then there was Nat Ferguson, who got more hickory than book-learning all the year he was at school. They didn't dare to say to him right out square, that they thought he was the thief, but they sort of hinted it. I wish you could have seen him.

He doubled up his fists and grew so red in the face that the children were afraid of his bursting open.

"I dare you to say that again," roared he. "I'll carry you up to Granny's, and thrash you, right there before her door, and I'll tell her too, what it's for."

The children lost no time in taking back their words, and they liked Nat much better than before.

But who was the culprit, then? Who could it be? That was what nobody knew but just one, and that was the one who did it.

Ann Pratt knew, but nobody thought of its being *her*! You couldn't see under her smooth white skin, down into her heart. You couldn't tell by the sound of her soft, sweet voice; and then she was the master's favorite, and the best scholar in the school.

Sukey Morrison used to say "Ann Pratt had cat's eyes;" but she had such long brown lashes drooping over them, that it was hard to tell what kind of eyes lay hidden away underneath.

One day the master called Ann up to recite twice, before she heard him; then she started up in such a hurry, that she never noticed that something fluttered out from between the leaves of her book.

Sukey, on the other side of the aisle, was studying away at her lesson like everything;

she was rocking backwards and forwards on her little pine bench, with a fat little finger stuffed into either ear, when, pop! came something down on the very place she was studying. Sukey looked up astonished; Ann Pratt was just passing by her. It was she then who dropped it.

"What is it?" said Sukey to herself, poking it carefully with a pin. "It aint much good, any-way;" and she looked disdainfully at the little dried up withered thing.

Ann had failed in her lesson. She was coming back to her seat. Sukey turned her leaf over, quickly.

"I'll keep it just to plague her," said naughty Sukey.

Ann sat down, and began to turn over the leaves of her book, one by one, as if in search of something.

"Good," said Sukey, "now she'll miss it," and she patted her hand gently upon the lost article. But Ann, after looking a few minutes, seemed to find things all right, and settled herself down to study her lesson, much to Sukey's sorrow and disappointment.

When it came time to dismiss, Ann, hiding her book under her shawl, hurried past the rest of the scholars, and walked off ahead, all by herself.

"Did you see," said one of the girls, "how queer Ann Pratt looked at us when she ran past?"

"Yes, didn't I though? and her eyes looked as yellow—"

"There," broke in Sukey, "didn't I always say she had cat's eyes?"

"I shouldn't want to get mad with her," said one of the larger girls. "I'd be afraid she'd open her eyes and look at me like that, wouldn't you?"

"Pooh! I aint afraid of her," cried Sukey, boastfully. "I got something of hers now, and I shan't give it back either."

"What is it? How did you get it?" asked the children eagerly, crowding round Sukey.

"O, I got it, and it's—it's—something," explained Sukey, shaking her head, and feeling her importance.

"Come, now, you might show it to us; we wont tell," said they.

"Well, I left it in my book at school," said Sukey.

"But what does it look like?"

"O dear, how you do bother. If you want to see it so bad, why don't you go and look in my book? Yes. I'll wait for you, if you'll be quick."

So saying, Sukey sat herself down on a stone and began to make letters with a little stick in the dust, while the other girls raced back to the school-house. You would have thought, to have seen them, that they were going to take a peep at the eighth wonder of the world.

Pretty soon they came back, but one held Sukey's book open in her hand, and all the rest walked soberly and silently behind her. They came to where Sukey sat waiting, on her stone, like patience on a monument.

"O Sukey!" said the first girl, and then she whispered something in Sukey's ear.

"What?" said Sukey, her eyes growing bigger and rounder. "You don't say so? How stupid I was not to think. Let's look at it again."

"Yes," said she slowly, "so it is. I'm sure of it, see! nobody's else roses have that—"

"Sh-h!" said one; "don't speak so loud. She may be round. We don't want her to know anything about it till we are certain. Do you suppose she missed that, Sukey?" pointing to what had so suddenly become of such wonderful interest.

"I thought she did at first," answered Sukey, "for she was looking after something in her book; but she seemed to find it, and then she didn't look any more after that."

"Perhaps she had the rest in her book, and so didn't miss that one."

"Perhaps," assented Sukey, "but she's carried her book off. I saw her hide it under her shawl."

"We must try and find her," said the girl who had brought the book to Sukey. "She isn't in the road now; I can't see her. She must have gone through the woods."

"You know she never goes through the woods alone. She says she's afraid, unless the rest of us are with her."

"Well, don't stand talking, or we'll never find out. We can go and see if we can catch her." But they had hardly entered the woods, when they met Ann, face to face.

While they were thinking of something to say, Ann spoke angrily:

"What you coming this way for?" said she, and she stood in the narrow path, so that they couldn't get by her.

"'Cause we want to," said Sukey, stoutly.

"What you going back for?"

"I—I don't like to go this way alone."

"Come along with us, then, we've got something to show you."

Ann shook her head, looking at them sharp-

ly. "No, I'm in a hurry to-night," and she flung past them as if she were crazy.

The girls looked at each other. "What can we do?" said they.

"We can't do anything, to night," said Sukey, "but let's come this way, now."

It was a little longer, through the woods, but it was very pleasant and cool. They picked raspberries all the way along, and made cups out of the mullen leaves and drank from the spring.

"O, here, girls!" shouted Sukey, who was a little behind; "here's some splendid raspberries, lots of 'em. I guess somebody else has been here though, before us. Just see how the bushes are trampled down."

Plainly enough somebody *had* been there before them, but not for the berries, for they remained untouched. The children went further and further into the bushes, the rich, pulpy fruit tempting them, step by step. Their fingers were stained deep-red, Sukey's hair had blown down over her eyes; they were all jabbering away merrily, when a voice spoke out suddenly beside them.

"What are you doing here?"

It was Ann Pratt. She must have followed them, but what made her look so white, and speak so furiously?

"I wouldn't be spying round in that mean way, Ann Pratt," said one of the girls. "If you wanted to come, why didn't you, when we asked you?"

"I didn't want to come, and it's you that's spying round. I'd like to know what you're doing, in there?" Ann's voice had grown louder and louder; the last question was almost a shriek.

"Nothing we're ashamed of, nor nothing we want to hide," said Sukey.

"I'd like to know what you mean by that, Sukey Morrison," cried Ann, in a white fury. "If you don't come out of those bushes, I'll make you."

The girls looked on amazed. What was the matter with Ann, and why was she so anxious to get them away from the bushes?

Sukey stood her ground. "I shall stay as long as I please," said she.

"I say you shan't."

Ann stamped her foot, and flashed her yellow eyes, and before the girls could interfere, she had hold of Sukey, and was trying to pull her out.

Sukey resisting, jerked herself free, but the force she had used sent her falling backwards, full-length into the bushes.

Before Ann could touch Sukey again, the girls held her. "Let me alone, let me alone," said she savagely, and struggling hard.

Sukey rose up slowly before them; her face scratched and bleeding from the briars. She held up something in both hands; something that made Ann glare at her all the more wrathfully; something that made the girls say wonderingly, "she's found them."

"Hulloa, what's the matter? What you all standing there for, like a flock of geese?" shouted Nat Ferguson, as he and all the rest of the boys came up the path.

Sukey still stood in the same place. "We've found the roses," said she. "We know who it was. It was Ann Pratt. Ann Pratt who stole Granny Parker's roses. She hid them here in the bushes."

"It's a lie," said Ann, desperately.

"And here," said Sukey, "is a piece of her apron. It was hanging to one of the thorns."

"Take her up to Granny's," shouted the boys. "Keep a sharp look-out; don't let her get away." And they dragged her, screaming and fighting, up the road, to the brown cottage.

The noise brought Granny out instantly. She stood in the doorway, dressed in her drab stuff gown, and her snowy kerchief pinned quaker-like, across her shoulders.

"Why—why," said she, bewildered, "what is it all about?" And she looked from one to another.

They all began to speak at once.

"We've got her. Ann Pratt's the thief; she stole the roses. Here she is. What shall we do with her?"

"O don't," said Granny, distressed at sight of poor Ann, who was handled without mercy by the excited children.

"What are you going to do?"

"Anything you say, Granny."

"Well, well, don't hold her so, but let her go."

"We'll take our hands off, if you say so, Granny, but we'll see she don't slip away. We're bound not to let her off quite so easy."

So the children stood back and left Ann free, but they placed themselves so that it was impossible she could escape.

Ann Pratt lifted her head, and looked them full in the face.

"I don't care," said she. "I don't care one straw, and I'm glad, glad I did it. I wish I'd spoiled every flower in the garden."

There stood the children aghast. In the middle Ann Pratt, panting and quivering with

rage, showing her teeth like a wild animal, darting wicked glances out of her yellow eyes, and in front of her, Granny, watching her piteously.

Nat took a step towards Ann, and raised his hand as if to strike her, but a look from Granny stopped him.

"Little girl," said she, "you did me a very cruel wrong." She held the withered blossoms that Sukey had put into her hands. "It was my pretty lost Jane's rosebush that you destroyed. Yes, it was very cruel, very wicked, very hard for old Granny to bear."

"Granny, she shall go down on her knees, to beg your pardon. But that won't be half enough. Come, Granny, tell us what to do?"

"Yes, children, I will tell you just what to do."

They stood with open mouths to hear Ann Pratt's sentence.

"Let—her—go," said Granny, slowly and softly.

"What—why, Granny, but you can't mean *that*?" And they crowded up close to Ann again. They didn't at all like the idea of letting this wolf, who had been in sheep's clothing so long, go now without so much as a hard word.

"Children," said Granny, pushing her spectacles up over her wrinkled forehead, "do you not pray every day, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?' *Those who trespass against us?* Poor Ann's disgrace has made her wild. She needs nothing now, but pity and forgiveness. I want you to be kind to her, and forgive her. That is all I want you to do with her. That is the best that can be done. Will you not do it?"

The children fell back as by one impulse, and left Ann standing alone. But she did not stir. She looked as if she were in a dream. In the struggle, her bonnet had fallen off and her book lay open on the ground.

Nat picked up her bonnet, one of the large girls pinned on her shawl. Sukey Morrison dusted the dirt off her book and gave it to her. Little by little, the hard look went out of Ann's eyes; her lip began to tremble, and she turned and went slowly towards the gate, through the rows of pitying faces, that opened on either side to let her pass.

She went out the gate sobbing bitterly, sobbing as if her heart would break; her hardness and wickedness were humbled and gone before the magic wand of forbearance and forgiveness.

THE MANIAC LOVER.

BY MISS CATHARINE THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

I DON'T know why there should be something pleasantly suggestive about a staircase; but there is. A nice wide staircase, on whose carpet your foot makes no sound, and against whose balustrade you might have leaned some hot night years ago, talking, with a fan or a bouquet in your hand, and a companion in goesamer listening to you. Perhaps your words meant very little indeed in reality; but the chances were that they would be heard again in dreams when you were far away, and remembered them no more. You couldn't help putting into them more than you felt; time and place and surroundings were to blame for that, not you. And it was so stifling in the crowded rooms up there above. People thronged and jostled each other without mercy; whilst here there was space and quiet, pleasantly broken by the distant music; and you could talk of the parting which might be for ever, and lower your voice, and for the moment half persuaded yourself that here was your fate. Thus you might have stood, as my friend Captain Ralph Galton is standing to-night on that friendly staircase, looking down upon the thick carpet under his feet, and wondering, with a vague sense of irresponsibility, what he shall say next, and what will come of it. Mr Galton is but a country squire, and his captaincy is simply a yeomanry cavalry affair; but he has a baronetcy in prospect, and there is nothing countryfied about him. He has been everywhere, and seen everything. He is—or was—a little tired of the London season. A white hair of two might be seen prematurely glistening in his black, close-cut locks, and no one would suspect the wealth of strength and muscle in that arm which is trifling rather languidly with a lady's bouquet of hothouse flowers.

"Lady Julia always leaves town before August is over, then?" said Mr. Galton, just raising his eyes to his companion's face. "And this year she goes—"

"North. I believe it will be Filey or Scarborough. You know both of the places, of course?"

"I am ashamed to say no. I begin to think a man should see something of his own coun-

try before rambling over others. I'm sure you agree with me?"

"I don't know. I shall be glad to get away from town; and mama likes going early. I'll take my flowers now, Mr. Galton; we had better go back; they will wonder what has become of me."

"Let them," said Ralph. "Consider that it's all over for me," he added, rather incoherently, "and I'm to look forward to no more meetings like this, Miss Tennent. What an odd thing it seems for people to come into almost every-day contact for a time, and then go their separate ways and forget each other. Do you know it's a little hard upon a fellow?"

Miss Tennent gave him a quick, puzzled glance, and laughed.

"But I don't see why we shouldn't meet again sometimes. I suppose you'll be here when all the world is here, Mr. Galton?"

"No, I'm a rover. My cousin—you've heard of him, I think; they call him the count—lays forcible hands on me and carries me off whither he will. He has some mad plan about Africa in his head now. Never mind that, however. You say you are glad to get away to the country, Miss Tennent. I don't think you'd like the country all the year round."

"Perhaps not," said the young lady dryly. "I've an idea, nevertheless, that I should have made a very good farmer's daughter. But I'm not likely to try the country; it wouldn't suit mama."

When the captain spoke next, they were moving on into the ball-room, and he still held the flowers.

"I wish you'd give me one," he said. "Do. I'm not a sentimental man, but I should like one of these. I'll keep it as an augury that we shall meet again."

And then a gentleman came up to claim Miss Tennent, and Ralph's chance was over. He stood a little while watching her, moodily, so absorbed in his own thoughts that he started when a voice at his elbow accented him familiarly.

"Hipped, Galton? Or—let me whisper it—caught at last? Poor old boy! I did think you were fire-proof. A man ought to be, by Jove, in such an atmosphere as this. But

Lady Lucy doesn't do the thing badly, considering how poor they are."

"Poor!" repeated Ralph, speculatively.

"Pinched, very; and three daughters to get off her hands. Look at her. Upon my word, I've a sort of admiration for these indefatigable women. And she has been handsome, too."

Now Mr. Galton experienced a sensation of disgust at these remarks. He hardly knew why, for a very little time ago he might probably have made them himself. He shook off the unwelcome critic, and passed on. He had a great mind to alter his plans. He was accountable to no one, he thought rather dimly. He was alone in the world, and his own master; what would it matter to anybody where he went or what he did?

More people in that room who knew him nodded to each other, and murmured that the captain was caught at last; but inasmuch as these kept their opinions quiet, they did not hurt him. Lady Julia herself had not been unmindful of him, nor of the little tableau on the staircase. It was true that she had three daughters, and was a care-worn, hard-worked woman. Moreover, this one, Evelyn, was the youngest, and, as her mother considered, the most hopeless of the three. The poor lady thought of the baronetcy in prospect, and sighed out a great sigh of mingled hope and despair. They were so very poor, and it was so difficult to keep up appearances and live like the rest of the world. And these "at homes," which of course she must give for her daughters' sakes, did pull so heavily upon her lean purse. The annual visit to the seaside, too, was an indispensable outlay. She could not be in London when all the world was rushing away from it. But here, too, that necessity for economy had to be considered; and when some kindly adviser went into raptures over Scarborough, and assumed that of course the fashionable south was the only part to be thought of, Lady Julia smiled a ghastly smile, and said that she dared not try it—the air was too relaxing for the girls. Her medical man had positively ordered the North Channel. Indeed, Lady Julia herself needed bracing. She knew in her secret heart that this evening, from which she had hoped so much, must be reckoned a failure so far as the affairs of her youngest daughter were concerned.

"Evelyn might," said her ladyship, with bitter irritation; "the game was in her own hands; I know she might have brought this

tardy captain to the point; and he will be Sir Ralph—not that a baronet is much; but then he is rich. I almost wish we were not going away."

If Lady Julia could have known the thoughts which perplexed the brain of the country squire that night, what a brilliant ray would have shot across her gloomy regrets and forebodings.

CHAPTER II.

"I don't understand thee, Ralpho mio. Talk of the attractions of this place—and to me! Stuff! Will you smoke?"

The squire turned in his seat and took the offered cigar.

"I like the place," he said; "it's fresh; and you needn't have come; nobody wanted you, that I know of."

The gentleman of the cigar case, a slim, black-haired fellow, with a fine mustache, and a would-be Italian air about him, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and punctured the end of his cigar preparatory to lighting it. When this was accomplished, he threw a glance over the bay, far above which the two were lounging on an iron seat amongst the shrubs and flowers. He slurred over the shoals of white sails in the distance with serene contempt; they were probably only insignificant trading vessels; and then he came back to the pier and the little packet which had got up steam, and was scudding away for Fley.

"As to me, it matters little. I am everywhere, and everything, except stationary. But, Ralpho, think of Iechia and Balm. To us who have stood on Tiberio and seen the sunlight shine on Napoli and its blue bay; on Amalfi; on—but what signifies talking? As little as these Sicilians understand the admiration of the forestieri, which, nevertheless, they trade upon, can I comprehend this mad rush to a bleak northern rock and its chilly waters, unless—"

"Well, count, unless? Suppose I were tired of wandering in foreign lands?"

"Non capito."

"Speak English, Dick, and don't pretend," said the country squire, brusquely. "I shall not indulge you with that fictitious count any longer. It has got so habitual, that people will actually begin to believe the scapegrace of his family a real live count."

"You are so energetic," remonstrated the count, feebly; "so very English. Seriously, Ralpho, you introduced me last night to a

Lady Julia something—forget what. A rather lean woman, you know, with daughters; one of them like a capriote girl, only not so handsome. There can be no attraction in that quarter, eh?"

"Seriously, Dick," retorted Ralph, "I wish you would become a respectable member of society. Give up the wanderer, and settle down—marry, if any one will have you."

The count took his cigar from his lips in speculative amazement.

"Amico mio, I possess a bare competency for one. Look at me. Are these hands to work? Is this restless soul to be still? No, no, the fool marries and settles down; the great-hearted man travels. He enlarges his experience; he learns from the wide open book of human nature; he becomes a god in his knowledge of good and evil; he is able to move men like puppets to his will."

"And then?" said Ralph, with an odd sort of pity in his tone; "and then he grows old, and his friends, if he has made any, which is doubtful, fall away, and his knowledge turns to bitterness, and—"

"Ah, bah! my good fellow, no croaking: it's commonplace. The best of life is but intoxication. Come, we will settle the Burton and Speke controversy next. We will have a look at the Victoria Nyanza. Let us go at once, and give up the capriote. Ralph," said the count more earnestly, "don't you know that you are a catch in the matrimonial market-place? The lean woman knows it, my Pius Eneas. I have spoken. If this goes on I shall feel compelled, as your cousin and fidus Achates, to win the young lady's affections myself, and save you. It's distressing to think of, I know—a blighted young heart—consumption, an early grave—but che fare?"

Captain Galton's face flushed an angry red; then he broke into a laugh; for what use to be angry with the count?

"Dick, you are an insufferable puppy, and worse; but we have been friends. Don't force me to quarrel with you."

"Who, I? I quarrel? My dear boy, what for? I haven't the energy in me. By the way, en garde; cigars down."

The two gentlemen rose, and the wandering count, Richard Galton, familiarly Dick, stood for some moments as a Frenchman would stand with his hat in his hand, in the vain expectation of being told to return it to its natural position. Lady Julia scarcely saw him. For Ralph her sweet smile, her most cordial hand shake; for Ralph at first a charm-

ing flow of animated trifles, and then a slight expression of regret in answer to his polite inquiries after the two absent daughters. Dear Evelyn was not quite well, and Grace had remained in doors with her; but it was nothing; it would pass off. Most probably they should all enjoy together the evening promenade at the Spa. Delightful, was it not? All the pleasure of the sea air combined with the attractions of a concert-room. Mr. Galton would excuse Lady Julia now; she was really obliged to pass on.

The count, looking after her ladyship, twinkled his black eyes as he selected a fresh cigar, and said aloud, "Keen, very keen. Never mind, Ralpho. We have been fellow-travellers too long to be separated. You will yet traverse with me the bogs of Uganda, and stand enraptured on the shores of the mighty lake."

Ralph never heard a word; he was looking down into the short grass under his feet with a lazy half-smile on his lips that told his cousin well enough where his thoughts had wandered. Richard Galton sank back on the iron seat, and smoked, sulkily.

"It never shall be, if I can help it," said the gentleman to himself. "Is my life to be mulcted of half its luxuries for a dark-faced girl with a gaunt mama? No, Ralpho mio, I can't afford to lose thee. Pleasant company and a long purse—no, no!"

CHAPTER III.

LADY JULIA sat in the amphitheatre under the colonnade, well screened from any draught. A slim gentleman with an olive complexion had secured this seat for her, and he had been talking to her for some time: one low languid voice amidst the general buzz, distinct only to the ear for which it was intended. Lady Julia's eyes had wandered to the little pavilion wherein the band was stationed, and her attention, to all appearance, was fixed upon the rows of gas jets running round it; the glittering chandelier and the musicians themselves. No one would have guessed, except perhaps her companion, the suppressed anxiety which was hidden under her smile as she listened to the conversation of the slim gentleman beside her.

"He was always an excitable fellow," preceded the latter, gently. "A very good fellow indeed, very; my nearest friend, in fact, as well as my cousin; but a confirmed rover, I fear, like myself, by this time. You know

how much we all become the creatures of habit."

"I suppose so," said Lady Julia, still smiling. "But habits may be broken, you know."

The count shook his head.

"It might have been better, as you observed just now, Lady Julia, if my cousin had settled down early in life and become a steady country squire; but that is all over now; it is too late. I am firmly convinced that Ralph will never marry. As for me, there are no social considerations to affect my movements. Lonely men, Lady Julia, naturally seek to create for themselves interests and pursuits in place of those which are denied to them. These may be but as paste to the diamond. I cannot say. I fancy in Ralph's position I might have been different, yet you see how it is with him; and, after all, what a fine generous fellow he is! Forgive me, however; it must seem egotistical in me to parade my friend before you. I—"

"Don't say so, Mr. Galton. I am a believer in friendship. The world scarcely does justice to it."

A slight smile curled the count's black moustache, but he did not answer, for just then the "Guards' Waltz" struck up, and Lady Julia began to speak of the music. It fell softly on other ears besides those of the poor harassed lady, if indeed there was any softness in it to her anxious heart.

"You remember where we heard that last," said Captain Galton; "and the flower you gave me. I said I'd keep it as an augury, and you see we have met again. Miss Tennent, have I done something to offend you?"

He asked this with a sudden accession of bravery, for he had been disappointed. This was not the young lady who had stood with him on the staircase, but a chilly likeness of her. Ralph did not know why, but as he recoiled from the freezing politeness of her greeting, an angry, uneasy suspicion darted into his mind, with the count for its object. It was soon banished, however. As he asked that bold question, Ralph, leaning over the wall with his face seaward, was dimly conscious of all the surroundings, which, as part of a whole, seemed to come between him and the answer. He saw the lights spring up in the little fishing smacks out on the bay, and heard the gentle splash of the water against the wall as he leaned over it. Behind him there was a moving of chairs under the colonnade, and the buzz of a thousand voices, as

the tulip-bed of human beings sauntered in two distinct streams up and down; and, over all, mingling with other sounds and softening them, the music of the "Guards' Waltz." He waited patiently for Evelyn's answer, but it did not come. And all at once this poor foolish country squire felt his heart leap into his throat, and his pulses stand still at the light touch of a gloved hand on his arm. He knew the next moment that the action was unconscious, and she was not thinking of him.

"Mr. Galton," said Evelyn, "look there." The moon had come out from behind a cloud, and threw down one long line of rippling glory to the edge of the bay. A fishing-boat broke the line; a mass of black with silver light upon it. They could, almost see the form of the fisherman stand out in relief against the black shadow of his boat, and his red light shone like a watchfire in the whiter radiance of the moonbeams. Ralph did look at all this, and from it he turned to his companion.

"How small it makes one feel, doesn't it?" said Evelyn; "and what a poor affair all this gas and glitter seems. I wonder what the fisherman out there thinks of the quiet night, and the silver on his face. Nothing, perhaps. I should like to change places with him for five minutes."

Mr. Galton did not answer. He could not take his eyes from her face, it was so changed. All the coldness was gone out of it, all the stiffness and propriety which had so irritated and disappointed him. And yet it was with a little pang of regret that he acknowledged to himself how far away he was, individually, from her thoughts, and how little he had to do with the change. For the moment, he was simply one of the mass of human beings—a sort of abstract comprehension to which her own instinctively appealed.

"Look round," she went on, "and listen. Thousand of lives, and every life a story; who knows how hard some of these stories are? And then, hear the perpetual hush of the sea as it creeps up the shore. I've read that somewhere; as though a pitiful patient "hush" were all that could be said to every struggling soul in its sorrow. But they won't be patient for all that. It makes one want to comfort people. I've an insane desire at times to break away over the rubicon and see if my hand can bind up no wound before I die."

"You are thinking of Florence Nightingale?"

"Yes, I am, and of such as she was. Not that I could ever follow their steps. I rise no further than wishes—empty and profitless."

"You are so young," said the captain, uneasily. "When you know a little more of the world—"

"The world?" broke in Evelyn, with some bitterness. "What world, Mr. Galton? you forget that this is my third season. No! I don't think I want to know more of the world."

The captain's next venture was a quotation from a poem, and it was a blunder. She turned upon him with a quick return to the old manner.

"I hate poetry; I never could bear it. Mr. Galton, I am disposed to hate you, too, for having been a listener to my ravings just now. Don't let us play the ridiculous any more, please. I shall go and find mama."

They turned towards the crowded amphitheatre, Evelyn leading the way, seemingly indifferent as to whether Ralph followed or not. As for him, the light dazzled his eyes, the braying chorus which had succeeded the "Guard's Waltz" deafened him, and he was vexed. Perhaps Miss Tennent knew this, and repented a little. At any rate, he found himself all at once face to face with her, and heard her voice saying, with something of appeal in it, "Mr. Galton, some day, if mama can get over her dread of the water, we will go for the sail you spoke of. Good-night!"

She held out her hand to him, and then went away. Ralph had a glimpse of the count's figure rising to follow him as he turned to leave the promenade. He had a sort of indistinct consciousness that an arm was thrust through his own, that he was led unresisting amongst winding paths, shrubs and grottoes, while the distant music mingled oddly with the never-ceasing tramp over the bridge, and the red spark of Richard Galton's cigar flashed before him from time to time, as the count took it from his lips to tell some fresh anecdote of Lady Julia's powers of finesse. But the captain knew all this very vaguely indeed, and he only roused himself with a start when his cousin stood suddenly before him in the path and barred his progress.

"You are bad company, amico, and I'll go," said the count. He bent forward a little as he spoke, and his small black eyes gleamed into Ralph's with an expression of intense mischief.

"Have a care of the capriote, Ralpho mio. There's an ugly story that she was engaged to some poor fellow, and has jilted him for a greater match. You and I know that the Lady Julia would manage this, don't we. A clever woman, very. A rivederti."

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a concert in the assembly rooms at the Spa, and the promenade was thinner than usual. Captain Galton sauntered about among the flowers up above, trying to make up his mind. He had a cigar in his mouth, and every now and then the red spark at the end would go out while he stopped to smile down into the turf at his feet, like a modern Narcissus, only the image that he saw there was not his own. And at times, something troubled this image—a momentary cloud only, which just darkened it to his eyes and then vanished. It was the speech which Richard Galton had made some nights ago when he parted from his cousin in disgust at his lack of attention. Not that Ralph believed it. He thrust the idea from him with supreme scorn when it obtruded itself upon his brighter dreams. But the thing was, it would obtrude itself. He couldn't forget it. He hated the possibility that gossip should dare to take Evelyn's name upon its lips and slander it. For if such a thing as that of which the count had spoken was true, she could be no love of his. But it was not true; he had but to call up her face as he saw it at times, open and frank, and beautiful, exceedingly to him, and the doubt fled away vanquished. Some day, he thought, he might tell her this idle story and laugh at it with her. They had met very often in these last days, and the count, gazing on the sort of mental paralysis which had seized his cousin, so far as the outer world was concerned, shrugged his shoulders with a moody "e sciolto," and almost despaired. He did not know that even now fate was about to play a single stroke in his favor. Captain Galton suddenly flung away his cigar and started at a quick pace to walk up the castle cliff. He had been idle all day, and he wanted a good stiff climb, and space and solitude to think it all over once again. He passed the one-armed sailor with his miniature ship, not stopping to talk as he usually did, but pressing on as though he had some object to gain in reaching the ruins before him at a given moment. He stood on the broad summit of the cliff and leaned back against the iron railings,

with his hat off, and the wind blowing fresh about his head. Again he saw the lights begin to spring up in the fishing-boats on the bay, and the moon come out from a cloud and shine down upon them as it had done when Evelyn touched his arm to make him look. He was thinking of her, of the count's words, which did so haunt him, and of a possible future, when he turned his head and saw a figure coming from amongst the ruins in front of him. An odd feeling of uneasiness began to steal over the captan. He had no time to wonder what it meant, for the figure came on hastily. It was a man, hatless like himself, but with a face that looked haggard and wild in the moonlight, and with bloodshot eyes that seemed to see only one spot in all the waste of water far away below the cliff.

Captain Galton was a brave man, but there was something in this wild figure and its mad rush towards the iron railing—all that separated it from the precipice beyond—which made him draw his breath sharply, with a vague sensation of terror—not altogether for himself. It flashed upon him suddenly that the man was about to throw himself over. There was no time to think. Instinctively, Ralph started from his leaning posture and stood between him and the railings.

"Are you mad?" shouted Ralph. "Stop!" There was a single violent word in answer, and Ralph Galton saw the stranger fling up his arms and spring forward on one side of him. The next moment the two had grappled with each other. Ralph felt the hot breath on his cheek, and the two arms close round him like a vice; but the country squire had been too well trained to be taken by surprise. For a few seconds he stood his ground firmly, and then all at once the man's grasp relaxed; his arms dropped heavily, and he stood back staring at his opponent with an expression of rage and hatred. The moon shone full on the two faces; Ralph's a little paler than usual, but steady and composed; the stranger's haggard and gaunt, with dark hollows under his eyes, and a quiver of suppressed passion about his lips.

"You!" he cried out at last, raising his hand and shaking it at the captan. "I knew it would be so; a fit meeting. You miserable, cowardly villain! I wish I had a pistol that I might shoot you like a dog. I swear I would do it, if they hanged me for it."

He went a little nearer and peered up into Ralph's face of amazement with a fierce sneer.

"I saw you with her last night," he said, between his teeth. "O, it was pleasant! honeyed moments, were they not? Just so she used to smile on me before you came and bought her with your pitiful money. You poor dupe, you fancy she cares for you. I tell you it's a lie. She loves me—me, a poor devil of a younger son who had nothing but his love to give, and so she sells herself to you. No, I'll not punish you; the punishment is enough. Fool! you may take her to your home, but her soul is mine to all eternity."

Captain Galton stood stunned and helpless as this strange flow of words fell from the man's lips. The dark ruins, and the grass, and the distant light, all danced before his eyes in one confused mass, and the only thought that stood out clear before him was this; Richard Galton's tale was true. He never stopped to reason about it. The terrible earnest and reality which burnt this man's words into his heart left no room for mistrust or hope. A little while the two stood there facing each other, and then the reaction which follows such stormy passions as his came upon the stranger, and he staggered to the railings and sank into a sitting posture with his forehead in his hands.

"Why did you stop me?" he said. "It's cool down there, and my head is on fire. I am quiet enough now; the devil has gone out of me. Leave me to myself, if you are a wise man."

Ralph was silent a moment, and then he bent his white face down close to the hands which looked so cold and bony in the moonlight.

"As you are a man," he said, in a low voice, "as you shall answer for every word spoken here, was she your promised wife?"

"I swear it."

"And she—threw you over for—me?"

"For your money, you fool. Go, I tell you, while I am quiet, and free from this devilish torment. Hush! who's that?"

Ralph started back, for a hand was put on his arm drawing him away, and a third voice broke the spell, which tempted him still to question.

"I didn't mean to be a listener," said the count, gently, "but come away now."

Like a man in a dream, Ralph turned and went down the hill with his cousin. He hardly knew, indeed, where he was going or what it was that had happened; he only felt that terrible, dead weight of oppression; of something in the background which he must

think over by-and-by when he should be able for it; that shrinking of the soul from such an examination, which comes upon us with some heavy and unlooked-for blow. Halfway down the hill the hand on his arm grew heavier with a momentary pressure, and the count spoke, a novel gentleness in his tone.

"Poor old boy!" he said, "I'm sorry."

Ralph turned with a sudden bitter and unaccountable irritation, and shook him off.

"Leave me to myself, Dick. I don't want pity, and there are times when a man can't brook being worried."

The count walked on, and Ralph, leaning against the wall, watched the round balls of light far away on the promenade, and heard once more faintly the music of the "Guard's Waltz." Was she amongst that dim throng of moving figures? Only last night they had talked together beside the sea wall; and a dull sense of self-contempt came over him as he remembered his own happiness at being near her. With a common spirit of self-torment Ralph left his position and went to walk up and down amongst the gay people on the promenade. He would go over it all again; he would call back the dream which had made that place of bustle and glitter so sweet a paradise to him; he even sought out the exact spot where Evelyn had stood listening to him the night before.

"False," cried Ralph, with a silent, inward cry. It was all he could say or think. The word was stamped upon everything he saw, in his bitterness. False—to her lover, to him, and to herself; false and mercenary.

"Like the rest of the world," he said, aloud, turning from the sea; "I've done with it."

Some one looked up in his face astonished, but he did not care. What were appearances to him? What was life—what anything?

"Dick," said the captain, coming suddenly upon his cousin that night, "let us go. Lady Julia must have a farewell card, and then for Egypt, or Panama; California, or the Catacombs; but the farther away the better. I'll never see old England again."

CHAPTER V.

NEVER again. Away from it all and forget it. What was this foolish dream of a few weeks that it should wreck a life like his? Captain Galton walked up and down the platform, glancing aimlessly into the carriages of the train that stood waiting its time. Not

that he cared about choosing his seat; but he was restless and miserable, impatient to be off; and he could not stand as the count did, to all appearances absorbed in the conversation which was going on briskly between the station-master and some of the passengers. Chancing to glance at his cousin, however, Mr. Galton's attention was caught by the expression of his face; it had a strangely eager look; the nostrils were dilated and the thin lips compressed. Ralph's eyes rested upon him with a languid wonder, and when he looked up and saw them he started and went hurriedly to meet his cousin.

"Not there," he said, sharply, as the captain paused. "Take the next, Ralph; we shall have it to ourselves."

Again Ralph looked up at him wondering. The gentleman to whose conversation Richard Galton had been listening had chosen the carriage before which he stood; but in a general way the count liked to have fellow-travellers. A fit of perverseness seized the country squire.

"This is as good as any other," he said, getting in. "It doesn't matter to us about being alone."

The count, biting his monstache as he followed, muttered once more between his teeth, "e sciolto," and threw himself back upon the cushions. The other occupants of the carriage continued their talk, but Ralph was staring vacantly into the flat expanse of heath and moorland through which the train had begun to move, and he paid no attention to them. All at once, however, a sentence caught his ear, and made him turn away from the window.

"They think he must have thrown himself from the castle cliff. A one-armed sailor that stands at the gate begging saw just a figure go up the cliff late in the evening."

Then Ralph leaned forward and asked a question.

"Yes. I wonder you didn't hear of it," was the reply. "The whole town was talking of it when we came away. He was a lunatic, you see, and had managed to get away from his keeper somehow. A fishing-smack brought in the body early this morning."

Ralph shot a glance at his cousin, but the count's eyes were closed, and he seemed to be asleep.

"It's a romantic story, too," proceeded the gentleman. "The poor young fellow was engaged to be married, and the lady threw him over for a rich merchant. They say he had

been mad ever since, always searching for his rival, and imagining every stranger that came in contact with him to be the man."

The captain's hands were repressed tightly into each other, and he spoke again slowly.

"And—the lady?"

"O, she has been married some time. The daughter of an Irish peer—poor, of course, so it was best for her. This young fellow was only reading for the bar. I forget the name—Warrenne or Warrington, I think."

Again Ralph glanced at his cousin, and saw that the sleep was sham, and the count was furtively watching him out of the half-closed eyes. An angry spot came into Captain Galton's cheeks, and he turned again to the flat landscape, thinking with desperate impatience what a mad fool he had been. His fellow-passengers talked on, but he heard nothing more. The count, watching him, saw once or twice a suppressed quiver about his lips which boded, he thought, no good to himself, and Richard Galton sighed, for he had done a mean trick to no purpose. When they reached York, the captain sprang out with an impatient "At last," and on the platform he turned to his cousin.

"Dick, you have played me false. You knew all this and never told me."

The count shrugged his shoulders.

"I only knew this morning. You were half cured, amico; why should I interfere to bring back the disease?"

"Our ways are different henceforth," said Ralph, briefly.

He walked a few steps down the platform, and then hesitated. The same impulse must have moved the two men; for when he paused and looked back he saw that the count had stopped also, and was looking after him with an unusual wistfulness in his face. Ralph went back and held out his hand.

"I can forgive you, Dick, sooner than my own rash credulity. We may never meet again, and it won't do to part like this."

"You're a good fellow," said the count, with an odd mixture of pride and humility; "and I wish you all the happiness that I would have kept you from if I could—that is, if it is happiness, which I doubt. And so good-by, old fellow. You'll hear from the Nyanza yet."

"Come back with me," said Ralph, with sudden compassion.

The count shook his head. He knew that he was not wanted; and the life that he saw stretched out before his cousin would not suit him. He was one of that restless tribe to be met with occasionally scattered here and there about the continent or the remoter corners of the world; at home in all scenes, yet never at rest; he will wander from place to place a solitary man, until age or disease comes on, and he creeps away, sick and frightened, to some wayside inn, to die amongst strangers, alone as he has lived.

But Ralph had little thought to spare for the wandering count. His mind, which had been so wavering when he took that walk up the castle cliff, wavered no longer. He knew now what this chance that he had so nearly flung away was to him. And under the lamps on the promenade he told Evelyn Tennent the story of his encounter, and another story, as old as the hills, but always new. And I think it would have done even the count's impassive heart good to see the radiant look which beamed on Lady Julia's poor tired face as she sat under the colonnade that night and knew that the future baronet was won, in spite of all those absurdly romantic ideas with which her youngest daughter had been wont to drive the poor lady to despair.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

BY F. M. CREEKBAUM.

I.

'Tis said, beside the classic Po
There stands a lonely, time-scarred tower,
Around whose gloomy base the waves
Sing dirges to the haunted shore;
O'er all its mouldering roof and walls
The solemn moss and ivy clings,
And in its lonely, deep, dark shades
The midnight raven plumes its wings.

II.

It stands deserted, grand and lone,
Where silence holds her solemn court;
The very statues seem to frown
Intruders from their dark resort!
The very air hangs sad and still,
As if with voiceless woe oppressed;
And over all the mouldering pile
The weight of awful ages rest.

III.

The very moonlight grows more pale
To enter at the baleful door;
And, shivering slowly down the walls,
Lies trembling on the marble floor:
Or, taking weird and spectral shapes,
Goes gliding down the sounding aisle,
Where wild, white, flitting faces haunt
The darkness of the lone, dim pile.

IV.

'Tis said, within its lofty halls
Breathe but an inadvertent sigh,
And starting from the nooks around
Ten thousand ghostly sighs reply,
And whispering, whispering, whispering on,
Among the echoes far and near,
Repeat the tale of awful crime
They chronicle in darkness there.

V.

'Tis said, the dark spots on the walls
Are marks of scattered blood and brain,
And on the dust-strewn marble floor
Each step is on a murder stain.
Its filmy goblets standing there,
That rich in antique beauty shine,
Contain their deadly flavor yet,
Too often filled with Borgian wine.

VI.

And when the midnight tempest's glare
Burns blue around the lonely tower,
Upon the moaning, storm-beat stream
Glide boats that never reach the shore;

The death-white crews in gory shrouds,
Point at the awful tower behind,
While strange, lone, dismal, ghostly cries
Go shuddering down the midnight wind.

VII.

And thus it stands, wrapped in the awe
That years o'er lonely ruins spread,
That strange, dark awe within the heart,
That makes the living fear the dead.
And priests have fasted, sung and prayed,
And sacrificed in vain, the while.
The lonely peasant ever sees
The phantoms in that dark old pile.

VIII.

How many live in haunted towers?
You live in one, and you, and you,
Within whose deep, dark chambers glide
A restless, wandering phantom crew;
They steal in on your lonely hours,
They gather mocking round your bed,
And o'er your peaceless slumbers hold
The pointed sabre by the thread.

IX.

They will not sleep, they cannot die;
They gather thick with gliding time;
The Past, that dark Golgotha, yields
Its every ghost of sin and crime.
And in their hollow, ghostly tones
They tell their stories o'er and o'er,
Their answer to each prayer for peace
The raven's cry of "nevermore!"

MY APPRENTICE.

BY BARBARA SOUTHERLAND.

"DEAR me, Mrs. Rugge," said Mrs. Dr. Winthrop as she came rushing into my rooms, a little energetic, black-eyed woman, "dear me, don't you think husband's aunt Gregg has invited us there at Christmas, and I have nothing to wear in the shape of a head-dress."

"Nothing in the house that will do?" I inquired.

"No, I have been hunting all the morning after something that could be fixed up, and I cannot find a thing, save the strings and bow off from baby's cloak. You see he has outgrown it, and I don't believe I shall need it again," said the little lady, with a toss and a blush. "But it is so faded it won't look decent, will it?"

"It can be colored," I suggested.

"Yes, but magenta is the only color ribbons will take and look fresh and new, and magenta I hate."

"Braid it in with some black velvet," I said. "The contrast will relieve its fadedness."

"I have none, save on my old green thibet dress. Will that do?"

"Yes, steam it, and brush it up; it will look as good as new."

The doctor's wife was just closing the door, when she stepped back again. "What shall you charge for the lace crown and wire taste? Be as reasonable as you can, please?"

A little anxiety was in her voice. I knew it was not owing to the parting with a few cents, had she those cents to spare, but there were four little representatives at home in the Winthrop family, which with her husband's

slender practice, and failing health, required some calculation to keep in repair on their slender income. And so I said, "Only seventy-five cents," which simply covered cost of material.

"How kind in you to be so low. If I am ever left to depend upon my own resources, I shall be a milliner."

"It is not all smooth sailing in millinery," I replied, with a smile.

"I know it cannot be. But I have tried so hard to look respectable on what little I have; not but what we have enough," she added hastily, "but the children need so much to make them comfortable, that before I am aware of it the purse is nearly empty. I don't care for myself, though, but husband used to be so fastidious, I dread to have him think me a dowdy."

Poor woman, I knew how to sympathize with her. I had not forgotten the selfsame efforts on my own part, for one, who if he now beholds me, it is with the spiritual, not the mortal eye. How many times I had sponged the soiled ribbon, or colored up the faded bits, that might add a charm or give a freshness to my toilet.

New ones were luxuries which sickness and expense forbade. Perhaps it is for this reason I am a milliner now. What at first was a necessity became a pleasure; so when one of us was taken, and the other left, my duties of obtaining a livelihood and my happiness lay hand in hand.

That there might have been a spice of vanity in all this I will admit, but I not only deem it pardonable, but recall it with pride and pleasure, that in my husband's eyes at least, I retained the fairness and freshness of my girlhood.

So my business, simply a milliner, has its dignity and office for me.

While my mind has been busy, my fingers have wrought at that bright head-dress, with its soft folds of lace, intertwined with shimmering ribbon that will give a new charm in the eyes of some loved one to faded womanhood.

Time has passed on. The little strings from off the baby's cloak braided in with the black velvet, and twined into a head-dress, has had its mission. A shred of vanity as it was, it was the offspring of a woman's pride and affection, more valuable, more endearing, by all these little economical artifices to make it respectable.

But no more need will the little doctor's

wife have to twine a head-dress for eyes that can no longer see. Death has crossed the threshold, the husband has gone, and self-reliance now is her only support.

So to-day she sits in my back shop, My Apprentice. And, instead of sermonizing, I must introduce you to my business.

Listen to the calls. "More pins wanted." "No 60 thread." "What's the price of Mrs. Briggs's bonnet?" Another voice, "That old maid Betsey Jefferies is real hateful. We did the best we could on her bonnet, and she has returned it twice."

"What's the matter now, Georgie?"

"O, Betsey Jefferies thinks the bows pinched up too much, they aren't half so pinched as she is."

"Never mind, make a cartwheel on it in the shape of a rosette and let it go."

"Dear me, Mrs. Ruggs," says Mrs. Winthrop's pleading voice, "that lady that was here dressed in black, says these folds never will do. She wants them to look as if they grew on."

"You take too small stitches Mrs. Winthrop; take the whole length of the needle on the back, and don't let any catches show itself on the face."

"I never shall make a milliner, I know I never shall," persisted Mrs. Winthrop.

"Perseverance overcometh all things."

"That's what you always say, Mrs. Ruggs."

I was about to reply, when I was interrupted with:

"Any bonnets to-day, ma'am?"

"Let us see your stock."

The man, a thick set, middle-aged, ordinary-looking fellow, hustled them over, with one eye on the bonnets, and the other wandering out into the back shop amongst the girls.

"What are those, sir?"

"Nine shillings by the dozen, ma'am; the best of seven braid." His eye still roaming until it settled on Mrs. Winthrop.

"Just let me look at them," said the little widow, stepping out from the back shop. "I want to get one for Mary."

"Your daughter, eh?" asked the man.

"Yes sir," replied Mrs. Winthrop, modestly.

"Well, you shall have one as cheap as I sell by the dozen."

"I will take two," returned Mrs. Winthrop, selecting a small sized and a large sized one.

The purchases were made and the man was gone.

Girls are sharp-sighted; somehow they saw

the man was attracted towards Mrs. Winthrop, and they commenced their bantering.

"That was a widower, you may depend upon it," said one.

"Pshaw!" crimsoned Mrs. Winthrop, "how do you know he's a widower?"

"Didn't you see, girls," said the first speaker, giving a knowing wink at the rest, "how he shut up one eye and looked at Mrs. Winthrop out of the other, just as if he enjoyed it?"

"That's what we did," said the girls.

"I presume other men look at the ladies, besides widowers," returned Mrs. Winthrop.

"O no, not with such a gusto, just as if it did them good," rejoined one.

"What nonsense!" broke in the widow.

"Well, he is a widower, you may depend upon it," joined the girls in one chorus.

"He would have had crape on his hat if he had been a widower," returned Mrs. Winthrop.

At this the girls all answered, girl fashion, they saw a piece of crape streaming down from his waistbands. "He probably lost it off from his hat," suggested one, "and tied it on his suspenders."

"It was his watchguard," rejoined Mrs. Winthrop.

"Who ever saw a crape watchguard!" cried the girls, in feigned indignation.

"I don't care whether it was crape or not," returned Mrs. Winthrop, getting up to go home to her dinner.

"Now you know you do," said the girls.

The little woman gave her head a toss, as much as to say, "Who cares for your bantering?"

It was a dull, drizzling morning in March, three months afterwards, when the same voice in my shop door accosted me again.

"Any bonnets to-day, ma'am?"

"I will look at them," I returned.

"Mrs. Winthrop you may come and help me select, if you please."

She stepped out into the front shop, the man bowed, apparently recognizing her. The selection was made, the man was boxing up his goods, when he turned to Mrs. Winthrop with the question, "Would you like to take charge of a millinery establishment?"

"I am not qualified," she returned.

"Learning your trade, eh?"

She responded in the affirmative.

"I shall not get under way short of five or six weeks; you'll have it learned by that time, I suppose."

"Doubtful." She looked at me archly as she said it.

I spoke for her. "Yes, she will have her trade learned. But where do you propose establishing the millinery business?"

"In Briston. My name is Jist, and I am good for one six thousand. Say, madam, will you take charge?"

"I refer you to Mrs. Ruggs, whether I am qualified, or shall be."

She then bowed, returning to her work.

The man, seeing it was left with me, begun half apologetically:

"You see, madam, my wife died about two years ago, and I've got three children on my hands, and this tramping around isn't just the thing for a man with a family."

Out in the back shop the whispers were rising loud and fierce, "Didn't I tell you so! Didn't I tell you he was a widower!" One voice louder than the rest reiterated it, until it fell upon our ears with stunning force. The man hawed, spit, went to the door and looked out as if he expected a thunder storm, then turned round, came back, twisting his thumb in the buttonhole of his vest, hawed and spit again, and finally recommenced, "And you see, ma'am, I thought I might as well open a millinery establishment, so as to be doing business, and have an eye on my affairs at home."

"Yes sir," I responded. But I was puzzled. Man milliners I do despise, and he was such an ordinary-looking one, too. As the responsibility was thrown upon me to decide the question, I simply postponed it, by telling him to call or write five weeks from that time, and the lady herself would answer it.

This was nuts for the girls, and they availed themselves of it.

"We must polish Mrs. Winthrop up for that Mr. Jesicus," says one.

"No, Mr. Chest," corrected another.

"Trunk is more polite," spoke up a third. "When you get married, Mrs. Winthrop, I wouldn't have them calling me Mrs. Chest, but Mrs. Trunk, it is so much more elegant. Chest put me in mind of that old yellow one I toted up to Boston, the first time I came up from down east. Aunt split it up into kindling wood the next morning. At first she set it out into the backyard, but so many called up, taking it for an oyster saloon, that she took an axe and demolished it."

Mrs. Winthrop's only response was, "a widower's bread and butter is just as good as anybody's bread and butter."

"If it is sweet," said the girls, "and isn't heavy," chimed in another.

For five weeks, Mrs. Winthrop bore like a martyr the girls' sallies; learned her trade pretty thoroughly, and said, "yes," when Mr. Jist called for her to take charge of his establishment.

I knew Mr. Jist, in engaging Mrs. Winthrop, had an eye to his domestic as well as his millinery department, so I remarked to her, "I hoped she would not sacrifice herself enough to become the wife of any man, unless she thoroughly respected him."

I knew, should he offer himself, it would be a great temptation for her to accept of him, although he was much inferior to her first husband.

She laughed, saying, "I need have no fears, she should not get married again; but if she did, I might be assured of one thing, she should look out for the bread and butter."

"I know," I returned, "strained circumstances are hard to bear, but there can be no circumstances so abhorrent, as to be obliged to live with one, between yourself and whom there can be no sympathy."

That she deemed my opinions intrusive I am well aware, for she simply bid me goodbye, and run down to the carriage.

Six months afterwards I received their wedding card, and wrapped up as I was in my business, I wished them well, and afterwards almost forgot that the pair were in existence.

One day, months afterwards, who should drive up in their carriage, but Mr. and Mrs. Jist themselves. Allighting, I heard Mrs. Jist say, "How awkward you are, Mr. Jist; why don't you drive up nearer the platform?"

"You'd like to have me drive into the door, I spose," answered back Jist.

"More likely, you'd drive into the barn," retorted his wife.

At this juncture, I made my appearance, welcomed Mrs. Jist in, Mr. Jist declining, saying business took him farther.

"You do look good here, Mrs. Ruggs, I declare; it is worth something to be free, isn't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Jist, before she had fairly got off her things.

"Yes, I think it is."

"Dear me, some folks do have their wisdom teeth cut in this world, and some don't."

"You don't say you haven't got yours cut?"

"Much as ever, though I am in a fair way to get them."

"I hope you found all you expected in your married relations," I was about to say, then checked myself, not deeming it advisable.

"I am going to look at your head-dresses," she observed, as she espied some on the stand-ard. "Do you remember that first one I ever had? You made it for me out of some old stuff I had in the house; husband always thought I looked well in that. Mr. Jist don't think I look well in anything."

"Perhaps he don't always tell you when he thinks you look well."

"I think he doesn't."

In this manner her visit began and ended. There was no trace of the refined, ladylike Mrs. Winthrop, in the whining, fretful Mrs. Jist. I could not analyze the change. I could only come to the conclusion, she had married for bread and butter, and was hungry still.

CLARA LISLE.

BY LOUISA AMELIA DUTTON.

I.

CLARA LISLE was the only daughter of an old country clergyman, and she had one brother. At the time when my story begins, care had intruded into the pretty little parsonage-house—care in two forms for Clara. Firstly, Mr. Lisle was evidently falling into a very delicate state of health; secondly, her brother, George Lisle, was beginning to forget the lessons of his youth, and to turn a

deaf ear to his father's advice and her entreaties. He was growing quickly into a wild, idle, careless young man, instead of becoming the stay and support of his home. The old man would say, sadly:

"What will you do when I am gone, my son?"

"Don't talk about going, father," he would reply, anxious to put off serious thought.

"But my health is breaking, and I am old.

I shall soon die, George, and I have nothing to leave you—not a farthing.”

“O, I’ll take care of myself, father.”

“But how? Have you any plans?”

“Not I; something will turn up.”

“I am afraid nothing will for you.”

“Why not for me, in particular?”

“You have no habits of application.”

“I suppose I have not; at least, father, I have never given you cause to think differently. I allow that; but if I were like other fellows, and had power to choose my own course, I would choose it, and follow it up, too.”

“And what would it be?”

“I want to be a soldier. You need not speak, father; I know, without your telling, that I might as well try for the post of ‘Man in the Moon,’ as think of getting a commission, and I don’t think of it.”

“With your commission and outfit, it will take, at least five hundred pounds to start you.”

“That at least. Well, father, I am tired of staying in the house, this fine, bright day. I am off to the village.”

“Do not be late to-night in returning home, George.”

These would always be the last words on George’s leaving home, and George would always promise with a ready, “O, no sir;” but, alas! the promise was seldom kept.

II.

Mr. Lisle lay ill of his last illness—a natural, slow sinking of the whole man. His mind was perfectly clear to the last, and perfectly calm and happy, except on one subject—the after-fate of his children. Many a poor, wretchedly-paid, over-worked clergyman must be troubled in his last hours with similar reflections to those of Mr. Lisle. The simplicity and thankfulness with which he spoke of his past life and its mercies was touching. He had not been able to save any money, as may be supposed, and except an insurance, effected some years before on his life for five hundred pounds, he had nothing to leave behind him.

“This five hundred pounds must be yours only, my dear Clara. Your brother must strive to maintain himself. The interest of this money will suffice to clothe you, and supply many little needs. You know that your aunt wishes to receive you, do you not?” he said, shortly before he died.

“Aunt Bradford?”

“Yes, my dear. Her kindness in making the offer took me by surprise. She knows that you will have enough for dress and pocket-money; but for that she could not have taken you, she said. You know that she has many children and little means.”

“Dear papa, it grieves me terribly to hear you speak of dying. You will not die; you will get strong again, I trust and pray.”

“Never, my child, never! But we will not speak of that now; your brother—your poor brother’s future—that is the subject which presses on me in my dying moments, and deprives me of rest. I have no hope for him, Clara; he will, I fear, turn out a degraded, bad man.”

“He must go into the army.”

“Ah, if he could! All his wishes lie there.”

“He can, quite easily.”

“Tell me, my child, I am weak; tell me how you mean.”

“He must have the five hundred pounds, papa.”

“Never! I forbid you to think of it.”

“Papa, it would save him.”

“It cannot be.”

“I can do so well for myself.”

“You do for yourself! My poor child, you do not know the hard, cold world as I know it; you would be thrown on its mercy, its cold kindness. Your aunt could not receive you.”

“I know she could not receive me, I should not wish it. But I can take care of myself; I can go out as a governess; I can teach—you know you have taught me so carefully—and I am fond of children.”

“A hard, hard life you would choose, my child. No, it must not be.”

“Dear papa, it would be the greatest comfort I could have. George would do so well; and then, when he is a fine brave colonel, he could come home and take care of me. Besides, Aunt Bradford is poor, and even though she were rich, I had rather earn my own bread.”

She spoke with deep and earnest feeling, and in a voice often scarcely audible for weeping. Her father never took his gaze from her face, and slowly, but surely, her earnestly pleading looks affected him. He did not answer her at the time, but sunk into a quiet slumber. When he woke he called her to him.

“Clara, I have thought of your words, and you convince me. He would go to ruin, but you will be safe. Yes, safe and happy through your earnest purpose, your innocence, your

trust in God. Something comforts me, and tells me you will be safe; yes, every hair of your head will be safe. My child, I will do as you wish me. All shall be his. I can leave you nothing but my best blessing."

"That is the best and dearest of all."

"There is a better and a dearer, my child—the blessing of God; surely it is yours."

III.

When all was over, George was much surprised at the disposal of the money.

"All for me! No, Clara, I'm not quite bad enough to take it; to rob you—yes, rob—it would be nothing better. We'll halve it."

"Half would do you no good; it wouldn't buy your commission."

"It wouldn't; but I'm not wild enough to think of such a thing. There is some good in me, though you and my poor father have not seen much of it, and it is pretty deep down, I confess. I have some head for accounts, and I'll go and be clerk in a merchant's office; or, if I cannot get that, in a shop. You shall live with me and give up the thoughts of governing."

"No, George; you would soon grow weary. I know your kind heart, but that sort of life would not suit you; and besides, I have a little pride; I want to have an officer for my brother."

"You are a silly little thing."

"I cannot help that."

"It wouldn't take five hundred pounds for my commission; as for my outfit, any army agent would advance me money. I am sure I could leave at least fifty pounds with you."

"No, George; do nothing of the kind. You would be charged extravagant interest most likely, and it is useless for you to imagine you could save anything out of an ensign's pay. You must keep the money; our dear father left it entirely for your own needs now, and if ever you are rich you can help me."

Thus Clara unselfishly decided. Her brother was at first deeply affected by her kindness, and constantly protested against her self-sacrifice; but in a few days the warmth of his first feelings wore off, and she had nothing left to sustain her in the hard path of duty she had chosen but her desire to do right, and her unselfish love for him.

Clara and her brother left the little parsonage-house within ten days after their father's death.

They took, for the time being, a lodging in

the village, in the house of a good old woman, to whom their father had been very kind. Willingly would old Mrs. Reid have taken them in for nothing, but Clara declared to her that she had enough to meet all her requirements for some time to come.

They were scarcely two days settled in their new abode, when Clara received a letter from her Aunt Bradford, to the effect that she was coming to visit them, and the next day she arrived.

A quaint, fussy old body was Mrs. Bradford, full of ideas of her own importance, and very fond of her own will and way. Clara was alone when her aunt was ushered into the little ground-floor parlor. After the first greetings and condolences, Mrs. Bradford remarked, with a business-like change of tone:

"And the five hundred pounds, my dear; how did your poor father—my poor brother—how did he arrange about it? He left it all to you, of course?"

"I think he would have done."

"Would have done?"

"Yes; but he saw it well to change his mind."

"Nonsense, my dear! why should he change it?"

"He thought I could do better without money than George."

"Your father must have lost his senses!"

"No, indeed, aunt; he knew it was my wish. George will do very well if he is given a chance; but he must be given the chance, poor fellow."

"Well, my dear, you must appeal to George's good sense and brotherly feeling, and I should think he will give up his share."

"It is not a share; he has all."

"All! And the little plate, and the house furniture, and your father's books?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Well, your father must have been mad!"

"O aunt, it grieves me so to hear you speak thus! He knew what my wish was, and what poor George's needs were, and he acted for the best for both of us."

"Well, if you think it's for the best, of course I've no more to say."

"I do, indeed! I trust we shall all find it so. George will help me when he can; I can trust his kind heart."

"Fiddle faddle!" said Mrs. Bradford, sharply.

"It is his time of need just now, aunt. He must be propped up at any little cost or sacrifice on my part."

"Well, you know your own plans so well

that it seems I need not take upon me to advise. Perhaps I may just remark, that having four or five girls of my own to provide for, and little enough for them, you can scarcely expect me to find you in clothes or pocket-money, I should think."

"I do not expect it, aunt!" and a bright blush suffused her cheek as she spoke.

"Because, if you do, I must disappoint you. But perhaps you will think better of the matter, and use your influence with George. Mr. Bradford says he could get you eight per cent. for that money; and, let me see, five eights are forty. You see, it would be forty pounds a year if you get the whole five hundred, as you certainly ought. You could allow me thirty of that, and then you would have ten for yourself—quite enough for a young girl to dress on. I could often give you a dress of mine that would suit you nicely. Then you would be such a help to me, I know. You could teach the three younger girls, they are very obedient; and in this way you would not be such a great burden to me. I know, my dear, you would shrink from the thought of being a burden."

"I should, indeed; but once for all, dear aunt, I must tell you that I shall have none of the money."

"Then I must be plain with you, Clara. I am plain and honest in all my dealings, and I feel bound to tell you, that under the circumstances I cannot undertake to support you."

"I do not expect it. I should be very wrong to expect it. I can work for myself; I mean to be a governess."

"You ought to have a little more pride."

"I don't think I ever had any pride, aunt," said poor Clara, with a heavy sigh.

"More shame for you, then; a young woman is nothing without proper pride. If you are not proud, you are very self-willed, I am sorry to say. How do you mean to provide yourself with proper mourning, and the many things needful, if you are to appear as a lady, in whatever house you take a situation?"

"I have thought of that; it is very painful, but I must do it. I have a few little ornaments, and then there are a few of my dear mother's; they will bring about twenty pounds."

"Sell them! Sell your poor mother's ornaments! Was ever anything in this world so heartless? You cannot be in earnest."

"There is one thing I can keep, and it comforts me for the rest—this I will never part with." And as she spoke she drew out a black

ribbon from her neck, to which her mother's wedding ring was fastened.

It would be but painful to prolong an account of the conversation between Mrs. Bradford and Clara. The reader must, by this time, have seen that Mrs. Bradford was a cold-hearted, worldly, calculating woman. We are afraid the reader would add "cruel" to our list of epithets, if we were to go on and repeat some of her bitter rebukes to poor Clara, and we do not wish to show up the worst side of human nature more than is needful.

IV.

George obtained his commission, and went to join his regiment. Clara obtained a situation as governess in the family of Mrs. Brentwood, of Brentwood Hall.

A pleasant situation Clara's was. Mrs. Brentwood was a kind hearted, motherly sort of person, a widow lady. Her two little girls (Clara's charges), lively, bright children, were rather a pleasure than a trouble to Clara; then her mind was at peace; also she had constant and cheerful letters from her brother, speaking of his happiness in his new life; lastly, Brentwood Hall was a fine old English place, and there was much to be dally seen and enjoyed both in and outside the house. Paintings, books, hothouses, fine stately old trees, pleasant, shady walks, lovely gardens, all were here in abundance, and, in her own quiet way, Clara enjoyed all.

The next gentleman's seat to Brentwood—in fact, the grounds adjoined—was Earlsford Chase. Its owner, Frank Earlsford, was the last representative of a very old family—a dashing, handsome, generous-tempered young man, and a great favorite with all his dependants, but reported amongst his elders to be somewhat wild: no act of a decidedly bad nature was ever attributed to him, however. Frank Earlsford had neither sister nor brother. His mother, Lady Julia Earlsford, lived with him at the Chase, and he was to her the most affectionate and dutiful of sons.

"Frank, my dear boy, you must really settle down, and be a little steady," said his mother, as they sat together in the open bay-window of the library at tea.

"Steady, mother! You don't want me to sit at home and knit?—crochet, you call it, I believe."

"You might read more than you do."

"Read! I read all winter, except when I am shooting, or hunting, or skating. Let me

enjoy myself just now after my own sort. I shall come to no harm."

"But you might get killed, dear," persisted his mother; "you might, indeed, Frank. Why need you break in those horses yourself?"

"The colts, mother?"

"Yes; why not leave them to the trainer?"

"O, it's fun; it's something to do."

"If you get your leg broken?"

"It could be set, I suppose."

"Or a severe bite?"

"They are not vicious."

"You cannot be sure. I am certain harm will come of it."

"Why, mother, they are quite gentle—as gentle as your old greys. Of course they have a little spirit; but I have always two or three grooms at hand."

"Well, I suppose it is all right. What were you doing out last night?"

"Never mind, mother," said Frank, with a merry laugh, and looking as though he was thinking about some droll sight.

"But tell me, Frank."

"I could not but laugh, mother. I was thinking of the ghost."

"What ghost, dear?"

"Myself: such a splendid ghost as I made!"

"Ah, that was it. You were frightening poor people out of their wits all night, and staying away from home till I grew so miserable. I am sure it was three o'clock in the morning before I heard your foot on the stair. I sat up till one, waiting for you."

"You shouldn't grow miserable, mother, and you should never sit up till one. I always fall on my feet, as the saying is. O, such fun as I had! I am certain at least twenty people in the village would be ready to swear they had seen a most awful ghost this morning, if they were to be questioned."

"And suppose some one had died with fright?"

"Nonsense, mother!"

"Or lost their senses?—such things have been."

"They would have been very silly. One good look would have shown the joke."

"Well, dear boy, I know you never mean any harm; but I wanted to tell you, and was just forgetting—I meant to have a children's party to-morrow. The little Brentwoods have been longing to spend a day here, so I have asked them to come to-morrow, and I will ask a few other children to meet them."

"Then I had better not bring any one home to dine?"

"I think you had better not. I am scarcely strong enough, you know, to entertain much company at once."

"Will the pretty governess come with them?"

"I suppose so."

"How pretty she is!"

"She is very sweet-looking, Frank; and as good as she is pretty, from what Mrs. Brentwood says."

"She is dreadfully silent, mother."

"I suppose she knows her place, and fears to seem to intrude her remarks."

"No; I think it is her way. It is a pity."

V.

A very pleasant day did Clara and her little pupils spend at Earlsford Chase; and the short drive home afterwards was taken up with exclamations of joy that left little room for any sober remark of Clara's to her little charges.

"Such a splendid place Earlsford is!" cried Rose.

"A hundred times finer than Brentwood," said Mary. "How I wish we lived there!"

"That is not right," said Clara, smiling. "It is wrong to covet what is not ours; and besides, few little girls have such a beautiful home as Brentwood."

"She is a pretty girl," said Frank Earlsford, as he and his mother turned into the house, having said good-by to the last of their little visitors on the lawn.

"Who, Frank?"

"Miss Lisle, mother. No one else is pretty when she is by."

"Take care of your heart, my son;" and Lady Julia smiled.

"You may be sure she is engaged, mother. One of the children pulled at a black ribbon she wore round her neck, and out came a wedding-ring at the end. She looked at it with such a look as she put it back."

"Her mother's ring, no doubt. She is an orphan."

"No; I am sure it is some token. If I had a magician's ring this moment, mother, I should see some pale young man working at St. John's, Cambridge, perhaps, for his degree; and, when he is ordained, he will come down here and carry her off. Perhaps it is some poor fellow down in Scotland, trying to take out a medical diploma in the cheapest way he can."

"A poor governess is not much sought for,

Frank, in the matrimonial way, be she pretty or plain."

"I don't see why she should not make as good a wife as another."

VI.

By what circumstances it was brought about I will not undertake to say, but certain it is that, before many days passed, Mary and Rose had another invitation to Earlsford Chase. Clara suggested that Mrs. Brentwood would probably like to go with them.

"The little change would be good for you, Mrs. Brentwood," she said.

"No, my dear girl; I am not equal to it."

"Do you not think they might go with nurse for once?"

"I think you had better take them, dear. If you do not feel inclined to-day, put it off till to-morrow; it will be all the same."

So Clara had to go to the Chase, after all. There was no party to meet them when they arrived at Earlsford; but a treat particularly delightful to the children had been prepared; they were to have tea in the woods.

A very picturesque spot in the woods had been chosen; and when Clara and the children, escorted by Frank, reached it, they saw Lady Julia, book in hand, sitting at a pretty rustic table, on which the tea equipage was spread. In the background was a little fire, with a kettle suspended in true gipsy fashion over it. The whole scene was very rural and pretty—prettier still when the animated faces had gathered round the table. An accident for the moment spoiled the general mirth. A large dog of the bull-dog kind rushed out through the underwood behind the little party, so suddenly as to overthrow the table, and for the instant seemed inclined to attack Frank. He, however, defended himself with his cane, and soon drove the animal off.

"Follow and shoot that dog," Frank said.

"Just go and tell some of the men to look after him. He is back again in the stable-yard most likely by this time. I ordered the brute to be shot before; he is incurably vicious."

"Very well, sir;" and the man touched his cap and went.

Tea over, the children strayed a little way into the woods to gather flowers. Frank walked towards the stables to see that his order was carried out, and Clara sat talking to Lady Julia Earlsford.

"I wish the children would keep within

sight," Clara said, after a while. "I think I had better go after them, and bring them back, Lady Julia."

"No need to tire yourself; they are safe."

"But the dog?"

"Ah yes, the dog. Well, bring them here; there are plenty of flowers here."

Clara took the path she had seen the children take and walked a long way without seeing them; then, feeling sure they could not have gone far, she retraced her steps a little, and struck into a cross path, which they might easily have taken. But path after path met her at short intervals now, so that she began to grow really confused. She stood, shading her eyes with her hand from the slanting evening sun, and looked and listened intently. Suddenly she heard a loud bark; then a rushing sound through the underwood; and she knew that the savage dog was coming her way. At that moment there was a flash, a sharp crack, and a keen pain, as of a sharp blow, shot through her arm, and she uttered a slight cry, and sank fainting on the grass. The next moment Frank Earlsford was beside her, gazing on his work. He thought she was dead. He did not speak or move, or utter any sound, but stood looking on her, with his face fixed and as white as death.

Her eyelids moved, the eyes opened. He saw the sign of life, and threw himself on his knees beside her.

"O speak!" he cried; "and tell me I have not killed you."

"Where am I?" she asked, faintly.

"Safe. I am with you. Have I hurt you? or can it be that it was but the alarm?" he asked, eagerly.

"I am hurt; but it is not much," she said. And he saw that a small stream of blood was stealing down her dress.

"She is hurt—hurt to death, perhaps! and through me!" he cried, forgetting all caution.

"No, no, it is but a little—only my arm."

He helped her into a sitting posture, and she sat propped against the trunk of a mossy tree. There, sure enough, was the wound in the arm, and the arm was powerless, and seemed to be broken.

"I think it is broken," she said; "it is such pain to move it."

"Broken! and I have done it. What shall I do?" said poor Frank, his eyes filling with tears. "I would rather have shot myself—yes, shot myself dead, than have hurt you."

"It is not much; do not grieve so. It does not seem to hurt so much now. Will you

draw your handkerchief tightly round it. Yes, so—tighter yet; it stops the bleeding.”

“But I am making you faint again.”

“No, I shall not faint—make it tighter yet. Do not look so distressed, Mr. Earlsford.”

“I do not like to leave you while I go for some help; you might faint again. Can you walk with my help?”

“Yes—see, I can walk quite well,” she said; but they had not gone many yards before Frank felt her head droop on his shoulder. She had fainted again. He lifted, and carried her with speed in the direction of the house. About ten minutes after Lady Julia and the children were startled by seeing him appear, in breathless haste, with a very pale face.

“Come back, mother—back to the house! Come, mother, for pity’s sake!” he cried.

“What is the matter, Frank?”

“O come! don’t stand—don’t ask me! I was shooting at that wretched dog, and I missed. I struck her.”

“Killed her?” cried Lady Julia, with a face of terror.

“No, thank Heaven! But she is fainting. She is on the library sofa.”

When the doctor came he pronounced that the arm was badly broken. Clara wished to go home in the carriage at once; but the doctor would not hear of it.

“She is inclined to feverishness,” he whispered to Lady Julia, “and must not be fatigued; she had better stay here.”

“Of course, doctor; we are going to keep her; and you must sleep here to-night, too.”

“Now, Lady Julia, give this young lady a quiet room up-stairs; she will be the better for a little quiet sleep. I shall not think of looking after the ball till to-morrow.”

VII.

The broken arm did not turn out to be so trifling a matter as might have been supposed. Clara’s recovery was but slow. The doctor declared her to be the most perfect patient he had ever attended. Lady Julia echoed all the doctor’s favorable opinions, and found also the sweet patience and affectionate gratitude of the orphan girl wind in no small degree about her own heart.

“I do not know what I shall do when you have to leave me, my dear child,” she would often say.

Frank was a very miserable man during the first days of Clara’s illness, and remained so long after any idea of danger had disap-

peared. Even when she was enough restored to strength to join them in the drawing-room, he could not but bitterly accuse himself at the sight of the pale, wan face so dear to him—yes, dear to him. All the love of which his generous nature was capable had been drawn out to Clara Lisle in the very first moment of their meeting.

“Clara Lisle thinks of leaving us to-morrow,” came as a most painful announcement from his mother’s lips. He thought awhile silently, and then spoke:

“Mother, I desire her most earnestly as my wife.”

“You are telling me no news, Frank.” And his mother smiled, and touched the head he had stooped towards her with her hand, tenderly stroking his hair as she had done when he was a boy.

“You guessed it, mother?”

“I saw it, Frank.”

“And what do you feel? Let me know all.”

“She is a lady, Frank, by birth; and you have money enough for both. I am not apt to consider the accidents of position and fortune where the heart is concerned.”

“But of herself, mother—what of herself?”

“She is all that my desire could paint: lovely in mind as in outward face and form, Frank.”

“She would be happy in having such a noble, generous, loving mother as you,” said Frank, pressing his mother’s hand to his lips. He left her, and passed through the open window into the garden, taking a straight line towards a certain arbor. His mother, looking after, watched him with a smile till he was hidden from her sight. And she sat by the open window thinking back on happy days of her own. So an hour passed. Lady Julia looked up, and saw Clara Lisle coming slowly through the gardens, leaning on Frank’s arm, the bright evening sun falling like a glory on her golden hair, touching her with brightness to the very feet. A moment more and they were near, and she saw their faces—their happy faces, and they told her all.

EDUCATION.

Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.

FISHING FOR SHARKS.

At three P. M. on the 1st of July we anchored in the harbor of St. Thomas. Spite of the heat, I landed at once, and went straight to the store of a young merchant, whose family I knew. He was a handsome fellow of about two-and-twenty, with bright blue eyes and curly hair, and with such an over-powering share of good nature that all his other qualities seemed absorbed by it. He produced some excellent brandy, and still better cigars, and we began to discuss how I should amuse myself till the schooner was ready to start. Of course I had a list of commissions, all of which it was agreed should be executed at a cooler hour next morning. Then we began to talk about the harbor, and I happened to ask if there were many sharks in it? Hereupon my host brightened up, and said: "If you would like to see a few, I'll show you some. A horse of mine was taken ill last night, and is just dead. We'll tow the carcass off with a boat to the mouth of the harbor, take a couple of rifles and a harpoon, and it's odd if we don't have some sport."

No sooner said than done. Orders were at once given to drag the dead horse to the water's edge, and my host, followed by myself and a big negro, who carried the rifles and harpoon, walked down to the boat. It was a large boat, with four rowers and an awning, and as the boatmen, notwithstanding the heat, pulled with a will, we made way rapidly, and before long had got past the steamers, and were nearing the mouth of the harbor. As yet I had seen nothing, and was becoming rather impatient.

"Why," said I, "I don't believe there are any sharks. I have not seen a single back fin above water."

In reply, my host checked the rowers for a moment, when, as the surge we made subsided, several dark lines showed themselves just astern of the horse.

"Give way," said he to the boatmen; "we have not yet reached the place where we can fire safely, and if we stop another half minute the horse will be torn to ribbons."

When the boat had gone a few hundred yards further, he said to me, "Now cock your rifle, and look out! The instant we stop, the sharks will rise, and the first that turns to seize the horse, fire right into his belly. I'll give him both barrels, too, and four conical pills should settle him. Are you ready?"

"Quite ready," I replied, and the boat stopped.

In an instant the dark lines were visible again, but this time they came rapidly up to the surface, and five monstrous sharks showed themselves. The apparition was so sudden, and the sharks were so huge, so much larger than any I had seen before, that I started, and, had I cocked my rifle as I had been told to do, there is no knowing where I might have sent my random shot. But it has always been my practice not to cock till I see the object; and this has prevented my making many a bad miss.

In a moment I recovered myself, and as the foremost shark turned on his back and darted at the carcass, I took good aim, and fired nearly at the same moment with my friend. All our four balls told; one of them, as we afterwards found, going right through the heart. The smoke came full across my eyes, but there was a tremendous splash, and I caught an indistinct glimpse of the monster as he sprang half out of the water and fell back. Almost at the same instant, the big negro who had the harpoon sent it into the shark just below the lower jaw with such force, that, had he had more life in him than remained, he would hardly have escaped.

Meantime, the other sharks, who sank for a moment when we fired, had risen again to the surface, and one of them had already torn a great bit out of the horse, giving such a violent jerk to the boat, that one of the niggers took fright, and before we could see what he was about, undid the rope by which the carcass was being towed, and it was immediately jerked into the water as the other sharks fastened on the prey. This they did in such numbers, and with such right good will, that before we could reload and prepare for another shot, they had dragged the carcass under water, and we could only tell by the bubbles and bloody foam what a worry was going on below.

However, we had secured one monster safe, and returned towing him in triumph. When we reached the landing-place there was quite a crowd to receive us. It took eight or ten men to drag the shark on shore, and we found he measured over sixteen feet long, and nearly six feet in circumference. His stomach was quite empty, which accounted for his being ravenous.

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

WHERE FALSE HAIR COMES FROM.

From a recent number of the London Review we gain some curious facts concerning the trade in false hair, which will prove of interest to our lady readers. The principal supplies come from Germany, Holland, Brittany, Spain, Italy, and the Catholic convents. The peasant girls of Brittany carry on a regular trade with the hair merchants, concealing the loss of their own tresses with a picturesque cap which completely hides the hair. Spain and Italy furnish the principal crops of jet black hair, Holland the yellow, and Germany the golden hair. In all Catholic countries the convents supply large quantities of hair, which is known as "church hair." This is generally of an excellent quality, and commands a high price.

The *Chiffonniers*, whose researches in the lanes and gutters of Paris have made them so famous, supply a large quantity. They search carefully for the combings of hair that are thrown out from the dwellings of the city, and find a ready sale for all they can supply.

Another source of supply is the hair cut from the heads of criminals; and still another is the hair taken from corpses. This is called "churchyard hair." It is generally stolen from dead bodies, and, as the risk attending the theft is so great, the gatherers rarely take time to cut it, but seizing the main twist, pull it out by main force, generally bringing a part of the scalp with it. In this condition it is offered for sale to the hair merchants, who buy it without asking questions. The hair is almost indestructible, and death has very little power over it. There is now in the British Museum, a mummy of two thousand years old, whose hair is as rich, full and glossy as on the day of the individual's death.

Hair merchants have acquired such proficiency that many of them can judge of the nationality of their wares with astonishing accuracy. One of them declared to the writer in the Review, that he could tell the various kinds of hair in the dark. This may be done either by the sense of touch or smell. There is a great difference in the hair of various nations both in texture, length and weight. The average weight of the French hair (that which forms the knot at the back of the head), is five ounces, that of the Italian six, and that of the German ten. This difference affects the color to a great degree.

Raw hair is shipped to the various manufacturing houses in bales, tied up in "leeches," and containing braids of various lengths. It is first cleansed of its oily matter by rubbing it in fine sand. It is then carded by hand, which process reduces it to a regular smoothness. It is then assorted according to length and color, so that one set of false hair is generally the product of a score of heads.

The hair is made to curl by twisting it tightly around small cylinders of wood, and then boiling it for a considerable time in water.

SWEET FLOWERS.

It is because flowers are such lovely emblems of innocence, so like the merry face of childhood, that they have a large place in our best affections. They ever remind us of our days of boyhood and buoyancy, when Nature, our fond mother, sat upon the hills, clapping her hands with joy, and giving us all the earth, with the landscape and rocks, and hills and forest, for our school and playground; when the young soul was just fresh from its home in heaven, and not yet corrupted and defiled by a cold, callous and calculating world; when quiet nooks enclosed us with their greenness, and we found companions in the wild bee, and the morning breeze, and in everything which wore the impress of beauty, whether animate or inanimate; when all things were clothed with beauty, and were worshiped with a veneration beyond utterance; when each leaf and flower was a palace of sweet sights and scents, and the bending boughs were woven into fairy bowers of enchantment, and touched us with heaven's own glorious sunshine; when we picked up lessons of love and delight by riversides, by brooks, and hawthorn paths, in quiet glens and in green fields, and inhaled from every passing breeze health, intelligence and joy; when all things grew and expanded into broad and living hope, calm, lovely, promising and serene as a bright vision by a sick man's bed. And then, too, the holy memories which they enshrine in their folded buds and undewed chalice—memories fraught with sorrow, but not less welcome to our hearts. Tender recollections, perchance, of parents now sleeping in green repose in the ivied churchyard, though far divided from us by a gulf of worldly cares and sordid interests, no longer controlling our actions with a judicious watchfulness and care, no longer checking us, as we are about to pluck the fatal weeds of folly, and to inhale the breath of the sinful blossoms which pleasure scatters in our path—beautiful and fragrant, but fraught with the bane of misery—luring us to tarry in voluptuous bowers, and steep our souls in sensual delights, where repentance and self-reproach, for precious time thus squandered and irrevocably lost, come upon us as a reward, and give, in return for excess of light, a maddening despair and blindness.

MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.

It is one of the best established principles of medical science, that marriages of consanguinity result as a general rule in fatal consequences. The *Archives de la Médecine Naval* of France contain a scrap of curious information respecting marriages of consanguinity in the black race, which is not in accordance with the established theory.

In 1849 there died at Widah in the kingdom of Dahomey, a Portuguese trader named Da Sousa, who was largely interested in the slave-trade, and well

known to navigators along the coast. On his death he left behind him a great number of children, the issue of his four hundred wives. The despotic laws of the kingdom forbidding the intermixture of races, the numerous progeny of Da Souza were shut up in an enclosure by themselves, placed under the government of one of his sons, and watched strictly by royal agents. In this state of affairs they could marry only among themselves, and the result was that they lived in the most shameless promiscuity. In 1863 they counted the children of the third generation. The color of their skins was returning rapidly to deep black, though all of them preserved some traits of their European ancestor. Among all the descendants of Da Souza, the writer of the article from which we take these facts, was unable to find, in spite of the close and monstrous relations between them, either a deaf mute, a blind person, an idiot, or one feeble or deformed from birth.

WORTH THE CHARM.

Young men labor under a great mistake, when they think good looks their principal recommendation to women. A woman admires a handsome or fine looking man, for a time, but it needs something more than a handsome face to retain this feeling. The truth is, a woman is, as a general rule, more strongly drawn by the intellectual qualities of the opposite sex than by anything else; and we think it will be found that ugly men are, in the long run, decidedly the most popular, if they have the ability to make themselves so. A few instances will illustrate this. Curran was mortally ugly. Yet he was exceedingly popular with the most beautiful women of the day, and his wife was a great belle. Shiel, too, was a favorite, and so was Goldsmith; and even Doctor Johnson, who could be a gentleman when he tried, was greatly admired by the ladies. These men were all remarkably ugly; but they possessed the charm of genius, which irresistibly attracts the noble qualities of woman.

What we have written is true of the gentler sex also. The best liked women are the least beautiful. We frequently hear men say of some *belle*, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but I thank Heaven she isn't my wife!" Sir Henry Roeburn says, "No woman's face is worth anything, if it can be put upon canvas." We think he was not far from the truth. Women like to be admired for their loveliness, and we do not mean to blame them for it; but it requires something more than mere beauty to enable them to retain their influence over men.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HAIR.

POOR Queen Elizabeth had a great deal of trouble in her day, and, in spite of her faults and follies, has left us much in her life to awaken our sympathy. Her enemies were numerous, and pressed her hotly in her lifetime, and did not cease their persecutions after her death. They even went so far as to declare that she had a *red head* (Kuzzeleush is, we believe, the fashionable term now), and one painter even ventured to give her hair that color in a miniature executed during her reign.

The truth has, however, come to light at last. About six years ago a lock of the "virgin queen's" hair was discovered in a copy of Sir Philip Sidney's

"Arcadia," at Wilton. It had been presented to the poet by the queen. It is described as soft, silky and wavy, of a beautiful golden brown color, still shining as though powdered with gold dust, and without the faintest tinge of red. The queen was very proud of her hair, and it was one of her greatest delights to display it for the admiration of her courtiers.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

Most persons are under the impression that a difference of blood was the prime cause of the hostility that existed between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, in days gone by, and the subject is scarcely ever brought up, that we do not hear the blood of Oliver Cromwell praised as pure, vigorous and glorious, and that of the Stuarts denounced as base, weak, wicked and treacherous. How few really remember the fact that the life current which warmed the heart of the Lord Protector, sprang from the same source whence issued that of his royal rival. Oliver Cromwell and Charles I. were cousins in the ninth degree. Both were Stuarts by descent, and the Lord Protector was three generations nearer to the founder of the line than the king whom he supplanted. The house of Stuart was founded by Alexander, the Lord Steward of Scotland, and Cromwell was descended from his youngest son.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

This term which is applied in ridicule to pedantic literary ladies, has rather a singular origin. Boswell relates that in 1781 it was the fashion for ladies to form evening assemblies, in order to participate in the conversation of learned literary and ingenious men. One of the most celebrated talkers on these occasions was a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings. He was so very popular, that his absence from these gatherings was so much regretted, that it was frequently said, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings." The term was afterwards applied to this and other similar clubs, and then to the ladies who attended them, and still later was used in its present sense. The most famous "Blue Stocking Club" was that which met at Mrs. Montague's, and was sometimes attended by Dr. Johnson, and which has been immortalized by Hannah Moore in her poem of the "*Bas Bleu*."

DOMINOS.

This game, which is so popular in America and in Europe, is said by some to be of Greek origin, by others, it is ascribed to the Hebrews, and by others again to the Chinese. It was not known in western Europe until a comparative recent date, having been introduced into France from Italy about the middle of the last century. It is now very popular in France and is played in almost every *cayé* in the empire. In England it is popular, but not so much so as in France, and in America it is still more liked. The children are very fond of it. The game is familiar to all, and needs no description from us. We content ourselves with offering the above facts to its friends, and remarking that though the combinations of the game are neither very varied nor intricate, yet they afford good exercise for memory and calculation.

The Florist.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

There is to me

A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow out
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and they breathe
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

WILLIS.

Beaufortia.

Splendid New Holland shrubs with scarlet and red flowers, free-growers and abundant flowerers, and well adapted either for planting out in a conservatory or growing in pots. The best soil is sandy loam and peat, well drained; and cuttings, taken off with a small portion of half-ripened wood, root freely in sand under a bell-glass.

Beaumontia.

Climbing shrubs from the East Indies, of elegant foliage and large white flowers, of easy culture in the stove, and propagated by cuttings either of the stem or roots. The best soil is sandy loam, mixed with rotten dung or leaf-mould. By proper management they may be made to flower in the open air.

Hare's-Ear.

Herbaceous-plants, with greenish-yellow flowers, and very glaucous or bluish leaves. They are natives of Europe, and will grow in any common garden-soil. Several shrubs are included by some botanists in this genus; but they were separated by Sprengel, and formed into the genus *Tenoria*. These are rather tender, being natives of the shores of the Mediterranean and the Cape of Good Hope.

Oleyanthus.

Deciduous shrubs from North America, with dark brownish purple flowers, remarkable for their fragrance, as well as their rich colors. The plants thrive best in loam and peat, but they will grow in any soil that is not very stiff and moist; and they are commonly propagated by layers. Most of what are called different species, are only varieties of the American Allspice tree. The scent of the flowers is commonly thought to resemble that of ripe fruit.

Satyrium.

Terrestrial orchidaceous plants, originally from the Cape of Good Hope. The leaves are very curious from the flat manner in which they spread themselves on the surface of the pot; and the flowers which are generally yellow, are very handsome. They should be grown in very sandy loam or peat; and they are generally kept in a greenhouse. They are very apt to damp off if over-watered.

Amygdalus.

There are two species of almonds which are highly ornamental, on account of their flowers. *A. nana*, which does not grow above two feet high, and produces its pink-flowers in March; and *A. communis*, which forms a small deciduous tree, profusely covered

with flowers, in March and April, before it expands its leaves. There are several varieties of both species, but the only one which is worth notice is the large-flowered almond, *A. c. macrocarpa*, which has much larger flowers than the common kind, though they are much paler. The dwarf almond is propagated by suckers, and other species and varieties by grafting on the common plum. What is generally known in gardens as the double-dwarf almond, is now called by botanists *Cerasus*, or *Prunus japonica*. Whenever the tree almond is planted for its flowers, care should be taken to let it have a background of evergreens; as otherwise, from the flowers being produced before the leaves, half their beauty will be lost from the cold and naked appearance of the tree.

The Pimpernel.

Trailing herbaceous plants, natives of the middle and south of Europe. The common wild pimpernel, *A. arvensis*, is red; but the exotic species vary to several shades of purple, lilac, and blue. The finest species is *A. Monelli*, which requires the protection of the greenhouse during winter, but which forms a beautiful close covering for a flower-bed in the open garden in summer, producing its fine mazarine blue flowers from May to September. It is easily propagated by cuttings, which root immediately, in sand under a hand-glass, and it will thrive in any light soil.

Anchusa.

Coarse-growing plants, annuals perennials, natives of the south of Europe, and in part of Asia and Africa, remarkable for their intensely blue flowers, in some cases varied with red and white. The finest species is *A. paniculata* or *italica*, the Italian Bugloss, which is common in gardens. The flowers are in erect leafy spikes, and are of a brilliant blue, with their backs and buds of a reddish purple, and the plant continues flowering from June to September. The most ornamental of the annual species are now included in the genus *Nonea*.

Wall-Cross.

Herbaceous plants, chiefly annuals and biennials, natives of Europe, many of which are remarkable for their early flowering. *A. alpina* has white and yellow flowers, which appear in March, and *A. albida* flowers the greater part of the year, commencing in mild winters in January, and producing its large tufts of white blossoms till October. Some of the species and varieties, such as *A. verna*, *A. alpina nana*, and *A. bellidifolia*, do not grow above three inches high, and are admirable plants for rockwork, or gardens of pots.

Arototis.

Under-shrubs and herbaceous plants, natives of the Cape of Good Hope, of which one species, *A. aspera*, has large yellow flowers, and is truly ornamental. It grows freely in loamy soil, and is increased by cuttings planted in sand under a hand-glass.

The Housewife.

Ococoanut Pudding.

Break the cocoanut, and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanut very fine. Take the same weight of cocoanut, fine white sugar, and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well beaten, one cup of cream, the milk of the cocoanut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with a rich paste; put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with paper, if it is necessary.

Squash Pudding.

Take a crooked-neck or marrow squash weighing about four pounds; peel it and cut it into pieces about an inch square; put them into a saucepan with a very little water, and let it stew gently three or four hours. Be careful to keep some water with it to prevent its burning. When it is very soft, rub it through a sieve, and add a little salt; beat up six eggs with a pound of sugar, and a spoonful of mace or cinnamon; warm a quarter of a pound of butter so that it will stir in; add a quart of good milk or cream, and bake it in deep plates, lined with paste, and a thick rim. Cut a rim of paper to put over the crust, to prevent its burning. Bake it half an hour.

Lemon Pudding.

Beat eight eggs very well; add eight ounces of white sugar, the rind of two lemons being rubbed with some lumps of sugar to take out the essence; then peel and beat them in a mortar, with the juice of the lemon, and mix all with six ounces of butter warmed; line the dish with a rich paste crust; turn the pudding in, and bake it about an hour.

Pineapple Pudding.

Peel the pineapple, taking care to get all the specks out, and grate it; take its weight in sugar, and half its weight in butter; rub these to a cream, and stir them into the apple; then add five eggs and a cup of cream. It may be baked with or without the paste crust.

Almond Pudding.

Take half a pound of blanched almonds, and pound them in a mortar until they are quite fine. Beat up eight eggs; mix a pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream; stir in the almonds, then the eggs, a little rosewater, and a pint of cream. Bake it in a deep plate or pudding-dish, with a rim of puff paste. Bake it three-quarters of an hour.

Marlborough Pudding.

Take six large apples, stew and strain them; stir six ounces of butter into it, the rind of one lemon, and the juice of two; beat up six eggs and six ounces of sugar, and stir it all together. Bake it in deep plates, with a rich puff paste, and a pretty thick edging.

Almond Cakes.

Procure one pound of ground almonds, to which add two pounds of powdered sugar, mixing the whole with the whites of nine eggs, beating the mixture well with a wooden spoon for about ten minutes, lay

them out upon wafer paper of an oval shape with a tablespoon, put three or four strips of almonds upon the top of each, and bake them in a slow oven; when done, break away all the wafer paper but that which adheres to the bottom of the paper, and when cold, they are ready for use.

Cocoanut Biscuits.

Scrape four cocoanuts, to which add the same weight of powdered sugar, mix with whites of eggs, beating with a wooden spoon until forming a softish but thick paste; lay the mixture out upon wafer-paper in small drops, baking them as directed in Almond Cakes.

Saltpetred Tongue.

Saltpetred tongue requires five or six hours to boil. When done, lay it in cold water three minutes; peel off the skin, beginning at the tip end of the tongue, as it comes off much easier.

Shrewsbury Cakes.

Weigh one pound of flour, into which rub half a pound of butter and six ounces of flour, make a hole in the centre, into which break a couple of eggs, and add sufficient milk to form a flexible paste, which roll out to the thickness of a penny-piece, and cut it into small cakes with a round cutter; bake them in a moderate oven.

Ginger Cakes are made precisely as the above, but adding half an ounce of ground ginger before mixing; and *Cinnamon Cakes*, by rubbing in an ounce and a half of ground cinnamon after the paste is mixed.

Plain Biscuits.

Into a pound of flour rub half a pound of butter; then mix thoroughly half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with two ounces of powdered white sugar; blend these ingredients well with the flour, and make up the paste with a quarter of a pint of fresh milk. Roll it a quarter of an inch thick, after having kneaded it very smooth. Shape it out into rounds with the top of a wine-glass. Roll these out thin, prick them well, lay them on lightly-floured tins, and bake them in a gentle oven until they are crisp quite through. If you make a quantity of these biscuits, you should keep them in dry canisters.

Hard Sugar Gingerbread.

One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, one cup of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a cup of ginger, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it in sugar, as thin as possible, on tin sheets. Mark it in squares with a cake-cutter, and bake very quickly.

Soda Doughnuts.

Two quarts of flour, four teaspoonsful of cream tartar, two teaspoonsful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mace, and two teacupsful of fine sugar. Mix it with cold milk to a dough; roll it rather thin; cut in shape, and fry in hot lard.

Curious Matters.

Velocity of Electricity.

Of the velocity of the spark discharge some notion may be formed from the brief duration of its light, which cannot illuminate any moving object in two successive positions, however rapid its motion. If a wheel be thrown into rapid rotation on its axis, none of its spokes will be visible in daylight, but if the revolving wheel be illuminated in a darkened room by the discharge of a Leyden jar, every part of it will be rendered as distinctly visible as though it were at rest. In a similar manner, the trees, even when agitated by the wind in a violent storm, if illuminated at night by a flash of lightning, appear to be absolutely motionless. By a very ingenious application of this principle, Wheatstone has shown that the duration of the spark is less than the one-millionth part of a second. The apparatus is the same in principle as the revolving wheel. By a modification of the apparatus, Wheatstone was also enabled to measure the velocity with which the discharge of a Leyden jar was transmitted through an insulated copper wire. It was at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second.

Subsidence of the Earth's Crust.

The commune of Buonanotte, in France, is hourly menaced with utter destruction. Five manufactories have already been overthrown, and sixty-four more are threatened with imminent ruin. The inhabitants have fled in the greatest consternation to the neighboring villages. The cause of the disaster is a sudden and violent depression of the soil, which is at the present time accounted for by one of two reasons—either the fall of an immense mass of earth in the west of the district, or the yielding of the roof of an extensive subterranean cavern. But in reality nothing certain is yet known of the cause of this most deplorable event. A number of civil engineers have hastened to the spot, and prompt measures are in course of adoption to prevent still greater disaster.

The Manchineal Tree.

The manchineal tree grows on the shores of the West India Islands, and of the American continent in the same latitude. It is a high, branchy tree, with a grayish bark, and not unlike that of the Japan varnish-tree. Its leaves are oval and pointed; its flowers small and yellow, or, as some botanists say, dark purple. It grows on sandy soil, and bears a fruit resembling small apples. Every part of the tree yields a milky juice, very caustic, and consequently poisonous. A single drop of it on the back of the hand will raise a blister instantaneously. The Indians used to employ this juice to poison their arrows. The shade of this tree is also said to be dangerous, and even the rain which has been in contact with its leaves.

Interesting Discovery at Pompeii.

Abundant details have been received from Naples respecting the freshly uncovered temple of Juno among the recent excavations at Pompeii. Three hundred skeletons were found crowded within that sanctuary, a propitiatory sacrifice being evidently held in the hour they were overwhelmed. The statue

of the goddess, with attendant peacock, the tripod in front of the altar, the golden censer, the jewels on the person of the priestess, the rich vessels holding a deposit of animal blood, are the main particulars dwelt on, no chapter in that awful story being more instructive or interesting. The eyes of Juno were of the most vivid enamel, her arms and her whole person richly decorated with gold trinkets, her gaudy bird resplendent with a cluster of glittering gems. Aromatic ingredients lay calcined within the censer, while gorgeous lamps and bronze ornaments strewed the tessellated pavement.

Properties of Charcoal.

Among the many properties of charcoal, may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste and color; and, as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meat, the smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or flavor will be destroyed, and the water be rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this; for when water is bad it sea, they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to purify it. Color is materially influenced by charcoal, and, in a number of instances, in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the color will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colors, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its coloring, and become tawny; repeat the process two or three times, and you have destroyed it altogether.

How Sugar is made white.

The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud-puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed by some one that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way:—The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar loaves are. The large ends are upwards. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

Purifying Water.

It often happens that our experimenting readers require pure water when they can only obtain putrid. A good plan for overcoming this difficulty is the following:—Take a large tin or wooden funnel, and place a few pieces of broken glass at the bottom; fill up to two-thirds with charcoal, broken small; place a few pieces of broken glass at top, to keep down the charcoal; pour in water, and, even if it be putrid it will pass rapidly through clear and sweet.

Facts and Fancies.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

During the session of one of our courts, while the judge and jury were eating their dinner, a young man from the "kentry," being somewhat anxious to see the manner in which justice was meted out, walked into the court room, and as he afterwards expressed himself, "took a squint at all the seats, and seen' there wasn't nobody in the nice one, with a railin' all around it, thought he'd make sure on it, 'fore the fellows got back from dinner."

In five minutes after the crowd entered the room the judge rapped on the desk with the butt end of his jack-knife, and with a dignified frown, cried:

"Silence in the court!"

"Silence in the court!" repeated the broad shouldered constable, leaning on the rail in front of his honor, who immediately resumed the occupation of picking his teeth with a pin.

"Silenc'n the court!" echoed the squeaking and shrill tones of a small red-nosed constable near the door; and the latter speaker commenced elbowing the crowd right and left, to let them know that he was round.

"All ready?" asks the judge.

"All ready," replied the attorney.

"Command, the prisoner to stand up," says the judge, "while the indictment is being read."

The broad-shouldered constable now walked up to the prisoner's box, during the apparent momentary absence of the sheriff, placed his hands on the shoulders of the young man and exclaimed, "Stand up!"

"What fur?" said the astonished young farmer.

"To hear the charge read!" said the constable.

"Wall, I guess I ken hear what's goin' on without standin' as well as the rest on 'em," was the reply.

"Stand up!" roared the judge in a burst of passion—he had just bit his tongue while picking his teeth; "young man stand up, or the consequences be upon your own head."

The victim came upon his feet as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, and looking round the court room, and noticing that all eyes were upon him with an expression of a rabid man toward a bowl o' water, he hung his head in confusion and mortification, and was nearly deaf to the words of the indictment; but he heard enough of long, complicated, tangled sentences, to learn that he was charged with stealing, or embezzling, or pilfering some house, or somebody, he couldn't tell exactly which.

"What does he say to the charge—guilty or not guilty?" inquired the judge, peeping over his spectacles with a look cold enough to freeze a man's blood—"Guilty or not guilty?"

The young man ventured to look up, hoping to find a sympathizing eye, but all were cold and unfriendly.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" again vociferated the judge, in a tone that plainly denoted impatience.

Then the broad-shouldered constable, being rather a humane man, stepped up to the prisoner saying:

"You had better say not guilty, of course. If you say guilty, you don't stand no chance this term, that's sure! and if you say not guilty, and wish at any future stage in this case to change your plea to guilty,

you can do so without any injury to yourself! Therefore, I advise you to say not guilty, and stick to it as long as there is any chance!"

Jonathan's feelings had been simmering some time, and now they fairly boiled over, and with a look of innocent and determined resolution, he swung his arms about his head and exclaimed:

"What in all natur are you fellers tryin' to dew? I haint been stealin' nothin.' I haint, sure!"

Just at this moment the front door opened, and the sheriff with the genuine prisoner walked into the room and proceeded at once to the box.

The court saw at once its mistake, and tried to choke down its effects with a frown—but it was no go! The crowd burst forth into a hoarse laugh that fairly made the windows rattle, and the young man left the room—exclaiming as he passed the door, "I knowed all the time I hadn't stole nothin'."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Not long since, our friend Brown was on a visit to Lookout Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with the fact that a fine jet of water was thrown up above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted a plain countryman with:

"My friend, is this water forced up by a ram?" meaning, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named.

"A ram?" exclaimed the countryman.

"Yes, a ram, I say."

"What on airth—no sir; it's a darned big mule! and it's tremendous hard work for him. Come here, and I will show him to you."

Brown saw the mule, and left.

AN INDIGNANT MAGISTRATE.

Some years ago, when Egypt, Illinois, was not so enlightened as at the present time, a rough looking man was brought before a county justice on a charge of assault and battery. He had beaten some one very badly.

"I am astonished," said his honor, "at your arrest on such a charge. You have beaten the man horribly, and I must punish you severely. Why did you do it?"

"Because," was the reply, "he provoked me."

"What did he say?"

"He said, sir, that I was a thief."

"Wont do sir. I shall have to fine you heavily."

"He said I was a liar."

"Wont do—no excuse."

"He charged me with having poisoned my grandmother!"

"Shouldn't have beaten the man so badly."

"He said I was the offspring of a canine species of the female sex."

"Not sufficient provocation! Shouldn't have been so severe. Should have got a warrant. Any other excuse?—must punish severely."

"Yes, your honor, he accused me of being a Republican."

"Did he? the scoundrel! Called you—you sir—called you a Republican. If you had shot the scoundrel dead, no jury in the world would have found you guilty. I dismiss the case."

A TEACHER'S TROUBLES.

There is living on Martha's Vineyard an old man who has never been off the island, and the extent of his knowledge is bounded by the confines of his home. He has been told of a war between the North and South, but as he had never heard the din of battle nor seen any soldiers, he considered it a hoax. He is utterly unable to read, and is ignorant to the last degree. An excellent story is told of his first and only day at school. He was quite a lad when a lady came to the district where his father resided to teach school. He was sent, and as the teacher was classifying the school he was called up in turn and interrogated as to his former studies. Of course he had to say that he had never been to school and knew none of his letters. The schoolmistress gave him a seat on one side until she had finished the preliminary examination of the rest of the scholars. She then called him to her and drew on the blackboard the letter A, told him what it was and asked him to remember how it looked. He looked at it a moment, and then inquired (he stuttered:)

"H-h-how do you know it's A?"

The teacher replied that when she was a girl she had been to school to an old gentleman who told her so.

The boy eyed the A for a moment and then asked, "H-h-how did he know?"

This was almost a stunner, but the teacher suddenly recollected that he had told her that when a boy he had been to school to a lady who taught him that it was A.

The boy eyed the letter a little longer, when he burst out with, "H-h-how did he know but she l-l-ied?"

The teacher could not get over this obstacle, and the poor boy was sent home as incorrigible.

IN SEARCH OF A RETAIL STORE.

A green appearing genius, on his first visit to Boston, observed a sign over a store thus—"Wholesale and Retail Store." He worked his way through the crowd of ladies until he faced one of the clerks, who was exhibiting some articles to a young lady, when he broke out with:

"Say, Mister, who's boss here?"

"The proprietor has just stepped out, sir."

"Well, is this a retailing shop?"

"Yes sir, a wholesale and retail store."

"Guess you understand your trade."

"O yes," replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for his lady customer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, as the cold weather is coming on, I thought I mought as well come and give you a job."

"I don't understand you, sir," replied the clerk, who began to think that the fellow was in the wrong box.

"Zactly so; well, I'll tell you."

"Explain what you mean, my friend," said the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle from under his coat.

"Well, as I said before, the cold weather's coming

on, I thought I might as well be fixin' for it. Come mighty near freezin' t'other winter, tell ye I did; but—"

"I hope you will tell what you want, so I may serve you."

"Certainly, squire, certainly; I always do business in a hurry; and just as quick as the old master will let you, I want you to retail these old ahirts. Let 'em come down about the knees, kase I don't wear drawers."

The effect may be imagined, but as novelists say, can't be described. The loud burst of laughter which followed, served to convince the poor fellow he had committed himself, and his long legs were put in motion for the door.

TAKING HIM DOWN.

While a portion of our cavalry was enjoying themselves in a certain town in Virginia, during the war, it was noticed that the gayest of the gay was a young, handsome and gallant captain, who wore good clothes, and who had a very "taking" way with the fair sex.

The attentions that were lavished upon this officer excited the ire of a private, who was more noted for good humor than good looks, and who had not received an "invite" or a smile, from a single lady in town—or a married one either. This individual was standing dejected and forelorn, with his hands in his pockets, on the street, where some young ladies were discussing the rare merits of the handsome captain.

"Yes, ladies," he broke in, "Captain Bob is a mighty fine man—no mistake about that. Everybody likes Captain Bob."

"Do you know him?" asked one of the damsels. "Are you in his company?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm in his company; I come along to kinder take care of Cap'n Bob, bein' we're cousins, so."

"To take care of him! What is the matter with him? Can't he take care of himself?"

"As a ginerall thing he kin, ma'am. There aint nothin' the matter with him, as I ought to know, for we was raised together, and both went to the same Sunday-school. It's a pity 'bout Cap'n Bob."

"A pity! What do you mean? Does he drink hard?"

"Not he, ma'am. 'Spect he haint teched nothin' strong since he was knee-high. He's a mighty fine man every way, is Cap'n Bob. It's a pity he has fits, and gits crazy sometimes."

"Gets crazy!"

"Yes, ma'am. He killed his fust wife, you know, in one of his fits, and he was tried for it, but I got on to the jury, and we brought him in crazy, and hushed the matter up."

"Has he really been married?"

"Sartin, ma'am; but I suppose he's forgot about his fust wife, as well he might, poor fellow, bein' it's a sore thing to think about. He haint lived much with his second wife, havin' been most of the time in the army since he married her, and she never heard about t'other one, and that's lucky for her."

"His second wife! He told us he was a young man—that he had never been married."

"Did Cap'n Bob really say that? I'm afraid he's gettin' into one of his fits agin, and I must look after him. Good evening, ladies."

The private turned away, with an extra mournful expression of countenance, and thereafter the handsome captain was shunned by the belles of that town. He was unable to discover the reason of the change in their feelings, until the detachment went northward. It is needless to say that he was unmarried, and never had "any fit."

A BOY'S PRAYER.

A Presbyterian clergyman in Northern New York had two smart boys just old enough to have inquiring minds but not discern the reason of things. They were taught to pray, and the efficacy and need of prayer were daily impressed upon them. Both the boys had a patch of pop-corn in the garden, and the growing blades were watched with intense interest, a small reward being held out to stimulate their industry. One day, the father walking near the patch, heard the voice of the youngest solemnly engaged in prayer, and drawing near, listened to the following petition: "O Lord, make my corn grow great big corn, but make brother Sam's grow all little nubbins!"

A SHARP QUARTERMASTER.

Some time ago the government had a quartermaster in New Orleans who, it was feared, did himself a great many good turns. He had, in fact, become suddenly rich, and showed his riches in his purchases and mode of living. So the war department set a trap to catch him, and find out how much he made by "commissions" paid by contractors. One fine morning a cunning detective called on the quartermaster, and was anxious to furnish certain supplies for the army. The quartermaster thought at once that he saw before him a "liberal-minded" contractor, and concluded he could do a "good thing" with him. After a long conversation on prices and other points of interest, but in which the detective utterly failed to pin suspicions to the quartermaster's skirts, the following conversation closed the conference:

Quartermaster—"Do you know what our Saviour said to Zaccheus when he was in the sycamore tree?"

Detective—"No, I do not; I am not familiar with the Scriptures. What did he say?"

Quartermaster—"He said, 'Zaccheus, make haste and come down.'"

The hint to "come down" supplied the ground of suspicion that the detective was looking for, and in a few days the quartermaster was dismissed from the service.

AN ORIGINAL PREACHER.

A Georgia correspondent tells that he heard the following original sermon from an original preacher: After throwing his eyes around the house in a threatening manner, with "O, you miserable sinner," expressed in every lineament of his round face, he went on in a serious voice, "My brethren, in order to check all idle curiosity, I will state that my name is Elijah Browser, from Jessymine Kintuck (sniffle), and I'm free to confess, without fear of successful contradiction, and I'm here to-day to say, and it will at once occur to every intelligent and reflecting mind, when I make bold to tell you that I have been preachin' now purty nigh gwine on three year, and on an average of five hundred sermons a year; that I have preached to the sojers, to the injins, to the

ordins (sniffle), to the niggers, and to the wood-choppers of Spaldin county; but never, no never (blubber), has I seed in all that time so ill-mannered, so sinful and depraved, and devil-hugging a congregation as this one here settin' before me to-day; and I want to tell the young men and women a settin back agin the melojun, that come here a cortin and a flirtin, and a passin of notes round the melojun, and a laffin, and a giggling, and a sying in the face of Providence, that the laws of the State throws around me certain protection, and I am going to have it. And what's more, if the thing aint stopped, I am going (for I've got their names), to call out their names from the pulpit next Sunday, and present 'em to the grand jury, moreover."

WEBSTER AND THE DRIVER.

On one occasion, Mr. Webster was on his way to attend to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companions, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm with the senator. "I endeavored to tranquillize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partially succeeded, when we reached the woods between Bladensburg and Washington (a proper scene for murder or outrage), and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me, and with a gruff voice, asked my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'to Washington. I am a senator.' Upon this, the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed, 'how glad I am. I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for when I looked at you I took you to be a highwayman.'" Of course, both parties were relieved.

A SUFFERING MAN.

The keeper of a well-known eating saloon at the depot on a branch road running from the "Erie" north, was some years since, and is still, afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. Several of his friends visited him, one at a time, and told him that unless he gave up drinking, it would kill him. At last the doctor, by arrangement, said the same thing, and mine host began to cry, and said, "Jim has been here talking to me about drinking so much, and then Tom came, and after him Sam, and all [boo-hoo!] talking to me about drinking [boo-hoo!] and now you've come; and there isn't nary one of you that considers how dreadful dry I am!"

WIT IS CAPITAL.—"There's our Jeremiah," said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to get his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man, with a sigh, and significantly tapping his forehead—"he failed from want of capital."

The Man we should like to send to a Seance.—The man who knows how to hit the happy medium.

Fashionable Gossip.—Crinoline is going out; no ladies' dresses will come in, in proportion.

Don't put your watch under your pillow—a man should never "sleep upon his watch."

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

WINTER SCENES.



IMPUDENT LITTLE BOY.—"Look a-heah, mister, don't you see that you aint allowed to bathe there? Can't you read?"



A COOL ASSISTANT.—"Now then, Daddy Long legs, if that's the way you intend to skate, just let me get in front of you, or I'll be crushed flatter than your hat."



CONSOLING AND CONFIDENT SKATER TO NEW BEGINNER.—"I say, Bob, are you down?"
BOB (whose head has just touched the ice with a terrible bump, causing him to see a shower of stars), "y-e-s."



GALLANT COUNTRY YOUTH.—"Hold on tight, Betsy, and I'll snake yer clean across the pond."
BETSY.—"I'll hold on, John, but either the coat tail or the ice is cracking."

FACES SEEN IN OUR COURTS.



The witness who caused considerable amusement.



The astonished and highly indignant witness.



The Harvard College student who wore a shocking bad hat, promptly paid his fine, and left the court room with some fellow-students.



The witness who swears that black is white.



Young lady whose affections were trifled with.

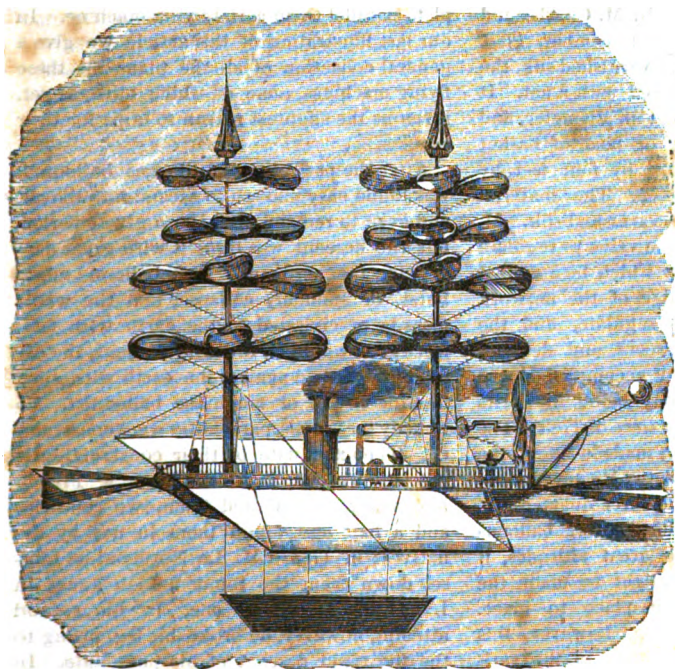


The gentleman who trifled with the young lady's affections.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.



M. LANDELLE'S DESIGN.

Few subjects have attracted more attention, and resulted in less practical use, than the science of aerostation. At an early day, man seems to have evinced a desire to navigate the regions of the air, having already made the earth and the sea subject to his will. Frequent and generally fatal experiments were attempted with wings, by which some persons hoped to be able to fly like a bird, but nothing was accomplished until many years later. In 1670, Lana, proposed to raise a vessel from the earth, by means of metallic

balls from which the air would have been exhausted. His project failed through the weight of the copper balls used. This led, however, to more earnest investigation, and it was discovered that a vessel, constructed of a material of a light weight, could be made to ascend, not by exhausting the air from it, but by filling it either with rarefied air, or with some gas which should be lighter than the atmosphere. This gas was found in 1766, by Cavendish, who discovered that hydrogen in its ordinary state, is from seven to eleven times lighter than ordinary air, and when pure, sixteen

times lighter. This discovery induced certain persons to attempt to raise heavy bodies into the air by means of the gas. Cavallo the electrician tried it in 1782, with little success, and the brothers Stephen and Joseph de Montgolfier, paper manufacturers at Annonay, near Lyons, attempted to use it and failed. On the 8th of June, 1783, they sent up a Montgolfier, or balloon filled with rarefied air. They called the bag used, a *ballon*, or little bag, from which we derive our inappropriate term, *balloon*. Their attempts to

use hydrogen gas had failed through the inability of their balloon to retain it, as it escaped through the pores of the paper. Their successful balloon ascended in the air, but, as the heat which it contained left it, fell to the ground again. In August, of the same year, a balloon was made capable of holding hydrogen gas, and suffered to ascend. It continued in the air nearly an hour, and descended five leagues from Paris. Other experiments were made, but no one ventured to trust himself to a balloon, until in November, of the same year, the Marquis d'Arlandes successfully navigated the air in a Montgolfier, travelling a distance of a little over five miles in from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

The first ascent made in a hydrogen balloon was also from Paris, and by M. Charles and M. Robert, on the first of December, 1783. The balloon was made of varnished silk, the upper portion being covered with a net. It measured ninety-seven feet in diameter, and had attached to it a car or boat of basket work, measuring eight feet by four feet, by three feet six inches deep. The material used for the balloon was varnished silk. M. Charles also introduced the valve to regulate the escape of gas, the car which he attached by ropes to the lower edge of the network covering, the ballast to regulate, and the barometer to measure ascent and descent. This is all that has been accomplished, the balloon of the present day being in all its essential features the *Charliere* of 1783. The voyage of this balloon was made in safety, the aeronauts landing at Nelse, twenty-seven miles from Paris, in an hour and three quarters.

Having succeeded in constructing balloons capable of ascending to great altitudes, it was believed that they might be made the means of travelling from place to place. With the ordinary balloon, however, this cannot be done, as it is subject to the variations of the air currents, and drifts about whithersoever they carry it. Some persons believed it possible to introduce a machine, which being elevated by means of balloons, would be capable of propelling itself through the air in any given direction, either by steam or by hand power. Numerous designs were offered, the leading principle of which will be seen from the idea of M. Landelle, which we give as our first illustration under this head. It has been proposed to combine fans, wheels and sails with hydrogen balloons; but the more philosophical idea is to make gravity

and not levity the motive in one direction, which is to overcome in all other directions by mechanical means of propulsion. The little toy, so common now with children, in which motion is given by a coiled string to a wire spindle, fitted with four paper wings at a small lateral inclination, and which flies up to the ceiling and maintains itself there for a few seconds, is the principle involved in most modern flying machines. What the screw of a steamer is in the water, so these fans are in the air. The object to which they are attached must be heavier than the medium through which they move, and the resistance of that medium is the fulcrum to which the leverage is applied. A submerged vessel moved with a screw, would be a complete parallel to an aerial flying machine. In our last illustration of this article we give a general collection of all the plans for these flying machines, none of which have, as yet, given us the slightest reason to hope for their success.

After the perfection of the gas balloon, it was found easy enough to ascend into the air, and even to remain there for a given period, but the descent was fraught with great danger to the aeronaut. The balloon might burst, or suddenly collapse, and the whole mass be precipitated to the earth with fatal force; or even in an ordinary descent, the car might be dashed against the earth with such force as to kill or maim the balloonist. To remedy these evils, parachutes were constructed. The exact date of their construction is not known, as it seems that a French missionary, who visited Siam, two centuries and a half ago, found them in use by the natives; in 1783, a M. Le Normand let himself down from the top of a high house in Lyons, by means of one. In his second attempt, however, he broke his leg, owing to the too rapid descent of his parachute. In 1797, M. Garnerin constructed a parachute by which he descended from a balloon at an elevation of two thousand feet. The descent was perilous, as the parachute failed for a time to expand; and after it had opened, and the immediate fears of the immense concourse who had assembled in Paris to witness the attempt had been relieved, the oscillations of the car in which Garnerin was seated were so violent as to threaten either to throw him out, or, on arriving at the ground, to dash him on the earth with great violence. He escaped, however, and exhibited his experi-

ment in London. In our second illustration, we present an engraving of Garnerin's parachute, which contains all the essential features of that apparatus; and our third engraving is designed to illustrate Mr. Cocking's parachute, which was intended to remedy the two chief faults in the ordinary instrument, namely, the danger of not opening in sufficient time after commencing the descent, and of oscillation to a hazardous degree. The danger of using such an instrument, in which the umbrella was inverted, was clearly pointed out to him, but he persevered, and in 1837, made an attempt to descend from a balloon which had ascended from London. The parachute descended with terrific violence, oscillating fearfully, and at last the car broke away from it, and Mr. Cocking was precipitated to the ground, from a distance of some hundred feet, and killed. Since this unfortunate occurrence, parachutes have been almost completely discarded.

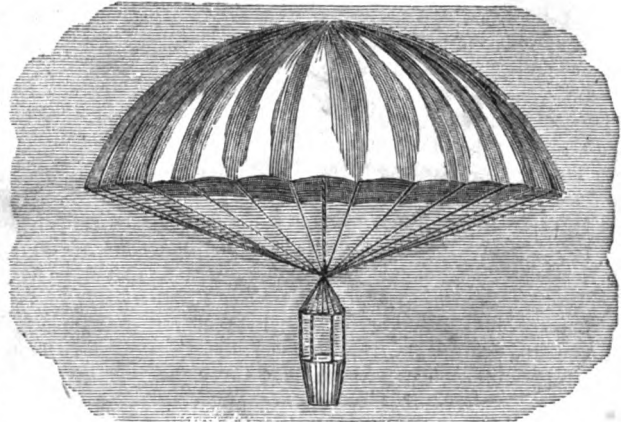
All aeronauts are not agreed as to the dangers of a descent. Professor Wise, an American, and one of the most daring cloud sailors the world has ever known, declares emphatically, that there is no danger to a man with a cool, clear head, in descending even from the greatest elevation. Upon one occasion he was bold enough to ascend to a height of thirteen thousand feet, and burst his balloon to test the truth of his theory. He made his ascent from Easton, Pennsylvania, in the midst of a terrific thunder storm, and rose to the dizzy height of about two miles and a quarter, and, while the storm flashed fiercely a mile below him, burst his balloon. He trusted that the balloon in a flaccid state would form a sort of parachute, and that in falling, the lower hemisphere would "cave in," and be driven up into the concavity of the upper half, by the rapidity of the descent. The balloon exploded as he wished it, the hydrogen rushed out with a roar, and in ten minutes the last particle was gone. Mr. Wise says he never for a moment lost confidence in the ultimate success of his experiment, but confesses that the first few moments after the explosion were full of the most fearful suspense to him. He reached

the ground in safety, however, and on several subsequent occasions repeated his experiment with success.

Various heights have been reached with balloons, the greatest, we believe, being a distance of over six and a half miles, which was attained by Messrs. Coxwell and Galscher, in an ascent for scientific purposes in September, 1861, from the Crystal Palace, near London.

Although the gas balloon was constructed in 1783, no essential improvement has been made in it, and it is probable that none ever will be. All that has been done for it, is to improve its outward appearance. In our fourth engraving, we present a view of M. Godard's celebrated "*Aigle*," or "*Eagle*," which is said to have been a model of beauty.

The effort to render balloons a medium of



M. GARNERIN'S PARACHUTE.

travel between various localities having failed, they are now used either for military reconnoissances, scientific observations, or mere adventure.

For reconnoitering the position of an army, and observing the movements of troops, and making topographical views of a country, balloons have long been in use. The French Republic early instituted a secret school of aerostation, with a view to the use of balloons in war. It is stated that at the battle of Fleurus, June 26th, 1794, observations of the Austrian camp were in this way made, and that by the signals conveyed to him, General Jourdan was materially assisted in winning the victory of that day. It is also asserted that Napoleon I. had a balloon sent with his army to Egypt. In the campaign in Italy in 1859, Napoleon III. availed himself of the

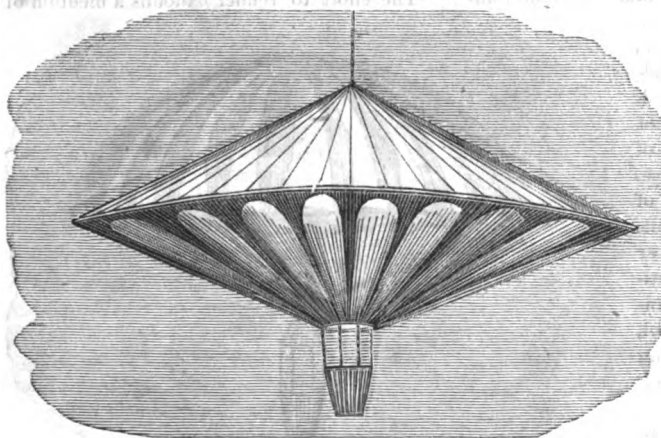
services of M. Godard, and was aided materially in conducting the battle of Solferino, by the important information gained in this manner, respecting the disposition of the Austrian forces. For these reconnoissances the balloon is held by a strong cable, which prevents it from floating over the enemy's lines.

In the late war, frequent balloon reconnoissances were made by Messrs. La Mountain, and T. S. C. Lowe, from the Union lines. In these ascents, Professor Lowe carried with him an operator and small pocket telegraph instrument, by means of which he made known the result of his observations to those below. On the 4th of October, 1861, Mr. La Mountain made an ascent from the camp of the Union army on the Potomac, and after

at length a fresh current wafted him back to the neighborhood of Hampton, where he descended to the great joy of the Union troops, who had been anxiously watching the movements of the balloon.

The balloons were the means of obtaining important information for the Union commanders, but were on the whole, a failure, and inferior to the system of watch towers, which was afterwards adopted. The great height necessary to be gained in order to carry the balloon beyond the reach of the enemy's artillery rendered the objects below so confused that it was sometimes impossible to make an accurate observation. The earth-works and other works indicating the position of an army, partaking of the hue of the ground, blended with it, and it was frequently

impossible to distinguish them. The same may be said of many natural features of the ground, such as hollows, and marshes which were not wooded. In the middle of May, Professor Lowe made an ascent from the north bank of the Chickahominy, from which point the city of Richmond was visible to him after reaching a slight elevation. But in order to do this he had to place his balloon within range of the South-



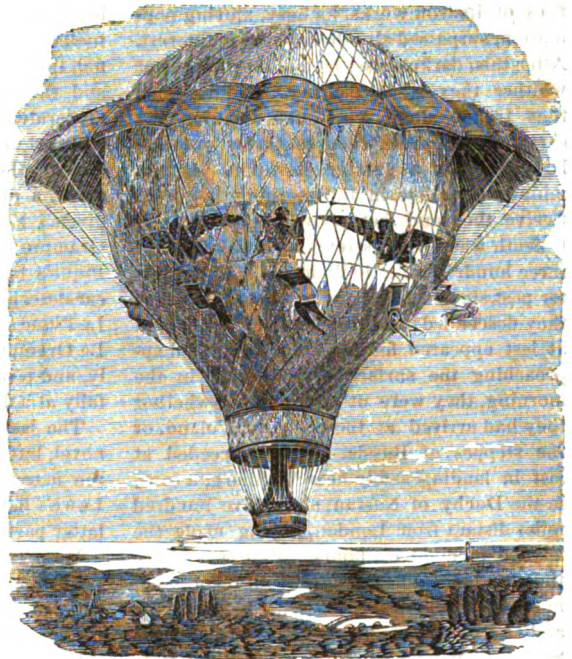
MR. COCKING'S PARACHUTE.

reaching the height of one mile and a half, cut the cord which held his balloon, and floated immediately over the Southern lines, making tolerably accurate observations of their position, and then discharging ballast, ascended still higher, and finally descended within the limits of the State of Maryland. The army of General McClellan in the Peninsula campaign of 1862, was provided with two balloons, which formed a regular part of the system of reconnoissances. During the siege of Yorktown, Major General Fitz John Porter ascended alone upon one occasion, to observe a portion of the Southern line. The rope which held his balloon broke, and a steady wind carried him immediately over the Confederate forces. Finding that he could not better his position, the general coolly set to work to take observations, and

at length a fresh current wafted him back to the neighborhood of Hampton, where he descended to the great joy of the Union troops, who had been anxiously watching the movements of the balloon. The balloons were the means of obtaining important information for the Union commanders, but were on the whole, a failure, and inferior to the system of watch towers, which was afterwards adopted. The great height necessary to be gained in order to carry the balloon beyond the reach of the enemy's artillery rendered the objects below so confused that it was sometimes impossible to make an accurate observation. The earth-works and other works indicating the position of an army, partaking of the hue of the ground, blended with it, and it was frequently impossible to distinguish them. The same may be said of many natural features of the ground, such as hollows, and marshes which were not wooded. In the middle of May, Professor Lowe made an ascent from the north bank of the Chickahominy, from which point the city of Richmond was visible to him after reaching a slight elevation. But in order to do this he had to place his balloon within range of the Southern artillery. He had been in the air but a few minutes, when two admirably served batteries of rifle guns opened on him, and compelled him to descend immediately, without giving him time to finish his observations. Though the balloon was not struck, the firing was so accurate as to almost stun the occupants of the car with the force of the explosion of the shells. During the battle of Seven Pines, both balloons were in the air. The writer of this article chanced to have an opportunity on that day of testing their merits as posts of observation. They were on the north bank of the river, and the battle was fought on the south side. Though they rendered some good service in reporting the movements of troops, they led to some gross errors which have since been corrected. Thus Professor Lowe reported early on Sun-

day morning the retreat of the enemy towards Richmond, and during the day declared that he could see long trains of wagons and columns of troops moving that way, and at nightfall reported that the main body of the enemy had fallen back to the city. The battle-field was seven miles and a half from Richmond, and during the day, the writer of this article had positive proof that the Confederates, instead of retreating early in the morning, pushed forward to the front every available man from their inner lines about the city, and that at nightfall they held Garnett's farm, seven miles from Richmond, and half a mile from the battle-field, together with the country extending from there to the James River, and that all that night their pickets lay in our immediate front. These facts are simply mentioned to show the inaccuracy of balloon observations, and in proof of our assertion that they cannot always be relied on with confidence. It has since been found that the trains seen by Professor Lowe, moving into the city during the day, were wagons containing the wounded of the Southern army. Perhaps the best proof of the unreliableness of the balloons for reconnoissances, is the fact that they were abandoned by the army after this campaign.—Several ascents have been made for scientific purposes, the most famous of which are that of M. Gay Lussac, from Paris, in September, 1804, who reached a height of four and a half miles, and that of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher from the Crystal Palace near London, in September 1861, when an elevation of over six miles and a half was reached. Neither of these efforts was perfectly satisfactory, though some valuable discoveries were made in both instances, and it is probable that new experiments will yet be attempted. In the latter ascent Mr. Glaisher states that at the distance of five and a half miles from the earth, he became utterly insensible, and that Mr. Coxwell, who had been up in the ring and was returning to the car at this moment, feeling that he too was growing insensible and unable to use his arms, seized the valve

rope in his teeth, and discharged enough of the gas to enable the balloon to fall to a lower position. In the descent Mr. Glaisher recovered at about the same elevation at which he became insensible. Mr. Glaisher is, therefore, of the opinion that up to three miles high, observations of a scientific nature can be made as comfortably and accurately in a balloon as on the earth; while at heights exceeding four miles, they cannot be made so well; because of the personal distress of the observer; and at five miles it requires the exercise of a strong will to make them at all. Up to three miles, any person of ordinary self-



M. GODARD'S "L'AIGLE."

possession may safely ascend in the car; but no person with pulmonary complaints or heart disease should attempt the height of four miles; and it may be added that (at least outside the tropics), five miles above the sea level is very nearly the limit of human existence.

Numerous interesting accounts of balloon adventures lie before us, from which we select a few as a fitting conclusion for this article. In the year 1836, a very interesting balloon voyage was made by Messrs. Holland, Mason and Green, from London. The balloon was of unusually large dimensions, being

about sixty feet high, fifty feet in diameter, containing eighty-five thousand cubic feet. It was furnished with provisions for a fortnight, instruments of great variety, clothing in abundance, and apparatus for warming coffee and provisions by the heat developed in slacking lime. They set out at half past one o'clock, on the 30th of November, and were wafted by a moderate breeze, toward the southeast. In the evening they crossed over the Channel near Dover, and during the night passed over many villages and towns of France. The lighted streets of these, as they sailed over them, presented a most beautiful appearance; but Liege, with the numerous fires of its iron works, its busy, moving population, surpassed all other objects of interest. After this, darkness set in, and they knew not whither they were drifting. A long rope they trailed along, sometimes reaching the earth, warned them when to throw out ballast and gain a greater elevation. At ten minutes after five in the morning they were twelve thousand feet above the earth, and beneath was a view stretching away for over three hundred miles in diameter. At a quarter past six the sun rose to them. It set as they descended; and rose and set again, and at last appeared for the third time. On approaching the surface of the earth in the morning, they were utterly ignorant whether they had arrived at the plains of Poland, or the steppes of Russia. They succeeded at last in landing safely near Weillburg, a town in the Duchy of Nassau, about five hundred miles distant from London, having made the voyage in eighteen hours. This was at the time the longest aerial voyage on record; but in July 1859, Messrs. Wise, La Mountain, and two others, made a balloon voyage from St. Louis, Missouri, to the town of Henderson, in Jefferson county, New York, eleven hundred and fifty miles distant from the former place, in nineteen hours and fifty minutes, or, at an average of nearly a mile a minute. In September, 1859, Messrs. La Mountain and Haddock made a voyage of three hundred miles in four hours.

In 1803, there occurred the most remarkable duel ever known. It was peculiarly French, and could not have happened out of Paris. M. Le Grampre, and M. Le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy, concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims, and, in order that the heat of angry passions should not interfere with the

polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor of the two, if the other was killed; or, at all events, this was inferred by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duellists were to fight in the air. Two balloons were constructed precisely alike. On the day denoted, Le Grampre and his second entered the car of one balloon, Le Pique and his second that of the other. It was in the Garden of the Tuilleries, amid an immense concourse of spectators. The two were to fire not at each other, but at each other's balloon, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas; and, as pistols might hardly have served the purpose, each aeronaut took a blunderbus in his car. At a given signal, the ropes that retained the cars were cut, and the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons at about their original distance of eighty yards apart. When half-a-mile above the surface of the earth, a preconcerted signal for firing was given. M. Le Pique fired, but missed. M. Le Grampre fired, and sent a ball through M. Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and M. Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. Le Grampre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

The last use made of balloons is rather novel, but as our readers are all familiar with the marriage above the clouds, in Professor Lowe's balloon, above New York city, in the latter part of 1865, we will not dwell upon it.

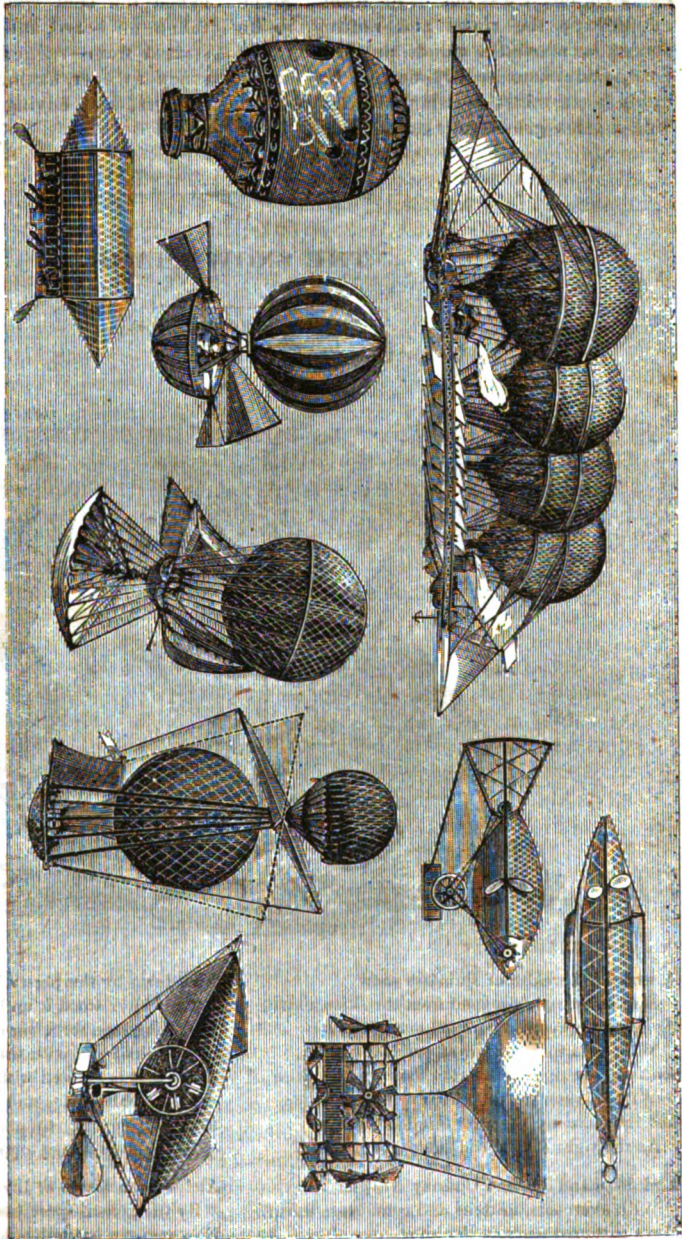
With the following story, which comes to us from a California exchange, we close this article. The incident is entertaining, but we cannot vouch for its authenticity.

"In California some years ago, a man was to make a balloon ascension. For some reason he was unable to inflate the balloon to the proper degree, and could not make the ascension himself, as he had advertised. Not to disappoint the crowd of spectators entirely, he attached a cord a thousand feet in length (more or less) to the partially inflated balloon, removed the basket, the ballast, the luncheon, extra clothing, and other articles for the aeronaut, fastened a piece of board beneath, in place of the basket (like the seat to a swing), and took a wide-awake boy, tending a peanut stand near by, to send him up the rope. He seated him on the board, instructed him how to hold on, and let go the balloon. The lad was eager enough for the adventure, and

left his peanut stand in such a hurry that he had not secured the pay for a pint of peanuts just delivered to a chap whom we will call Sam Jones. His parting injunction as he mounted skyward amid the cheers of the crowd, was addressed to his 'boss,' and warned him to 'Look out and get the pay for them peanuts.' Swiftly he went up, higher and higher, swinging on the frail support beneath the huge balloon, and the assembled thousands were in a measure compensated for their disappointment in not witnessing exploits of the 'Professor.' But look! The balloon gathers impetus as it rises; the gas expands and swells out the huge bulb; it reaches its prescribed height, wavers and struggles for a moment, snaps the confining cord, and soars off into infinitespace. The boy sits firmly on his seat and holds tight for his life; but the valve cord is out of his reach; he is helpless to return, and a sensation of undefinable horror shudders through the vast throng as he disappears—a bubble, a speck, an invisible atom—in the upper air, to perish of cold and hunger, or, falling, be dashed to pieces. Everybody gave him up as lost, and dead.

"Two days latter, the same boy, alive and well, 'might have been seen' rushing up the street, on the arrival of the Sacramento boat.

FLOATING IDEAS IN AEROSTATION.



His first salutation was addressed to his employer:—'Did Sam Jones pay for them peanuts?' The wondering people gathered round with eager questions; and the boy's

brief story was soon told. When he found himself going out of sight of the earth, he thought not so much of his danger as how to get down again. He had seen the valve-cord operated, but it was out of his reach. So he climbed up the ropes and netting, as he swung far above the clouds, pulled the valve-cord, and came swiftly down. He landed safely in the midst of a large marsh, covered with a dense growth of 'cat-tail flags,' six or

eight feet tall. Through this almost impenetrable thicket he worked his way slowly for a long distance, and finally came out into open land. He then steered straight for the river, hailed the boat when it came along, was taken on board, and landed at the place he started from—ragged, but unhurt, cool and saucy as ever, having passed through many dangers, and having safely escaped them all."

THE SNOW IMAGE.

BY EARL MARBLE.



A wonderful wealth of stainless snow
Had noiselessly dropped from the skies above,
And had decked the bare old earth below
With a garment as fair as ever was wove;
And the sun that shone from the noonday skies
With its rays enriched each drifted fold,
Till the dazzling shimmer blinded our eyes
As the sight of God did the prophet of old.

And John and Joe and Charley Brown,
With overcoats, mittens and comforters warm,
Have gathered up from the level lawn
The fleecy sum of the last-night's storm,
And have formed from the drifted powdered pearl
An image as fair to their childish eyes
As a marble one by the noblest earl
In the court of Art's grand royalties.

And down by the pigsty back of the house
They have stood it up by the rugged wall,
Preparing soon for a big carouse,
That shall end with the image's direful fall;
A fall that is greeted with shouts and cheers
As the balls of ice and snow are thrown,
And with sneering taunts and scornful jeers
As the snow image topples down from his throne.

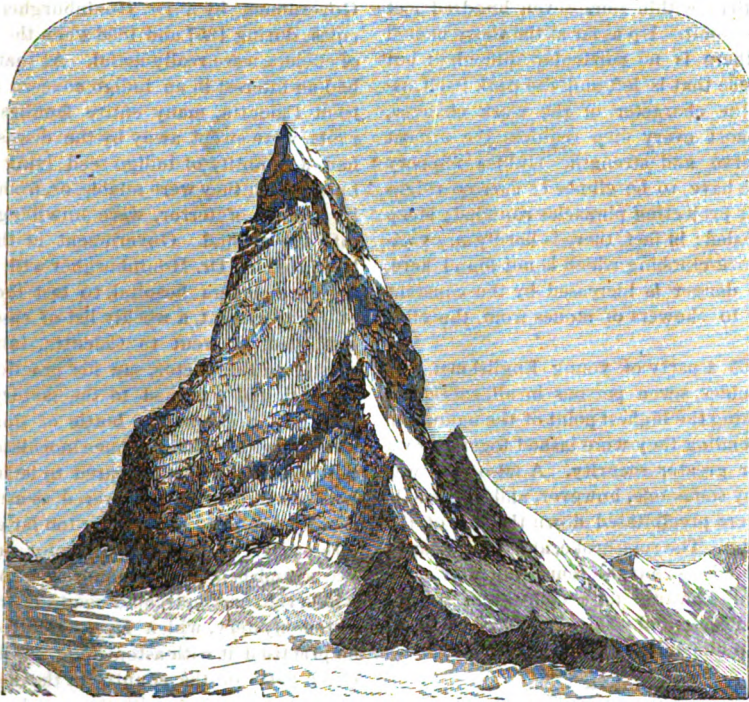
Ah! what a lesson of life is taught
By the gleeeful sport just back of the lawn!
How many a battle has manhood fought
With as little that's real to base it on!
How many an image does he uprear
From the mythical realms of a fevered brain,
To be battered down amid shout and cheer,
And to be on the morrow raised again!

THE MATTERHORN.

One of the most remarkable peaks of the Penine Alps, is Mount Cervin, or the Matterhorn, of which we present an excellent illustration. In some respects it is the most wonderful peak in the entire Alpine range, and until recently had defied all the efforts of the most experienced mountain climbers to reach its summit.

It may be roughly described as an irregular, five-sided pyramid, crowned by a block like an oblong ridge-roof cottage. It stands at an

Rosa range. Of the five edges, or *aretes*, as they are technically called, of the pyramid, one falls rapidly down to the ridge running towards the Dent d'Herens; the next (going northward) soon terminates in tremendous precipices over the Zmutt glacier; the end of the third is the Hornli, a well-known excursion for visitors from Zermatt; the fourth comes down to the plateau in the direction of the St. Theodule Pass; and the fifth, the least defined, is an offshoot from the first, a little below the foot of the great house-like block,



THE MATTERHORN.

angle in the line of the watershed of the Penine Alps, and is the sixth summit in Europe, being fourteen thousand seven hundred and five feet above the sea. On the west it is buttressed by a huge ridge, which joins it like a curtain wall between two towers, to the peak of the Dent d'Herens (thirteen thousand seven hundred and fourteen feet high); on the north it overhangs the Zmutt glacier, and the valley of Zermatt (Nicolai Thal); on the south the head of the Val Tournanche; on the east is the great plateau, from ten to eleven thousand feet in height, connecting it with the Breithorn and the rest of the Monte

and falls down towards the Val Tournanche. Nos. I. and IV. may be considered as the lines of the watershed, and, together with V., are visible from near Breuil, a village in the last-named valley.

Ridge No. I. is the only one which seems to offer a road to the summit, and has hitherto been the route followed almost universally in the different assaults which have been made upon the mountain. In fact, we know of only one exception, when an attempt was made in January, 1862, by Mr. T. Kennedy, of England, who thought that No. III. when covered by snow, might be practicable. He failed, how-

ever, owing to the severity of the weather, and the shortness of the days. The first serious attempt to climb the mountain was made in 1860, by Professor Tyndall and Mr. V. Hawkins of England. They started from Breuil, and after ascending to the deep notch where the curtain wall joins the lower, attempted the first ridge. Want of time compelled them to return, we believe, even before they reached the point formed by the union of I. and V.

Since then several attempts have been made, but until 1865 no one had succeeded in getting higher than within some seven hundred feet of the summit. Up as far as the above named notch, there is no particular difficulty; but when once that is left and the peak itself assailed, the character of the work changes, and almost every step requires the utmost skill, nerve and strength. Gullies slippery with ice have to be climbed; narrow ridges crossed; projecting pinnacles rounded; steep crags scaled; in fact, there is hardly any variety of rock-climbing which is not found here, and the danger is increased by the constant liability to showers of stones from the cliffs above.

In 1865 a party of young Englishmen and their guides, seven persons in all, succeeded in reaching the highest point of the mountain. In descending they were lashed together by a rope, for greater security. A false step was made by some one, however, and the whole party were precipitated down the side of the mountain. The rope broke, and three escaped with their lives, but the remaining four were hurled downwards for a distance of several thousand feet, and crushed out of all semblance to humanity.

STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN.

On page 183 we give our readers an excellent engraving of the statue of General Warren, to be seen at the Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. It is seven feet high and stands on a pedestal four feet high. The statue is of the purest Italian marble, and the work, as an object of art, is considered of a high order. The ceremonies at the inauguration of the statue, in 1857, are fresh in the minds of many of our readers. Thousands of people, from all parts of the Union, flocked to Boston to participate in the event, and to honor the memory of one who gave his life, at an early age, to his country. Even the famed seventh regiment of New York, and several

other New York military bodies, were in the procession, and contributed by their presence to render the event an auspicious one.

REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

An "Old Indian" writes as follows to the London Times:—"Permit one who has had considerable experience of the horrors of cholera in India to describe a simple and, in eight cases out of ten, an effectual remedy, possibly of equal value in this temperate climate, as it certainly is in the tropical. The specific was introduced with the assistance of Government by a Dr. Honinburgher in Calcutta, during 1857 and 1858 when the ravages of cholera were really awful. At that time, I had an interest in an indigo concern 42 miles from Calcutta, many entire families of the ryots were swept away by the disease, and I had a quantity of indigo seed lying in their huts, which they were unable, or, from a fatalist feeling of terror, were unwilling to put into the ground. Government at this time had provided Dr. Honinburgher with a building for a cholera hospital, to test the merits of his treatment, a weekly list of cases being published. I went to Calcutta, introduced myself to the doctor, saw his practice at the hospital, and returned to the factory with a pair of lancets and a bottle of tincture of quassia, with which I at once inoculated three natives, all of whom appeared to be in a very hopeless state. Two recovered, as usual, very rapidly, the third sank, being too far gone before I arrived. The native doctor, or hakim, was astonished, and pronounced it to be like witchcraft, and entreated me to instruct him in the mystery, which I very gladly did, and he practised it with astonishing success. At other parts of the country in the northwest provinces my efforts with the quassia were the means of saving several lives, one of a servant whom I much valued. I could quote many instances were it needful, but fearing to trespass on the fair amount of space you may accord to this letter, let me add, that the inoculation may be done by anybody with sense enough to avoid making an incision into one of the principal veins, the quassia is dropped into the wound, the body should be shampooed, and nothing given to the patient but cool water in small quantities. Cramps rapidly cease, and fair circulation of the blood is restored, the invariable exclamation of the invalid on recovering consciousness being, '*Hum gurhm hota hai,*' (I'm getting warm,) with a great sigh of relief."



STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN.

TODDY-DRINKING IN SCOTLAND.

Whiskey in Scotland is a national institution. The implements for making toddy are household gods, which descend as heirlooms from one generation to another. Those implements consist of a brass or silver toddy-kettle, a quaint black whiskey-bottle of the Dutch character, a certain number of stout tumblers with feet to them, little square or oblong doylies sacred to toddy, and a dozen or two of silver toddy-ladles. No householder considers himself completely set up in life, unless he possesses the proper implements for making and drinking toddy. And the consumption of this national compound is a grand ceremonial, a solemn sacrifice to Bacchus, conducted with great state and circumstance. The dinner is nothing, the toddy afterwards is everything. I have heard that my grandfather was always very impatient of the concluding courses of dinner. The cheese was a formula for which he had no toleration. He would never give any one an opportunity of taking cheese. He would say to the guests all round as fast as he could talk, giving no one a chance to reply, "Ye for cheese? ye for cheese? ye for cheese? Naeboddy for cheese, tak' awa' the cheese." And the cheese would be whipped away accordingly, the cloth cleared, and the implements of toddy set out on the polished mahogany.

No dessert accompanies the after-dinner toddy-drinking in Scotland. Apples and pears, almonds and raisins, and such like sweet fare, are considered fit only for women and children. It would be a desecration of the high and severe altar sacred to whiskey, to place eatables of any kind upon it. The sacrifice admits of libations only. You are expected to put a glass and a half of whiskey in every tumbler, and your host keeps his eye on you to see that you don't shirk. A wine-glassful and a half is the minimum which any one can venture to put into his tumbler without losing caste as a true Scot. If you cannot stand to your double-shotted tumbler, you are no worthy son of Scotia. But a little more is allowable than a glass and a half in a tumbler; and this wee drapple more is pleasantly called an "ekey." An "ekey" is given by a tremulous motion of the hand—allowed to be involuntary—just as the second glass is half full. You may happen to fill the glass; but it is only an "ekey," and doesn't count.

There are many innocent diminutives used in Scotland to soften the name of whiskey. It would sound very horrid and be unpleasant-

ly suggestive of habitual intemperance, to be always asking for a "glass of whiskey." So until it comes to the regular toddy-time, you take a "wee drapple," or a "thimbleful," or a "skitey," and you take it with an air of being troubled with a stomach complaint, and make faces after it as if you didn't like it, and only took it as a medicine. Under the name of a "drapple," or a "skitey," whiskey tastes just as hot in the mouth, only you may persuade yourself and others that you haven't had any whiskey. It is because whiskey-toddy is an institution in Scotland, because it is consumed in high state, and because every household has its toddy gods, that we derive the impression that the Scotch are a people inordinately given to drink. I am inclined to believe, however, that there is quite as much drinking going on in London, as in any town in Scotland. Scotchmen take a good deal of toddy after dinner, and perhaps a "skitey" with the forenoon's "piece" (Anglice, lunch), but they are not in the habit of drinking at public-house bars. They take nearly all their drinks sitting round their own tables, and I question if the maximum number of tumblers exceeds the quantity which is sipped in "drops" and "drains" in English taverns by men who are regarded as models of moderation and sobriety. We may at least say this, that a Scotchman takes his drink like a gentleman.

Toddy-drinking in Scotland, however, is not so universal nor so religiously pursued as it was. An old fourteen-tumbler man complained to me lately, that the new race of Scotchmen were very degenerate. He was deploring bitterly that there was not a man in all Scotland now, who could take his fourteen tumblers.

"I canna think fat's come to the young men noo-a-days," he said; "they run away frae their toddy at the second tumbler, and jine the leddies—they're just becoming effeminate."

ANCIENT TREES.

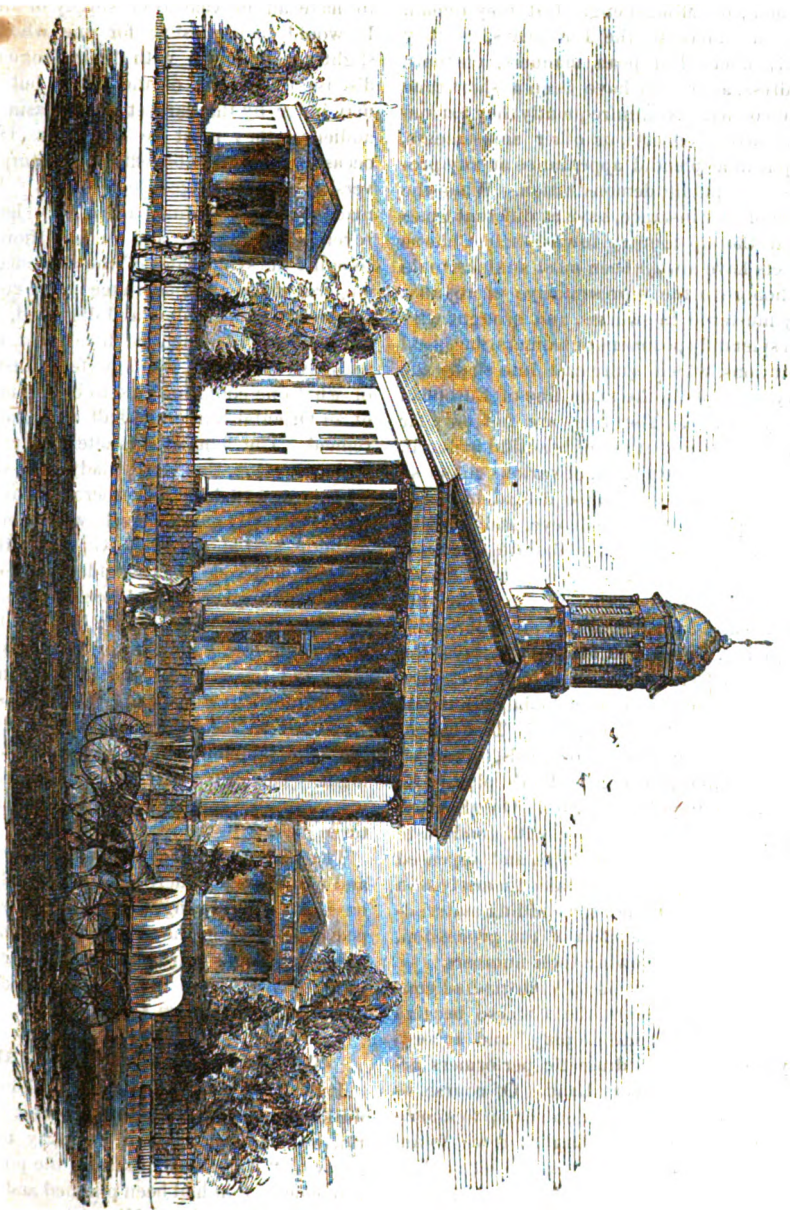
The celebrated chestnut on Etna must be a thousand years old at least. The Baobab trees of the Green Cape demand of us, according to their thickness and the number of zones in some of their branches, an age of 4000 years or thereabouts. The gigantic cypress at Santa Maria del Tule, six miles east of Oaxaca, in Mexico, has a circumference of 124 Spanish feet, and a diameter of about 40 feet. The tree is supposed to be nearly 3000 years old. It is historically certain that it is older than the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards.

COUNTY BUILDINGS, TRENTON, N. J.

On this page our readers will find a representation of the County Buildings of Trenton, New Jersey. The centre building is the court

house, but it is famous as the place where one of the great battles of the Revolution was fought, and just when all hearts were drooping under the weight of repeated disasters.

COUNTY BUILDINGS, TRENTON, N. J.



house, and the buildings on each side are offices for the county clerk and surrogate. They were erected in 1839, at a cost of \$70,000. Trenton is not noted for its architectural

It was here that Washington led the army, and struck a blow that resulted in encouraging the despondent, and ultimately in giving us liberty and independence.

CHINESE IN AUSTRALIA.

In the earlier days, Chinamen were wholly dependent on the European storekeepers for their supplies. Now every camp has one or two stores, the property of a Gee Long, or Ah-Luck, or Mong-Feng. But they remain good customers to the Europeans, as they greatly affect European manners, customs, and dress, after they have been a short time in the colony. Not unfrequently they patronize theatres, concerts, or other amusements, and put in a splendid appearance at any procession or public demonstration. When the governors, for instance, have at different times visited the up-country towns, their Chinese subjects have always been most anxious to do full honor to the representative of royalty. They mustered in swarms, and brought with them splendid specimens of banners, flags, and decorations, which quite cast into shade the paltry attempts in the same line of European holiday-makers. The flags are not only far prettier in shape, but are of beautiful material, being of the richest silks, of various colors, so exquisitely contrasted or so delicately blended, as to please the artistic eye, and covered with embroidery of most elaborate character and workmanship. They let off a most liberal supply of 'crackers—an amusement they delight in—and deny themselves no opportunity of enjoying. They also, at intervals, favor the lieges with Celestial music, which, certainly, does not incline any of our colonial enthusiasts to ask for that "strain again." The instruments of music consist of reeds, arranged something like a primitive Pan's pipe, cymbals, and a tiny kettle-drum. On all these occasions, the Chinese have with good taste given up their European dress, and appeared as glorious as they could make themselves in their national costume; thus adding materially to the picturesque effect of the procession, and distinctively showing their numbers.

After their emigration to Victoria had continued for some years, the Chinese became tired of "all work and no play," and accordingly a company of dramatic performers arrived from the Flowery Land. Of course, as they were travelling from one camp to another, or rather from one English town to another, round which Chinamen had set up their clusters of tabernacles, they had no permanent place of performance, but conveyed their stage, properties, and theatre (in the shape of a large circular tent) from place to place. The dresses, and some of the other properties, with great display of jewelry, are really

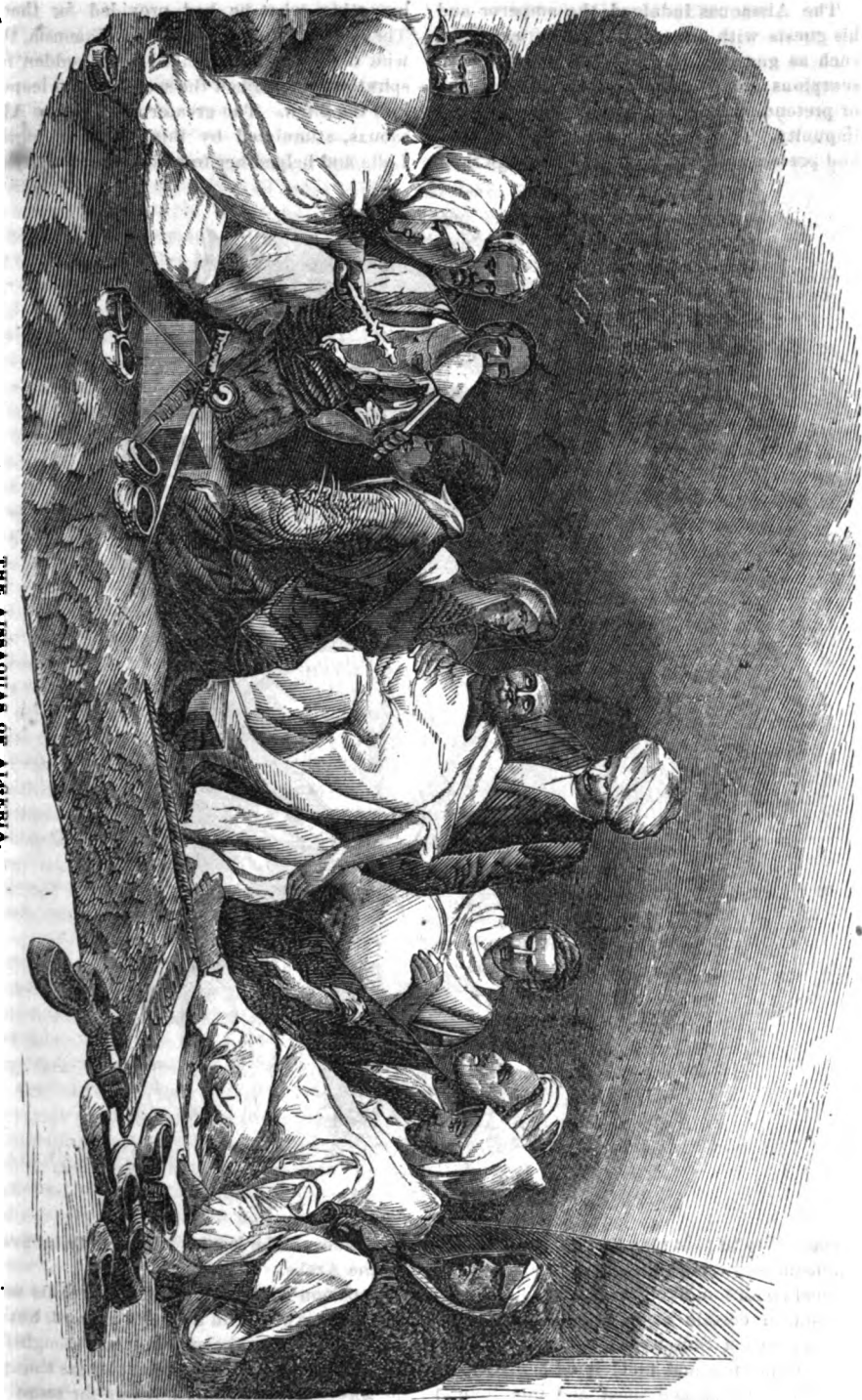
splendid; but they almost wholly dispense with scenery. They delight in feats of strength, and indulge in dangerous acrobatic exhibitions to a most alarming extent. They never repeat the same piece, for they appear to have an inexhaustible supply of dramas. It would be impossible for one who is but slightly acquainted with their language to discuss the merits of the actors, but if one may judge by the earnest enthusiasm of the audience, they must be excellent. On one occasion I had the benefit of an interpreter's version of the tragedy before me. It was made up of pretty equal parts of love, jealousy, revenge and murder, and seemed thoroughly to enlist the sympathies of the audience. An emperor made his appearance in the course of the piece; and the slow and dignified, yet imperious way in which he lived and moved, and gave his orders, was a perfect illustration of what one could imagine to be the manners of an Oriental autocrat—half barbarous, half refined. The female characters were acted by boys. One, the young lady, Kat-si-sieno, who is deserted by her recreant lover, and who eventually hangs herself, was so intensely pathetic, that she (or he) wept, and the real distress infected the beholders. The performances are varied, and accompanied, as in our own theatres, by music; but the beating of the tom-toms, and the shrill sounds of the pipes and triangles, became such an intolerable nuisance to Europeans, that it was found necessary to forbid the musical portions of the entertainment after twelve o'clock at night. The other parts of the performance were usually carried on until one, two, or three o'clock in the morning.

The Chinese features are not usually mobile and expressive. There is an intolerable sameness in face, coloring, dress, and general appearance among the Victorian Chinese, as compared with Europeans. The race is so pure, that one sees nothing but black eyes, black hair, and brown skins.

THE AISSAOUAS OF ALGERIA.

It is stated by those who should know, that during the Emperor Napoleon's visit to Algeria, he manifested more curiosity to see a party of "Aissaouas" than all the public improvements that had been planned and carried out with his sanction. His wish was gratified, although at some little trouble. The "Aissaouas" were collected and photographed, and from the photograph our engraving, as given on page 187, was taken.

THE AISSAOUAS OF ALGERIA.



The Aissaouas indulged the emperor and his guests with some of their fanatical feats, such as gnawing thorny sticks, playing with scorpions and poisonous serpents, and eating or pretending to eat, poisoned meat, etc., with impunity. They are probably adroit jugglers, and possess antidotes to poisons, though their

by eating what he had provided for them. They all hesitated, when Lalla Khæmsia, the wife of one of them, seized with sudden inspiration, reproached the sectaries and leaped into the ditch. The greater part of the Aissaouas, stimulated by this example, joined Lalla and helped her to consume the Sultan's



BALT. WILLIAMS TREED BY THE INDIANS.

insensibility to pain may be explained by excitement, or perhaps they approach a physiological condition, like that produced by magnetism in certain cases. An Arab legend relates that a Sultan of Fez caused a great ditch to be dug, and filled it with venomous reptiles and poisoned meat, and then invited the Aissaouas to publicly prove their power

provisions. The legend is generally believed by the Arabs.

Napoleon witnessed all their exploits and sent them away with a liberal reward, but it was noticed that the emperor was thoughtful for several days after the interview, as though he was endeavoring to account for some of the sharp tricks which he had seen.

BALT. WILLIAMS TREED BY THE INDIANS.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

IN a previous sketch, we published the story of Ham Cass, and the fulfilment of his vow to avenge the murder of his father, by an Indian named Broadfoot. One party had been sent out in search of him, but returned unsuccessful. Another was soon sent out, consisting of four persons; two of the party were to go down on one side of the river, and return on the other. Balt. Williams and Jim Johnson were to do the same above. We give the account as related by Williams.

"Three days Johnson and I ranged the woods, meeting many trails of Indians, and once or twice coming pretty close upon them; but no trail that looked like Ham Cass. On the fourth day, about noon, being about forty miles distant from Harmer, we came on the trail of a large body of Indians, who had passed there the day before, and were going up the river. It was not a war party, as the tracks of women and children were mingled with those of grown men. We followed it four or five miles, when at a soft piece of ground, I caught sight of a footmark I knew right well. 'Twas the broad, flat foot of the Indian whom we called Broadfoot. I showed it to Johnson, who agreed that there could be no doubt to whom it belonged. We traced it along till, at the top of a ridge, the party separated, Broadfoot and four others taking a course directly out from the river; and the others, principally old men, women and children, still following up the stream. Here Johnson and I called a halt, and consulted whether we should follow Broadfoot and his gang, or the larger party. Johnson was for the latter plan, saying, that where there were so many women and children, they must needs move slowly, and we should easily overtake them, and perhaps take a scalp or two. I wanted to track Broadfoot still, both because I wanted to take the scoundrel's scalp, and because I could not but think we stood the best chance of finding the boy, by keeping on the trail of the enemy he was in search of. Finally, Johnson gave in, and we followed the smaller or war party.

"Poor Jim grumbled a good deal at what he called my wrong-headedness. 'There were twenty or thirty tracks,' said he; 'they were going slowly, and by night we could

have overtaken them, and taken a scalp or two at least. Even a squaw's scalp would have been some satisfaction; nay, a child's would have been better than nothing.'

"'What on earth do you want with a squaw's scalp, much more with a poor papoose's, Jim Johnson?'" said I.

"'Why, Balt., I don't want a squaw's scalp, nor a papoose's, if I can get a warrior's; but surely half a loaf is better than no bread. Here we have been on a range four days, and have not had a shot at a redskin—man, woman, or child—though we all know the woods are full of them. It is too bad; I vow, it is a disgrace to the settlement; there has not a single scalp been brought into Harmer in a month.' Johnson went on grumbling and complaining, but I did not mind him, but kept a sharp eye on the trail. We followed it steadily and pretty rapidly till nightfall; we then camped, lighted our fire, cooked a bit of bear steak, and went quietly to sleep. Next morning we were early on the trail, and followed it steadily till near noon; then a new footmark joined it; I gave but one glance—it was Ham Cass's. The sight of the footmarks warmed my heart; I gave a loud shout, and followed the trail with renewed energy. I did not lose the chance of bragging over Jim. 'See, Jim, wasn't I right, after all? I knew the boy was true breed, the genuine old hunter blood is in him, and for all his book learning, it will show itself; you see he is on the right track now, and my word for it, he will tree the game.' Just as Johnson began some light and joking remark, I heard the sharp crack, crack, crack—three rifles. Johnson, who was a step or two in front of me, gave one bound right up into the air, and fell dead at my feet. At the same time, I felt a numbness in my right leg; I too was hit. I looked up the hill side; five Indians were bounding down at a great rate. There was no time to lose; I ran for life. Luckily the ball had not touched the bone. In a moment they were after me at full speed. I gave one glance over my shoulder, to see how they were coming; only one was near me, and if I could but escape him, I had no fears for the rest, for on level ground, even with my hurt leg, I could leave any Indian far behind me on a short race.

"In a minute more I heard another rifle; I glanced behind. The Indian who was nearest me—and he was fearfully near—stood still, groping in the air with his hands for a moment, and then fell. One of his companions had hit the wrong mark; the Indians saw the fatal error, and filled the air with their yells. I ran on, making for a creek we had passed in the early part of the day. I soon found no one was after me; but there was little safety in that. The savages could not look at my trail without finding I was wounded, and this would encourage them to hunt me down. My wound, too, began to be very painful, and I found it would be impossible for me to reach the creek without rest; yet I scarce dared to stop, till at last I came to a sycamore tree, which was hollowed out by rot. Here I determined to make my resting place. In the upper part of this hollow, I could probably remain concealed; or, if discovered, sell my life dearly. The opening to the tree was about four feet from the ground, scarcely large enough to permit a man to crawl in; once in, the space would easily permit a dozen men to stand at ease. I crept in, and began to take a regular survey of my little fortress. I found there were several holes, the size of a dollar, and one, near twenty feet from the ground, where a limb had broken off, which was larger than that which I had entered. Here I rested for some time, and having plucked some leaves as I went through the woods, I now chewed and applied them to my wound, with great relief. You may well suppose I kept a good look out all the while, lest the savages should come on me unawares.

"I had watched there for more than an hour, when I caught sight of them following my trail. The first was a chief—a large powerful fellow, with a feather in his high tuft of hair, medals on his breast, and wampum beads hanging in strings from his dress. At his belt hung a fresh scalp, which I knew could only be poor Johnson's. He was followed, in Indian file, by six others; slowly and cautiously they advanced on the trail, till they came within fifty feet of the tree. Here they halted, and I could have picked one off very easily, but I thought I would wait and see what plan they would adopt. After some whispering and gesticulating, two of the Indians were detached, and made a circuit round the tree, apparently to discover if the trail led beyond it. When they had completed their round and joined their compan-

ions, they held another long talk; finally three raised their rifles and fired at the hole in the tree. One of the balls only entered the hole, but as I took care to be out of range, did me no harm. Again they held a talk; they seemed irresolute what to do, and I began to think they would leave me; but such was no part of their intention. I saw them again raising their rifles for a shot, when a plan entered my head by which I hoped to get two lives at least; so when they fired, I gave a furious scream, as though wounded, and then began to groan, at first very loud, and finally softly, as though just dead.

"The stratagem had its effect. At the first scream the Indians gave a shout of triumph, and then, as they heard the groans, they advanced towards the tree. Still their natural craft did not entirely desert them, for they crept on very slowly, stopping every now and then, and listening with eager attention. Finally, the head man stood beside the opening; he poked in his rifle, moving it about; then he thrust in his head, and just as he was fairly in, I fired, and blew the top of his head all off. He fell forward, his body blocking up the hole. In an instant, I sprang upon him, wrested his rifle from his dying grasp, pointed it from one of the small loopholes, fired, and another Indian was dead beside his chief; the others gave one yell of rage and despair and took to the trees. The Indians, each hid behind some neighboring tree, were concealed from me, and did not seem very much inclined to leave their covert. In the mean time, I was busy rifling the dead chief. The gun I had taken, and which had already done me such good service, I found, on looking at it, was Johnson's; the savage had a well filled bullet pouch, and a horn of powder; the ammunition was of immense importance to me, as I had not above a dozen charges left, and there was no telling how long this fight might last. I also got a large bag of parched corn, and a small (pity it was so very small) flask of whiskey. Having secured these valuable spoils, I resumed my watch of the savages.

"The sun was near setting, when I saw them, at a signal, fly each from his tree and take refuge behind a small rise in the ground, about twenty or thirty yards from my tree. Here they were out of my sight, and, what was worse, they could creep round and approach on either side without my knowing where to look for them. 'This,' thought I, 'will never do; I'll see if I can't break up the council they are holding, or at least get an

idea of what they are about.' I began to climb the sides of the tree. As the rot had eaten irregularly, it left a good many knots and knobs; so that, notwithstanding my lame leg, I made out finally to reach the upper hole. Cautiously I poked my head out, and was rejoiced to find I could command a full view of my enemies. There lay the whole five, their heads together, talking and pointing, evidently hatching some plan for my destruction. Having satisfied myself that, from the top of my fort, I could hit one of the savages, I descended again, and fastening one end of my belt to my side, and tying the two rifles, ready loaded, to the other, I ascended again. Just as I caught sight of the savages, two of them made off, rolling and creeping along till they were out of the reach of my rifle; then they took to the woods and I saw no more of them. Here was another hint for me to be in haste, as the varmin were sending for reinforcements. Slowly and carefully I pushed out my rifles, and resting one in the crotch of the tree, I took deliberate aim at the nearest Indian. He lay flat on the ground, and my ball hit the very centre of his head. His companions sprang to their feet, gazing all round, evidently at a loss to tell whence the blow came. As they stood there I could take perfect aim, and in a moment another fell, with a ball through his body. The shot roused the remaining Indian to the necessity of putting shelter between him and me. He sprang behind a tree. Here he remained a long time, till finding he was not likely to move, and knowing that their reinforcements could not be far distant, I determined to be off. I went to work with my tomahawk, cutting a hole in the tree, opposite to where he lay, and in half an hour's time, I could creep out. Taking advantage of the ground, I was soon out of sight of the Indian; then I sprang to my feet, and made towards the creek, at my best speed. I walked more than an hour undisturbed, and began to indulge the hope of reaching the creek without further danger. I had gained the top of the last hill, and the creek lay in the valley below; I paused for a moment, and looking back, saw four Indians on the opposite hill, not more than a mile behind me. They must have seen me at the same moment, for their loud war-whoop rang through the woods.

"I did not wait for another look at them, but made for the creek. I gained the bank and plunged into the stream. O, how pleasant was that cool water to my parched skin and

burning wound! I swam with the current, which was pretty rapid, till, at a turn of the stream, I saw a large raft of drift wood. I struggled towards it, and diving, came up between two of the largest logs. They lay so close together, that I could barely get my eyes, nose and chin out of the water; and as the logs touched a few inches above my face, I was in nearly total darkness. Here I lay, half dead with fatigue and pain, waiting for the savages. I soon heard by their shouts that they were near—were descending the stream. One of them came on the raft; he stood for a moment on the logs which concealed me, his weight pressing my head under water; had he remained many minutes I must have perished. He moved onwards, however, and then, like an old otter, I poked my nose out of water to blow. For near an hour I heard their shouts, near the raft; then they began to grow more faint, and finally died away. I waited sometime, lest stragglers might have remained behind. At last, hearing nothing of them, and being nearly exhausted, I left my hiding-place, and swam into the open stream. It was quite dark; I was wet, hungry and lame; still I dared not rest—there was no hope of safety but in instant flight. By hard tugging, I detached a large log from the raft, and drew it into the middle of the stream; then laying myself at full length upon it, I began to float down the stream.

"All night I piloted my little craft, sometimes assisting its way by my feet or hands. The morning began to dawn as I entered the Ohio River. As soon as the sun rose, I pushed the log to the shore, landed, and lay down on the dry sand to sleep. I slept till near noon, and then awoke quite fresh. Again I mounted my raft, and guiding it into the middle of the stream, lay quietly down to float. I was fearful, if I approached the shore, the Indians might see me. Before sunset I arrived at Harmer. Here I had again sad news to tell; the hunt, from which we had hoped so much, was over, and had proved useless or worse: a good scout was lost, and although I had certainly taken four lives for one, yet our main object—finding the boy—was as far off as ever. All we had learned was, that he was certainly alive four days before, and that, with true blood-hound instinct, he was again on the track of his enemy."

Our dreams are the sequel of our waking knowledge; they are never original.

A DAY THAT IS DEAD.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

A long, low stretch of yellow sand,
 With skies of blue low-bending over
 The ocean's palpitating breast,
 Fondly as some enamored lover.
 A long, dark line of broken rock,
 With sea-shells in its tangled tresses;
 The waves against its sullen side,
 Lapping it with their soft caresses.

A mist across the sunrise hills,
 Like opals in an emerald setting;
 A sea-gull poised on airy wings,
 His slender beak so coyly wetting.

A white sail in the distant blue,
 A lumbering barge at anchor riding,
 A boat soft-awaying to the tide,
 A faithful hand the helm a-guiding.

Ah, how it all comes back to-night!
 The sudden whirl of startled plover,
 The meadows sweeping to the wood,
 The oxen cropping at the clover.
 The boat grates idly on the sand,
 The sea-gull sweeps in airy mazes,
 But ah, the hand that held the helm
 Is folded underneath the daisies!

A QUEER WEDDING.

BY N. P. DARLING.

I.

If you look on the map of the New England States, perhaps you will find the village of East Hampden; but if not, you had best take the morning express for S—. From there you can go to B— Junction, and from there to M—. Then take the mall wagon for East Hampden. It's only a ten mile ride over the worst road in the State. If your bones are not all broken when you get to your journey's end, you will be glad you came, for it is one of the most pleasant little villages in the country, and if you spend one summer there you will be sure to go the next.

Mr. Nixon Demple was born there. I don't know when, but should think that he first looked upon the hills and rocks of East Hampden sometime in the year 1840. When he was about three years of age, his father—a very worthy gentleman by the way, who had made a small fortune by the manufacture of fish-hooks—resolved to remove to a town several hundred miles distant, and forthwith he put his resolve into execution.

There Mr. Nixon Demple vegetated and grew to man's estate. He was eminently a promising young man. He made a great many promises that he never fulfilled. He promised to pay moneys at different times to different individuals, but he never did. He

promised to marry Miss Hattie Singleton. The wedding day was fixed, and everything was in readiness, that is, everything but Mr. Nixon Demple. The night before the wedding was to be, he received a letter from his sister, Miss Katie Demple. She was going to start for East Hampden the next day—would he accompany her? I may say here that Mr. Demple was rather fickle-minded. He wasn't positively sure what he did want. He wasn't sure that he loved Miss Hattie Singleton. To be sure he had told her that he did; but then, he had said the same to half-a-dozen others. To-morrow, if he stayed in Chaubugermang, the wedding would take place, and then, he should feel that he was obliged to love and comfort her, etc. Just as these thoughts were passing through his mind, a longing desire to see "the cot where he was born," came into his heart. He had never been there since he first left it with his parents. Can you blame him that he did long to see the spot where he first drew the breath of life? He might have married and then gone to East Hampden on a wedding tour; but he could never entertain two such great undertakings at one and the same time, and so, Mr. Demple gave up the idea of marrying, vowed to remain single all his life, and forthwith commenced packing his trunk for an early start in the morning.

The first train that leaves Chaubugermang in the morning for W—, starts at five o'clock. Mr. Demple's sister lived at the latter place; and as he wished to arrive there as early as possible, so that he might be ready to go on to East Hampden with his sister, and furthermore as he did not wish to be seen by the people of Chaubugermang, he concluded to take the first train.

But alas for the hopes of Mr. Demple! He sent his trunk to the station by a porter, and then on foot he hurried after. The train was just ready to start. He sprang on to the steps, but just at that moment some one seized him by the coat. Turning he saw Harry Singleton standing behind him.

"Where now, Nixon?" asked Harry, who had not the slightest idea that Demple was attempting to run away from his sister.

Demple, surprised and alarmed, blurted out the truth before he thought—"I'm going to East Hampden."

"The deuce you are," cried Harry, laughing at what he thought a joke, supposing that Demple was only going up to W—, and would be back on the next train. And just at that moment the bell rang and the cars started off. And Mr. Demple went in, took a seat, bought a paper, "The Chaubugermang Scribe," and in a very few minutes was deeply interested in the perusal of an "ower true tale," headed "Retribution," in which a young man who had won the affections of a very beautiful and amiable young lady, deserted her at the last moment and fled far away. How it became easy for him after the first wicked step to commit a greater crime, and how at last he found himself in the state prison for forgery, with a claim on the State for his board and clothing in the said prison.

Mr. Demple read the story twice through. At the conclusion his hair stood on end. He was horrified. Nixon Demple's end might be worse, he thought. He might find it at the end of a rope. It almost strangled him to think of it. He felt that he was a villain, to use poor, dear Hattie in such a manner. He knew that she loved him, and away down in his heart he felt that he loved her, too; but he was apt to forget that, as he had done the night before. But he resolved to repent in time. He would come back in the next train, marry Hattie, live happily all his life, and die a natural death on his bed at home, with kind friends around him to smooth his pillow and whisper words of hope and comfort to him ere he crossed the dark river.

Well—but I said before that Mr. Demple was fickle-minded. But I didn't say that his sister Kate was strong-minded, though she was, very. And so, when Mr. Demple reached W—, he found his sister awaiting him and nothing could do, but that he must accompany her. He thought of Hattie, and then of the gallows. With a shudder he looked at the "Chaubugermang Scribe," which he held in his hand. His sister took it to wrap up half-a dozen doughnuts in.

"Come, get your ticket, Nixon," she said, looking up at his lugubrious countenance.

"Why, I don't know—" he began.

"Well, I do. Of course you are going with me. Your trunk is with you."

"Yes. Of course I'm going. What did I come up here for, but to go?" he said, trying to smile, though it was hard work, for he was thinking of "Retribution." The word was printed in large letters of fire on his brain. However he bought his ticket. And when the train came along he helped his sister in, and then went forward into the smoking car, where he lost himself in a cloud, and forgot Hattie and everything else but the enjoyment of his "weed."

It is a long ride to M—, and you'll believe it if you ever go there; but, as I said before, it is a much worse one from there to East Hampden. They call it the "Break-neck Route." Doctors recommend the East Hampden mail wagon to patients suffering from the dyspepsia—it's sure to kill or cure. I think it was the best thing in the world for Mr. Demple. He felt much more "settled" in his mind than he had before in a long while; and when at last he did arrive at his destination, as I said before, he was glad he had come.

Mrs. Jane Morton, Nixon's aunt, stood at the front door to receive them when the carriage drove up to the house. And his cousins, Maggie and Sarah Morton, were there, too, to welcome the new comers. So when Nixon got down from the wagon and assisted his sister to alight, of course he had to kiss his aunt Jane and cousins Maggie and Sarah, and I believe he did almost wish that the latter wasn't his cousin, because, you know, if she were not, he would undoubtedly have proceeded to fall in love with her at once, and—well, it was better as it was.

But they went into the house together, and Mr. Demple was very cheerful, having forgotten all about Hattie and how this was to have been his wedding day, and he sat down

to tea with a good relish, and with no thoughts of the "Chaubugermang Scribe" and its "ower true tale."

And after tea they went back to the drawing-room, and Cousin Sarah sat down at the piano and favored them with music upon the occasion. And later Mr. Tarbox Wumble came in, and after he had been introduced to Mr. and Miss Demple, he was asked to sing, and complied, of course, as he was not a bashful man, and furthermore he led the choir at the Methodist church in Flanders. But that wasn't all—he was the accepted lover of Cousin Maggie, and a very fine young man, by the way, though there were very few aware of it, except Maggie. But that was enough; for a man need not care to be worshiped by more than one woman.

So the evening passed very pleasantly away, with songs, music and lively conversation, and Nixon had not even given his conscience an opportunity to trouble him. But when he had said "good night," and gone to his room, then began his torment. He was a tender-hearted young man. He would not have harmed a fly knowingly, and now he thought to himself that he had broken Hattie's heart. Could he have been placed back in Chaubugermang that moment, he would undoubtedly have repaired the wrong; for of course he felt very sorry for what he had done and prayed to be forgiven; but for all he felt so repentant, and kept asking himself what he should do, you must remember that he had ridden all day, and was very much fatigued, and was hardly to blame for falling asleep right in the middle of his resolve to repair the mischief he had already done.

And next morning with the sun shining cheerily in at his window and gilding the end of his nose till it looked like the spire of a church, and the birds singing from every tree, and the busy hum of the insects, with the bite of one immense fly, he awoke. He came back from a world of dreams to a world of realities. His brain was not quite so foggy as on the night before. He had no intention of returning to Chaubugermang. He didn't think of Hattie's broken heart. He was thinking, as he dressed himself, what a fool he must have been the night before to let such thoughts trouble him. You see he didn't have any conscience by daylight—the case with a great many other people I fear—and so, he might just as well have had none at all, for all the good it did himself or any one else.

Breakfast was on the table when he went down; and after that was disposed of Mr. Demple proposed that they should take a walk, and every one agreed to it; and while the girls were getting their hats and shawls, Mr. Tarbox Wumble came in; so he was asked to make one of the party, and of course he accepted the invitation, because he could be happy only while in the society of his dear Maggie.

It was a delightful morning, as I may have remarked before. The air was cool and refreshing, blowing up from the meadows and orchards, scented by the breath of the flowers that sparkled with dew in the morning sunshine, and the smell of the fruit that hung temptingly from the cool, shady trees. Luscious grapes, purple globes of sweetness, glittered among the vines by the wayside. Mr. Demple was not content with looking upon them. He proceeded to drink in their sweetness literally, and the others followed his example, all save Maggie and her lover, who were drinking another kind of sweetness. Almost every one imbibes from that fount once in their lives. It sometimes grows bitter to the taste though.

A walk of half a mile brought them to a little low-roofed cottage, standing a short way back from the road, and almost hid from the passenger by a dozen tall maples that stood in front of it, shielding it from the sun and the rain, and anxious eyes. It was a cosy little place. It had originally been white, but had gradually grown from white to gray, and from that to brown.

"The cot where I was born," said Mr. Demple, stopping in front of it.

"A fit subject for a poem," said Sarah, pulping a grape.

"I'm a matter-of-fact young man, and never tried my hand at poetry," he answered.

Mr. Wumble thought he would like to undertake the task—he had written verses.

"Yes, by the yard," put in Sarah, who remembered having seen in her sister's room several sheets of foolscap scribbled over in praise of Maggie's eyes, and signed—"Tarbox."

"Who owns the place now?" asked Nixon.

"Mr. Rodwig. Shall we go in?" Sarah inquired.

"Of course."

And so the party walked up through the yard and knocked at the door for admittance. I think I have said that Mr. Demple was fickle; but he was very susceptible to the

tender passion. He often fell in love at sight, though, by the way, he never paid his notes so. He was very sensitive to female beauty; and so, when the door opened, and Miss Emma Rodwig appeared on the scene, Mr. Demple was completely spell-bound. If an angel had lost her wings and dropped down from paradise through the blue ether I don't think he would have been any more bewildered than Nixon was, at the sight of the beautiful Emma. He felt very much like laying his heart at her feet, right there and then, but he restrained himself and went through the introduction with a deal of calmness, considering his feelings.

Miss Rodwig invited them into the house, and Nixon, only half sure that he was an inhabitant of this lower world, followed the others in. Still, though he was enraptured by her beauty, I don't think he could have told you whether she was a blonde or a brunette. He took in the whole and did not descend to minute details. If her hair was a beautiful brown, and "done up," in a most superb and immense "waterfall," he only half realized it. If her skin was as white as the driven snow, only where the peach bloom warmed her cheek; if her eyes were as black as sloes, large and languishing; if her lips were as ripe and red as cherries, and her teeth as white as pearls; if her face was as near perfect as mortal ever possessed, and, over all, such a beautiful expression as no one can describe, still Demple only saw the faultlessness of the whole. He didn't stop to analyze, but acknowledged her beauty, and enshrined her image in his heart accordingly, and proceeded to worship it.

When they came away, Mr. Demple had an idea that he had left his heart behind him; but then, he had left it before so many times, that I cannot understand how he could have had any to leave with Emma Rodwig. But I am certain of one thing, and that is, that he never thought of anything or any one but her till he went to sleep that night; and even then, I believe he saw her fair face in his dreams. She smiled upon him, too. Yes, indeed she did; and as Nixon believed in dreams, particularly in pleasant ones, of course he grew hopeful, and even gathered courage to laugh at the story in the "Chauburgmang Scribe."

II:

I imagine that people generally experience peculiar emotions on their wedding morn, all

save widowers who have married half a dozen times or so, and, as one may say, got used to the racket. I am sure that Hattie Singleton did not know whether to be happy or not. Perhaps you imagine that she did not love Nixon Demple? On the contrary he was the only person in the world whom she ever would or could care for. She gave him her whole heart, reserving nothing. He was her ideal; but then, of course, she did not know him as a woman should know the man she would marry. No, she did not know Nixon and probably never would, for everybody is aware that love is blind. I've often wished that it was not so, but perhaps the world is just as well off as it is.

But this was Hattie Singleton's wedding day. When she looked out of her chamber window there wasn't a cloud in the sky—it was all sunshine above and below, and enough in her own heart just then to have flooded the whole world. She wondered, as she sat there with her elbow on the window sill, and her head, round which the golden tresses clustered, leaning on her hand, if Nixon was looking out upon this glorious morning, the morning, he had told her, that would be the happiest of his life. If she had known just where Nixon was, perhaps the sunshine would not have seemed quite so bright.

When the bell rang she went down to breakfast, for people must breakfast on wedding days as well as on others, though it always seemed to me that if there were love enough existing between the two, they would not be so gross as to descend to plain, substantial beefsteak and potatoes, though perhaps a buckwheat cake, served up piping hot, if it were light enough, might answer. But Hattie did not believe just as I do, and perhaps she may live the longer for it. Love is such ethereal food that no one but a poet can exist long upon it; and Hattie wasn't a poet—only a very pretty looking young lady, with the average share of brains placed in such good order as to give her what is generally called a well balanced head. Of course it wasn't "balanced" now, for lovers are always *partially* insane. She had a fair skin, and the softest pair of blue eyes—like looking up to heaven to gaze into their depths. It was her eyes that bewitched Demple. Her mouth was just such a one as heroines never have. It was broad, very; but her lips were ripe and luscious, and, opening, displayed a fine set of white teeth, superior to any you ever saw that were fashioned by the hand of a modern

dentist. She was tall and slim—a good form, of course. A neat little hand, white as wax, only where the roses lingered at the finger tips. A pretty little foot, of course, that she loved to show—as what woman doesn't?

And this was to be her wedding day, as she and everybody else in Chaubugermang supposed. At nine o'clock the wedding guests began to arrive, for the ceremony was to be performed at ten. Already Hattie was being arrayed in her bridal robe of white. With the orange flowers in her sunny hair, and the snowy veil falling down over her round, white shoulders, she never looked more lovely. The bridesmaids who saw her envied her, and the groomsmen who didn't see her envied Demple; but for all that they would have been a very happy party, only that the minutes were flying fast and the bridegroom had not appeared.

"Where is he?" every one was asking, but no one seemed to know. It was very strange indeed. Some one was sent to his board-lug-place, but he wasn't to be found. Ten minutes to ten o'clock, and he had not arrived yet.

Hattie sat in her chamber waiting very impatiently. She bit her lip with vexation till it bled, and stamped her pretty little foot, and then came very near crying, and so spoiling her eyes so she would not be fit to appear for another hour.

Just as her patience was all exhausted Harry came in.

"Where's Nixon?" Hattie asked.

"Hasn't he got back?"

"From where?"

"W——. He went off in the five o'clock train. I supposed he was coming back at eight."

"Gone to W——? Well, something must have happened," cried one of the bridesmaids, "or he would be back ere this."

Hattie did not speak. She was quite bewildered. Harry called her into another room and closed the door.

"Didn't you know that Nixon was going away?" he asked.

"No, he said nothing to me about it."

"No?" Harry stopped a moment. "Well, I thought he was joking, at the time; but he told me he was going to East Hampden. Do you think he was in earnest?"

Hattie didn't reply. She could only venture a surmise. They waited an hour longer, but still no bridegroom came.

At last Harry went down to the drawing-

room and informed the guests that on account of an accident that had occurred to Mr. Demple, the wedding would necessarily be deferred.

"Anything serious?" some one asked, but Harry pretended not to hear, and so left the room, and the guests soon after retired.

Neither Harry nor his sister suspected the true cause of Demple's non-attendance. They felt that something very terrible must have occurred to him—they dared not guess what.

The day passed, but no word came. If they could have known the truth, it seemed to them that they could have borne it better than this terrible suspense. Hattie never slept that night. She was too anxious for that. Something horrible must have happened to her lover, she felt. If he were alive, it seemed that he would let her know. So, all night she sat, waiting and listening, engaged with terrible fancies that she felt she had too good reasons to believe would prove realities.

When morning dawned, Harry came up to her room. He was going to W——, in the early train. "Keep up your spirits, sis—perhaps it won't be so bad, after all." And closing the door, she heard him go down stairs and out of the house.

Three more weary hours she waited. The eight o'clock train came in. Five, ten minutes she waited after, and then she heard the hall door open and shut and Harry's step sounded on the stairs. She opened the chamber door for him, looking eagerly in his face for what she might read there. He was pale, his eyes wild and bloodshot.

"I came back to tell you, sis, and then I'm off. The villain!" he muttered between his teeth.

"What?" She laid her trembling hand on his arm.

"He's deserted you!"

"No—my God! no, not that!" Hattie gasped, clinging to her brother's arm in her despair.

"Yes, but, by—"

"Hold, Harry. I love him. You would not harm him? Do not, for my sake," she whispered, imploringly.

"But he deserves it—the wretch! You wouldn't have him go unpunished? There's law, at least," cried Harry, still excited.

"Yes, but there is a higher power, Harry. Promise me that you will not follow him—that you will leave him to God and his own conscience," Hattie said, still holding him by the arm.

Harry did not answer at once. He was a very proud-spirited young man, and now he was thinking more of the honor of his family than of anything else. Left to himself he would probably have hunted out Mr. Demple, and then, sending in his compliments, would have ordered "pistols and coffee for two."

"Promise me," continued Hattie, "that you will not follow him."

"Well, I promise that; but he had better keep out of my way," Harry answered reluctantly, and then left the room.

Most young women would have drowned themselves in a flood of tears, to say the least, had they been placed in Hattie's situation, but she had something else to think of just then. She did not give up all hope because her lover had fled; and she never thought of giving him up either. She loved him too well for that. A case of misplaced affection, perhaps; but such cases are too common to excite surprise. She loved him and felt that she could never be happy without him. A mistake, you see, in her organization—nothing more. And furthermore, she was a young lady fertile in resource. She did not cry; there was not a tear in her eyes as she went to work packing her trunk. I believe that she even hummed an operatic air.

When her work was completed, she went down stairs, and informed the family that she intended to start that day on a visiting tour. There was some surprise exhibited by the members of the family, but no one remonstrated. Perhaps they imagined a change of scene might be the best for her; though they did wonder at her apparent calmness. But she did not tell them that she intended to visit her Uncle Edward, or they perhaps would have understood what her real purpose was.

Two hours afterward she was at the railroad station. Harry helped her into the car, obtained a seat for her, gave her a kiss and bade her "good-by," just as the bell rang and the cars moved slowly away from the station.

III.

When we left Mr. Demple he was suffering from an attack of love at first sight. He was not himself at all. His sister noticed it, and so did his fair cousin. Of course they guessed the cause, and good, kind souls, they undertook to help him, and so proposed a picnic, as that would bring the parties together.

The proposal was submitted to Mr. Tarbox Wumble, and he was delighted with the idea.

"We will have it on the island in the lake," said he.

"What lake?" inquired Mr. Demple.

"Lake Pokotopaug. A beautiful sheet of water about a mile from here, with a perfect gem of an island placed right in the centre. And in the evening we can take a sail by moonlight."

"Perfectly delightful!" cried Maggie.

"Yes, charming; and Emma will enjoy it so much," said Sarah.

"Emma?" Demple said.

"Yes, Emma Rodwig."

"O, of course. Ah, yes, of course it will be fine—the sail, I mean," Demple exclaimed.

And so Mr. Wumble was sent out to invite all the young people of the village to the picnic. It was to be the next day if the weather was fair. Great preparations went on at Aunt Jane's for the picnic. Pumpkin pies as yellow as gold, apple and cranberry tarts as light as wafers, that would melt in your mouth, and make one think of paradise in a pastry cook's shop, puffs and cakes—some yellow and rich as sunshine, some mantled with snowy sweetness, all manner of delicacies by all manner of names, that would cause one's mouth to water just to think of; but at last everything was complete. The sun was going to rest in a couch of gold and purple clouds, but to-morrow of course he would rise again, and that—was to be the day of the picnic.

Next morning Mr. Demple came down early; but for all that he had spent an hour or more in making his toilet, and really did look quite neat. I am sorry, considering that Mr. Demple is my hero, that he was not a handsome man. He was five feet and a half in his boots. His dull blue eyes "squinted," his nose was a most decided "pug;" his mouth was too large by half for beauty, and his light brown hair only covered the back part of his head—the rest being almost bald. But for all this he passed very well in a crowd, and with the ladies he generally took very well.

Although Mr. Demple started early from his bed, it was quite late before he could get started from the house with his sister and cousins. But when they arrived at the lake, they found they were the only ones yet arrived, with the exception of Mr. Tarbox Wumble. He was on the ground with the boat that was to transport the party to the island.

In a very few minutes they were all embarked and had put off from the shore; but as the

"winds were dead—" I presume "the tides were in their graves," in that particular lake. Mr. Tarbox Wumble had to betake himself to the oars and "row them o'er the stream," a very serious undertaking, by the way, considering that the sun was doing its best to bake our mother earth. But by dint of hard pulling the party at last reached their destination; and after they had disembarked Mr. Wumble put back, in the boat alone, for the main land, leaving our little party on the island to await the coming of the others.

It was most decidedly dull for Mr. Demple, who sat on the rocks and smoked a cigar, looking out over the shimmering waters, while the ladies went up into the grove to prepare the table.

When the boat came back again he looked anxiously for Miss Rodwig, but she was not to be seen at first. He knew every face. First came Miss Julia Blinwingle, a buxom young lady of twenty-two, with dark hair and brown eyes; a round, rosy face, dimpled cheeks, tempting lips when closed, but when apart—O, she had bad teeth! Next was Ida Holtenberb, a pretty lady, with flaxen hair and large blue eyes, too light perhaps; pink and white complexion, pretty teeth, dove like voice, so soft and mellow—by the way, her disposition was dove-like, too. Mr. Demple cast a longing eye upon her as she landed, for he couldn't help it, because he was fickle. Next came Gustavus Aborn, a college student, home during vacation, a tall, slim young man with black hair cut short, black eyes, side whiskers which gave him a professional look, and nose pointing hard a-starboard. He was always doing something very stupid according to his own account, probably because he couldn't help it. His sister Celia followed. She had not a handsome face, at least when in repose. But she was very fascinating in conversation—quite bewitching, in fact. Unlike her brother, she was never stupid. And then, at last—"ah! where could she have been?" queried Demple—came Emma Rodwig, beautiful as ever, looking like a Mayday queen in her white muslin dress, that fell in fleecy folds around her lithe figure, with the lone white rose nestled in her glossy hair.

She smiled and bowed when she discovered Mr. Demple perched on the rock; and he, caring little whether any more people came or not, as long as Emma was here, threw away his cigar and got down from his perch and joined her.

They wandered away from the others, down

through the shady grove of pines, to the other side of the island; for lovers, you know, like to be alone with each other, and, though I cannot speak for Emma, Mr. Demple was certainly a lover—yes, of the whole female sex and particularly of Miss Emma at the present moment.

I can't record their conversation, for it would hardly be worth the paper. It amounted to nothing. Mr. Demple tried to be agreeable, and perhaps he succeeded. At all events Miss Rodwig was very bewitching, and her new lover was entranced, and felt that he was indeed in paradise; and he did not awaken to a realization of the locality, until he heard the voice of Tarbox Wumble, like a brazen trumpet, calling them away.

Demple remarked, as he arose to return to the party, that he could always bask in the light of her dear eyes; and she laughed a little laugh—a silvery snicker—that rang in his ears, and seemed to him sweeter than the music of a crystal bell.

When they returned they found that the party had been largely augmented by arrivals from the shore. The table-cloths had been spread upon the grass and the tempting display of eatables placed thereon. Already the hungry party had seated themselves around the cloth, *a la Turk*. Miss Emma and Mr. Demple joined them, the latter partaking of the good things in quite a rational manner, considering the state of his mind and heart. If Emma went away hungry, it wasn't Demple's fault, for he heaped her plate with all the luxuries, never, by the way, forgetting himself.

And then, after the collation, the band, which had just arrived from the shore, struck up a merry tune, and Mr. Demple, quite intoxicated with love and music, went off in a giddy waltz with Emma leaning upon his arm, her little hand grasped tightly in his, and her dear head very near his bosom, while his heart kept thumping time to the music.

No one noted the passing hours. The sun went down in a halo of glory, and then, over the rippling waters, dancing in the soft evening breeze, rose the fair round moon, showering her silvery light upon the lake. The boats were got ready, the young people hastened aboard, and one after another the light crafts swept away before the breeze, the island echoing back their shouts and laughter. Mr. Demple found himself in the last boat, sitting on the thwarts with Emma beside him, quite fatigued, though smiling sweetly in his face

as she leaned her head upon his shoulder. Ah, wasn't that a happy moment for Demple? How he wished that morn might never come again, but that they might sail on forever, through the flashing waters, under the moon's pale beams, lost to everything but love and happiness. But such wishes are never answered, I believe; and it is well they are not, as Mr. Demple was obliged to acknowledge, for his position in the boat was rather cramped, and he was very glad when they touched the shore, and the party broke up. But for all that, he declined taking a carriage, as both Emma and himself thought it would be far more pleasant to walk.

Perhaps he was rather bold, for when they reached the gate, he stole his arms around her waist and asked her for a kiss; and then, under the maples that murmured softly over them, she gave him one and he took another.

"Good-night, dear Emma," he whispered, and then turned away as she walked up to the house.

What Emma's feelings were toward Mr. Demple, I would not undertake to state; enough for us to know, perhaps, that he was very sure that he had made a lasting impression on her heart. He called there every day after this. They rode, and walked out together. She sang his favorite songs, laughed when he laughed, and was sad when he was gloomy. Did she love him? Demple wanted to hear her own lips declare it, though he felt quite certain what the answer must be.

He had intended to stop in East Hampden but a week. Instead, he tarried six, and still there seemed no sign of his going. He had not as yet declared his love in words, though Emma must have read it in his eyes.

It was Tuesday afternoon, Demple sat in the drawing-room at Mrs. Morton's, reading a novel, when his sister Kate came in.

"When do you intend to leave here, Nixon?" she asked, taking a seat on the sofa.

"Why—really, I don't know. I hadn't thought anything about it," he replied, looking up from his book.

"But I should like to know," persisted his sister.

"Well, I'll tell you to-morrow. Perhaps we'll go this week," he answered, thinking that he should know that night, as he had decided to speak to Emma then upon the subject nearest his heart.

After tea he took his hat and left the house, walking swiftly down the village street toward the little cottage under the maples. He heard

some one singing as he neared the house. The voice seemed familiar. It was not Emma's. Suddenly it ceased. He opened the gate and walked slowly up to the half opened door. Emma sat at the parlor window; but as he pushed the front door back he thought he saw the flutter of a white dress on the stairs, but it was only for a second. He wondered who it could be—not Emma's mother certainly, for she never dressed in white, and there was no other lady in the house besides these two that he knew of. But he had not time for surmises, for just then Emma appeared in the hall to receive him. Besides, Mr. Demple had a subject on his mind which he wished to dispose of as soon as possible; and so, when he found himself in the cosy little parlor, seated beside the fair girl, he began:

"You are aware, Miss Rodwig, that I have tarried here quite a long time, much longer, in fact, than I intended to when I came. Perhaps you can guess the reason?" he said, pausing for a moment here.

She simpered, but did not reply; and so he took her hand in his and began again:

"I must leave you now, unless—unless you tell me to stay. You must know that I love you. You cannot but have felt that. It is impossible, dear girl, for me to look upon your beauty and not love you. Say, dearest, will you be mine?"

He looked down into her eyes and read his answer there, then clasped her to his bosom and kissed her brow passionately. "My darling, my own!" he whispered.

"And now, dearest," he continued, "when will you make me happy by becoming my wife? Tell me the day."

Emma blushed a little and whispered:

"Next week."

"But that will be too soon."

"No. I'd rather it should be then. Thursday shall be the wedding day."

Mr. Demple was only too happy to have it so soon. He had expected to wait at least a month.

"We'll have a very quiet wedding. I'll leave it to you to select the guests to be invited."

"Very well."

Mr. Demple tarried very late that night, or at least his sister thought so, for she waited for him. But when he came home at last, he informed her of the proposed wedding, a piece of news which did not seem to surprise her at all. In fact, every body in East Hampden expected it soon or late.

It seemed as though fate had something to do with that particular copy of the "Chaubugermang Scribe," for when Mr. Demple went up to his room that night he found it lying on the table. He thought of Hattie then, for the first time in six weeks, wondering where she was. He felt that he loved her yet. But how did he feel towards Emma? Not as he should, he thought, towards the woman he was to marry. Once more a light broke in upon his mind, and bitterly did he repent that he had ever forsaken his first true love. If he could have been placed back in Chaubugermang that night he would have acted very differently. But he had gone too far to retreat now. He knew that he had never truly loved this Emma Rodwig. He had been dazzled by her beauty, intoxicated, as it were, and now he awoke to find himself about to marry her. But there was no alternative.

And so the preparations for the wedding went on, and Mr. Demple tried to be cheerful, at least, while in Emma's society, and he partially succeeded, though she noticed the cloud on his brow and asked the cause; but he put her off with an evasive answer,—he would never tell her that he had loved another.

Thursday, the day that was to bring happiness or misery to Nixon Demple, at last arrived. The ceremony was to take place at two o'clock. He was in a fever of excitement, pacing his room anxiously as the minutes passed. He thought of the story of "Retribution," and felt that his punishment was more than he could bear.

A carriage stood at the door to convey him to Mr. Rodwig's house. He got in and ordered the driver to go on. A few minutes after and he stood at the door. The guests had all arrived and were patiently waiting in the parlor for the coming of the bride and bridegroom. Mr. Demple was ushered into the sitting-room where the bride and bridesmaids were waiting his coming. A door opened from that room into the parlor, and before that door he met her. How lovely she looked; but he could not love her as he did another.

He was now so frustrated that he hardly noticed who was in the room besides Emma. He waited for her to take his arm, and then, as the parlor door opened, he walked forward, looking neither to the right or left. There was an exclamation of surprise as he entered the room, but he did not notice it. He stood

before the man of God, with downcast eyes, neither seeing nor hearing. He did not look at the woman who was being joined to him in holy wedlock, with ties that naught but death could sever.

At last the minister ceased speaking and Demple knew that the ceremony was over. He turned to greet his wife. Did he faint, then? No, but he turned very pale, for there, standing by his side, looking as beautiful as the angels we see in our dreams, stood Hattie, once Hattie Singleton, but now his own beloved wife.

"You didn't know that Hattie Singleton was my cousin?" whispered a voice in his ear.

He turned to confront Emma Rodwig. How saucily she smiled upon him.

"You are caught at last, Cousin Nixon," she continued. "You kept your promise in spite of yourself."

"And I'm glad of it," Demple answered, feeling very thankful to Emma for the ruse that had given him the woman that he really wanted for his wife.

So ended the wedding. And Mr. and Mrs. Demple went back to Chaubugermang, leaving the East Hampden people to wonder at what they never yet have understood; and Emma Rodwig remained single.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.

Among the many properties of charcoal, may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste and color; and, as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meat, the smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or flavor will be destroyed, and the water be rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this, for when water is bad at sea, they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to clarify it. Color is materially influenced by charcoal, and in a number of instances, in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the color will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colors, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its coloring, and become tawny; repeat the process two or three times, and you have destroyed it altogether.

WON AT LAST.

BY L. VELONA STOCKWELL.

BYRNE MOULTON leaned out of the window and listened. No sound save the steady break of the sea upon Dumfries's rock broke the silence of the night.

"Strange," she muttered. "I would have staked my life upon the fulfilment of his promise."

She stepped into the light, and, drawing a watch from her belt, looked at it. The hands pointed to eight. Her eyes showed that there was a frown somewhere, though it was not upon her face. Nothing could have been more faultlessly beautiful than that was always. She stood a moment irresolute, then stepping across the room touched the bell.

A servant answered the summons immediately.

"Tell Captain Dunn to bring up the skiff. I am going across the bay," she said.

At that instant quick steps sounded up the walk, and a second afterwards Burt Atherton appeared in the door.

"I hope you have not incommoded yourself," Byrne said, haughtily.

"My horse threw me, and I lay stunned for half an hour. That is my only excuse."

He watched her face as he spoke, to see if she really cared whether he had been killed or not.

The slightest perceptible change crept into it, and the haughtiness was quite gone from her voice as she answered him:

"I am very sorry. You are suffering now, I fear. You will not think of going to-night."

"I promised Arthur I would bring you."

"But if it is necessary I can go alone. Indeed I had intended to do so before you came."

"Perhaps you had rather," Burt said, his voice changing, as a jealous pang shot through his heart.

"It is quite immaterial to me," she answered; coolly.

She knew well, that there was little danger of his remaining at home, for no slave was ever more surely in the power of his master, than was Burt Atherton in the power of Byrne Moulton. He had intended quite another thing when he first sought her presence, but his sober purposes had all vanished before her beautiful, fascinating face.

Just a year before, his cherished friend Arthur Falmouth had worshiped at the same shrine, had thrown down gladly all the wealth of his proud young heart at Byrne Moulton's feet, only to have it spurned from her like a worthless thing. In the agony of his first knowledge he had cursed her most bitterly, but after a six months' absence in foreign lands, he had returned, sick and dying, his physicians said, and—love will stoop to such humiliations!—he had begged Burt Atherton to find her out and beseeching her forgiveness for his cruel words, ask her to come and let him look upon her face once more before he died.

But Atherton had vowed vengeance against the woman who could so trifle with one of the noblest of hearts, but he had forgotten that weeks ago; and, but for his promise, it is doubtful whether he would have been the means in the slightest degree of a meeting between her and her old lover again. Not that he had much to fear from a dying man! But somehow there was a different look in her eyes than he had ever seen before. Could it be that she had loved Arthur Falmouth? He would never believe it.

The moonlight shone full upon them as they glided over the water. How radiantly beautiful Byrne looked. Burt felt her presence like an inspiration. He could not remember how cruel she had been; he could not believe it, of her, and at any rate, cruel or not cruel, all he asked was to win her for his own. He believed she would yet be his. Surely she must love him. Had not her eyes said it a hundred times? There had never been half tears in them for him, as there was now; but she was doubtless thinking of Arthur, and repentant for her sin in the matter, if there had been any. How glad he should be to keep all tears away from her eyes forever!

He had ample time to think, for nothing was said until they had landed on the other side of the bay, and were quite at Mr. Falmouth's door. Then Burt asked Byrne if he should accompany her into Arthur's room.

"Certainly," she answered, and they went in together.

In a long room ornamented with rare

paintings and costly, fragrant flowers, sitting before an open fire, was Arthur Falmouth, the one they sought. He rose feebly, as they entered, and giving his hand silently to each, sank again into his chair, and covered his face.

Burt went back into the far end of the room and left them alone.

It was hard telling what Byrne's thoughts were. Evidently her intentions had changed since looking upon her old lover's form. Her face was a puzzle. Burt could see it from where he sat, and the look upon it made him tremble, although he could not analyze it.

She went up to Arthur, and lay her hand softly upon his forehead.

"Did he tell you I begged forgiveness, Byrne?" he said, dropping his hands. "I was hasty, but a dying man sees with different eyes."

"It is I who should beg that. I did not know you were so ill," Byrne answered, her eyes growing humid.

"Don't look at me in that way!" He put up his hands deprecatingly. "It is too much like the old times. I thought I could keep cool,—but, O Byrne! how I have loved you."

She put her hand in his without answering a word. He clatched it tightly.

"Just for one moment no one shall dare to come between us."

"You may be glad you are dying," she whispered. "I wish I was as near my end."

"You! O Byrne! the world must be very beautiful to you."

"It is not. I have found nothing but bitterness, nothing." She was weeping. "Let me come and see you to-morrow. I will tell you, at any rate."

"Will you come again?" his eyes growing lustrous.

"I will be here to-morrow by nine o'clock." She bent down and touched his forehead with her lips, and glided out of the room.

Burt Atherton's face was almost as white as the invalid's, when he came out after her.

She did not notice it; her thoughts were evidently not of him.

"Do you remember that I am here?" he asked, when they were half over the water.

"What did you say?" she asked, dreamily. "I had forgotten where I was."

"I was well aware of that. I think Arthur grows worse rapidly."

He meant to try her.

"Do you?" she asked quickly. "I had not thought to find him so weak."

She was all attention now.

"He will hardly last out the autumn, his physicians say."

"Hush!" Her voice was sharp with pain. "I will not hear it."

How the woman had changed in two hours!

"Then you love him?"

"Who says I love him?" She turned upon him quickly.

"I ask, do you?"

"Don't talk to me to-night. I am not myself."

He left her with an aching heart. Something told him that his fate was sealed.

The next morning, Byrne, true to her promise, was at Mr. Falmouth's at an early hour, but her courage almost failed her when she came into Arthur's presence.

"I am afraid I can never tell you," she said, trembling. Then before he had time to answer her she hurried on:

"You never knew anything of my early history, but"—her face was crimson—"I was picked up when an infant in the streets of New York. When my adopted father died, he told me of my proud origin, and then for the first time I knew what my fate would be. But my face was beautiful, and my purse was full. Little danger but the world would acknowledge me. I was glad of even that. A wife I could never be, but love I must have; and I determined, coolly and deliberately, to win hearts and then throw them away as I did yours. What else could I do, when I might never look into any man's eyes and say 'I love you?'"

"Say it to me, Byrne." His eyes were blazing. "Say it! I think it would make me live again."

Byrne looked at him steadily.

"It is well we are not both blind. I can think for you too," she said at last.

"You shall be my wife to day," he broke in.

"Don't tremble so. You are tired. I should not have told you if you had not loved me so; and if I had dared—surely there is no harm in saying it now?—I should have loved you. Never mind now, I am glad you know the truth. We shall part happier."

"We shall never part, Byrne."

The first thing Burt Atherton heard of Byrne, was her marriage with Arthur Falmouth; and in a year the man whom all had considered dying was nearly recovered.

DREAMLAND.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

Grievous wrong they do to Somnus,
 Who would liken him to Death;
 In his touch is no contagion,
 Balm, not blight, was in his breath.
 His are orphans' prayers, not curses,
 From Death's bondage he redeems
 Gentle friends, whose smiles are sunshine
 In the landscape of their dreams.

In his goblet, filled from Lethe,
 Lies the antidote of care,
 And the brows of Anger soften
 When his poppy-wreath they wear.
 Sleep's a rock mid life's rough billows,
 Where those rest who else would drown;
 Innocence on thorns can slumber,
 Guilt cannot repose on down.

Though e'er velvet floors of pleasure
 Time glides noiselessly, nor breaks
 Luxury's rosy dream, harsh footfalls
 On Want's naked boards he makes.
 But the hovel to a palace
 By this conjuror's wand is turned,

And, cast off like Sinbad's ogre,
 Cares that weigh us down are spurned.

Then we, like the Eastern shepherd,
 Catch a glimpse of paradise,
 Where the lost sunshine of Eden
 Dazzled even angel eyes;
 Then, in fancy's panorama,
 Rise those haunting forms that start
 From the corridors of memory,
 Like embodied dreams of art.

Then beneath his native palm-tree,
 Free once more, the bondman roves,
 And the beggar, like the sultan,
 Roams all night through spicy groves.
 Then for spoils by Time the miser
 Hid, we plough the classic plain;
 Then the old live o'er their boyhood,
 Shake down chestnuts in the lane.

And we, for the heart's herbarium,
 Gather flowers in dreamland born,
 Till the sky-lark, soaring to her
 Golden window, wakes the morn.

JOHN MARSTON'S FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

JOHN MARSTON lived in a seaport town whence the tide of business had departed. A few worthy sea-captains, left high and dry, like shell-fish at low water, sat on the steps of the bank building, watching their money lest it should literally fulfil the saying of Scripture. Perhaps they enjoyed its growth as a farmer does that of his corn, loving the bright little shoots that sprang out of the planted dollars.

John had been to sea; and when the last merchant-brig was disposed of, he had shipped on board a whaler, resolved in some manner to keep afloat. But the whaleship was sold under his feet, and he got home as best he could. On his return he found the hands of village enterprise pointing to an hour gone by, and indicating nothing of present or future activity.

The pride of his fellow-citizens, however, impelled them to turn out on dark evenings

and hoe the streets, to keep down the grass in order that the thoroughfares might still retain that dusty appearance indicative of business. John did not like hoeing with so little prospect of a remunerative harvest. He asked his fellow-townsmen why they did not plant long rows of corn before their doors, in order that autumn might bring them a golden recompense for their many evenings' toil; but as this question awakened their indignation, he turned his thoughts in another direction. He pictured to himself the glories of an almost boundless West, that reservoir which must supply the East as Egypt fed the sons of Jacob—and thither he resolved to go.

His cousin, Albert Robinson, had some years previously emigrated to California, and the two had ever since maintained a correspondence, in which Albert earnestly recommended to his kinsman the course which

the latter now adopted. In six weeks after forming his resolution our hero crossed the threshold of his California relative, and hearty, indeed, was his welcome.

How different were the scenes around him from those of his native village? There was no buying flour by the quarter and potatoes by the peck, no bartering a dozen eggs at the grocer's for a meagre pound of sugar, no bringing home chips in a wheelbarrow, no living from hand to mouth; but there were fields of stately grain, great, broad-horned cattle that would have gladdened the soul of a patriarch, and a mighty wealth of timber, stretching far away, with its exhaustless plenitude of game. All things, from the blue Sacramento to the glorious tops of the Cascade Mountains, spoke of independence. Not that Albert Robinson was rich; he had lately started extremely poor, and much of his farm was yet in the state of nature; but he had succeeded in stocking it pretty well, and its waves of grass and grain were waves of inflowing prosperity. He had a lovely wife and two children, the latter four and two years old respectively.

John Marston, with no capital but a vigorous constitution, at once commenced working out his fortune. He may have had thoughts of mining, but if so, his ardor in that direction was dampened by the failure of others, and the many pictures of wretchedness presented by the disappointed victims of the gold-mania. A sailor makes a good farmer; and John loved to look upon the stately cattle, and dream of the time when he also would have great oxen and beautiful horses and fields of billowy wheat. He worked part of his time for his cousin, occupying the remainder in trying to reclaim some wild land for himself. But our hero was not a hard worker; the forest possessed more attraction than the field, and a rumor that a "grizzly" had made his appearance in the vicinity had for him more interest than the certain knowledge that Farmer Hedgerow had got his corn planted. He had long before arrived at the conclusion that if wealth never came to him until he had exhausted mind and body in its pursuit, it must never come at all.

One of the most remarkable "institutions" of his cousin's farm was the Irish laborer, Michael Malloy, a man of herculean strength, standing six feet four in his stockings, if he ever wore any. He had carried the hod in "Ne Yarrick" and "Boshton," where he had been always recognized by his companions as

"the shtoutest marn on the lather, and the shmartest b'y wid the barrow," and finally the tide in his affairs had brought him around to the farm of Albert Robinson. His powers of body were equalled by his honesty and good nature, but there was a fire away back in his large, coal-black eyes that spoke of resolution which though not easily aroused, might be safely relied upon in great emergencies. John Marston soon learned to respect and even to love this rude but noble-hearted man, and listened eagerly to his reminiscences of the time when he was "a shtrip of a b'y in the ould larnd." There was a sympathetic chord between them, for notwithstanding the superiority of his present natural surroundings over those of his native place, John was not at home; he had an "old land" of his own—dear and blessed New England!

Little by little John became acquainted with the neighbors, one of the nearest of whom was a farmer from Indiana, who owned a wide clearing, and, as he said, "a right smart squirt of timber." He had a daughter for whom nature had done so much more than art that John at first sight of her had almost a mind to ask her how long she had been caught. He had evidently, however, produced a favorable impression upon the Hoosier maiden, as she was soon after heard to pronounce him "a right smart of a good looking chap."

"There was another neighbor, a Mr. Atherton, from North Carolina, who having fallen in debt in the Old North State, had sold his property upon the Cape Fear River, and after paying old scores invested his remaining funds in California lands and free labor. Mr. Atherton, like the Hoosier, had a daughter, but as yet John had never seen her.

Albert Robinson owned an unusually handsome pair of oxen, such as Daniel Webster would have loved to look upon, only that they were ill-matched in color—one being a deep-red and his fellow as deeply black, with a bright, silvery star in his forehead. The black ox was sleek and glossy, with great, wide-spread horns; but he understood little of the law of boundaries—jumping frequently out of Albert's pasture and going whithersoever he would.

One day this animal was missing, and nobody knew where he had gone. John and Michael started in search, the former carrying his rifle. They soon separated, and Michael, after having several times fallen upon the tracks of the ox and again lost them, sat down

to rest in a deep, rocky wood, which bordered the farm of Mr. Atherton.

It happened that on the same afternoon, Isadora Atherton, the planter's pretty daughter, had gone forth with her little six year old sister, for an airing in the fields and woods. After a time, Isadora, leaving the child sitting by a rock, proceeded to gather some flowers which grew at the bottom of a deep hollow. The rocks around were steep, and on one side only was the place accessible to her. This passage was overhung by a tree whose branches stretched away like the spars of a man-of-war. Isadora commenced gathering the flowers, often glancing anxiously at the moist and jagged rocks, and as frequently calling in merry tones to her sister, lest the little creature should become frightened at being left alone. There was a slight noise in the tree behind her. She looked up. At first nothing unusual met her sight, and she was about to turn away her eyes, when the singular appearance of one of the great branches attracted her attention. How strangely that large gray knot upon it resembled the head of a cat. What were those two spots that glared like brass buttons? and were not those little round bits of bark exactly like ears? Slowly a gray form shaped itself to Isadora's eyes. Then the truth flashed upon her, and perfectly revealed, as if it had grown out of the very tree, crouching upon the branch, lay a terrible puma!

Isadora was a brave girl, and her presence of mind did not forsake her. She at once moved forward under the very perch of the watchful animal, for there was no other means of escape; yet she trembled as he turned his fierce head till his short ears were on a level with the under side of the branch. His tail moved to and fro, and she knew from his whole appearance that her further progress was useless. He could almost reach her. She paused, then screamed long and loudly. Possibly some one might hear her. Still the creature remained upon the branch, and still Isadora screamed till the deep woods resounded. Again she attempted to pass him, but sinking his claws deeply in the bark and opening his fierce, white jaws he bounded from his perch and struck her instantly to the earth. He then held her under his paws as a cat holds a mouse, while again and again she cried out in mortal terror. She thought of the fond heart that would never greet her more—of her father and mother and sweet little Mabel, who even now stood but a few

steps away bewildered at the fearful spectacle. Some loose stones rattled from the top of the rocks; springing footsteps smote the flinty way.

"In the name of the saints, where are you?"

He was coming—about-hearted Michael! Almost any other man would have stopped in despair at the scene before him. The fashionable beau would have quailed, and the poor, scented fop would have slunk away like a cur. But Michael Malloy was a man. In his old clothes and his old hat, with his powerful arms embrowned by the burning sun, with great strong leaps he came down the rocks. The puma raised its head and stood on the defensive. Michael instantly closed in with it in a terrible embrace. A more fearful battle was never witnessed. The claws and teeth of the puma gave it an immense advantage, yet the unarmed man performed wonders, getting the animal more than once under his feet, and almost strangling it in his tremendous grasp. The struggle had lasted, perhaps five minutes, when a new and cheering sound broke upon Michael's ears.

"Courage, Michael! I'm coming!" and John Marston rushed to the spot.

The Irishman had just dashed the puma to the earth as he had done several times before; but the powerful creature still grasped his clothes and flesh, and seemed little injured, while Michael bled profusely. With the sharp crack of John's rifle the puma rolled upon its back, stretching out its bloody claws and gasping its last.

"Ah, John," said Michael, "it's the thrue sarvice ye've doon me the day; but even if ye had not come, I would have whipped him out of his ould skin and hooped it oop to dhry on a shlick!"

"I don't know but you would, Michael; but how did it happen?"

"Why, I hearn the young leddy scrame, and I run the life out of me, and whin I goot here the baste was aing her, and I just pitched in wid me two hands."

"In God's name, Michael! did you do that? and you unarmed?"

"Yis, and why not, thin? But look to the leddy. She has run screaming away, and I wouldn't wonther but she's kilt."

At a little distance they found Isadora, entirely overcome by the scene through which she had passed. It was discovered, however, that her garments had suffered far more in the encounter than herself. Michael had

been terribly scratched and bitten, but he seemed not to feel his wounds in the joy he experienced at finding that his noble action, which he seemed to regard as a very commonplace affair, had not been in vain.

The young lady and her little sister were attended to their father's house. Mr. Atherton received John and his friend with overwhelming gratitude. He obliged them to remain with him till the following day, when he sent a man with a wagon to convey them home, as Michael's wounds were found to be severe.

When John Marston left the house of Mr. Atherton he was deeply in love with Isadora, and he had good reasons to believe that the feeling was reciprocated. Several subsequent visits confirmed this opinion, until at last the affair came to an open declaration. But Mr. Atherton was unwilling that his daughter should marry a penniless young man whose chief recommendation was certainly not his love of work.

"O for money!" sighed John; "for one shining lump of gold, such as many a miner has found in a moment and fooled away in a night. It would open to me a new heaven and a new earth!"

So John resolved that he would go to the mines. All night and all day he dreamed of gold and Isadora Atherton. A day later the black ox, which had been restored to the fold after the affair of the puna, once more broke loose. Throwing his frolicsome heels high over the boundary fence, and switching his long tail away he went. John, who witnessed the operation, started in pursuit; but the black ox avoided him, dodging the pursuer through upland and swamp, and finally vanishing, John knew not where.

Night came on, and our hero found that his windings in the forest had so bewildered him that he was at a loss as to his whereabouts. After seeking in vain some clue to guide him homeward, he prepared to pass the night in the wilderness. He had his rifle and was not afraid. The hooting of an owl, the howl of a wolf and the occasional long drawn wawl of a puma were the only sounds that broke upon the night. If John had any particular dread it was that some wandering "grizzly" might beat up his quarters and attempt to carry his camp by surprise. But the "grizzly" came not, and with the dawn John Marston once more bestirred himself.

Ere it was fairly light he stumbled upon a dry ravine, where the first object to start up

before him was the black ox. Tossing his handsome head, with the bright, starry forehead, the animal set off at a run and scrambled up the bank. Large pieces of earth gave way under his feet and rolled down into the dry bed. What was that which his black hind hoofs sent tumbling behind him? John caught it up. How heavy it was! How John's heart beat! He brushed the earth from the lump. A yellow gleam, in which he saw Isa Atherton and happiness, met his eyes. Eureka! Eureka! John's evil days were gone! As if the gold had given him a spirit's eyes, he at once started off on the direct course homeward, his bewilderment entirely passed.

On the next day, Albert, John and Michael started for the ravine, supposing the whole matter unknown to all save those of the household. But a neighbor, who had stopped the previous evening at the door with the intention of calling, had overheard enough of their conversation to know that John had found a very rich treasure, and that it was hidden in the house. He had learned only this, and had then turned away without making his presence known to those within. This man, who was a young bachelor, and a farmer well-to-do in the world, was in high favor with Mr. Atherton, and had long sought the good graces of Isadora. His reputation was fair, and although the young girl disliked his attentions, she had no word to say against himself. Mr. Atherton had always treated John kindly, but was firm in his refusal of consent to the union of his daughter with a poor and not over-enterprising man. He had seen John with a gun oftener than with a spade; while on the other hand, Richard Huntington was always alert, grasping and gaining.

When the three gold seekers had departed, Mrs. Robinson was left in the house with only the two little children. Towards evening a storm came on. She dreaded lest the men in returning might miss their way. Evening closed over the rude log house, and yet they did not come. She sat up long awaiting them, but towards midnight retired to bed. The storm was now hushed, and the moon shone brightly. Mrs. Robinson saw from her window long lines of fences and trees, that assumed to her eyes all manner of gloomy shapes; but she laid her head upon the pillow and tried to sleep. Then she thought of John's gold, and a vague dread of evil impressed her imagination. Suddenly her attention was attracted by a slight noise. She listened, with her heart beating so quickly

that she could hardly breathe. There was a sound as of some person dragging himself through an aperture and then softly touching the floor of the adjoining room. Muffled steps ascended the stairs to the chambers of John and Michael. Mrs. Robinson knew the gold was not there (let John alone for that!)—and the robber would soon be seeking elsewhere. The suspense she thought harder to bear than the worst consequence that might ensue from action. She crept stealthily to the outer door, opened it, and then returned to the bedside. Taking the children in her arms she went softly into the open air, feeling an unutterable sense of relief. She deposited the little ones in an out-house, covering them lightly with straw, and as they still sweetly slept, she set about making a hiding-place for herself by their side, confident that the robber would not injure her unless for his own preservation, and would probably be rather glad than otherwise that she had fled. But now a new thought struck her; the villain would certainly find her husband's money, the proceeds of the sale of his entire crop. It was in her bed-room; and as her courage had somewhat risen, she now crept to the door of the out-house, and saw by the faint gleam of the intruder's lantern that he was still in the rude chamber of the dwelling, searching for John's gold.

She quickly crossed the space between herself and the house, entered the bed-room and secured the money; but just as she had done so there was a faint creak of the stairs, almost at the bottom! She hastily stepped into the next room, and as she did so, saw at the foot of the stairway the tall, broad-shouldered figure of Richard Huntington, the most powerful man, save Michael Malloy, in all the wide valley of the Sacramento. He knew that she recognized him, for the lamp left burning in her bed-room shone through the open doorway full in his face. He would now be obliged to commit the murder he had hoped to avoid. Mrs. Robinson knew this. She rushed past him into the yard and towards the barn. This was a strong log building, all the doors of which save one were hooked on the inside, and this one which was intended to be fastened outwardly, she had that evening forgotten to lock—a circumstance she now remembered. There was also an inside hook upon this door. As Mrs. Robinson fled, the ruffian pursued her, but lost time in stopping to fire his pistol. She reached the barn, entered and slipped the hook in its place just as he ran heavily against

the door. She had purposely avoided the out-house where the children lay.

The villain now proceeded in his purpose of forcing an entrance, at first battering the door with some heavy implement, and looking for a more efficient ram wherewith to effect a breach. It would be hard to imagine a more distressing situation than that of the poor woman; shut in the dark, dreary barn, a bloodthirsty ruffian at the door, her husband and John she knew not where, and stout Michael Malloy far away. Huntington soon returned to the attack with a heavy log, causing the strong door to split in several places. Mrs. Robinson piled against it all the lumber she could find, to serve as a breast-work when the door itself should be forced; but her heart sank as she felt how vain must prove her precaution. The door was now terribly broken, and she saw through it the savage features of her assailant. He would have shot her had she not been concealed by the darkness within. A few minutes more and all would be over. O, where were Albert and John? and where was great-hearted Michael? He could have torn her fearful enemy limb from limb, as Samson did the young lion.

Suddenly she heard the lowing of an animal; it came nearer; it was close by her own house. O how her heart beat at his tread, as the black ox came tramping into the yard! Her besieger, who had known that this animal was astray, and had probably attributed to this cause the absence of the three men, at once turned and fled. But Mrs. Robinson dared not yet take down her barricade. She saw the black ox through the rents in the door, and never had his handsome shape and shining white star looked better to her than now. She doubted not that the absent men, in their return from the gold expedition, had accidentally fallen upon this animal, and were now not far behind him. However, she judged it best to keep within her defence until their arrival. Her position commanded a view of the yard which they must cross to reach the house, but she watched long in vain.

The success of the three adventurers exceeded their expectation. In searching where the black ox had scrambled up the bank, they found a large amount of gold; but no further trace of the precious ore could be discovered, though they traversed the ravine for some distance. Finally it was determined to return with what they had obtained—some fifteen

thousand dollars worth to a man—but they were delayed by the storm, and lost their way in the woods. When the sky cleared up, they once more resumed the right track, and deep in the shadow of some heavy trees they came upon the black ox, which at once set off in advance of them. When about three miles from home, he attempted to turn back, and the men in endeavoring to prevent his so doing, became widely separated. Finally he trotted off homeward, and was lost to view. The adventurers, within calling distance of each other, proceeded on their way.

It happened that Richard Huntington, in his flight from the house of Albert, as he had no means of knowing whence they would come, ran directly towards the returning men. Perceiving Albert alone, the idea entered his mind that he might pick them off singly, and thus save his reputation, and accomplish his purpose of obtaining John Marston's gold, after all. He therefore fired at Albert, wounding him so severely that he fell, and as he did so his rifle was discharged. John Marston almost instantly appeared upon the spot, and attempted to return Huntington's fire, but the cap alone of his gun exploded. Huntington felt for his other pistol, but he had lost it, and John, to prevent him from reloading his rifle, clubbed his piece and rushed to close quarters. But the stout ruffian was more than his match, and at a blow John was felled senseless at the foot of a tree. Huntington, in repeating the blow, struck the tree instead of John, breaking his gunstock in two. He drew his huge knife to finish the work, but paused at a heavy tread and a crushing of dry sticks.

"Ye murderin' villain! I'm dhry and hungry for ye!" and Michael Malley stood before him.

Like the man who "talked to his victims before he ate them," Michael addressed the assassin.

"Misther Huntington! be the sow! of me! would I iver have dhramed it? The likes of ye to be murderin' decent min! ye abominations to the worruld! 'Have ye kilt the wife and the two children, thin? I wouldn't wondther but ye have, ye that!"

Huntington, who was himself far more than a match for an ordinary man, flourished his long knife to intimidate his unarmed enemy. But to Michael, to whom fear was unknown, this menace was thrown away. Armed with neither stick nor stone, he advanced straight upon the frightful-looking brute, with this

"two harads." Had Michael felt the least intimidation, he would have been killed; but his determined stride, right up to the face of his enemy, was of itself half the battle. The cowardly assassin was afraid, and would have escaped if he could. He made a terrific lunge, but Michael, avoiding the weapon, caught the other's arm with his left hand, and grasping him by the throat with the right, he at the same time tripped up the villain's heels and dashed him to the earth. Huntington was unable to free his weaponed arm, while Michael with his right fist dealt him blows about the head that would have stunned Albert Robinson's black ox. When there was no longer any appearance of motion in his enemy, Michael desisted from his battering operation, arose to his feet with an emphatic "there, thin, ye coorse!" and proceeded to look after his wounded friends. John was still quite senseless, and Albert so badly wounded that he could not walk.

Cutting withes from some young trees, Michael bound the hands and feet of his prisoner in such a manner that should he revive he would not be able to escape, and by this time John began to show signs of life. Michael then proceeded to the house for a horse. Great was the joy of poor Annabella Robinson upon his appearance. The Irishman's true heart overflowed with emotion as he listened to her story. John and Albert were conveyed home upon the horse, and Michael then returned for Huntington, who had considerably revived. The villain was next day lodged in jail to await his trial, but was soon after found suspended by the neck from one of the great, rude beams of his prison, and quite dead.

Albert Robinson recovered but slowly, and it was many weeks ere he was entirely well. He is now one of the richest farmers in California. John Marston was in a few days as good as new. Perhaps the thought of that great lump of gold, in which he saw the face of Isadora Atherton, had much to do with his recovery. John was now comparatively a rich man, twenty thousand dollars not being kicked from a ravine by everybody's black ox. He was, therefore, welcomed right heartily by Mr. Atherton to the bosom of that gentleman's household.

"Money makes no difference—of course not—have always—that is—have not—" said Mr. Atherton.

"Just so!" said John; "but Isadora—where—my I—that is—is she—"

"O, certainly, certainly—very happy—certainly—yes—of course—indeed—I always—Isadora, my dear!—one moment."

At the call, that young lady came bustling and blooming into the room. Isadora was glad the gold had been found, for she saw John in it, just as John had seen her, and that was all which gave her any idea of its value. Gold is worth to us exactly what we see in it.

John immediately purchased a farm in the vicinity, and erected upon it a substantial frame house in place of its former log cabin. Then there was a wedding, and of course, happiness.

Our hero purchased also the black ox, and that handsome animal now ranges at will in the great pastures of his master. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson would have sold him to no one but John or Michael. He was, as we have seen, the instrument of John's introduction to Isadora and of her rescue from the puma; the direct means of preserving the life of Mrs. Robinson, after having been the indirect means of her peril; and his lucky hoofs first

raked the buried hopes of his present owner from the dust of this earth!

As to Michael Malloy, when dressed in whole clothes, he was really a good-looking man. He had saved considerable money before the affair of the gold-finding. Afterwards, with a handsome sixteen thousand, he became a flourishing farmer. The Indiana girl, Mary Alice, admired his stout, well-proportioned form as he went to and fro by her father's house. He was "a right smart man," she said, and she "always liked tall men, and men that could lick everything that wore hair!"

Little by little Michael and the blooming Hoosier girl came to a close acquaintance-ship. Mary Alice was really a fine young woman, and though she had the manner of her earlier associates in a degree, she was pretty as a wild violet. Michael Malloy declared his passion, and was accepted; and in all the land of gold you will find no happier or more worthy couple than himself and his Mary Alice.

"OUR BABIES."

Joyous, crowing, laughing, singing,
Rapture breathing, gladness bringing,

Here the little darlings meet:
Fairy spells around them flinging,
Music-voices ever ringing,

As they thus their parents greet.
Look at them—the merry creatures,
Dimpled cheeks and happy features,

Pearly teeth and silken hair,
Foreheads more than lilies fair.
Lips that tell of countless kisses,
Fond embraces, infant blisses;
Smiles that sparkle in the light—
Childhood's sunshine, rich and bright;

Lispings, like soft music swelling,
Childhood's dreamy fancies telling;

Eyes that oft, in large amaze,
Stare upon the elves and fays
That people busy wonder-land;

Fingers tiny, held in ours,
As a lover holds the flower
Given him by maiden's hand;
Feet that pitter on the floor,
As we near the open door,
When our daily toil is o'er.

These are those whose trustful love

Warm our hearts with sunny ray,
And our erring natures move

To peace and joy on Christmas Day.

Are not these our richest treasures?

Are not these our sweetest pleasures,

Prized more than gems or gold?

For them we fight, for them we toil,

Brave ocean's frowns, or till the soil,

Our names in labor's ranks enrolled.

They cheer our path, they light our home,

And tempt us back whene'er we roam.

A blessing on them all!

A blessing on each toddling form,

Whose pouting lips have learned to breathe

Their tiny welcomes fond and warm,

That round our hearts love-garlands wreath,

And olden joys recall.

For them we drive dull care away,

For them we banish gloom and fear,

And welcome each glad Christmas Day,

And hail with joy each new-born year.

THE LOSS OF THE MARGARET ANN.

A TALE OF THE SEA COAST.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A LOVELIER winter morning never dawned upon the earth than the December morning of which my pen bears the record to this paper. It had rained in the night, and the trees were superb in their diamond radiance. Every branch, every little spray, was covered with gems that took the hues and brilliance of emeralds and rubies. It was a sight rarely equalled. The sheen and glitter, as the sun came up, flashed almost too brightly upon the eye, and made one long for the quiet green which God has made so pleasant and beautiful.

Out in the harbor, were anchored two schooners, bound westward; one laden with wood, and the other with stone. Every rope in these vessels was crusted with a covering as bright and shining as the trees on the shore—the covering which nature sometimes spreads before us, as if to make us content with the soft and gentle character of her every day garments.

Each of these schooners had on board some half dozen men, who had been familiar, for years, with the rough and rock-bound aspect of our eastern coast in winter. They were acquaintances, friends, neighbors; and, in the clear, frosty air of such a morning, their voices rang out in merry, cheerful tones, like the ringing of Christmas bells which, on the coming morrow, were to sound joyfully from the steeples of half the towns upon the sea coast.

Captain Anson Blanchard, the master of the stone-laden schooner, was in the full flow of talk with the other captain. He expressed his opinion that this fine weather would not last; one said he had serious objections to sailing, but that Mr. Burns, the owner, was in great haste for him to sail at once, as the stone was especially needed for some public building.

"I think I should have serious objections, too," answered Captain Harkin, "if my vessel was as old and rotten as that mean-looking hulk into which Burns has ventured such a dangerous cargo. By George! Blanchard, it is unsafe for you to go to sea, in this changeful, wintry weather, in that horrible old thing. You will go once too often in her, depend on it. It is a shameful thing for Burns to risk

six lives, as he is risking yours and your men's, when he knows that your schooner is, and long has been, unseaworthy."

Blanchard looked grave, but replied:

"O, this is our last voyage in the Margaret Ann. Burns says he shall break her up when we get back."

"The sea will break her up fast enough, and my poor old shipmates' bones will be bleaching at the bottom of the ocean, before Burns will give up his old craft!" muttered Captain Harkin, as he turned away very sadly. A presentiment of coming evil had crept into the heart of the kindly old sailor, which he could not dispel, even in the sunshine of that beautiful morning.

Perhaps something of the same nature disturbed the mind of Captain Blanchard; for he turned to the men who were clearing the ropes of the ice that enveloped them, and said:

"Boys, you hear Captain Harkin's opinion of our craft. Do you still wish to go?"

Every man answered "yes" to the question, most of them with cheerful, courageous looks, and only one of them wore a deeply clouded aspect. Some shadow had fallen on the usually bold and merry face of the sailor; something that seemed to give him pain to the very quick. He turned away, silently, but biting his lip nervously, until the blood came.

It was yet quite early morning, and they were not to sail until noon. The crews of both vessels, therefore, were permitted to go home to breakfast. Kent Sawyer, the sad-faced sailor, outstripped his companions, and thus eluded their eager questioning as to what blight had suddenly fallen upon one so proverbially light-hearted.

He drew down his hat over the blue eyes and auburn masses of hair that made him the handsomest man among a thousand, if you added the charm of a noble figure and the easy carriage that distinguished him.

For Kent Sawyer was no common or ill-bred youth. He belonged to one of the best families of the town where he was born, had been educated at a famous military academy, and had mingled in aristocratic society, until

its vain shows and arbitrary requirements had disgusted and sickened him. Then, while smarting under some disappointment or slander—no one but himself knew which—he came to this quiet seacoast, and commenced the duties of a sailor under Captain Blanchard.

Kent sometimes smiled in scorn as he imagined what his former associates would say, should they chance to meet him in the sailor's blue jacket and trousers; and how their circle would ring with jests at his expense, for weeks afterward.

But nothing of this sort was in his mind now. An hour—only one short hour was his; and that hour would be sacred to Lucy Hamilton. Months before, Kent had met Lucy Hamilton at the entrance of a little wood at the extremity of the town. The poor girl was trying to hobble her way out, with a broken ankle, the fruit of a climb upon a tree after a cat that had seized upon a beautiful bird. The cat had relinquished her prey, but girl and bird had both fallen. A broken wing and Lucy's hurt ankle were the rewards of her benevolent courage. Kent met her with the poor bird clasped closely. Her beauty and tears had taken his heart by storm; and he had actually taken her in his arms and carried her home.

Such a pretty home it was too! So small—such a baby's house, too, yet never fairy's home was sweeter or purer. And there were some things that told of better fortunes in the past. There were books and music and a few exquisite little paintings, betokening taste and a love of art that did not belong to the inhabitants of the seagirt town. Lucy and her mother comprised the whole of this tiny household; and there were gathered all that their simple wants required. The small rooms were laden with rare plants and beautiful autumn flowers, and were like bowers of beauty and fragrance. No wonder Kent Sawyer clung to his new acquaintances, even after the broken ankle ceased to be an object of solicitude. They were *of his kind*; and he fairly luxuriated in their society.

He had liked the rough, honest ways of the fishers and their wives; but here, at Mrs. Hamilton's, there was a touch of old associations that charmed him and carried him back to old days, giving him all their sweetness and withholding the bitterness with which it had been mingled.

There was no superstition mingled with the feeling that sent Kent Sawyer to Mrs.

Hamilton's cottage—no foolish presentiment of coming evil that filled his heart. What the captains had said, however, found in him a ready response. He *knew* the vessel was old—rotting in decay; and though Kent was a Christian man, and did not choose to throw his life away, he thought it right to go, as he had given his word. But he felt assured that if he did go, he should never again, on earth, behold Lucy Hamilton. He *could not* bear to go without seeing her. He wanted to hear, from her lips, the sweet assurance that she loved him. And so he hurried to her home, to say the last words of a parting that might be eternal.

"You are going away, Kent!" said Lucy, her hazel eyes filling with tears.

"Our trip is to be very short, dear," answered Kent, gravely, almost solemnly, Lucy thought.

She looked out upon the sea. It was so calm and beautiful at that moment that she felt quite re-assured.

"Do you sail to-day?"

"In an hour or less. You will *never* forget me, Lucy. If I never return—"

"Hush—you shall not say that," said the girl, shivering and turning pale.

"If I never return, nay, dearest, I must say it, do not grieve always for me. You must not live a sad and lonely life, because I am not with you."

She took both his hands and looked up into his face. Her own wore a look of inexpressible fear and anxiety.

"My love, I must leave you now. I have but three minutes to reach the vessel. Bear me on your heart. We shall meet again somewhere, and until then, farewell."

Something in his looks and tones had awakened a fearful foreboding in her heart, under which her tender nature gave way. Long after Kent had gone, her mother found her in a dead faint, from which she awoke to pass a dreary, sleepless night. The morning found her weak, exhausted and sensible to only two things, namely, that the weather had wholly changed from the beauty of the preceding day, and that Kent was sailing away, under the darkened clouds.

Scarcely had Captain Blanchard welcomed his crew on board when the order was given for sailing. The sails were set, and they went out of the harbor at two o'clock, amidst the cheers of the assembled crowd upon the wharf. Before long, however, the wind had changed, and the night threatened to become

dark and stormy. The ~~attention~~ who still lingered around the wharf, were discussing how far the two vessels had gone on their way, and their probable course for the night.

"They will put into Folly Cove to-night," said one. "Blanchard knows what to do as well as any one. 'Tis a confounded shame, though, to risk such a man's life for gain. Burns ought to be forced to go in her himself—that rotten hulk of a vessel."

"You say right, shipmate," answered a regular "old salt," who stood near. "Blanchard is worth as many of Burns as could stand from here to Rio Janeiro!"

A sudden spatter of rain stopped further discussion. The clouds grew blacker and blacker. At the last moment of separating, one man called out, "Blanchard will be back again soon. He will never try to weather this. It is going to blow great guns."

And surely the tempest did arise in its wrath. The windows of heaven seemed opened, and every moment the clouds became blacker, until the whole sky, and earth, and sea blended into one undistinguishable mass of blackness, save for the one red light that streamed out from the lighthouse.

Above the tempest, loud as it was, human voices were heard from the ocean, at intervals. Men had heard it long before, but thought it only the deep wailing of the wind. Now it came like a human cry of distress; and, when the wind lulled at intervals, the dull plunging and pitching sound of a vessel could be faintly distinguished.

"Quick, quick, for God's sake," uttered an authoritative voice. "Light fires along the beach. There are ten barrels under that old shed. Lively, men, lively!"

In ten minutes, the beach seemed ablaze with fires that sent out a red glow, far over the waves. The men grouped themselves around the fires, listening eagerly for every sound. There was nothing to do but to wait. *Somebody's* sons, or husbands, or fathers were out there upon the stormy ocean, battling with it for their lives. Somewhere between the steady gleam from the lighthouse, and the more fitful glow from the tar barrels, there were human beings struggling with almost superhuman energy to reach the shore. The watchers on the beach, with eyes so trained to peer into the darkness, knew full well that the vessel, whatever it might be, was pitching, rolling, plunging amid those foam-crested waves, and that her crew could see the efforts they were making to fight up her stormy way.

"There are two of them, Jack!" cried out a voice. "Look steady now. Don't you see they are close together and may run each other down. If they strike amidst us, there will be scarcely a chance of either being saved. Hark! do you hear that crash? That was the deathblow to one or both."

"Look a-here, boys!" said a voice that seemed to come up from the depths of the old man's stomach, "look a-here. You tell what is to be, and how do you know? Is the Lord's arm shortened, that it can't save? Well, if it aint, why can't they all be saved to-night? 'Tis a rough night, but I've seen rougher; ay, and lived to get ashore too!"

"Old Ben has told that story so many times," said one of the younger men, "that he has come to believe it himself. But I don't believe the world ever knew anything bigger in the way of a storm than this of to-night. Good heavens! what was that?"

The man had felt something grasp his arm suddenly, and he saw a white shadow by his side. He shook like a leaf and turned away his head.

"For God's sake, friends, take away this ghost. Why should it come to me? O, go away! go away!"

Two or three men near him had seen the phantom, and one of them had recognized it. It was Lucy Hamilton, in her night clothes, and pale and white as a ghost. She did not hear or heed the words spoken by the men, but staggered her way, blindly, down to the very edge of the beach where the watchfires burned most fiercely. Down upon her knees, amidst the tangled seaweed thrown up by the stormy waves, she peered out with her great lustrous eyes, into the vast expanse of ocean. Her long hair, wetted by the rain, shone and glittered in the light; while her small, white hands, uplifted as if in supplication, gleamed in the darkness like twin lilies.

"God help the girl!" said a rough old sailor. "If she's lookin' for her sweetheart to-night, she may see him, but not alive. Who comes to this shore to-night, comes *dead*."

Lucy heard him, but she did not answer. He had spoken her own thought.

"What vessel is that?" she asked, sharply.

"We think it is the Margaret Ann, Captain Blanchard's craft, driven back by stress of weather," was the response.

"I thought so, I feared it," said the girl, in a low voice.

The man took off his heavy sea jacket, and laid it tenderly and respectfully over her,

where she knelt. She did not move, nor thank him, but he did not mind that. He took out a clean, folded check handkerchief from his pocket, and tied it above her streaming locks; but she made no sign that she knew he was trying to warm her, and to still the shivers that ran through her veins. He went on with his benevolent task, until she was completely warm, keeping her close to the burning tar-barrel, and paying her every little attention that her situation demanded.

At last there was a sound heard that curdled the blood and made the heart ache. A sharp crackling sound, like the breaking of wood, succeeded the deadly silence of the last half hour.

"They have struck together!"

"No, no, the Margaret Ann has broken in two, with the strain. The other is safe enough."

"O, if they can only get aboard the other vessel!" cried out a female voice—not Lucy's. She was mute and still, like one overpowered by the very intensity of the pang that had come to her.

"Poor girl!" whispered a voice near her.

"Don't pity me!" she said, absently, as if in a dream. "Don't pity me! He is not dead. He will surely come back to me. Did you know him, sir?"

The sad, subdued sweetness of her tones went to the heart of her listener.

"Did I know him?" he asked. "Yes, I did know him. He was the best friend I had, when I was so very ill in Havre. I should have died with fear, if not with disease. Kent Sawyer came to my bed, like a ministering angel, and saved my life. O God! grant that this night I may repay the gift. Come now, this is no place for you, my dear young lady. Let me see you home, and then, if there should be anything to tell, I will go up and tell you."

Lucy looked up with a feeble smile; but she shook her head, and said she would stay. "You know," she said, "that Kent would expect it of me. I must be here to welcome him."

A spasm of pain crossed the face of her listener.

"So young and innocent," he said to himself, "and to have such trouble as this!"

On came the boiling waves, and on came the fragments of the vessel. Once, something was washed upon the rocks, that the kind-hearted sailor did not want the girl to notice. He rose and stood between it and her; for it was a dead man that came up from those

dreadful waters. He would have given anything to get to it—to see if it was his benefactor who lay there, and to do something to bring him to life.

Others took away the ghastly sight, as quietly as possible—carrying it to an old shed near the beach.

But what now was that—riding safely upon the black waters, just where the red light quivered across them? Every sailor on the shore gave a prolonged cry, as they discovered the welcome life-boat. O, if she had indeed rescued even one of these poor sailors, she had performed a glorious mission. Every one waited impatiently for her coming, as she rode gallantly on.

Strangely enough, she was guided just opposite where Lucy and the sailor were sitting. The sailors crowded around to see what living or dead freight she had brought, and Lucy had quietly left her companion and followed their footsteps.

One dripping and drenched form lay there, just as they had taken it from the boat—its long, fair hair dragged with sand and seaweed; its blue eyes closed, and the shapely limbs stretched out motionless. He, too, was borne away; but Lucy Hamilton was by the side of the bearer. She seemed to know intuitively that it was Kent who lay there in the arms of the sailors, and she kept on her way.

A bright light was in her mother's cottage. Mrs. Hamilton had just awaked and had missed her daughter. She dressed herself hastily and went to the door. The men were there already, and Lucy, wrapt in the sailor's frieze jacket, had come also.

They laid down their burden, but no hope was in their faces. Shocked, terrified, Lucy's mother could do nothing. Lucy went about calmly, gathering blankets and cordials, and kindling up afresh the coals that had been raked upon the hearth.

For two hours of that terrible night, Lucy, with the assistance of the sailors, had been trying to restore him to life, and were about giving him up, when a faint sigh quivered upon the lips.

Then nature came and mercifully shut her eyes in a long fainting fit. She could do no more, even for Kent.

A bright morning succeeded this terrible night. The ocean lay in its calm majesty—serene as if no storms had ever ruffled its surface. On a sofa, before the fire, Kent Sawyer

lay, wrapped in one of Mrs. Hamilton's dressing-gowns; while Lucy sat on a little stool beside him, bathing the deep cuts in his handsome forehead, and her sailor friend was dressing anew the wounded arm which the fragments of the broken vessel had bruised and maimed.

"Were our poor fellows all saved, Lucy?" he asked, in a low, weak voice.

"Not a soul but yourself, Kent."

He turned his face away from her, but not until she had seen the shining tears, which he tried to hide, even from her. Hitherto, she had questioned him nothing of that dreadful night, and Kent had thanked her for her forbearance. He could not think of it without a wild and bitter grief. He trembled when he thought of the time when, fully recovered from its effects, he would be forced to go and tell Mrs. Blanchard all he knew of her husband's last night on earth—when he must see all those poor women who were now widows. He felt that it would be torture to them, to see him alive, and to feel that their only hope and stay were in the ocean depths. He had heard some one say, while he lay in a half torpid state that night, that four of the bodies had been brought to shore. He had lain, vexing his almost distracted brain, wondering which of them it was whose fate it was to lie beneath the waters, instead of under the earth. And he still wondered why these men, with wives and children dependent on them for support, should have been taken, and he alone saved. The thought occupied him for a fortnight. It was a problem he could not have solved, had he speculated for a year. His doubts were put to flight, by a vision he had never hoped for. His chamber door opened one morning, and Captain Blanchard, pale and worn, with one arm in a sling, but with his old, kind look, entered.

"Thank God!" was all Kent could say; but he said it heartily.

Blanchard explained. It was not Captain Harkin's vessel that they saw that night, but a strange one from another port. At the last moment, when death seemed inevitable, Blanchard had clung to a floating plank, from which he had been rescued, and taken on board the stranger.

That vessel had outridden the gale, and had, at last, reached a port. A broken arm and a contusion upon the head had prevented the captain from telling his deliverers who he was; for a fever had immediately set in, and for days he knew nothing.

"But I am here again, Kent, and am so glad to see you, and yet so sorry for my poor boys—"

"Well, well," he continued, "they have no more storms to meet; and, for myself, I shall go to sea no more. I loved the crazy old craft that so nearly gave me my death; and I have enough, with prudence and economy, to live on. I will never let my wife suffer again what she has done the last fortnight; so I shall never sail in another vessel. As for Burns, our sufferings must not all be laid to his charge, though, it is true, the Margaret Ann was a poor old thing enough."

Kent is now married to Lucy Hamilton. The widow's cottage has gradually expanded into a large, handsome building, and near it is a flourishing store, where Kent is proprietor, and where his cheerful face and pleasant manners bring him troops of friends and customers. And the captain sits there by the stove, on stormy nights, and relates to them the loss of the Margaret Ann.

PROVINCIALISMS.

Judging from an article in a late number of the Cornhill Magazine, the English peasants still speak a language pregnant with meaning. Living out of doors, their words breathe an out-of-door air. Their images are picturesque and full of life. Thus, in the Northern districts a starving man is said to be "hunger-poisoned," and people are "bone-tired." Crops when spoiled by rain are said in the Eastern counties to be "water-slain," and in Westmoreland, when they ripen well, are said to "addle-well," as if a notion of working and earning were implied. In Leicestershire, a peasant will talk of a bee "kicking" him instead of stinging him. In Derbyshire he will say that he "feels a snell," just as in Exodus the Israelites "saw the thunders" at Mount Sinai. The English peasant likewise christens his flowers after their habits. In the Midland counties the common goatbeard is his "nap-at-noon" and his "go-to-bed-at-noon," and the star of Bethlehem is his "six o'clock flower," from their closing their flowers at those times. The scarlet pimpernel, from its susceptibility to the changes of the weather, is his "shepherd's dial." The orchis is his "cuckoo-flower," because it blossoms when the cuckoo is first heard, and the arum, whose leaf is seen still earlier, is his "wake-robin." Like Hesiod, he knows the seasons by these signs.

CLARIBEL'S LOVER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"WHAT was that, Eunice?"

Claribel started nervously, as she asked the question, letting fall the comb, with which she was straightening out her long, golden tresses.

"Only a rat in the wainscoting, you silly thing," I replied; "what makes you such a coward?—see, how pale you have grown!"

Claribel laughed, and picked up her comb, but I noticed that her fingers trembled, and she continued to glance fearfully into the shadowy recesses of the large, old-fashioned chamber. She was a delicate, nervous little concern, frightened out of her wits at the merest trifle.

We were down at Ashcroft Hall, my uncle's rambling old country seat, on a visit. Claribel was opposed to coming—she liked the city—its bustling life, and gayety, and social evenings, suited her peculiar nature. She was not a self-reliant person by any means—she depended on her friends for her happiness—her very life almost. To speak figuratively, Claribel was a tender honey-suckle, and always needed some near and strong support, to keep up her superabundant foliage. Left to herself, she trailed in the dust. As I said, she was bitterly opposed to going to the country, especially as it was mid-winter, and bid fair to be exceedingly desolate. But Uncle Ashcroft had written for us to spend our Christmas holidays with him, Claribel and I—(we were cousins, you know—she the daughter of a city merchant, and I a dependent orphan, living with her); and her father would not hear to anything like a refusal.

"You will go," he said blandly, but with that hard look in his eye, that always told us when he particularly meant what he said—"you will go, certainly. Your uncle would be offended at a refusal. Here is money, get yourselves in readiness; two weeks from tomorrow, your Cousin Archibald will come to escort you down."

Claribel answered not a word, she knew it was useless. Her father was a man of iron—a man, who always wore a steel gauntlet beneath his velvet glove; his will, in all things, was her law. But I saw that her cheek paled, and her lips quivered.

Archibald Ashcroft was a suitor of hers;

and the only one, though she counted quite a number, her proud father favored. He favored Archibald in consequence of his possessions, which were extensive and valuable, he being sole heir to his father, who was getting to be quite an old man. But Claribel disliked him with her whole heart. He was a strange man, stern, and dark, and cold, with an inscrutable mystery on his heavy brows, and in his gloomy dusky eyes; a man who looked as if some great sin, or great sorrow—mayhap, had blighted his life, and frozen his heart. Yet he seemed to like Claribel—came to see her at stated periods; made her handsome presents, which her father forced her to accept; and a few weeks before our visit to his father's old hall, offered himself as her husband. Of course, Claribel was afraid to refuse him, and the costly engagement ring was placed upon her slender fingers.

She came to me in utter despair, her bright hair in disorder, her pink cheeks wet with tears. She always came to me in her troubles, for she had no mother or sister, and I was several years her senior.

"O Eunice," she sobbed, throwing her arms round my neck, and resting her head on my shoulder, "I am so miserable—I wish I could die—indeed I do, Eunice."

"Why, Claribel?—because you are to be mistress of Ashcroft Hall?—'twill be a splendid destiny—I know hundreds of girls who would jump at the chance."

"Don't talk that way, Eunice. You know I don't love Cousin Archibald, and I shall not live a month down in that ghostly old house—I'd sooner die than marry him."

"Then why did you accept him?"

"Papa said I must."

"O, you're a silly—what if he did?"

She opened her blue eyes wide with astonishment. To disobey her father was something so dreadful, that she did not even dare think of it. Her yielding passiveness provoked me intensely; yet I plied her with all my heart, and made a great effort, to infuse some of my own uncontrollable self-will into her gentle nature, but in vain. We were totally dissimilar; owing partly to our natural characteristics, and partly to our early training. From an infant up, she had been ac-

customed to the rule of her father's iron hand; while I had grown wild and lawless amid my native mountains—I could not make her feel as I did.

"What shall you do, Claribel?" I asked, when her sobs had subsided.

"Marry him, and die, I suppose."

"And Frank Davenport?"

She flushed hotly, and hid her face in my bosom, with a fresh burst of tears. Frank was a poor young man, one of her father's clerks. He had loved Claribel since his boyhood, and she loved him in return; but her proud father would have laughed at the idea of his only child, the heiress of all the gold he was heaping up, wedding with his penniless book-keeper. But Frank was a noble fellow, as clear and open as the daylight, and brave and handsome, the very man to win a young girl's heart.

He came down, on the evening after her engagement to Archibald Ashcroft. I met him in the grand parlor. The poor fellow's face was pale, and his eyes sad, but he spoke in a cheerful, manly manner.

"How is it, Eunice?" he asked, after we had talked a little while; "what are they going to do with Claribel?"

"Marry her to Archibald Ashcroft, I believe."

"Do you think she loves him?"

"Certainly not—the very sight of him makes her shudder."

"Yet she has accepted him?"

"Yes—you know in what awe she stands of her father—I believe, if he were to command her to walk off the bridge yonder, into the river, she would not hesitate to do it."

"Poor Claribel!"

He sighed deeply, and then his brown eyes flashed.

"Eunice," he said, "I have heard strange stories concerning this Archibald Ashcroft—I don't think he's a good man—he'll not make Claribel happy."

"I'm sure he won't."

"Then she mustn't marry him—we must save her somehow."

"Then, you'll have to do it by stratagem—you'll never persuade her to disobey her father—I've tried that."

"I know it—but maybe something will turn up—I'll not give it up anyhow, Eunice," and his handsome face shone with more than womanly tenderness; "she's dearer to me, a thousand fold, than my own life. I'd willingly die to save her; she must not be sacrificed

in this way. Why, she won't live a month as the wife of that cold, stern man—my sunny tender, little Claribel."

The foolish fellow's eyes actually filled with tears; but I could not find it in my heart to laugh at him; old maid as I am, I cannot help feeling some respect for real affection.

While we were talking, Claribel came in, with a letter in her hand, and her blue eyes streaming with tears. She did not see Frank in the darkness of the lofty room, and rushed to me at once.

"O Eunice, Eunice," she sobbed; "what shall I do?"

"Why, what's the matter now, Claribel?"

"Why, father's just brought me another letter from Cousin Archibald, and he wants us to be married at Christmas, down at the Hall. His father wants to witness the ceremony, and he's too infirm to come here. Father has consented, and has even ordered Mrs. Burroughs to have my bridal things in readiness. What shall I do?"

"What do you intend to do?"

"O Eunice, I can't tell—help me—advise me."

"What's the use? You won't hearken to what I say."

"I must obey my father, Eunice."

"Then I can't help you."

"But I can, Claribel!"

That other voice, so deep and thrilling, made her start and tremble like a frightened bird. He came to her side, and took her little hands in his. I am an old maid you know, and folks don't mind me.

"Claribel," he said, "you love me, don't you?"

She was an artless, childish thing.

"Yes, Frank," she said simply, "you know I do."

"Then, darling, 'twill be a sin to marry Archibald Ashcroft."

She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands, as he held them in his. He looked down upon her with ineffable tenderness.

"Claribel," he said, softly, "risk and relinquish all for me, as I am willing to do for you—I think I can make you happy."

For a moment her face brightened, and she clung to him like a child; and then the old fear came back to her eyes. She shook her head sadly.

"I can't," she murmured. "I dare not disobey my father."

"Then tell him all—that this marriage will break your heart."

"I have—but he is inexorable."

Frank talked a while longer, and then bade us good-night. Turning in the doorway, he said, with an almost desperate brightness in his eyes, "I shall not give you up, Claribel—you love me, and I have a right to you—something will turn up—must turn up, to stop this unholy sacrifice—at any rate, I shall follow, and watch over you. Good-by."

She trembled at his words, but I think they awoke a faint hope in her heart. For myself, I had a thorough respect for the resolute young fellow, and wished him abundant success.

But the two weeks went by in a bustle of preparation, and nothing at all transpired. Claribel's father never wavered in his determination; though he must have seen how his daughter drooped and faded, like a lily touched by the early frosts. He loved her tenderly, but looked upon her as a simple, senseless child, whom it was his duty in all things to control. Archibald Ashcroft was a sober, settled man, and would make her a good husband; besides, he was very wealthy, and wealth went a great ways with Mr. Claxton. So he made up his mind that she must marry him, and he was a man who stuck to his determination.

At last the morning of our departure came, for, as a matter of course, I accompanied Claribel; and a dreary morning it was, in the early part of December. The streets were thickly coated with snow, and a fine sharp rain, mingled with stinging glints of ice, fell incessantly, freezing to a crust, and rendering the travelling anything but pleasant. We hoped that Mr. Ashcroft would not come, but our hopes were vain; he was there at the appointed moment, with his luxurious travelling carriage, lined with costly furs, and warmed by a portable stove. There was no excuse for refusing to accompany him, so we went.

"Your wardrobe shall follow you, Claribel, and I will be down myself in good time for the wedding," said her father cheerily, as he kissed her good-by; then turning to his future son-in-law, "you must be very tender of my little girl, Archibald," he said, with more genuine feeling than I had ever seen him manifest before, "and try and win back the roses to her cheeks—she is looking delicate of late."

"The country air will improve her," he said, blandly, bowing and smiling at Claribel, but there was no tenderness in his cold eye

no fond tremor in his voice; and that old, impenetrable cloud hung blackly as ever upon his brow.

Claribel shuddered, and drew back in the corner of the carriage, and then I saw her start and tremble, and finally burst into tears, as she caught sight of Frank Davenport, standing on an opposite corner, waving his handkerchief in token of farewell. I felt very indignant; and had a strong inclination to pitch Mr. Archibald Ashcroft headlong from his own carriage, but I managed to keep it in subjection.

Over long leagues of dreary, desolate woodland, with the icy snow crunching beneath our carriage wheels, and the sharp rain tinkling against the windows; past groves of gloomy pines, and rugged mountain spurs, across a dark and bottomless river, rolling in foaming torrents beneath a tottering bridge; and we came out into the high road, which brought us in full view of the old mansion.

"There's Ashcroft Hall—your future home, Claribel," remarked Mr. Ashcroft, with a very polite bow, and a very gracious smile.

Claribel glanced out at the ancient-looking pile of buildings, and then back at the river; with an expression in her blue eyes, which seemed to indicate that of the two, she preferred the black current of the latter. I began to have fears for her, mild and passive as she was. Just at nightfall, we drove up to the arched gateway which led through to the front entrance.

The building was an old-fashioned stone one, immense and heavy, its black sloping roof coated with ice; the huge chimneys, and the thick stone casements of the windows, covered with a clinging species of moss or lichen, that gave them a very sombre aspect. The long porticoes were all enclosed with close lattice-work; and every door and window wore the barred and bolted look of a prison. An owl was hooting near at hand, and a wild wind swept up from the river, clanking the bare branches of the trees, and rushing round the bleak gables, with a wailing cry that might have come from the lips of a Banshee. Claribel clung to my arm in a tremor of nervous horror.

"Eunice, Eunice," she whispered, "how can I live here?"

Archibald ran up the steps, and rapped with the butt of his whip against the massive oaken door. Several moments passed—but there was no answer. He rapped again, so loudly that the rocks began to stir in the

trootepe; and an old hound shook himself in his kennel, and gave a feeble yelp. Then, there was a sound of footsteps along the stone floor of the passage; a number of bolts and bars were withdrawn, and Mrs. Patterson the house-keeper swung open the heavy door, and admitted us. An antiquated negress conducted us through a long, dimly lighted hall, into a large, dreary-looking apartment, which possessed but one single attraction, a glowing hickory fire; but after a while, another was added, in the shape of a sumptuous supper.

Thus, you see, we were snugly domiciled in Ashcroft Hall, very sorely against our inclination. But our entertainment was princely, our chambers magnificent; and the master of the mansion exerted himself to make the days pass pleasantly; inventing all manner of games and in-door amusements, and driving us out, whenever the faintest gleam of sunshine struggled through the gloomy pine-forests that surrounded the Hall. But in spite of all his efforts, the days were insufferably tedious, and would have been absolutely unendurable, but for the society of our uncle, an old and very infirm man, in that sunny stage of life, second childhood, who took a great fancy to Claribel, and never wearied of having us in his chamber.

At last, for in this world everything comes to an end one time or other, the Christmas holidays began to near us; and gradually the old Hall filled with guests; stately country gentlemen and their dames, gallant youths, and blushing damsels, invited to partake of the festivities of the coming wedding. In the spacious kitchens, under Mrs. Patterson's skillful supervision, the most extravagant culinary preparations were being carried on; everything was to be on the grandest and most extensive scale.

In the meantime, poor Claribel hid herself in her chamber, with a cheek that grew whiter and whiter each day; turning in disgust from every allusion to her approaching marriage; and gazing from the lofty windows over the black line of the pine forest, in the direction of her old home, with a mournful wistfulness in her blue eyes that almost broke my heart. I racked my brain to discover some way of saving her from a doom that seemed worse than death, but in vain, for to all my expostulations, she returned her old answer; she could not disobey her father.

In due time her bridal trousseau came down, and a magnificent one it was. Mr. Claxton had been lavish to a fault. The bri-

dal robe was of the richest and finest make and fabric; and then there were silks and satins, and flowers and laces, and jewels without number; and in addition to all these, Mr. Archibald presented his intended bride with an entire set of diamonds, worth in themselves a handsome fortune.

But Claribel looked upon all these treasures, that under other circumstances would nearly have turned her girlish brain, with sad eyes, in which there was no gleam of pleasure; to her, they were the garments of sacrifice, not the sacred robes of happy bridalhood. On the day before the wedding, Christmas eve, we looked them over, and arranged them on the bed and lounges in the bridal chamber, which adjoined our spacious bed-chamber. They made an imposing array, the gleaming robes, and lucid pearls, and flashing diamonds. Then, as the wintry evening had already closed in, we ordered our Abigail to light our shaded night lamp, and Claribel and I sat down before the glowing embers to have a last consultation.

She was to be married in the morning—Christmas morning; and then there was to be the grandest kind of an entertainment. Her father, accompanied by a number of their city friends, had already arrived. The Hall was literally packed with guests—there was not a spare room left, except the bridal chamber; and that opened into the hall, just beyond the one we occupied. The door was open, and we could see it, from where we sat, like a very bower of beauty, but alas, not of love. It was freshly papered with pure, pearl white, edged with gilt and azure—the curtains were white satin, lined with azure, and held back by golden bands; the carpet, chairs, lounges, even the very footstools, showed the same delicate colors; and in the centre of all stood the bridal couch, a mass of downy lace, with a smiling Cupid, his dimpled limbs all wreathed with roses, holding up the satin curtains that flowed to the floor in gorgeous, gleaming waves.

Claribel glanced towards this beautiful temple once in a while, with a repressed shudder. At last she said, shivering, and drawing closer to the fire:

"Shut that door, Eunice, please—I don't want to see it—'tis nothing but mockery."

I arose and closed the door, and as I did so, there was a slight, rustling sound within, and something between a squeak and a gibber. Claribel dropped the comb with which she was straightening out her golden tresses, asking

with a nervous start, "What was that, Eunice?"

I am not easily frightened, indeed, I pride myself upon my unfeminine firmness and courage. I am quite sure that I haven't any nerves at all. But I confess to having experienced a queer little thrill, at that strange, squeaking gibber; but I answered carelessly enough:

"O, a rat in the wainscoting, Claribel—don't be such a coward."

She picked up her comb, and laughed a little hysterical laugh as she went on binding up her pretty hair; but I noticed that she continued to glance nervously, from time to time, towards the dusky corners of the spacious chamber.

"I don't know," she said at last, folding her hands on her lap, and speaking slowly and thoughtfully, "it may be a ghost, Eunice—for I believe this old house is haunted. Old Christie says it is—she told me about it the first week I came."

"Why, Claribel," I laughed, "I did not think you were so silly."

"No, no, I'm not silly," she went on—with a strange, vacant look in her blue eyes, that sent a chill to my heart—"I believe every word of it; she says she has lived here for years, and has seen it time after time."

"Claribel, are you crazy? Seen what?"

"Why, the ghost to be sure. Her ghost—his wife, you know. He treated her unkindly—and broke her heart, and now she comes back to haunt him, trailing her white robes through the rooms, and moaning and gibbering, till no one in the house can sleep."

"For Heaven's sake, Claribel," I exclaimed, with an uncomfortable feeling that a white, ghostly figure *might* be just behind the back of my chair, "don't talk such nonsense—I never heard that Archibald Ashcroft was unkind to his first wife."

"Yes he was," she went on, in a rambling kind of way; "she was a pretty, happy girl when she came here; but his cruelty, and this dreadful old house, killed her—and now she comes back. I heard her last night, Eunice, and saw a glimpse of her face—such a sad face."

"Claribel!"

"'Tis true, Eunice—I wasn't asleep—I didn't dream it. I awoke suddenly, and heard a soft rustling sound, and a low moan, and then a white, sad face flitted through the darkness. I saw it—I didn't dream it, Eunice. Poor girl—she died so young, Christie says—

and he did even stay with her at the last. I pity her so much. I shall die soon, Eunice—as soon as you all go away and leave me. I won't come back—unless," with a sad smile, "I come back to our old home—and to you."

I actually believed she was going mad, and the thought filled me with unspeakable terror.

"Claribel," I cried, catching her in my arms, and covering her cold, white face with tears and kisses; "you shall not marry Archibald Ashcroft."

She shook her head mournfully, going over the old story again.

"O yes, I must marry him—there's no help for it. I cannot disobey my father, Eunice. The wedding robes are made, and everything is in readiness;—yes, yes, I must marry him in the morning—Christmas morning, too! O Eunice, do you remember the merry Christmas mornings we have spent together? But they are all over now, and by the time another one comes round, I shall be with her—and then poor Frank will grieve so! I care more for him than I do for myself. I did hope he would do something; and once this evening, when the guests were coming, I thought I saw his face—but it was all fancy, a foolish fancy. I shall never see him again: he could not save me, poor fellow—and 'tis a sin for me to think of him now. But, Eunice, by-and-by, when all is over, you must tell him I sent him my love and good-by, and hoped he might be very happy."

The tears flowed softly over her white cheeks, and her little, childish hands lay folded on her lap. The sight of her hopeless grief pained me inexpressibly, and I made up my mind to raise heaven and earth the next morning, in my efforts to save her. They should not sacrifice her tender, young heart; I would forbid the unholy marriage at the very altar. But I said nothing to her, not wishing to raise her hopes, when in all probability I should fail. So we continued to sit there, over the expiring embers, she talking, and sobbing in a childish, incoherent manner. At last, however, she began to weary; her blue eyes grew heavy, and her head drooped upon my shoulder.

"Go to bed, Claribel," I said; "you are weary—a good nap will do you good, and mayhap something may turn up by the morrow—stranger things have happened."

She smiled, and her smile was sadder and more touching than any tears could have been.

"No, dear," she said, "it's too late now—my fate is sealed—but I will lie down, for my head aches badly."

I assisted her in disrobing, and putting on her white night garments; and then she went through with her usual devotions, and climbed into the high, old-fashioned bed. I looped back the heavy silk curtains, and sat down beside her, soothing her burning brow with my hand. In a little while she was sound asleep; her breath coming in short, quivering gasps, like a grieved child's. My solicitude for her was sufficient to keep me awake, but something else affected me, something that I could not define, a kind of dread or apprehension. I went back to the fireplace, and threw on a fresh billet of wood. It was somewhere near midnight, as well as I can remember, and without the night was growing dark and stormy. I could hear the winds rising, and beating and rushing round the gables, and shrieking away through the hills and over the snowy valleys; and at intervals, the owls hooting from their haunts in the ivied porches, and the night-hawks screaming in the depths of the pine-forest, and the river gurgling and rushing along its rocky channel. It was certainly a desolate Christmas eve, wholly unlike the jovial ones I had hitherto known.

I sat there an hour, perhaps, gazing into the glowing coals, and listening—listening for something that was to come. An inexplicable dread seemed to overshadow me; a dull, sickening apprehension of some coming terror. I started to my feet in real affright, and glanced round the shadowy room with distended eyes. There was nothing to be seen but the flickering shadows, no sound, save the nibble of a mouse in the wainscot, and Claribel's sobbing breath. Heartily ashamed of myself, I took up a book, and sat down. It chanced to be one of Poe's weird creations, and in a few moments I had read myself into a shiver of actual fear. I could have cried from real vexation; for, as I have said, I prided myself upon my unfeminine strength and courage; and here I was, trembling and starting like a silly school-girl. Claribel herself could not have done worse. Throwing aside the book, I walked the length of the room once or twice, and then, sat down in a huge, cushioned rocker, just opposite the door of the bridal chamber. Swaying backward and forward, and listening to the dismal roar of the storm, I fell into a kind of semi-unconsciousness, not sleep, and not

positive wakefulness, which lasted, perhaps, fifteen minutes. Then, all of a sudden, I was roused, as if by an electric shock, into the most painful expectation. Every nerve in my body tingled with intense horror; and the perspiration broke out upon my face and hands, in great, clammy drops.

Then I became clearly conscious of some approaching presence, of a low, rustling sound; and slowly the door of the bridal chamber swung open, and dimly revealed, in the subdued light, I saw a tall figure, draped in flowing white, with long, black locks streaming round a ghostly face, and eyes, whose concentrated gaze seemed to burn into my very soul. It was the ghost, her ghost. Claribel had told me truly! A strange, awful terror seemed to paralyze my very soul. I could not move—scarcely breathe; the very functions of life seemed suspended, as I sat in the deep rocker, gazing with fascinated eyes upon the terrible vision. For a moment or two it stood still, its burning eyes fixed upon me; then with a squeaking, gibbering cry, that curdled the blood in my veins, it fled back into the bridal chamber, trailing and rustling its long robes after it.

Still I sat there, powerless to move or speak; I, Eunice Brown, who had boasted of my strength and courage. I saw it flitting over the velvet carpets, with a mincing, noiseless tread; then it trailed back and forth before the gilded mirrors, smiling and gibbering in a manner so awfully unearthly, that I really thought the sight would drive me mad. Claribel slept on in blissful unconsciousness; I could hear her quivering breath, and see her long tresses gleaming on the white pillow, from where I sat; the winds wailed without, and the snow and ice tinkled against the window; the fire on the hearth burned down to a heap of embers; and still I sat there, patiently watching my ghostly visitor. Once or twice she lifted the snowy drapery of the bridal couch, gibbering and gesticulating all the while; and then she took up the bridal robe and began to examine it, raising the rich folds, and making manifestations of admiration that would have been ludicrous, but for their awful and disgusting unearthliness. After a while, she crossed over to the jewel stand, and the open casket containing the magnificent diamonds, which Archibald Ashcroft had presented to Claribel only a few days before, seemed to attract her attention. An alarming change came over her ghostly face; her hollow eyes

flamed with anger, and her bloodless lips trembled. Snatching them up, she secreted them in her bosom, with a terrible cry;—not loud, for it did not waken Claribel, but so full of fiendish hate and pain, that the bare memory of it will thrill me with unspeakable horror to my dying day.

But the cry, terrible as it was, brought me to my senses, and as she turned her glaring face towards me, I realized for the first time, the truth of my position. I was not in the presence of a ghost—an apparition, as I had foolishly believed at first, but of a maniac. While the knowledge dispelled my feelings of supernatural terror, it did not at all add to my comfort, or sense of safety. I knew well enough who and what I had to deal with, for I had had some little experience with the insane before. A ghost might have been more terrific, but it would have been far less dangerous to cope with.

In an instant, after the truth flashed upon me, my old courage and somewhat reckless daring revived; and I felt a kind of pleasurable excitement in the extreme danger of my situation. With my eyes fixed upon the strange being, ghost or devil, whichever she might be, I sat perfectly immovable, determined to watch and await her actions. After having secreted the diamonds in her bosom, her angry eyes turned from me to the couch where Claribel slept; and with a slow and cautious movement, she drew a long, gleaming, double-edged knife from beneath the folds of her robe, and sitting down in the centre of the bridal chamber, took off her slipper, and began to sharpen the edge on its sole; laughing and gibbering, and nodding her head from side to side, with a kind of fiendish enjoyment.

From her actions, I was able to judge correctly what object she had in view; I was certain that she meditated the murder of Claribel, and that she was in some way connected with Archibald Ashcroft. Jealousy was plainly written on her haggard face, and in her gleaming eyes, when she snatched up and concealed the diamonds. I understood the case well enough, but what to do—that was the puzzle. If I moved, she might attack and overpower me, for a maniac's strength is always superior to that of a sane person; and then all would be over with Claribel. If I shrieked for help, she might accomplish her dreadful work before it could reach us. The outer door, leading to the hall and the stairway, was locked and bolted by

Claribel's precaution;—I saw no avenue of escape—and to awaken Claribel, and get her into a nervous fright, would be to seal her doom. I could do nothing but sit there and watch her, as she gibbered and gesticulated, and sharpened her knife. She made a startling picture, sitting thus in the gleaming gorgeousness of the bridal chamber, a picture that would have made Archibald Ashcroft pale, in spite of his haughty bearing. Slowly, O how slowly, the moments crept by. Claribel slept on—the storm raved without, and the maniac whetted her gleaming knife. At last she arose, and began to cross the room, in the direction of Claribel's couch, with a stealthy, catlike tread, the glittering weapon firmly grasped in her right hand. Another moment, and the keen blade would be plunged into that fair, unconscious bosom. She had almost crossed the room; her eyes were fixed upon the sleeping girl, and the deadly blade was uplifted to strike. I threw myself from the chair with the intention of seizing her by the hands, but she was too quick for me. Eluding my grasp, she darted back into the bridal chamber, with an angry cry. I knew that there was not a moment to lose, and I caught the door by its ivory knob, and jerked it swiftly together. But it opened and locked on the inner side, and I could do nothing but hold it together with what strength I could command. And what was my strength in comparison to hers? I felt her seize it from the inner side, and jerk it back with a force, that well-nigh drew the polished knob from my hands. But I fell upon my knees, holding on with all my might, and at the same time calling for help, with all the power of voice I could command.

My cries awakened Claribel, and she sprang from the bed, and rushed to my side with eager questions. I explained as much to her as I could, and entreated her to aid me in holding the door together, as the only means of saving her life. She tried, trembling and faint with terror, but her dimpled hands slipped off powerless. I felt the ivory knob slowly but surely passing from my frantic grasp, and knew that in another moment the maniac woman's superior strength would overcome me; and I called for help with all the frantic terror of despair. But the outer doors were closed and bolted, and no one could enter, without bursting through; and I greatly feared that deliverance would come too late. But I continued to hold on, and to call for help, urging Claribel to aid me. But

It was impossible for her to do anything but to wring her hands, and cling to me in the most extravagant affright. Suspense is a dreadful thing; I realized it in its full meaning during those few moments; hours they seemed, as the ivory knob slipped through my hands, and the door of the bridal chamber swung open, revealing the ghostly vision with her murderous weapon upraised.

At the sight of Claribel, who stood just behind me, struck dumb and immovable with surprise and fear, she uttered a hideous cry, and bounded forward. I threw myself before her, but she hurried me aside, as if I had been a child; and seizing Claribel by the arm, raised the knife to strike. Another instant, the half of an instant, and its keen blade would have been buried in her white bosom, but simultaneously with her swift movement, a thundering crash splintered and shattered the door, and Frank Davenport rushed in, just in time to hold and stay the uplifted murderous hand.

After that, there followed a scene of indescribable confusion and consternation. The guests ran shrieking up and down the long hall, the servants crowded in with staring eyes and eager questions, and Claribel was borne out, as white and limp as a broken lily. Then Mr. Claxton came, and with him, Archibald Ashcroft and our old uncle. In the centre of the gleaming bridal chamber, with the gorgeous garments and flashing jewels scattered round her, sat the poor maniac, bound like a culprit. Archibald started back, and grew deadly white, as his eyes fell upon her; and the old man tottered forward with a sharp cry.

"Annette," he said, "Annette come back from her grave—is it her ghost?—what does it mean, Eunice?"

I came forward, with a brief explanation of all that had taken place. The old man turned towards his son, with a stern face.

"How is this, Archibald?" he questioned, sternly. But Archibald made no answer, and was turning to leave the room, when Claribel's father caught him by the shoulder.

"Explain, sir," he said, hoarsely, his face black with passion, "who and what is that woman?"

The poor creature looked up with a lucid gleam in her eyes.

"I'm his wife," she said, pitifully; "he married me—and made me love him—and then he shut me up in a dark room—till I went mad. And my diamonds," she went on,

taking the gems from her bosom, "that I wore on my wedding day; he gave 'em to her—and he wanted to marry her—but he shan't—I'll kill her—I'll kill her."

The lurid glare came back to her eyes, and she struggled to free herself, and regain her weapon. Mr. Claxton turned towards his intended son-in-law with a terrible frown upon his brow.

"Is this true, sir?" he questioned, sternly; "is that woman your wife?"

Archibald said nothing, but his old father answered for him.

"Yes," he said, tears coursing down his cheeks, "she's his wife—his own, lawful wife—but I thought she was dead years ago—they told me she was—or I never would have consented to his marrying that pretty, blue-eyed thing. Archibald, Archibald, you've done a great wrong to your poor, crazed wife—but, thank God, Claribel is saved; this dreadful secret has not come out too late."

Archibald turned away with a smothered oath, and strode down the broad stairway. Then the whole story must perforce be told, in order to quiet the curious guests. It was short and simple. Archibald Ashcroft had married early in life, and injudiciously; married a beautiful but ignorant girl, of whom he tired almost before the honey-moon was over. His cruel indifference turned her weak brain; and then giving out that she was dead, he imprisoned her in a remote wing of the old Hall, and made up his mind to marry his beautiful and wealthy cousin. The news of the wedding preparations coming to the poor creature's ears, her womanly jealousy was roused; and with a maniac's cunning she sought to avenge herself upon her beautiful rival.

Mr. Claxton trembled when the dreadful story was ended, and turned towards his young book-keeper with a white face.

"And you, sir?" he asked, haughtily, "who bid you to the wedding?"

"I followed unbidden, sir—because I loved your daughter, and wished to save her."

"How did you know she was in danger?"

"Any woman, about to be forcibly married to a man she cannot love, is in danger, sir!"

Mr. Claxton winced beneath his calm glance and truthful words, and just at that juncture, I beckoned him from the room. On a lounge, in an adjoining apartment, Claribel lay, as white as her spotless night-robes, and to all appearance lifeless.

"See there, sir," I said, pointing to her

still face, "what your unrelenting cruelty has brought her to—I'm afraid the maniac's knife was not needed to end her hapless life."

He fell on his knees beside her, and raised her slight form to his bosom, with a tender memory in his heart, perhaps, of another like her; her young mother, whose golden head was at rest beneath the winter snows.

"Claribel, Claribel," he murmured, sobbing over her like a child, "only wake up and speak to me, and I'll never be cruel again—you shall have it all your own way, darling."

And as if his promise called back the life to her fluttering pulses, Claribel opened her blue eyes and smiled.

"O, such a dream," she murmured, "such a dreadful dream as I had—but, thank God, it is over."

The next morning, Christmas morning, dawned clear and cloudless, with a golden glitter of sunlight, and a jubilant outburst of bells. We were going home—back to our genial city home, that our hearts so yearned for. Making my early toilet, I went to the mirror to brush out my hair, my glossy, black braids in which I took such pride; and lo! they were thickly streaked with silver! My night of terror had left its traces behind it.

"Look here, Claribel," I called, holding up my poor locks for inspection, "I may hang up my fiddle now—I'm an old maid in truth,

"I've lost my corner by the household hearth,
Behind the heads of children!"

And, foolish, tender-hearted thing, she actually sat down and cried about it.

We returned to our city home that day, leaving the dismal old Hall and Mr. Archibald and his poor maniac wife behind us. In a few weeks, Claribel had her roses and her sunny smiles back again; and one evening in early springtime, when the primroses and snowdrops were in bloom, and the broad tulip leaves and sweet-smelling hyacinths were shooting up on the garden borders, we had a wedding, and a real, old-fashioned, happy one.

And who do you think the happy couple were? Why, our silly little Claribel and her deliverer, Frank Davenport. Mr. Claxton behaved handsomely, for the very next week after the wedding, he took Frank into his mercantile house, as a junior partner.

I am an old maid still, and I wear my white locks under a muslin cap now. But I am wholly content, and as happy, perhaps, as if I had a husband to please, and to sew on

buttons for. But then, I believe that women have a natural disposition towards slavery; they are never so blessed, as when they have a master. Once in a while, when the violets are in bloom, and the ring-doves are building their nests, I get to dreaming of my girlhood, and of the hopes I once cherished, and drop a regretful tear over that night of terror, which bleached my black braids, and sealed my doom as an old maid; yet I am far from being unhappy.

I live with Frank and Claribel, and pet their little responsibilities; and when they gather round me, clamoring, with uplifted, rosy faces, for a story, I invariably get up some new changes on my "Night of Terror!"

LOST IN THE SNOW.

With longing heart doth Lucy wait
Through evening's slowly deepening shade;
Yet comes he not—the garden gate
Remaineth closed. "Heart, why afraid?
He knows his way across the wold,
Though deep the snow and keen the cold,
Though in the frost-king's icy fold.
The lakes and streams lie pale and still,
And round the pathway o'er the hill
The mist-wreaths gather uncontrolled."

The morning dawns. Through frosted pane
The dim light creeps with sluggish pace;
Yet hears she not his blithesome strain,
Yet sees she not his well-known face.
All night, in vigil sad and lone,
With quivering lip and sobbing moan,
She watched and prayed for him—her own,
Whose ever tender, earnest care
Had rendered life more bright and fair,
And love's fond wings around her thrown.

But, hark! that noise—that hurrying tread!
Those hasty whispers hushed and low!
Her woman's heart grows faint with dread:
What burden bear they through the snow?
One glance—one loud and ringing wail;
No need have they to breathe the tale,
How—when the search began to fail—
With limbs outstretched in frozen rest,
With features on snow pillow pressed,
They found him in the distant vale.

"Can this be death?" Ay, so they say;
But why that start—that changing eye?
"He is not dead: not dead, I say!
His heart yet throbs—he will not die!"
And even so. When Christmas came,
With holly wreaths and ruddy flame,
His subjects' wealth of smiles to claim,
A home of thankful joy he found,
Where love with golden links had bound
Two hearts, two souls, in life's great aim.

"PARDONED."

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BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.  
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Open the door of his narrow cell!
Fling it wide in the clanging gloom!
Once the sound struck like a knell,
But now—come forth from thy living tomb!

Ah, my Lazarus, hither come!
No crowd, no Christ divinely sweet,
Mary nor Martha, breathless, dumb
With joy thy living eyes to meet.

Only thy mother presses near,
Stretching her eager hands to thee,
Hailing with many a grateful tear
The gracious word that sets thee free.

Off with the shameful livery!—raise
Thine eyes unfearingly!—for now
No mandate can avert thy gaze,
No iron rule abase thy brow.

Speak—not a whisper, but loud and clear;
Step—not the lock-step, cramped and slow;
But leap from the bounds; thou hast none to fear;
Thou art free to come and free to go.

Out!—what matters the driving storm?
It comes straight down from the skies, my son;
The blast is cold, but our hearts are warm:
There is snow, but never a bar nor stone.

God bless the hearts that offer thee
Their love or aid—and love is aid!

God bless the hand that fearlessly
In greeting in thy hand is laid!

But for those who bar thy path, my boy,
For those who sneer and turn away—
Nay, nay, no curse; besides, this joy!
For, dear, thou art free of the world to-day!

O beloved, in this happy hour,
Far be anger from me and thee;
Bury the past—let the future flower
Untouched by its bitter memory.

Hand in hand we will walk, my son,
Never a bar between us more,
Till, side by side, when our work is done,
We rest with the daisies growing o'er.

Then, when we stand with a sudden pause,
Mute at the Heavenly Father's feet,
Humbly laying our waiting cause
Before the one just judgment-seat;

All we have suffered, hoped, forgiven,
All we have sinned in hate or wrong,
Every height toward which we've striven,
Each fall in the way so hard and long;

All these thronging for witness—
O, how glad will the sentence be,
If Heavenly Mercy, bending to bless,
Should seal its "pardoned," on thee and me!

EDEN'S PROPOSALS.

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BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.  
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EDEN GOULD had planned her winter:—she would teach the school at Vergenne, board with her Aunt Laura in the village, have a comfortable time and money enough in the spring to buy her a new riding habit and a saddle for Rick her pony; the old one was getting shabby. To be sure, she never had taught school—or, in fact, earned a cent of money in her life—but she liked her plan. It never came to pass. Before she had engaged the school, she received a letter from her sister Willhemena in Boston:

"My dear,—we want you to make us a visit this winter. Furbish up some pretty dresses and come down next week. Be sure and be

ready then, for Major Orgilvie, Jack's friend, is going up the eastern road on a visit to his relatives, and will stop at Vergenne coming back, and escort you down if you are prepared, etc., etc.

WILL. LEFARGE."

Eden was in ecstasies. The school-teaching and the new side-saddle were instantly forgotten. Sister Will had resided in Boston two years and Eden had never visited her; in fact, the girl had never entered a city in her life. Dr. Lefarge was rich—she would have a luxurious time. Why, it was as grand as any air-castle she had ever raised in her life!

Then she began to get ready. Every dress in her wardrobe was taken from the rack and

lain out upon the bed for inspection. Her black silk was, of course, just the thing; her gray travelling dress hadn't been worn but once—and her blue silk was nearly new. But innumerable berages and delaines wanted re-trimming, and she must have a new wrapper of red thibet with quilted facings. It would match so nicely with her black chenelle net, and velvet, rosetted slippers. Deep crimson and wine-colors were very becoming to Eden's fair face and amber hair.

Eden was deep in mantua-making mysteries for six days. On the seventh she was waiting at Vergennes station for Major Orgilvie. She really had not had time to think about her escort. When the stage left her at the station, she walked about and thought, for the first time, what if Major Orgilvie did not come?

The train was late. It was very tedious waiting, and she began to grow anxious. She was not an experienced traveller, or she would have taken the matter philosophically; instead, she walked the little, cold, cheerless waiting-room, and wondered, nervously, what her escort would be like, provided he made his appearance. She was glad she hadn't any boxes and bundles to be disposed of; she had already checked her trunks, and hadn't even a travelling bag in her hand. Small articles of baggage always exasperated men; that she knew by brief experiences with her father. But what if Major Orgilvie didn't come? Why, then, she must take the train alone. She could travel alone, she believed, though she had never done so.

Having made this resolve, she was more uneasy than ever, and walked restlessly from window to window, watching and listening for the train. It was a gloomy fall day, and pretty soon rain began to tap against the panes.

There were two or three other passengers waiting in the room, but they were all men. One was a farmer with a blue frock and immense cowhide boots; another, a pale young man, who went about, whistling softly, and reading the railroad notices upon the walls; a third, a fat old gentleman who dozed by the fire. A fourth was an energetic-looking, middle-aged man who was busily employed in pencilling something in a memorandum book—glancing through the window, from time to time, to see if the smoke of the engine showed over the distant hill. He was buttoned into a huge overcoat, wore an oilskin covering to his cap, and looked generally independent of

circumstances, including the weather. Eden, trying very hard to keep her impatience and anxiety under control, envied him.

When the train had been due ten minutes he put his memorandum book into an inside pocket and went upon the platform in the rain, coolly buttoning himself more thoroughly into his great overcoat. As he stood there, watching for the train, Eden, from the window, observed his face.

It was one of the strongest, darkest, most dauntless and resolute faces she had ever seen. The eyes were black and piercing, the nose Roman, the mouth concealed by the heavy moustache, which, trimmed squarely across it, yet showed its lines to be firm and decided. The beard was thick and coal-black, and covered the whole lower face. The figure was tall and strong, the manner quiet, thoughtful, and observant. This stern, practical-looking man Eden would never have noticed, but she really had nothing else to look at. The rain was falling so heavily as to blur all the landscape.

This man was not at all a young lady's beau ideal of a chevalier, neither did Eden Gould have any idea that he was Major Orgilvie, until, as the whistle of the approaching train sounded in the distance, he stopped in his walk, opened the door and said:

"Miss Gould, the train is coming; are you ready?"

"Yes sir," Eden syllabled, unconscious, in her surprise, of making any response.

"You have your checks and tickets, I see."

"I have."

"Come then, if you please."

"Why, I never saw such a man!" said Eden indignantly to herself as she followed Major Orgilvie to a car.

He placed her aboard the cars and took a seat beside her. The train started, rushed onward, and Eden sat dazed—too bewildered to look at her companion, who took no notice of her, whatever, until he pulled the memorandum book from his pocket and went to figuring again. With the book a newspaper came out, which he handed to Eden. Evidently considering her provided for, he fell into the most profound calculations and chirographical jottings.

"I shall have a nice time if all Will's friends are like this," thought Eden, when they had ridden about half an hour, and her companion had vouchsafed her never a word. Her mind reverted to the scene in the depot.

"He never once looked at me," said she.

"If I were to change places with this hook-nosed old lady behind me, I wonder if he'd discover the difference."

Eden had been the belle of Vergenne, was very pretty, a little spirited, and inclined to be sullen as she sat looking through the misty window-pane at the indistinct landscape.

"I never saw a major before," thought she, "and I don't like majors."

Having come to this conclusion, Eden resigned herself to her fate—read the newspaper, examined the bonnet of the lady before her, studied the face of a very handsome gentleman who was reading the January Atlantic, and wondered if the young lady with curls and the young man with a moustache who sat together behind her were in company, or only railroad acquaintances; still she could not ignore her companion as entirely as she wished. A feeling of resentment against him swelled in her heart.

At length he put away his memorandum book, looked down at her, and she observed that he was about to speak.

"You are going to visit your sister, Mrs. Lefarge, Miss Gould?"

"Yes sir."

"I should think you might find the city very pleasant this winter," seeming to see for the first time Miss Gould's white forehead and curling lashes, and looking at them attentively.

"I think I shall enjoy it," replied Eden.

Thus the first conversation between Major Orglivie and Miss Gould ended. The major fell into a profound abstraction, and his charge twisted the tips of her kid gloves, or looked out of the window, in silence.

At last the cars rolled into the Boston depot. Eden instantly saw her brother on the platform. He came into the car immediately.

"Eden!"

"Will!—O, I'm so glad to see you."

The young physician thanked the major for the care of his sister;—the latter gentleman bowing abstractedly, made his hurried adieux and departed.

"Will," said Eden, walking down the platform, "I don't think military gentlemen are very gallant."

"Why?" asked Dr. Lefarge. "Didn't the major talk to you?"

As he spoke, he glanced shrewdly at the fair cheeks still flushed with the young, vexed blood, and smiled.

"No. He treated me as if I were an express bundle."

Major Orglivie is a fine fellow," was all the answer Dr. Lefarge made, and just then they reached the steps of the depot.

In a fortnight Eden was thoroughly at home in the city, had entered society, and made many integrants in it. The number of morning callers at the house of Dr. Lefarge increased, and the masculine proportion was much the greater. Miss Eden Gould was fast becoming a belle. Toilets a la mode intensified a remarkable beauty, and the demands of society developed in the girl tact and suavity. She was very popular in her set—before the winter was out, ruled it.

It was early in March that Mrs. Lefarge gave a party.

"We'll go to the hothouse and order flowers for to-morrow night, Eden, my dear," she said to her sister the day before the appointed night.

It was the first time Eden had ever entered a hothouse, and she was charmed. Accustomed for so long to artificial flowers and perfumes, the sunny, blooming, fragrant place delighted her. A cyprus vine had climbed to the transparent roof and gleamed greenly with bits of crimson flowers like drops of blood plashed there. Beds of nasturtions, blazing, overran their limits and touched cheeks with the dim richness of pansies. Roses drooped their luxuriant heads, and the air was freighted with the scent of heliotrope, mignonette, carnations, mahornia and heath. She roved from place to place—stopping in surprise and pleased curiosity, at last, before a magnificent crown-imperial. Mrs. Lefarge was talking with the man in attendance—Eden had forgotten everything but the flowers, when, in turning eagerly, as a magnificent calla lily caught her eye, she tripped, flung up her hands to save herself, and jostled from its stand a heavy pot of veronica which crashed to the floor. It would have felled her to the earth, but a hand had struck it aside.

She flung up her heavy-lashed lids, and looked mutely into the stranger's face above her.

"You came very near being hurt," he began.

"I thank you," stammered Eden, withdrawing, for the handsome eyes fixed upon her face seemed to burn her. They were full of a bold admiration.

She looked about for her sister and saw her turning towards the door. Mrs. Lefarge beckoned, and Eden eagerly followed her to the carriage.

"I ordered some damask rosebuds for your dress, Eden," said Mrs. Lefarge, as the carriage rolled along Tremont street. "I want you to look your best to-night."

"Why to-night, particularly?" asked Eden, absently, thinking of the scene in the hothouse, and feeling her cheeks still burning from that bold admiration.

"Chalott is to be present, if Mrs. Raynor doesn't fail to bring him. Her nephew from Paris, you know."

Just then Eden glanced from the carriage window. Instantly she drew back, her eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson.

"I hate that man," she exclaimed.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Lefarge, in surprise, as she glanced from the window and saw no one particularly noticeable but a gentleman on horseback with a bunch of flowers in his hand. Eden did not answer; they were at home.

The girl was lovely that night in white lace and red rosebuds. When she was introduced to Chalott and found him to be the gentleman she had seen at the hothouse, and subsequently on horseback, she was not surprised. She had known instinctively that she would see him again.

His first request was to ask her to wait. She declined. At supper he offered her wine. She refused.

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Lefarge said:

"I'm glad you pleased Chalott so, Eden."

"Did I please him?" asked Eden, showing no sign of pleasure.

"He watched you all the evening. Sir, he's the most *distingue* man in the city, and old Rolfe's heir. Don't lose your chance, Pretty-Eyes!—you'll distinguish the family if you like."

Eden flushed a little. Her sister Will seemed to her to have grown artificial, ambitious, and mercenary.

"I don't want the Rolfe property, Will," was all she said, however. After breakfast, she went to a window, and looking out at the bright sunshine, wondered if she had not better be going back to the country.

That day she received a letter mailed from the south end, containing an offer of marriage. It was from Lee Henderson, a wealthy lawyer. The man was shrewd and fraudulent, and she put it in the fire.

The next morning came another note. Dr. Montford requested a private interview. "I can't see him," said Eden, divining his intentions, and the note followed the letter.

As she watched it burn she began to cry. It's a very desolate time for a girl who has imagined that lovers are bliss, to be surrounded by suitors and find herself apathetic and indifferent toward them all. Eden cried, thinking herself *biase* in love matters, and very unhappy. She wanted to be in love, yet she was rapidly growing tired of the men who surrounded her.

A week later Chalott gave a party at his aunt's house. Eden went almost by force. Chalott proposed; she refused him and came home, and cried herself to sleep.

In the morning, Mrs. Lefarge came bustling into the room where Eden, tired and with a headache, lay sleeping until noon.

"Eden, what is this I hear? Did Chalott offer himself?"

"Yes, Will."

"And you refused?"

"I did."

"Eden, you must be a fool!"

Eden flushed among her pillows.

"I don't love him, Will."

"Nonsense! What of that? Don't you know he's worth a million dollars?"

"I'll not sell myself, Will! How cruel you have grown!"

"Pshaw, Eden! I only wish you'd be sensible. I want you to marry well; I'm looking out for your good. Women of thirty don't talk about love. It's only girls of eighteen."

"Did you marry Will for his money, Will?"

"I shouldn't have married him if he'd been poor, Eden, and that's the truth! I love him, of course; he's my husband. You'd love yours if you had one. That follows. A woman can't help loving a man who gives her everything she wants."

"I don't believe it," said Eden.

"You will when you're twelve years older."

When she was alone, Eden lay still thinking. Her heart ached. What her sister said was confirmed by her winter's experiences. Looking back upon her former life, she wondered how she could go back to Vergennes and return to plain country living. Her æsthetic tendencies were developed to passions, and she had grown indolent and luxurious. Why not follow the course of the rest of the world, and marry money? Money brought beauty and ease, and love might be left out, and one be happy enough. To marry Chalott for his money was a wild thought, but she entertained it, nevertheless.

As she combed her hair before the mirror she looked sadly at herself. She knew she

was very much changed in three months. She was aware that once she would not have tolerated for a moment the thoughts she now entertained, and she was not sure whether she was growing wise or wicked.

In spite of his refusal, Chalott called often. Mrs. Lefarge, with a secret hope of Eden's final acquiescence, entertained him hospitably and with empressement.

It is not easy to tell how Eden, lulled by luxury and false influences into an unrealisation of truth, grew to accept the ambition of society for wealth and power, and gradually lent herself to circumstances. In society Chalott was constantly at her side, and she did not forbid the reports which grew. As the weeks went on the season was very gay in its closing, and she was kept in a constant whirl of excitement—feverish, baneful excitement. She was complimented on her conquest. She could not help knowing that Chalott was the most eligible *parti* of the season. All belledom had sighed for him at his appearance; his devotion to her raised its envy. It was circumstances alone that made the man acceptable to her. It was seldom that she saw him alone, and he was wise enough then not to awaken her repulsion by any personal familiarities or caresses. She met him in the presence of people who incited her vanity by their admiration and envy; and his handsome presence ever distinguished the entire party. If she had dwelt on the simple truth, she would have known that he was a hard-natured man, arrogant, relentless, cruel and selfish—but she never counted more than his princely bearing and wealth; and gradually she was drawn into a marriage engagement. The spring had advanced. An immediate marriage and a tour to the White Mountains was proposed. Eden acquiesced, only stipulating for a gay bridal party.

Then came the bustle of preparations for a wedding, introduction to Chalott's relatives, dinner parties among them, etc., and the spring slipped by and it was June. Then came to Eden a letter from her mother.

Her dear old mother! The words were traced in trembling lines, and the quaint chirography made the girl half smile, tenderly, as she glanced over the sheet. It read as follows:

"Vergennes, June 1st, 18—

"DEAR DAUGHTER:—We have just received the news—father and I—of the great marriage you intend to make in the city.

Dear, we want to see you first—come home. We began to feel as if you were lost to us—and we want to be sure that you are not. You can't alter to your father and mother—you will always be little Eden—and we can't give you up just yet. We want to hear about this Mr. Chalott, dear. You have grown a great belle, they say, but will he know how to take care of you as I have done, my child? Is he a good man? Your mother wants to know this before she lets you go. You must come and tell her. We shall watch for you every day. Your mother,

MARY GOULD."

Eden dropped the sheet and cried. All alone in her room she sobbed for a long time. Dear mothers! they touch our hearts so, sometimes, with their simple love!

"I will go home!" said Eden, and she told Will that she must, and went.

Her brother accompanied her to the depot.

"By fate!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "there's Orgilvie. He'll take charge of you up."

Eden shrank a little, but in an instant she found herself beside Major Orgilvie in a car of the rapidly moving train. He looked at her attentively as she removed her veil.

"How have you enjoyed a metropolitan winter, Miss Gould?"

"Very much," Eden answered. Her cheeks flushed, for she felt Major Orgilvie's keen eye following the hand on which was her diamond engagement ring as she lifted it to her face. She turned her head and looked out of the window. The fields were fresh and green, the trees draped with fresh lush verdure, the sky hovered fleecy and soft over the bright earth. Eden's sleeping heart stirred. The tears came into her eyes as she heard the low of the kine in the meadows—it sounded so like home. Home had always been a sweet, true place to Eden Gould. As she neared it—as the villages, and the trees and landmarks grew familiar, her feelings grew more vivid and intense, until as the train came in sight of the old turnpike and she saw the yellow stagecoach lumbering along on its way to the station, an exclamation escaped her lips. Meeting Major Orgilvie's eyes, he smiled beautifully.

"You are attached to your home, Miss Gould. I who never had one, think that one need never commit a sin if he have a good home."

In Eden's surprise at these words, her eyes dropped upon her engagement ring. With

her heart awakened to truth, she knew that her contemplated marriage was a sin. Its motives were base, and its results would be shame.

In an instant more the train had stopped at Vergenne, and Major Orgilvie had handed her out upon the platform.

"Good by," he said, clasping her hand, warmly, and looking at her kindly. He leaped aboard the train and was gone.

The coach had broken down at a short distance from the station, and half an hour's delay ensued. As she stood in the waiting-room, Dr. Grosvenor, the old village physician, came to her side.

"I saw you with Major Orgilvie, Miss Gould. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Only an acquaintance," Eden answered. "A noble man—a faithful officer—a devoted brother."

"You know him then?"

"Very well. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and was under my care three months when I was in hospital service. I hardly thought that he would recover—but he did finally, fortunately for those dependent on him."

"He has a family, then?"

"An invalid father and a crippled brother to whom he is devoted. He has had a hard life, and it has proved him a noble fellow. His mother was insane from his birth, and when he was half grown she set fire to the house in a freak of her madness at midnight, and in the alarm and confusion, his twin brother was forgotten in the burning building, and hopelessly crippled for life in trying to escape from beneath the falling timbers. Certain valuable storehouses were attached to the house. They were consumed, and the family were reduced to very moderate fortunes. The mother was not injured. She lived for many years to be a great expense. The father's health gradually failed, and eventually the care of the whole family devolved upon Tracy. He has borne the burden for years, with no comfort or reward but that of his own conscience. I know him well, and I never knew him to murmur. He is a man in a thousand. And, Miss Gould, the romance—for every one in his life has a romance—is yet to come. When quite young he fell in love with a superbly beautiful girl. His circumstances, burdened as he had always been, would not permit him to marry immediately. He struggled for a year to improve his circum-

stances; at the end of that time the lady proved untrue and married a wealthy rival."

"Shameful!" exclaimed Eden.

"Well, Orgilvie has grown sad and grave before his time. He is growing a little gray, I see. The stage is ready, Miss Gould. Good-by. They'll be glad to see you at home."

How grave—how very grave Eden was as she rode home. When the old red farmhouse with its lilacs and willows came in sight, she quietly slipped the diamond engagement ring from her finger, and it never was put back again.

A year passed. In the quiet of her country home Eden had made a new friend. It was Major Orgilvie—presented by Dr. Grosvenor. And Eden loved him.

One evening they stood in the porch under the honeysuckle vine sweet with its swinging buff blossoms. Eden was very happy; her love for the man beside her was a deep religion.

"Eden," said Orgilvie, "I had long ago given up all expectation of happiness for my life. I believe I never should have married, had I not met you and learned that there was disinterested love in a woman's heart."

"O Tracy! and I never should have loved truly. My life would have been a shameful wreck, but for the example of yours. You have made me good, and I will try to make you happy."

They were poor. They had nothing but their love and faith in each other, but while the honeysuckle shed its sweetness and the sunset sky stretched its pure clouds over them, never were two happier hearts.

KALMUOK COURTSHIP.

Marriage among the Kalmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is mounted, who rides on at full speed. Her lover pursues; if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. After this she returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued; in this case she will not suffer him to overtake her. No instance occurs of a Kalmuck girl being thus caught unless she has a partiality for her pursuer. If she dislikes him, she rides neck or nothing, until her pursuer's horse becomes exhausted, leaving her at liberty to return, and to be afterwards chased by some more favored admirer, who secures the prize.

"OF NO VALUE EXCEPT TO THE OWNER."

BY MISS CAROLINE B. LE BOW.

"SEEK here, Lu," and Fanny Emery read aloud from the New York Herald—"Lost, a letter addressed to Alexander S. Osgood, and of no value except to the owner. The finder will be liberally rewarded on returning it to him, at his residence, No. —, Madison Square."

"Of course that is the very letter Marg picked up in the drawing-room this morning. Shall you wait till he calls again, or send it to him?"

The sisters were seated in their dressing-room, an extensive and luxuriously-furnished apartment, in one of the most fashionable houses on West Twenty-Third street. Lucy, the elder, to whom the words were addressed, sat facing the mirror, and watching narrowly the movements of the young girl who was arranging her hair for the dinner party, at which she and her sister were to be present that afternoon.

It was a handsome face that was reflected there, that is, in color and shape of the features, but hard and cold; the face of a woman who would show no mercy to those whom she considered in her power, and would not scruple to use any means to forward her own purposes. It was a hypocritical face, besides, and by skillful management the features could be made to express any tender emotion, but in the seclusion of home, where there seemed to be no need to wear a mask, it was thrown aside, and on Lucy Emery's face, as it was seen at that moment, her character could be easily read. For a moment she did not answer her sister's question, then she spoke, slowly:

"I don't know. I wish it were open, so that we could know the contents of what is considered so valuable. I believe, Fanny, the address on the envelope is in his own handwriting."

"Why, how singular! Are you sure?"

"Almost. Bring it here, will you, and one of his cards."

Her sister complied, taking both from an elaborate card-receiver, and examining them closely.

"Yes, they are almost exactly alike. What can it mean? Perhaps it is a cover for some lady correspondent," she added, laughing as she placed them before her sister.

Lucy Emery seized the letter impatiently. Evidently the words were displeasing, and had suggested some new thought.

"We will see," she exclaimed; and, on the impulse of the moment, cutting open the envelope by slipping a sharp knife under the edge.

The folded sheet was in her hand before she met her sister's gaze of curiosity, but not the look of astonishment and rebuke in the face of the young girl behind her chair, at this instance of "corruption in high places."

In a defiant tone Lucy Emery read aloud the contents of that which had raised her curiosity till it entirely overcame principle and honor.

"MY BELOVED SEARLES."

The words were in a lady's hand-writing, and a malignant light blazed from the eyes of the reader, and a sneer curled her lip. A laugh broke from Fanny, at the words and the expression of her sister's face.

"I have had another attack of bleeding at the lungs, which has greatly prostrated me. I have strength to write but few words. Searles, my dear son, before this reaches you, I may have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and if I never look upon your face again in this life, may I not hope that you will meet me in 'that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' With a prayer for you, my beloved son, the only tie left that binds me to earth. I am still

"Your loving mother,

"MARY OSGOOD."

The light had died out of Lucy Emery's eyes, the sneer had faded from her lip, before she reached the signature. She could not conceal the shame which she felt at last.

"Only an old letter," she said, in as scornful a tone as she could assume, "a precious bit of property to be advertised. Instead of returning it to him, I doubt if he ever sees it again."

"Well, you would hardly care to give it to him now," replied her sister; "probably he values it only for the sake of his mother who is dead. I am sorry you opened it."

"It is no affair of yours," was returned, sharply.

Fanny laughed sneeringly; the harmony between the two sisters was not altogether perfect.

"No wonder you are ashamed of it. Perhaps my amiable sister imagines that Mr. Osgood may some day give her the right to open his letters. 'Mrs. Searles Osgood,' not quite so objectionable as Mrs. Alexander, which is so shocking to your fastidious taste." And the door closed behind her, before her sister could retaliate.

Lucy Emery sprang from her seat in a rage, which caused destruction to the elegant arrangement of hair at which the young girl had been laboring, but had not quite completed. A sharp and undeserved rebuke fell from her lips as she surveyed the havoc she had herself caused, and seating herself petulantly for the work to be done again.

"What is the matter with you, Marg?" she broke out at last; "I am tired to death sitting here."

"*Il est fini, mademoiselle,*" was replied, in a low sweet voice, and a pure accent.

"None of your French jargon in my ears; I am sick of it, and of you," replied her mistress, never heeding the painful flush upon her cheek, or the droop of the lids over the sad eyes.

The young girl might have replied with truth that it was not her desire to converse in her native tongue with those who could so little appreciate it, and that she used it only at the request of her mistress, who hoped in that manner to improve the education neglected while at a fashionable boarding-school, but she knew her position and never transgressed its laws. Evidently she was used to unkind words and harsh commands, for Lucy Emery spared neither during the toilet, and they were received with quiet submission.

A few hours afterwards, among the gay party thronging Mrs. Stuyvesant's magnificent rooms, there came no memories of an advertisement in the New York Herald, the open letter on the dressing-table, and the one who had heard it read. But the young girl had not forgotten it. Down upon her knees in that luxurious chamber, with the letter clasped tightly in her hands, and tears raining from her eyes, Marguerite Sevigne seemed praying to some saint in heaven, as the words were sobbed out, "Tell me, mother; O, my mother!"

There was not a more elegant house on Madison Square, than that bearing on its front door the name "Osgood." Its owner was a single gentleman, about thirty, with a large fortune and a commanding position and influence in society. All admired, while some feared him, for his dignity and reserve were never wholly laid aside. Those who knew him most intimately, esteemed him most highly for his strict integrity, high sense of honor and principle, and kind, noble heart.

William Hammond was his chosen friend and companion. Their regards for each other, commencing during their college life, had suffered no diminution in the years following, though Hammond had now a family to care for.

The two were sitting together in Mr. Osgood's library, and the subject of their conversation was an old point of dispute on which there seemed to be no probability of their ever agreeing.

"It is really unaccountable, Osgood, that you should be content to live in such dreary splendor, when a word from your lips would bring any of the present reigning beauties to preside over this mansion in a style which could not fail to do honor to the establishment."

"The word has not been spoken yet," rejoined his companion, quietly.

"No, and there seems to be no prospect that it ever will be. That is the trouble. It worries them and distresses me. I don't suppose they have all given you up to hardness of heart, yet for myself I am out of patience."

"If I can afford to wait, you surely can."

"But you cannot afford to. You seem blind to what would promote your own happiness. I have tried to open your eyes more than once, as you know. You are not happy, living here in solitary magnificence. Is it possible you have never seen a woman you could love?"

"I loved one."

"Ah, that is more than you ever acknowledged before. Who was she?"

"My mother."

Hammond looked vexed, and stooped over the grate to knock the ashes from his cigar. Osgood saw it.

"Believe me, my friend," he said, a moment after, in a grave voice, "I have considered the subject of marrying more seriously than you give me credit for. It is not the want of appreciation of a home sanctified, and

gladdened by mutual love and confidence, but I am unfortunate enough, if you choose to consider it so, to have a very high ideal of woman, and especially of the woman I could make my wife."

"And you have never seen a woman in which it was realized?"

"Only one, there was, as I said, my mother. Her memory is my dearest, my most cherished possession. From her I learned what woman is capable of being, and what some are. Do you wonder that I am at a loss to find in the fashionable glitter of our society a woman who can satisfy a pure ideal?"

"No, truly I do not. Perhaps I have been wrong in urging you. I might have known you had some better reason than mere indifference. But for your sake, I have felt sorry to see you so desolate and alone."

A queer smile formed upon Osgood's lips as if at some odd thought.

"Well, I am often amused at the amount of pity I receive, for my solitary condition. Sympathy comes from the lips of innumerable fair ones in every imaginable form."

His friend laughed heartily.

"I can easily believe that, and it would be cruel to intimate that such pity was not appreciated. But I believe you are to attend Mrs. Stuyvesant's dinner party," he added, rising quickly, as he looked at his watch; "why didn't you remind me? I had forgotten it."

"I wish I could forget it myself, for that matter. I am in no special hurry. Such entertainments are tiresome enough for me."

"You lack the inducement to attend them that many have, not expecting to meet there anybody in whom you are particularly interested."

William Hammond was buttoning on his overcoat, and his friend had risen and stood beside him. After a moment's pause, he said:

"I will be frank with you as I have always been. I do expect to meet one lady in whom I am particularly interested. You know Miss Emery?"

"Miss Lucy Emery? O yes."

"Would you be satisfied to see her in my home as my wife?"

The answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"Certainly. I am not very intimately acquainted with her, still I have always supposed her to be a very fine woman. But I thought you said you had never found your ideal?"

"That is true, and it is because I probably never shall, that I am trying to content myself with an approximation."

"Trying to content yourself! A strange piece of philosophy for such an event as your engagement."

"Ah, but no such event has taken place yet. Do not misunderstand me. I asked you if you would be satisfied—it remains for me to be satisfied myself."

Hammond laughed.

"Yes, that certainly is a consideration. Well, I hope you will decide in the affirmative, and no one will wish you more joy than your old friend. You know that."

Left alone at last, Mr. Osgood's face grew suddenly grave and sad. Turning down the drop-light till the room was filled with gloom, he sat gazing intently into the glowing coals of the grate.

"Trying to content himself," he had said to his friend; evidently the trial had not ended, nor yet was he "satisfied."

He was not a vain man, but he knew as well as though she had told him that Lucy Emery would become his wife if asked. That was not the question with him. He was growing weary of his solitary life, and longed, with all the suppressed affection of a great, noble heart, for a companion worthy of his love, and who would bring happiness to his home.

Miss Emery had managed successfully so far in impressing upon him that in her was combined, if not all the requisites he sought, at least enough to render her a fit companion. He esteemed her highly, for she had effectually deceived him; but he had a conscience, and it was not slow in telling him that, without loving her, he was contemplating what the world calls "a marriage of conscience." He was honest in the belief that he should never find any one whom he could love with the strong affection of his nature, and therefore he was trying to content himself, or in other words he had reached that tide in his affairs, which, taken at the turn, might lead to happiness, if not, to misery. He was ready to trust the issues to the chances of the coming hour, and there was nothing to hold him back, nothing to reveal to him the unworthiness of the woman he had chosen.

He had sat in the same attitude of fixed thought nearly half an hour, when the door-bell rang faintly, as if touched by a timid hand. He did not notice the fact until the library door was opened by a servant to admit

a young girl, the same one whose skillful hands had a few moments before completed the toilet of her mistress, the lady of whom Mr. Osgood was then thinking.

Rising, he received her courteously, and turned on the light, while she seated herself at his request. A light fall of snow had commenced, and the flakes covered her thin cloak, which afforded but insufficient protection against the weather.

"Let me remove it, my child," he said, gently; "and come nearer to the fire; you are cold."

She tacitly obeyed him, holding her hood in her hand, while the cloak was sent away to be dried.

The impulse of a kind heart prompted him to care first for the physical comfort of his visitor, who had come to him on some unknown errand, probably to seek charity.

He looked at her more closely after she had removed her wrappings. Marguerite Seigne was deformed, rendered so by a severe fall in early childhood, and the symmetry of a form once faultless was marred by the painful stoop of the shoulders; but common charity would have hesitated to apply to the owner of so sweet a face the name of "hunchback." She heard it occasionally from her mistress, but no one else. She was beautiful; but O, the inexpressible sadness looking out from those magnificent dark eyes, and resting on a face too young to bear such a shadow.

She did not wait to reveal her errand.

"I have come to return to you this letter which was advertised in the Herald."

She spoke pure English this time, with just enough of a foreign accent to make her words as melodious as the voice which uttered them.

"Ah, you found it," he said, eagerly, reaching out for it, "where?"

He looked at it in surprise, then at the face of the young girl, which crimsoned beneath a look which she could not understand.

"Was it in this condition when found?"

The question was asked in a little sterner voice.

"No sir."

Marguerite Seigne had a good opportunity to make that wonderful self-sacrifice of which we so often read, by refusing to reveal the circumstances which would implicate another, and bearing the disgrace herself, but her self-respect asserted itself. She was too young and unused to the world to know how to act a fictitious part, and, while she felt painfully his suspicion of her, and blushed for

the one of whom she spoke, she did not hesitate.

"I am employed in Mr. Emery's family in West Twenty-Third street, and this morning while sweeping the drawing-room, I found your letter on the floor just under the sofa where you probably dropped it. I carried it to Miss Emery, supposing she would return it to you. This afternoon Miss Fanny saw the advertisement, and read it to her sister, who opened the letter, as she wanted to see why it was valuable enough to be advertised."

She paused long enough for Mr. Osgood to ask:

"Do you know any other reason why she opened it?"

Something in the young girl's nature revolted against thus informing against her mistress, but he asked for the truth, and she felt that she was doing right.

"Miss Fanny laughed about its being from a lady, and made her a little angry. I think she was sorry afterwards, but she said she should not return it, and so I brought it myself."

"And Miss Emery does not know it?"

"No sir. She has gone to a dinner-party, and I took it as soon as the carriage drove away. I did not feel that I was doing wrong, though I could not decide at first."

"You have not done wrong," he returned, gently. "I can never forget this kindness. I value that letter more than I can express. You know its contents I suppose?"

"I heard Miss Emery read it," she answered.

"My mother was all I had to love," he continued, looking dreamily into the fire. "She died five years ago. That is the last letter she ever wrote—but two days before she died, when I was in Europe. I never saw her again."

"I knew you valued it for her sake, and I could not bear that you should lose it for—" a heavy sob drowned the words, and he looked up to see his visitor's head drop upon the table near which she sat, while her slender figure swayed as if a blow had struck her.

His first emotion was surprise, then the deepest pity, as the sight of her black robe, and the memory of those eyes so full of sorrow, suggested to him that perhaps her heart also had known the desolation of a loss as great as his. She grew calm in a moment, and lifted her face where the tears were not yet dry. She had not meant to yield to weakness, but the wound had not even begun to heal.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me a little about yourself?" he said, at last, with grave politeness. "I would like to know your name, and, if I may, why you live in Mr. Emery's family?"

She told him frankly her name, and history, what little there was to tell. She was born in France. Her father had died before she was a year old, and just as he had reached this country. Her mother was left to struggle on for years in a land of strangers, until, when her daughter had reached her fourteenth year, she had died of lingering consumption, and strangers placed her child in the family where she had since remained. She did not add that her duties were as numerous as the hours in the day, how hard they were rendered by unkindness, or how fortunate the Misses Emery considered themselves at having a maid of so much taste and skill. Her education had been only such as her mother could give her. For her own country and its language her love was intense.

"I must go now," she said at last, recollecting that it was growing late. Mr. Osgood rang for her cloak, and wrapping it around her, was moved to deeper pity as he noticed again her deformity. It was of body only, not of heart or brain.

He went home with her silently, conscious all the while of the slender girl leaning upon his arm, and thinking how deeply that young heart had been rent by the same affliction which had darkened his life even in his prosperous manhood. His burden was not as heavy as hers, for he was better able to bear it.

Sleep came late that night to two pillows. Lucy Emery was vexed and disappointed. She had failed to meet Mr. Osgood at Mrs. Stuyvesant's. With woman's intuition she had divined his purpose, and had calculated that night on gaining from him a declaration. She could ill bear the frustration of her plans, and with the rest she had lost the opportunity of triumphing over her sister Fanny, who could never be convinced that Mr. Osgood would ever become her brother-in-law.

Alexander Osgood sat in his library before a slowly dying fire, while the little marble clock ticked away the early morning hours. As four o'clock was struck, he for the first time thought of sleep.

Marguerite Sevigne slumbered peacefully through the long night hours. She had patiently undressed and waited upon her mistress, who was more than usually fractious,

and in her own room at last another's name had been linked with that of her sainted mother's in her evening prayer. The long lashes resting on the pure cheeks were glistening with the tears drawn from her eyes by unusual kindness, and she lay unconscious of the destruction she had so innocently caused to Miss Emery's cherished schemes.

An elegant private carriage stood before the door of Mr. Emery's house the next day, while an elderly lady, richly but plainly dressed, was engaged in a long conversation with Marguerite Sevigne in the little reception room where Miss Emery had so often met Mr. Osgood.

He had sent his housekeeper, a noble-hearted woman and a friend of his mother's, to offer the young girl a home, where she should have every advantage of education, and receive the tender care which in her lonely and suffering condition she so greatly needed. Mrs. Howard's heart was in her errand. She had heard enough from Mr. Osgood to interest her in his protegee, and she was not disappointed upon seeing her. She told her of the integrity and nobleness of her benefactor's character, of the motive which prompted his kind offer of a home, and, with her arms around the weeping girl, assured her that she would be, as far as lay in her power, a mother to her, and take her gladly into a heart warm with sympathy and affection.

Four years bring many changes. They have been laden with blessings for the pale girl, who at sixteen had found a happy home in her guardian's house. It was her twentieth birthday, and she was alone in the magnificently-furnished drawing-room. The light blazing down from the massive chandelier, and lighting up her face, showed how little the beautiful features had changed, save in losing that pitiful look of hopeless sadness. Her form was not altered; that could never be freed from its deformity till "the mortal should put on immortality."

Her education had been conducted entirely at home, where the best teachers found pleasure in instructing an uncommonly quick and appreciative scholar. There was a strong affection between herself and Mrs. Howard. She was a daughter to her, and the good woman rejoiced to take the motherless girl into a heart left vacant by the death of an only child.

Mr. Osgood had been in England nearly a

year. Business, more than inclination, had taken him from his home, and she was that night awaiting his return. Just before leaving her, he had told her a story in a voice that quivered strangely, revealing a love of which she had never dreamed. He saw with intense pain that he had surprised and frightened her.

"I do not ask for a reply yet," he said, gently, "you will know your own heart better in a year, and then I can have my answer." And he had bid her good-by with his usual calmness, and kissed her forehead gravely, as was his custom. He did not fear that others would covet the treasure he left, for she could never be sought by those who desired beauty or wealth. She seemed set apart from woman's destiny, by her misfortune.

Two days after the ship had sailed, she could have answered him. Wandering about the house which seemed deserted, missing the litter of books and papers on the study table, listening from habit for his key in the door, and his step in the halls, and sitting down to the table where his place was vacant, she realized for the first time how much he was to her.

The house was brilliantly lighted that night, and all were expecting the arrival of its master. Marguerite was strangely impatient, and Mrs. Howard took her knitting into the drawing-room to keep her company. Restless and uneasy, she looked every few minutes at her watch, and listened intently for the sound of carriage wheels.

She slid back one of the doors of the little music-room adjoining, and tried to amuse herself at her piano, a magnificent Steinway, a Christmas gift from her guardian, which filled the place of an older instrument rusted for want of use. She played at random for several minutes, when the melody gradually wove itself into Thalberg's most beautiful "Home, sweet Home." The rippling notes fell in showers from the delicate fingers, and she seemed lost in the melody she herself created. As the last chords were struck, she heard a voice just behind her.

"That is a sweet welcome, Marguerite."

She turned and saw him in the doorway, looking at her with longing in his eyes. She sprang towards him without a word. His arms were close about her for the first time in his life, and she nestled against a heart which held her as its only idol.

He had his answer.

"How can you love me?" she said, later,

when they were alone together, "I am so different from others—"

"Hush, Marguerite, I am satisfied."

He seemed so at least, gazing down upon her with a look that was almost worship.

"But have you never loved any other woman who was more fit than I to be your wife?"

"No, Marguerite, you are the only one I have ever loved since my mother died. There was one woman whom perhaps I might have married if God had not sent you to me—to save me, Marguerite."

She looked up into his face which had flushed a little as he spoke. She understood it all then.

There was a very quiet wedding, and the six weeks following were spent at a plain farmhouse among the White Mountains.

Miss Lucy Emery was "at home" to her very intimate friend, Miss Amelia Foster. Time had not greatly improved the former, either in appearance or disposition. She was still Miss Emery. Her sister Fanny, who had never arrived at that title, had accepted another, Mrs. Thomas Green, and had left her father's house cheerfully, congratulating her remaining sister on "the encouragement she could derive from Mr. Osgood's frequent visits," and as said visits had been suddenly discontinued after the restoration of the letter, her congratulations had been slightly satirical.

Her "dear Amelia" was awaiting her with the greatest impatience, pacing up and down the room examining pictures, handling books and trinkets with which she was already perfectly familiar, and presenting an appearance of great excitement. She had to wait some minutes, for Miss Emery had been obliged to dispense with the services of a dressing-maid, owing to a change in her father's circumstances, and the impossibility to procure one whose wages could be reckoned on as low a scale as those of her former one.

Once Miss Foster had the *entree* to her friend's chamber, but she shrewdly suspected why the privilege had been gradually withdrawn. Art had been called to aid nature in the matter of personal appearance, and if Miss Emery's complexion had been injured by time, late hours, and dissipation, she fancied it was not to be detected if skillfully managed.

She entered the room at last, greatly to her visitor's relief, who flew towards her, exclaiming:

"O Lucy, have you heard the news?"

As no item of special interest had reached her ears within twenty-four hours, she answered "no,"—thus giving her friend the opportunity which she so much desired of being the first to communicate it.

"Then you didn't know that Mr. Osgood has gone off on a wedding tour—married more than a week ago, and it's just out."

Lucy Emery turned ghastly white; it was a cruel piece of intelligence, if true, for she had hoped even against hope.

"It must be a mistake. He—I—thought he was in England."

"Why, didn't you know he returned more than a month ago? though to be sure he has visited very little, and seems to have forgotten all his old friends. It's all accounted for now, however."

"Whom has he married?"

"O, that's the strangest part of it. Of course you remember Marg Sevigne whom you said some one had adopted. Well, it proves to be Mr. Osgood, who was her guardian, and, to wind up his pretty little romance, has very appropriately married her. I will give him credit for doing what I thought never could be done in Madison Square, and that is, being married in that queer fashion without anybody being the wiser."

"When was it, did you say?" Miss Emery seemed bewildered.

"O, more than a week ago. They are at the White Mountains now, so they say, though Frank Dudley can't find them at any of the hotels. He was foolish enough to try and hunt them up. Who was the lady who adopted Mary when she first went away from here?"

"A Mrs. Howard, I believe, a friend of Mr. Osgood. I told you the circumstances at the time."

"O no, I think not, and even if you did I have forgotten them. It was not specially interesting at the time, but now as everybody is talking about her I would like to know."

"Why, Mr. Osgood lost a letter which was advertised; Marg, or more properly Mrs. Osgood," in a bitter tone, "found it in this room where he had accidentally dropped it the evening before, and, with unusual honesty for one in her position, brought it to me, but then to be sure no one would have considered it valuable enough to keep. I happened to mention, when Fanny read the advertisement, that I should not return it till he called again; and that afternoon, after I had gone out, she

stole the letter and carried it to him. I have always thought the idea of being rewarded tempted her, and perhaps it was no more than we could expect from an ignorant servant-girl. His housekeeper was sent to see her the next day, and persuaded her to leave immediately with her. I have never seen her since."

"Did she acknowledge that she stole the letter?"

"O yes, she could do nothing less, for no one else could have taken it, and besides, it would have been known from the fact of his housekeeper calling for her. She tried to defend herself, by saying that she did not think I was going to give it to him. Only think what an idea! But I forgave her, of course. I am not apt to bear malice towards any one, and especially one in that grade of society. It would be too uncharitable."

The conversation was a prolonged one. Miss Foster had many questions to ask relative to the new bride, and considered herself particularly fortunate in gaining so much information which no one else had the power of circulating. Miss Emery may have detected this complacency, and perhaps it prompted the words which accompanied the sinister smile when she kissed her good-by.

"Perhaps you had better not say anything I have told you about her, for it would be such a disgrace to the poor thing."

William Hammond was the very first to call upon his friend on his return. He was no stranger to Marguerite, for he had seen her constantly during the time that she had been an inmate of his friend's house. He could not deny that her face was but an index to a most noble soul, worthy of his friend's love; still he would much rather have seen some other woman in the place of Alexander Osgood's wife, some stately, graceful woman leaning upon his arm and presiding at his table, one acquainted with the world, and who could better answer the demands of fashionable society. He was prouder and more ambitious than his friend.

"May you have all the happiness you deserve," he said, on leaving him in the hall; "it was a strange whim of yours to adopt her, and a still stranger one to marry her. For your cultivated taste for beauty and grace to be satisfied—"

A warning look flashed from Osgood's eyes.

"I am satisfied without beauty of grace or

form. The world demands that, and I can find it elsewhere."

Going back to the library after his friend had left, a sweet picture met his eyes as he opened the door. Marguerite seated on a hassock had been pulling over files of old newspapers, and with one in her hand was gazing at it with her soul in her eyes. Perfectly absorbed, a smile parting her lips, and the hand on which sparkled a wedding-ring holding back the curls which had fallen over her face, she did not see him enter. Thinking she was seated on the floor, he came towards her holding out his hands to help her up.

"What are you after down there, Marguerite?"

She drew him down beside her, and spread out the paper at which she had been looking.

"Searles," she said, for he had asked her to call him by that name, telling her that he had

only heard it from his mother, and never wished to hear it again unless from his wife, "Searles, do you remember it?" and together they read over the advertisement in the old newspaper which had meant so much to both of them.

"'Liberally rewarded?' Well, Marguerite, you will be obliged to believe me when I say I never thought of that clause from that day to this. An inconvenient debtor truly, but now I'll try to atone for it. What shall it be?"

She looked up into his noble face with eyes beaming with the deepest, purest affection, and as he gathered her to his heart, she answered in a trembling voice:

"O my husband, have I not been 'liberally rewarded?' while you have received what is 'of no value except to the owner.'"

THE GHOST IN HOLLY LODGE.

BY MISS CATHARINE THOMAS.

"THE old lady has taken Holly Lodge for three years."

A low whistle escaped from the lips of a somewhat "swell" specimen of the clerk variety, on this announcement.

"Rather be myself than you, in that case, Charlie. Although from nine to five is rather too much of a good thing, when that thing is a desk, still, there is compensation to a certain degree."

"Not a bird a fellow can shoot," went on Charlie, "or a hare or a rabbit; not a bit of hunting; not a pack of hounds for miles round. Those Grimshaws have done it—got round my mother, knowing that she has daughters, and—*sons*" (with meek emphasis); "and now she is in for that horrid old rookery for three years! The Grimshaws have just gone out, and made a convenience of the matter."

"If I were in your place, I'd soon do the business; but, Charlie, you're a muff!—such a dear, darling pet!—you could not think of being naughty! No, not you?"

Now Charlie was a good fellow in every sense of the word, but he had a weakness. Who has not? He admired his brother as "a town swell," as he called him, and also for

his personal appearance and *savoir faire*; but he was not above feeling just a little jealous of him, especially when the last recommendation was considered; and Frank could stimulate him to attempt anything by merely saying he could do it.

Charlie puffed his short pipe for some moments in silence, the puffing becoming more rapid as time flew, until at last he seemed to have a gleam of inspiration shed on him through the hazy clouds which filled the room.

"I would not mind betting a hamper of champagne that before six months are over our heads we are out of this unpleasant hole."

"Done; a dozen drunk on the premises here or there! How do you mean to effect ejectionment?"

"That remains to be seen. I have not hit it off yet; but if you could do it, why should I not, being your senior by eighteen months?"

Frank looked at him to see if there was a gleam of humor in his brother's meaning, but his face confirmed what his lips uttered in singleness of purpose. He evidently believed in his superior age.

And then each went his way for a time—Charlie to the country to help move his

"people," as he called his mother and sisters, to their new home. Up the house, and down the house, and round the house, he loitered and moved, and racked his brain to think of something as knowing and sharp as Frank would have thought of, to make the house untenable; but he was at his wife's end, and there seemed to be no weak point to assail. He thumped the walls for hidden passages, in hopes of getting up a ghost, but even there he was baffled. There was what is called a well-staircase—that is, spiral—with no break to the succession of sharp-pointed stairs encircling a rail of banisters which wound up three stories above ground, and down to a cellar below. There was no door to the cellar below, and as the kitchens and offices were behind in a wing, over which were the servants' rooms, Charlie dwelt on the horror of rats, but his sisters did not mind; the rats would go if Charlie would only get a terrier or a ferret; while his mother hinted at a cellar-door some day. So he had to let the staircase, and the danger to the household, and all his other arguments, be, as they say; but still he haunted the house during the interval of moving in. After peering into garrets, and getting himself into a state of dust and whitewash, which would have horrified his fastidious brother, he was about to give it up, and forfeit the champagne, when accidentally kicking an iron bolt from the sky-light which was lying on the floor, it started on its travels, and, to the amazement of our hero, gave him a long chase before he regained it, in consequence of the peculiar formation of the obnoxious staircase, that gave out echoes in its descent which would have startled any nervous family into convulsions. As he first rushed down to secure the fastening, and panted up again to replace it, the mind of Charlie Dalton took in a new flash of inspiration. He stood midway and looked up, and then he looked down, and then he looked into all the rooms to see if he were alone, to make sure his secret was a secret still, and then he went away, whistling gently, meditating meanwhile. Suddenly he became reconciled to the house. He told his mother he would give up the idea of hunting, and fishing, and shooting, and take to literature and farming—that being in allusion to the few acres, called, grandiloquently, the domain, which surrounded the house.

At length an event occurred that disturbed the serenity of the whole family, servants included, which became the talk of the neigh-

borhood for days; and which finally effected a domestic revolution. It was between eleven and twelve—nearing the watching hour—when all the servants were asleep, and when the ladies were nearly so. Charlie declared he was dreaming of opening a hamper of wine, with Frank's assistance, when he was awoken by one of the most "awful rows" he ever heard in his life; and jumping up to find out the cause, met his mother, her head an edifice of white frills, and her person enclosed in a crimson flannel dressing-gown. In a second, one door opened, then another; and from each emerged a scared, ghostly figure, in unrecognizable attire.

"Did you hear that?" "O, what was it?" "Cannot imagine." "What can it be?"

Perhaps Charlie himself was the most demonstrative, though in a quiet way. He was awe-struck.

"We must look into this; but it is too cold for you, mother. We will see about it."

So a procession was formed, each holding a candle, for fear of some being blown out. From the cellar to the garret, and down again, they followed each other; but perfect tranquillity reigned everywhere. "Nothing out of place," they all declared. So they went to bed, to think and tremble, for few could sleep; and then they got up, to whisper mysteriously, and wonder, and to consult the elder Miss Grimshaw, who was on a visit, and who declared that in their time nothing of the sort ever occurred. And when Charlie looked stern and sad, and they asked him the cause, he said that as he rushed out to see what it was, a cold blast passed him when the door was opened; and when his sister suggested certain scientific reasons for this phenomenon, he looked sadly scornful, and ejaculated "Stuff!" in a hollow voice.

The next night, a similar scene took place, and then the family resolved that some one should sit up and watch for it. For some time it was difficult to get a volunteer for the first watch; even Charlie, the household protector, declared he was not inclined to meet a spirit alone.

"Anything that has flesh and blood in it I am ready for, and I flatter myself equal to; but anything disembodied is beyond my range and my experience."

The unearthly noise was heard once more, and then every two or three nights it was repeated, until they feared to leave their beds, but cowered, and covered their heads, and wondered. Mrs. Dalton looked pale and

worn, and Lucy and Jane serious and thoughtful. The house became funereal in its air and tone.

"O, Charlie! do beg mama to try and let the place, and go somewhere else."

"No, indeed, Lucy. I did what I could before we came; she would not listen to me. You would not back me then, now we are in for it."

"I should die before the time expired if we remained. Every one is talking of it, and the Grimshaws will have it there is something we have brought with us—some spirit belonging to our family, you know; and Anne says the butterwoman says a servant disappeared from here some years ago, and perhaps she is buried in the cellar! I should lose my senses if I saw her."

Charlie shrugged his shoulders.

"Women are never satisfied," he said.

But the end of all was that Mrs. Dalton found that sea-air was necessary for Lucy; and Mrs. Grimshaw consented to take the house off her hands, on condition that she paid the rent until a tenant was found. Charlie remained behind, reluctantly, as he declared, to send off the luggage, and save them trouble. Then, when the gates closed on the carriage, and the family were off, the dutiful son proceeded to his sanetum, and laughed loud and uproariously. He looked at his watch.

That evening a fly drove up to the Laurels, and from it emerged Frank. The brothers "old fellowed" each other, after the usual wont of brothers, and after a few moments of settling and unwrapping, found themselves *tete-a-tete*, seated one on each side of the fire, looking good-humoredly into each other's faces—Charlie with his hands in his pockets, and meekly triumphant; Frank trying not to see it.

"Well," said he, "I've won the champagne. I suppose Jane has told you what sort of a place we are in?"

"Yes, my fine fellow, and I twigged who was at the bottom of it, and but for my deep sense of honor, might have suggested an idea to her. Her letters were great fun, holding as I did the key of the cipher."

It was in vain, however, Frank petitioned for a rehearsal. Charlie was inexorable.

"Go to bed, old fellow. It never comes when it's watched for. I thought you knew that."

Frank, however, was scarcely warm in the sheets, when, as if struck by an electric

shock, he sprang out of bed, and rushed to the door.

"What is that? I say, Charlie, what is it? Is that the thing? By Joye—"

Loud derisive laughter greeted him from above, and then the younger brother rushed up stairs.

"Is that it?"

"Yes, that's it," said the other, gently.

"Well, no wonder they could not stand it. Why, it made me jump out of bed, although I was prepared for the material instead of supernatural. Show us the trick, old fellow!"

"You would not make a bad ghost yourself, as you are. Well, really, Frank, I am surprised!"

Thus rebuked, the junior clad himself in some garments from his brother's store, and clothed to a certain extent, followed Charlie down to the cellar, and there at the foot of the stairs lay a chain, to one end of which was attached a small cannon-ball.

"Now do you see it?"

"I see nothing;" and as he said this he kicked the rusty affair out of his way.

"Take care, old fellow, that's it," and Charlie raised the chain, and held it up by one end. "Here he or she is, sir; the author of our—say, rather, my release."

"I don't understand."

"Come and see; or rather stand and hear."

"No; I will go with you."

So they went up to the top landing, close to which was Charlie's door; and then he suddenly dropped his burden. Down went the shot over the corners dragging the clanking links after it, and making unearthly echoes through the deserted mansion.

"Well, I give in. The cleverest trick I have seen for many a day. But then, you have eighteen months the start of me."

"I smoked a pound of Cavendish before I hit it off to my satisfaction, besides my regular allowance. But you know in time it would have shown on the stairs. Look here;" and he produced a few round stones about the size of his fist.

One of the boards on the upper step was loose—sufficiently so to admit of his pushing in a stone; and then something nearly as deafening as the first exhibition ensued. It was only more muffled.

"I hit on that in case of the others attracting notice. They are queerly built, you see; such a space between the steps and the lining, and nothing to check it from top to bottom. An acoustic phenomenon, nothing more. But

come in and begin to spend the evening. I only sent you to bed to heighten the effect."

"What about the howls?"

"A cat I kicked down; and look here." Concealed under the step was a *gong*.

So they sat down, and having, after the manner of men, accomplished their object, began to feel remorse for it.

After a mutual silence, Charlie said, "I say, Frank, I tell you what we'll do. Throw in your savings, and never mind the champagne;

I'll make up the rest, and we'll go to the sea, when you can get a day, and have a jolly picnic for our girls, and I'll do my best to make it up to them somehow. Some day I'll tell Lucy in confidence, for I should not like to mislead her young mind on the subject."

But whether he did or did not, the subject has remained a mystery in the neighborhood, as far as I am aware, to this day; and during the long winter evenings the rustics often talk of the "Ghost of Holly Lodge."

IN THE DRIFTING SNOW.

BY LUCILLE HOWARD.

The cold winds had whispered that summer was gone,
And autumn, dismayed, flushed crimson, had flown;
And over the mountains, and down by the stream,
Fell no lingering gold of summery-sheen—
'Twas but drifting snow.

A tiny wee boy through the snow-drift had pressed,
Bare ringleted-head, and untidily dressed;
The face of a cherub white, sad, yet so sweet,
Fast purpling fingers, and little bare feet
In the drifting snow.

Fiercer and faster the wild blast came on,
And the boy's tattered dress froze fast to his form;
And tearful was growing that little wan face,
As slowly he toiled on his homeward pace
Through the drifting snow.

A cot by the wood, where the pine trees grew high,
And sang through long summer a sweet lullaby,
Was the home of this little motherless child;
And a father, 'sotted from morning till night,
Had no welcome fire, no streaming light
On the drifting snow.

He murmured, scarce whispered, his dead mother's name:

"O mother, sweet angel, come kiss me again!"
Then sank on the snow, with his fingers clasped tight,

While his dark eye grew dim, and his curls fell bright
On the drifting snow.

He sleeps, "little wanderer;" his hunger is o'er;
His little cold feet shall be weary no more;
Tears, sorrowful tears, shall no more stain his fair cheek—

No more vainly the doors of the rich shall he seek,
In the drifting snow.

That little dead face—like a picture it seems;
Those bright curls floating out one sees in their dreams;

Yet the soft flakes are falling in seeming relief,
Fast hiding the darling away from all grief,
In the drifting snow.

The frost-flakes grow tender and sad in their flight,
Changing his rage to a shroud of pure white;
The wild winds grow low, and sigh as in pain,
The trembling pines sing a mournful refrain
O'er the drifting snow.

THE HUNTER'S PERIL.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

My grandfather, one of the first settlers among the White Hills, used to tell the following story, always prefacing it, by saying that it was strictly true.

The first settlers among the mountains were subject to many trials, and at times it seemed as though they must abandon their homes in the forest, and return again to the lower towns

whence they came. Want of food was one great drawback, and its scarcity was felt for many years before their farms produced enough to last them through the year. To obtain food from the lower towns was impossible, and they were obliged to have recourse to the forest for what they did not raise. Moose, deer and bears abounded, and upon

them they depended for their meat. But to come to the story, which we will relate as nearly as possible as he used to tell it, seated in his great arm-chair before the blazing wood fire piled high upon the hearth, roaring up the broad chimney.

"Boys," he would say—he always called us boys, though some of his listeners might have seen threescore—"you don't know what we, that settled this country had to pass through. The hard days' work we did, felling and piling the trees, and the tramps we had in the forest after game, when our winter store run short. We knew that we must hunt or starve. They were days that you never can see, and I am thankful for it.

"I shall never forget one fearful winter when we all came so near starving. It will haunt me to my dying day; and that tramp I had in the forest that came so near being my last. I can remember as plain as though it was but yesterday. Little thought I that day that fifty years from then I should be telling you this story.

"Our crops had failed us in the autumn, and we knew the forest was our whole dependence; and all the first part of the winter we ranged the mountains in search of game, but never before had I known it so scarce. By-and-by the snow came so deep that we could not go into the forest, but must content ourselves at home, and wait until the winter thaw should settle the snow, so that we could go upon it with the help of snowshoes. We made from the sinews of the deer we had killed. The rains we had long expected did not come, and at last there was hardly food enough in the whole settlement to last the people for a week. Something must be done at once; so one morning we tied on our snowshoes and started for the forest, but before nightfall we were all back again, tired and discouraged, and as empty-handed as when we set out. We had gone but a little way from the settlement, finding it impossible to make our way through the snow. Not a shot did we get, for the wild animals did not fancy us for neighbors, and kept aloof, deep in the ravines of the mountains, and where the forest was thick and tangled.

"Some of my neighbors now saw signs of rain in the heavens, but I could see nothing of the kind. They were going to wait for it, they said, but I knew they would be hungry if they did. I had not meat enough in my cabin to last my family two days longer, and many of them were no better off, and the third

morning after our unsuccessful hunt I set out again, accompanied by two of my neighbors, all I could induce to go with me.

"We struck into the forest to the northward and travelled until noon, but not a shot at any living thing larger than a rabbit did we get. One of these we roasted for our dinner, and when it was over, my companions proposed to return home. This I opposed, telling them we must find game before long; but all to no avail. They were determined to turn back, so as to reach home before nightfall, and they tried to induce me to go with them, but I refused, saying I would not return until I had found something to carry back. Finding I was resolved to go on, they left me, and started on their return. I watched them until they were hid from my sight by the trees, and then I took up my rifle and started on alone.

"By the middle of the afternoon I had reached a dark ravine at the foot of Mote Mountain, and as yet not a living thing had come across my path. Here was where I had expected to find game, and if I failed I might as well turn my footsteps homeward, though, unless I had food, it would be hard for me to reach there. I was hungry, for the rabbit I had eaten would hardly have been enough for one, let alone three half famished men. Already I felt exhausted, and I almost wished I had taken the advice of my companions, and turned back with them. But it was too late to think of that now, and I made the best of my way onward, and at last to my great joy found tracks in the snow, that I knew at once to be those of a bear.

"I examined the trail closely, and came to the conclusion that bruin had but recently passed that way, taking his way up the steep side of the mountain. Now if I only had strength to come up with him, he could not escape me, and I would sup off bearsteak, and on the morrow would return to the settlement with as much of the carcase as I could carry.

"Full of these thoughts, which gave me new strength and courage, I made my way up the steep side of the mountain, following the broad trail the bear had made in plunging through the snow. Up, up, almost in a straight line the bear had made his way, never turning to the right or left, and by the time I had ascended for half a mile I was obliged to stop and rest, and when again I tried to go on, I found I was further gone than I had supposed. So exhausted had I become from my long route through the snow, that I could not ad-

vance more than two rods at a time without stopping to recover my breath, and above me, through the trees, stretched the white line that marked the path of the bear, who apparently was making for the summit of the mountain.

"By this time the sun had sunk lower, and was almost touching the tops of the mountains. Darkness would soon be in the forest, and in it my prey would escape. Again I started on, and this time went a little further than before. But my progress was slow, and ere long I was sitting, panting, in the snow, and then for the first time I began to realize my situation, and to think I had but little chance of reaching home again, unless I could obtain something to appease my hunger.

"Lying there in the snow, I thought of my wife and children at home, who all through the night would be waiting and watching for my return, and again I attempted to make my way upward. Feeble was the struggle, and I sank again into the snow completely exhausted. To lie there in the snow I knew was death, so I roused myself, and began to look round to find something with which to kindle a blaze. A little distance away was a large hemlock, and I crawled to it, and began to make preparations to light a fire, though I should have no use for it except to keep myself warm. An hour back I had hoped to have a fat steak, cut from the rump of the bear, to roast over the fire, but that hope had vanished now, and with it almost that of ever seeing home again. My only hope of salvation lay above me, where, as the twilight deepened, I could no longer see the trail of the bear that had led me up the mountain.

"I scooped away the snow from the foot of the tree, and broke some dry branches near at hand, and arranged them for lighting. Then I knelt before the pile, and taking some tinder from my box, proceeded to strike a fire with the flint and steel, such as every settler carried in those days when he went into the forest. By some means the timber had become damp, and refused to burn readily, and again and again the sparks fell among it, but without the desired result. Almost in despair, and thinking that everything had conspired against me for my destruction, I was resting for a moment from my efforts, when a sound above me on the side of the mountain caused me to spring to my feet. Again it was repeated, and my heart that had sunk so low within me now rose again, with hope and joy. I could not go to the bear, but I knew by the plunging

and blowing above me that the bear was coming to me, down the very path by which he had ascended. I should not go supperless, and I should see my wife and children again.

"I grasped my rifle and waited for the coming of my victim. Nearer and nearer it came, all unconscious of danger. I saw the dark form half buried in the snow, and I raised my rifle and fired. An almost human cry of agony, a loud report that echoed and re-echoed among the mountains, and I was saved.

"I turned again to my fire, and by dint of good luck, soon had it burning briskly. Then I plunged through the snow, and was soon kneeling by the side of my victim; and before long as nice a piece of steak as ever tempted the appetite of a hungry man, was broiling over the fire.

"With the boughs of the hemlock for my bed, I passed as comfortable a night as one could wish, and in the morning, laden with as much of the meat as I could carry, I went down the steep side of the Mote, and reached home before sunset, thankful that Providence had turned the bear about, and sent him down the mountain to save my life."

TAX ON HAIR-POWDER.

At a time when gentlemen of every rank and description wore hair-powder and a *queue*, the Duke of Norfolk (then Earl of Surrey) had the courage or singularity to wear his hair short, and to renounce powder, except, of course, when it was necessary to go to court on a *levee* day. True to his fancy, in 1785 he proposed to Pitt to lay a tax on hair-powder, instead of one of that minister's proposed taxes on female servants. The hint, though not accepted by Pitt at the time, was acted upon by him some years afterwards, and hair-powder still finds a place in the list of our domestic taxes. In reply to Lord Surrey, Pitt observed that the noble lord, from his high rank and position, might possibly dispense with hair-powder, but that such was not the case with ordinary and untitled individuals, and indeed that few gentlemen would permit their servants to appear before them unpowdered. The last member of the House of Lords, who used to wear his *queue* and hair-powder in his seat among the Peers, was the first Duke of Cleveland, who died a little more than twenty years ago.

Is it not better that your friend tell you your faults privately than that your enemy talk of them plainly?

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

WEALTH THE Foe TO PROSPERITY.

Every one has noticed the evil consequences of starting a young man in life, with a fortune sufficient to enable him to dispense with working. Nine times out of ten, it would be better to start him without a dollar, and let him win his way by his own efforts.

Now what is true of individuals is also true of communities, and never was the principle to which we have referred more forcibly illustrated than in the history of our own country. Let us cite two instances. The Colony of Massachusetts Bay was established by a community of poor men. The soil of their new home was naturally unproductive, and the climate rigorous. These things forced them to work hard. They did so, and to-day the community which these poor exiles founded, is one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the world. The Colony of Virginia was settled principally by men of fortune, among whom were numerous cavaliers who were flying from the wrath of the English Puritans. These men brought fortunes with them, and the colony was wealthy from an early day. There was but little necessity for them to labor, and they sank into habits of indolence. To-day Virginia (even after considering her sufferings during the war), with twenty times the natural resources of Massachusetts, is far behind her in prosperity and wealth. Poverty, in the former case, was a blessing, wealth in the latter, a positive curse.

NEW FEATURE IN THE TELEGRAPH.

Great as have already been the services of the electric telegraph, it is likely in the future to render us a service equal almost in value to its rapid transmission of messages. It has been discovered to be one of the best indicators of the weather now in existence. The researches and experiments of Father Secchi, the famous Italian savan, are throwing much light upon this subject.

Most persons are aware that currents other than those proceeding from the batteries at work, are almost constantly passing over the telegraph wires, and constitute some of the most serious obstacles with which the operators have to contend; sometimes they come with such force that they render the signals from the working batteries unintelligible. They proceed either from the earth or the atmosphere, and are termed "earth-currents." For some time past, Father Secchi and several of his friends have been devoting themselves to the task of studying the variations of these currents, and, if possible, discovering the laws which govern them. Among the results of their labors they mention the following: Whenever the earth currents are more irregular than usual, bad weather invariably follows; the degree of the irregularity of the earth currents bearing always

an exact relation to that of the storminess of the weather which they precede.

It would be well for our telegraph companies to require their operators to note these changes, and report them faithfully and promptly.

WAKE.

In England, the term wake was applied to certain holiday festivals, once universally celebrated in that land, and still continued in some secluded districts. Wakes were introduced into England about the time of the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, and were designed to commemorate the birthday of the saint to whom some particular church was dedicated, and the anniversary of the dedication. The ecclesiastical day was then reckoned from sunset to sunset, and the festival extended through the same space of time. On the evening previous to the festival day, the inhabitants performed their devotions, as a preparation for the next day, and as these ceremonies sometimes extended far into the night, they were given the name of *wakes*; but afterwards the term was applied not only to the preparatory vigils, but to the festival itself.

These wakes became, in course of time, the occasions of such boisterous and indecent revels, that Henry VIII. endeavored to regulate them, but with little effect. Finally, the practice died out, except in certain remote localities, where it still exists.

In Ireland, the term is, according to Miss Edgeworth, applied to "a midnight meeting, held professionally for the indulgence of holy sorrow, but usually converted into orgies of unholy joy." It is confined almost exclusively to the humbler classes. Upon the death of some relative or friend, the body is laid out and covered with a sheet, except the face, which is exposed and surrounded by lighted tapers. The friends and relatives of the deceased are then collected, and the body is "waked" by the assembled company. After a prolonged indulgence in a wild and fantastic species of grief, the guests are entertained as sumptuously as the means of the family will permit. Whiskey forms one of the principal portions of the feast, and the wake generally ends in an uproar or a free fight, in which the corpse is sometimes roughly handled.

BEDLAM.

The word "Bedlam" is a corruption of "Bethlehem," the name of a religious establishment which was granted in 1547, by Henry VIII., to the corporation of London, and by them converted into a hospital for insane persons. The place was originally within the city boundaries, but in 1814, a new hospital was erected in St. George's fields, on the south side of the Thames, and was vulgarly called Bedlam. The pa-

tients who had been discharged, partially cured, and went about begging, were called Bedlam beggars, or Tom-o'-Bedlams.

TOBACCO.

There are some interesting facts connected with the history of tobacco, which its lovers will be glad to know. Smoking seems to have been the principal use made of it by its original producers, chewing being reserved for a later age. When Columbus landed in the island of Hispaniola, his scouts reported that they saw the natives smoking a plant, "the perfume of which was fragrant and grateful;" and he learned that the natives had been for a long time in the habit of offering it in their sacrifices to their god, believing that its aroma was more pleasing to him than any other incense. The priests also, before declaring their oracles, were in the habit of intoxicating themselves with it; and the medicine-men often employed it in divining the nature of diseases. Columbus and his companions introduced it into Spain and Portugal, and in 1560, Jean Nicot, then the French ambassador to the court of Lisbon, became acquainted with its use, and introduced it into France. There it was at length called *l'herbe Nicotienne*, or the "Nicotian weed," which name it still retains in Botany.

PENALTY FOR KISSING.

A short time ago, a learned gentleman published an elaborate paper in which he denied the existence of the "Blue Laws" of the Pilgrim Fathers. The following instance, however, is somewhat at variance with the professor's theory, and we commend it to our lady readers, who will, we are sure, be devoutly thankful that the old order has changed, and given place to a better state of affairs.

In 1694, a trial took place in Connecticut, under the section of the "Blue Laws" prohibiting kissing. The culprits were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Newton. It seems that Sarah dropped her gloves, and Jacob found them. When Sarah asked for them, Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay, and Sarah, not thinking the charge extortionate, paid it in full. Complaint was made by some sour-tempered individual, and the guilty parties were arraigned before the magistrates. The facts were clearly proved, and the parties were each fined twenty shillings.

A CAUTIOUS DUKE.—George IV., in the latter years of his life, was in the habit of quoting the Iron Duke as a witness to the statement that his majesty had led in person the decisive charge at Waterloo. Wellington's answer on such occasions invariably was, "I have often heard your majesty speak of that before."

A FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.—A young fellow, the son of an eminent dancing-master, applying to a friend as to what trade or profession it would be best for him to pursue, was answered, "I think you cannot do better than follow the steps of your father."

CONVERSATION.—It was a rule with Dr. Jonathan Swift, "never to speak more than a minute at a time, and to wait for others to take up the conversation."

IMPURE WATER.

An exchange furnishes us with the following facts, which are of interest and importance to every one. Set a pitcher of cold water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed from the room nearly all the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water is utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing, and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature, a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of the ice. Hence water kept in a room awhile, is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed whether it becomes warm or not. And for the same reason, the water in a pump-stock should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. That which has stood in the pitcher over night is not fit for coffee water in the morning. Impure water is more injurious to the health than impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh, pure water for domestic uses.

A COMFORTABLE HOME.—Appold, the English mechanic, who has just died, possessed one of the most singular as well as one of the most comfortable residences in the United Kingdom. He did everything in his power to save labor about his house, where the duties could be performed by machinery. Everything was automatic. The doors opened as you approached them, and closed after you passed through them; water came unbidden into the basins; when the gas was lighted the shutters closed; a self-acting thermometer regulated the temperature of the rooms; and even the gates of the stable yard opened to a vehicle, and closed without slamming after it had gone by.

A LARGE HOUSEHOLD.—The palace of the Rajah of Mysore is filled with 800 people. He has fifty wives, each of whom has four attendants, and he has a large number of nightwatchers, prophesying Brahmans, officers of the senana, etc.

A DIFFICULT COMMISSION.—Laura—"Now don't forget, Charley, to ask Captain Chatter for his photograph. He's promised it so often. But the poor man has got no head at all." Charley—"Then he won't have the face to refuse."

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—This preparation is well known as an excellent oil and dressing for the hair. It makes the hair moist and glossy, and leaves the scalp in a fine and healthy condition.

AN ANCIENT FUND.—Among the funds still remaining in the hands of the corporation of London is the sum of two hundred pounds a year, left in trust "to burn heretics."

A LUCKY RECOVERY.—A quartermaster's check for \$53,000 was found on a burglar arrested in New York a few days ago. Stolen from the mail.

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Sweet flower, thou tell'st how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf,—as low
And humble as thy stem—will surely know
The joy that peace imparts.—PERCIVAL.

Arboretum.

A collection of trees and shrubs, containing only one or two plants of a kind, arranged together, according to some system or method. The most common arrangement is that of the natural system; but the plants of an arboretum may be placed together according to the countries of which they are natives; according to the soil in which they grow; or according to their size and habits, or time of leafing, or flowering. In all small villa residences, an arboretum is the most effectual means of procuring a maximum of enjoyment in a minimum of space, as far as trees and shrubs are concerned. To render an arboretum useful and interesting, each tree and shrub should be named.

The Strawberry-Tree.

Well-known evergreen shrubs, of which *A. Unedo* rabra deserves to be mentioned for the beauty of its flowers; *A. canariensis*, a greenhouse species, has also very showy flowers; and *A. Andrachne*, which is the tenderest of the open-air kinds, is remarkable for the looseness and redness of its bark. All the species are very ornamental, and of free growth; and they all thrive best in heath mould, or very sandy loam. They are propagated by layers or cuttings.

Aloe.

The name of Aloe is so frequently applied in conversation to the American Aloe, or Agave, that many persons are not aware that the true Aloe is not only quite a different genus, but belongs to a different natural order; the American Aloe being one of the Amaryllis tribe, and the true Aloe one of the Daylily tribe. The qualities of the two plants are also essentially different; the American Aloe abounds in starchy nourishing matter, while every part of the true Aloe is purgative. The true Aloe also flowers every year, and the flowers are tube-shaped, and produced on a spike; while each plant of the American Aloe flowers but once sending up an enormous flower-stem, with candelabra-like branches and cup-shaped flowers. The true Aloes are succulent plants, natives of the Cape of Good Hope; and they grow best in this country in greenhouses, or rooms, the pots being well drained, and the soil composed of a sandy loam, mixed with a little lime-rubbish or gravel. To this, when the plants are wanted to attain a large size, may be added a little leaf-mould. When grown in rooms, the poor soil is, however, preferable, as it keeps the plants of a smaller and more manageable size, and makes them less easily affected by changes of the temperature, and of heat and dryness. The colors of the flowers will also be richer when the plants are grown in poor soil.

Hasel.

The common hazel is rather a fruit-tree than an ornamental shrub; but it is sometimes grown in pleasure-grounds and geometric gardens, to form a shady walk. Walks of this kind were great favorites in the time of Elizabeth, and also in the Dutch gardens laid out in the time of William III. They are therefore suitable in the gardens of Elizabethan houses, or of any mansions built in James I.'s style. They require no particular care but planting the young trees in a loamy soil, giving them, if possible, a little of that rich yellow soil generally called hazel loam, from its peculiar adaptation to this plant, and clipping and training the branches so as to make the walk form one continued bower.

Allamanda.

Climbing stove shrubs, with splendid yellow convolvulus-shaped flowers. *A. cathartica*, a native of Guiana, is the most common species. They require a light rich soil, kept frequently watered; and they are increased by cuttings. Where a conservatory adjoins an orchideous house, or stove, the Allamanda and other splendid stove-climbers may be planted in the hothouse, and trained through a hole in the back wall into the conservatory, in the cool air of which the flowers will be more brilliant, and more generally seen, than in the damp hot air necessary for the roots.

Adonis.

Herbaceous plants with showy flowers, of easy culture in any common soil. The most ornamental species are the spring-flowering Adonis, a perennial with bright yellow flowers, which is quite hardy, and is easily increased by division of the root; and the common annual *Flos Adonis*, or Pheasant's Eye, with dark crimson flowers. All the species will grow in any common garden soil; and the annual kinds should be sown in autumn, as they will stand the winter in the open air—or in February or March, as they are a long time before they come up. The seeds will keep good several years.

Aralia.

Hardy suffruticose plants, and stove shrubs, with umbels of small white flowers. The commonest species is *A. spinosa*, useful in a shrubbery for its hardiness, and for its thriving in any poor gravelly soil. There is a new species, *A. japonica*, which is said to be very handsome.

Grevillea.

Australian plants with very curious flowers, which should be grown in a mixture of equal parts of sand, loam and peat. They are increased by seeds, which ripen freely, or by cuttings of the old wood, in sand, under a bell-glass.

Jeffersonia.

An American marsh plant, which is generally grown in peat-soil, kept moist. It is increased by seeds, or dividing the root.

The Housewife.

Pigeon Pie.

Cut the pigeons in halves; put them into a saucepan with meat stock enough to cover them, a little pepper, salt and cloves, and cut up two tomatoes and put in. Stew them from half an hour to an hour, according to size and age. Line the sides of your pie-dish with paste; lay the pigeons into the dish, and fill it up with the gravy. Shake in a little flour to thicken it, and put in a piece of butter, if it is not rich enough. Cover it with a nice crust, and bake it about three-quarters of an hour, until the crust is done.

Birds in Jelly.

Have any kind of birds prepared the same as a turkey, stuffed and stewed or roasted. Place the birds in a mould that will just hold them, breast downwards, with the legs down and tied together; prepare the jelly as above. Fill the mould quite full; set it to cool till the next day; then turn it on to the dish, breast up. If the jelly is clear, this is very handsome for a side-dish at dinner, or for a supper-table, with the colored jelly cut fine and sprinkled round the dish, with a little curled parsley.

Quails.

Tie the legs down to the rump with a strong thread, letting the feet be up. Dredge them with a little flour, baste them with butter, and roast them fifteen or twenty minutes.

Plover.

Plover require about ten or fifteen minutes' roasting. Serve on toasted bread. The gravy is made the same as for quails.

Tripe.

Be sure the tripe is well boiled—that is, very tender; if not, boil it until it is so; then cut it in pieces about four inches square; let it be quite cold; roll the pieces cornerwise; tie them with a thread; dredge them with a little salt and mace; roll them in egg and crumbs; fry in fat a nice brown; serve with onion sauce, with a little lemon and tomato catsup boiled in.

Doughnuts.

One cup of sugar and three of flour sifted together, one cup of milk and a piece of butter the size of an egg warmed together, three eggs well beaten, and one teaspoonful of mace. Mix this all together; roll it out, and make them in any shape. Fry them in hot lard.

Governor Strong's Cake.

Two pounds of butter, two and three quarters pounds of sugar, eighteen eggs, one pint of wine, one glass of brandy, one nutmeg, a little mace, one tablespoonful of cloves, four pounds of flour, and three pounds of currants. Bake it in not very thick loaves about an hour.

Clay Cake.

Half a pound of butter beat very light, one pound of sugar, one of flour, half a pint of cream, half a nutmeg; one lemon, and five eggs. Bake half an hour.

Jelly for Meats.

Put to boil four calf's feet, two onions, one dozen cloves, one dozen peppercorns, a tablespoonful of salt, two nice carrots, and a head of celery, in six quarts of water; boil six hours. Strain this into an earthen pot to cool. When wanted, take off all the fat, put the rest into a preserve kettle, with two lemons cut up, the whites and shells of six eggs; let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Take it from the fire, set it where it will keep hot, turn in it a cup of cold water, let it stand fifteen minutes, then strain it through the jelly-bag; when it has all run through clear, put what you require in the moulds; let the rest cool in a dish, to cut small for garnishing the meat. If the jelly is not a good bright color, add a tablespoonful of India soy.

A very strengthening Drink.

Beat the yolk of a fresh egg with a little sugar; add a very little brandy; beat the white to a strong froth, stir it into the yolk; fill up the tumbler with new milk, and grate in a little nutmeg.

Mulled Wine.

Take a bottle of Madeira or sherry wine, a pint and a half of water, and put it to boil in a tea-kettle; while the wine is boiling, beat up the yolks of twelve eggs; add one pound of fine white sugar, and a grated nutmeg; stir it all together; beat the whites to a froth, and beat it into the yolks; when the wine is boiled, hold the tea-kettle as high as possible, and turn the wine on, stirring the eggs constantly; then turn it from one pitcher to another until it is all mixed.

Milk Punch.

Take two spoonfuls of brandy, a little sugar, and half a tumbler of hot water; fill it up with milk, and grate in a little nutmeg.

Ladies Cake.

One pound of sugar and six ounces of butter beaten to a cream; the whites of sixteen eggs well beaten; the rind, grated, and the juice of one lemon, and three quarters of a pound of flour.

Webster Cake.

Five cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two eggs, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Fruit and spice to the taste, or without fruit. Bake it about half an hour.

Apple-Water.

Roast very well two or three apples; put them in to a pitcher; turn on some boiling water, and add a little sugar.

Soft Sugar Gingerbread.

One cup of butter and two of sugar beaten together, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four eggs, five cups of flour, and half a cup of yellow ginger. Bake it in thin pans thirty minutes.

Curious Matters.

Curious Nests of Mice.

A number of empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one which was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had therefore conveyed into it a quantity of bedding, which she made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice, that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. The rapidity with which a mouse can make a nest is somewhat surprising. One of the Cambridge Journals mentioned, some few years ago, that in a farmer's house a loaf of newly-baked bread was placed upon a shelf, according to custom. Next day a hole was observed in the loaf; and when it was cut open a mouse and her nest were discovered within, the latter having been made of paper. On examination the material of the habitation was found to have been obtained from a copy-book, which had been torn into shreds and arranged into the form of a nest. Within this curious home were nine young mice, pink, transparent, and newly-born. Thus, in the space of thirty-eight hours at the most, the loaf must have cooled, the interior been excavated, the copy-book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made, and the young brought into the world. Surely it is no wonder that mice are plentiful, or that their many enemies fail to exterminate them.

Discovery at Windsor Castle.

Whilst superintending some alterations in the roof and leads of the cloister at the west end of the Wolsey Chapel, Windsor, Mr. Turnbull, the castle architect, happened to make a cursory examination of the stonework on the exterior of the chapel wall. It is in the shape of a large window, with carved mullions, and with stone panels instead of glass, some of which are slightly cracked. Whilst he was sounding one of them a piece fell out, and disclosed a portion of a highly-colored painting. Three stone panels were then removed, and behind them were found full-length portraits of as many Knights of the Garter, painted on the wall, with strong iron bars before each picture. They were evidently inserted in the blind window, to give it the appearance of being filled with stained glass, and, should the rest of the stone slabs be removed (of which there may be upwards of twenty), the wall behind them will no doubt be found covered with the rest of the series of knightly portraits. It is a curious coincidence that just at this time the opposite side of this same blind wall is about to be covered by Dr. Salviati with a series of mosaic portraits of the monarchs of England.

Vegetable Lint.

The *Conferva bulloea*, or hair-weed, an aquatic plant which grows abundantly in the streams and rivers of the Vosges, possesses the valuable qualities of lint, sponge, fine linen, and cotton, for the dress-

ing of wounds, and likewise emollient qualities when the plants are young and freshly gathered. Pliny cites this identical plant as having been successfully employed for contusions, blows, etc. Chemical analysis of the plant proves it to contain a small proportion of albumen, a considerable quantity of starch, sugar, sulphate, potassium, some iron, etc. Its cheapness will evidently bring it into general use, and lint therefore be superseded.

Large Effects from small Causes.

As an instance of large effects from comparatively small causes, the following, taken from a lecture on silk by Professor Crace-Calvert, is worth notice: Four ounces of silkworm's eggs will yield from eighty-eight thousand to one hundred and seventeen thousand cocoons; the number of cocoons to a pound of silk is commonly two hundred and seventy; consequently, the produce in silk from the four ounces of eggs will be four hundred and twenty-two pounds.

An old Hunter.

A peculiar accident occurred in England recently. Three gentlemen riding in a "dog-cart" in the country met an acquaintance who was hunting, to salute whom they raised the "tally ho." The horse they were driving had been a hunter, and on hearing the cry he started off at full speed, jumping a ditch, and throwing the gentlemen from the cart. One of the occupants was instantly killed, and the others seriously injured.

A Refuge for Cats.

Among the curious old institutions still extant in Florence is a house of refuge for cats. It is a cloister situated on the side of the church of San Lorenzo. When you wish to get rid of one of these interesting quadrupeds, instead of killing it, you send it to that interesting establishment. On the other hand, when you want a feline companion, you have only to go here to find a complete assortment of tabbies, tortoiseshells, blacks, whites, grays, and every other color usual to the race of cats. There will be seen old cats, middle-aged cats, and cats just budding into youth—Angoras as well as the common species; in short, every variety of the species is plentiful in that unique institution.

Ozone and Cholera.

Ozone is said to be Nature's grand atmospheric disinfectant. It is a peculiar modification of oxygen, and is supposed to be that gas in a permanently negative state. In its action as a deodoriser, it closely resembles chlorine, destroying bad odors as effectually and almost as rapidly, but it has advantages over that gas. It is not irrepirable, and is considerably more manageable. Two sticks of phosphorus, each two inches in length, made very clean by scraping, if covered with oxide, and half-covered with water, yield in an hour sufficient ozone, in a room of 3000 cubic feet, to be detectable by Schonbein's test in every part.

Facts and Fancies.

ENOUGH IN ONE BED.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the years 1835-6, that every house was filled every night with travellers wanting lodging. Every traveller there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bedfellows."

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was roused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo! you there," he exclaimed, "what do you want now?"—particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in here, is there?"

"One! why here is Mr. Brown, and a Methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left the trio to their repose.

A YANKEE PASS.

An official Dutchman in the valley of the Mohawk, one day stopped a Yankee pedler, journeying slowly through the valley on the Sabbath, and informed him that he must put up for the day; or, "If it vash neccessary that he should travel, he must pay de fine for de pass." It was necessary, it seems, for he told the Yankee to write a pass, and he would sign it. "That he could do, though he did not much write or read writing." The pass was written and signed with the Dutchman's hieroglyphics, and the pedler went forth into the bowels of the country without impediment. Some six months afterwards, a brother Dutchman, who kept a store further down the Mohawk, in settling with the pious official, brought in, among other accounts, an order for twenty-five dollars' worth of goods. "How ish dat?" said the Sunday officer. "I never gave no order—let me see him." The order was produced; he put on his spectacles and examined it. "Yah, dat ish my name, sartan—yaas, but it ish dat Yankee pass."

TROUBLES OF A MARRIED MAN.

One morning, an athletic young farmer, in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line, to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl, a tall, gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the

line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedded party stopped, observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor, and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly all the time. Then the tall female would "put her foot down," and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner; but he would no sooner commence talking to her, than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what this meant about nine o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people in the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband, in his Gentleman Greek Slave apparel.

It appears that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same bed with the newly wedded pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and now indignantly repudiated the contract. "Wont you go away now, Susan?" said the newly married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I wont, so there!"

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within the room.

"Now—now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go to cuttin' up in this way; now don't."

"I'll cut up's much as I want!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd, "jest you two wimmin put on your duds and go right straight home, and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, and I'll marry the whole caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the sensation.

THE TAILOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the dean, took it into his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelation. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to perish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night, the tailor, as he fancied, got a revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took

up his line of march for the deanery. The dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced, in his unearthly voice, the message:

"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—"

"Come in, my friend," said the dean. "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man to help me out. Here is the account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he put one foot on the sea and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hand to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics," said the dean, "enables me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This sudden exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor. He rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a quick revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly his line of business. He returned to his occupation, thoroughly cured of his prophetic revelations by the wit of the dean.

A NORTH CAROLINA WITNESS.

Before the rebellion, North Carolina used to have some great court scenes. Since the war closed, we have met with one or two legal cases that remind us of other days. Here is an action that was brought in the Turpentine State for payment for labor for ditch digging; but defendant contended that he had paid for the work with bacon and corn; and some whiskey plaintiff, denied the whiskey and the food, so the first witness called was the son of the man who did the work.

"You say your daddy did all this ditching? Do you know what he got for it?" inquired Colonel C— for the defendant.

"He never got nothing, as ever I heard on; that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from defendant in payment for ditching?"

"Never heard of his getting no corn or barley."

"What did your daddy and his family live on last summer?"

"Vittles, mostly."

"What kind of vittals?"

"Well, bread and meat and shome whiskey."

"Where did he get that meat and bread?"

"Well, fust from one, and then from the other."

"Didn't he get some of it from defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know that he mought, but did he? That's the question."

"Well, he mought, and then again you know, he moughtn't."

With considerable excitement, and in tones of thunder.

"Answer the question, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy, or did he not, get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well, now, he mought; it didn't occur edzactly, you know."

Here his honor interferes, and with a stern, judicial frown, addresses the witness thus:

"Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"I reckon."

"Well, then, answer yes or no. Did or did not your daddy get corn or bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court.

Witness now fully aroused and conscious of his danger:

"Well, judge, I can't edzactly remobar, you know, seelin' as how it's all bin dun gone and eat up; but (planting himself firmly, as one determined to out with it), to the best of my reckerleckahun, if my memory serves me right, he mought, and then, again, he moughtn't."

The plaintiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.

A CAREFUL JUSTICE.

A couple in Winsted were lately married (as they supposed), and went their way to enjoy it. But after two days of un-wedded bliss, they found, to their chagrin, that by a statute of the late legislature, the clergyman who performed the ceremony was disqualified, and that, however it might be theoretically, they were practically and in fact un-married. They subsequently appeared before a Justice, who fixed up the matter, and granted an "Indulgence" covering the past and the future.

A POWERFUL APPEAL.

A few years ago, in Ohio, there lived on a small stream called "Duck Creek" a local preacher of the Methodist Church, by the name of Jacob Smith. His educational advantages had been somewhat slender; so that often in his preaching he "murdered the king's English" by wholesale. On one occasion he was preaching in his own neighborhood, in "Smith's Meeting-house," during which some of the young Smiths indulged in bad behaviour. He paused, drew himself up to his full height, and pointing his long, hard finger at them, exclaimed, "What! will you cut up here in Smith's old meetin'-house, when there lies your grandmother (pointing through the window to the graveyard), what is the offspring of us all?"

A HOPEFUL SON.

"Have you been to see the new steam engine?" a son asked his father, a few days ago.

"No, I have not," replied the father.

"You had better call and see it," the youth continued. "Just mention my name to the foreman, and he will show you every attention."

HARD ON HIS NEIGHBOR.

Mr. L—, a prominent citizen of the active little town of B—, Mass., was a republican in politics, to the backbone, while his nearest neighbor, Mr. T—, was an equally zealous democrat, of the old school, and whose party in that vicinity ruled by a very small majority. At their last town election, through certain dexterously-wrought enunciations entirely false, and political tricks carried out in seasonable time, Mr. T— managed to prevent the choice of Mr. L— to an important office, which, in the opinion of all his friends, he was sure of obtaining.

A few days afterwards, Mr. T—, who, by the way, was extremely selfish, and not too honest—for the idea that he was a little "light-fingered" had existed for some time in the minds of many—unable to conceal his delight at the sharp ruse he had employed, that resulted in the defeat of his neighbor, with many chuckles related the whole affair to an appreciative audience, in one of the village grocery-stores.

Of course the whole story, adorned also with sundry additions, reached the ears of Mr. L—, and, commonly speaking, made him as "mad as a hornet." He determined to retaliate in some manner, so as to reflect upon the dishonest propensity his neighbor bore the character of earning, and hit upon the following expedient:

Happening into the same store, a short time after the story was circulated, to his delight he found it well filled with customers and loungers, and his old enemy among the number.

After obtaining his purchases, he slipped into a vacant chair, and desired the attention of all present, while he told them of an unfortunate event that had occurred at his place the previous night.

Of course every one was on the *qui vive* in an instant, and none more so than his detested and unsuspecting persecutor; for Mr. L— was a very still, uncommunicative man generally, so they expected to hear some thrilling, and perhaps awful news; and all ears were open to catch every syllable.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "yesterday I slaughtered that famous great hog of mine, and last night hung him up in my barn to cool; but don't you think, this morning, when I entered the building, I found that *half* of that valuable 'porker' had been stolen, and to my great regret, I must say that the theft must have been committed by one of my own party—a republican!"

"Why, why do you suspect a republican?" cried they all in a breath.

"Because," he replied, in a voice of thunder, "if the thief had been a democrat, and hated me enough to treat me as Mr. T— did the last town election, he would have taken the whole hog!"

The circle immediately broke, and L—'s opponent was observed to be the first one whose business called him elsewhere. He probably saw the "point" as quickly as the rest did."

A DUTCH INTRODUCTION.

A fine old German gentleman who had just returned from a visit to the "Fadderland," bringing with him his frau, met an old friend in a store up street, not many days since, and after some little conversation the old gentleman inserted the index finger of his right hand among the short ribs of his better half,

who had up to this time taken no part in the conversation but stood leaning against the counter communing "mit herself." Her lord and master accompanied the poke with the exclamation of!

"Petsy! Petsy!"

"Vat you wants Shon."

"I wants to introduce mine friend, Shacob Stump, te big fool, te more you knows him te better you gits acquainted mit him."

SAD CASE OF DERANGEMENT.

"Well, Jones, I suppose ye have been out to look at Texas? Did you see anything of our old friend James out there?"

"Yes, gone deranged."

"Gone deranged? How? What, does he do real crazy?"

"Yes, indeed; he doesn't know his own hogs from his neighbor's."

SOAPY SAM.

The Bishop of Oxford has received the undignified cognomen of "Soapy Sam." It is said that when the bishop was travelling eastward to attend the church congress at Norwich, a lady who was sitting opposite to him, commented in flattering terms on the eloquence and ability of the great Anglican divine, quite unconscious that she was addressing him. "But why, sir," she asked, "do people call him Soapy Sam?" "Well, madam," replied the bishop, "I suppose it is because he has always been in a good deal of hot water, and always manages to come out with clean hands."

CONUNDRUMS BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

What lady is good to eat?—Sal Ladd.

What lady is good to eat with her?—Olive Oil.

What lady is made to carry burdens?—Ella Fant.

What lady preaches in the pulpit?—Minnie Stir.

What lady does everybody desire?—Ann U. Icy.

What lady is acquainted with surgery?—Ann Atomy.

What lady lived in Noah's time?—Ann T. Diluvian.

What lady is fond of debate?—Polly Tishun.

What lady paints portraits?—Minnie Ture.

What lady paints comic ones?—Carrie K. Ture.

What lady is fond of giving?—Jennie Rossity.

What lady is much talked of now?—Amelia Ration.

What lady is used to war?—Milly Talry.

What lady is lively and gay?—Annie Matton.

What ladies are voracious?—Annie Corder and Allie Gakter.

MINOR JOKES.

The small gentleman who indulged so freely in biting sarcasm has taken to swallowing affronts.

What is the greatest stand ever made for civilization?—The ink-stand.

Good name for the new hotel—*Dewdrop Inn* (do drop in).

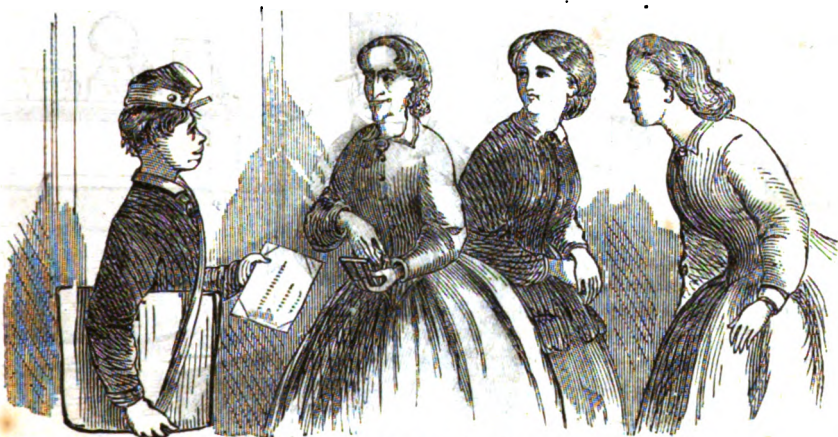
A bird that always faces the storm.—The weather-cock.

Dear Stalkers.—Those ladies who *will* come out in the fashion.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



MAIDEN OF UNCERTAIN AGE.—St. Valentine's day, is it? Well, I'd like to see the man who would dare to send me a valentine!



MISCHIEVOUS NIECES TO MAIDEN AUNT.—O aunty, here is a valentine for you!
MAIDEN AUNT.—Bless my soul, you don't say so! Let me have it. Who could have sent it?



YOUNG NIECES, WITH ONE ACCORD.—O aunty, who could have insulted you in such a manner? Just as though you were an old maid!

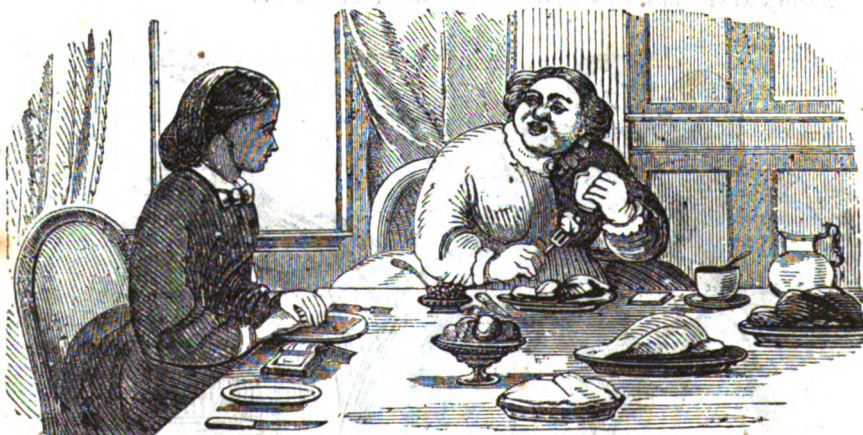
THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, AFTER A PROFOUND MEDITATION.—I hope *he* will send me a valentine.



MR. PORKUS.—Blast their impudence! I don't look like that, I know.



YOUNG LADY WITH GOOD APPETITE.—Well, you see, I don't care so much for valentines as I do for eating. There's something substantial in a good dinner.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.



EMMA, DOWAGER QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE Sandwich Islands are in many respects one of the most remarkable groups in the Pacific Ocean. They were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and it was in one of the harbors of Hawaii that the great navigator was murdered the next year. Their area is nearly 6200 square miles, and in 1853 they had a population of 73,230. Only seven of the islands are inhabited, the other six being bar-

ren and volcanic. Hawaii or Owhyhee is the largest and most eastern of the group. It covers an area of about 4000 square miles, and in 1853 had 24,452 inhabitants. The island is fertile, and has a number of fine harbors. Honolulu is the principal seaport of the kingdom, and the seat of government. It is situated on the island of Oahu.

Sixty years ago these islands were in a state

of barbarism. The people were idolaters, and slaves to the grossest sensualism. The inhabitants are usually regarded as a portion of the Malay race. They are of a light yellow complexion, possessing good forms and a very considerable degree of bodily strength. They are tractable and yielding in their disposition, and under good management are capable of considerable moral and intellectual elevation. In 1820 the first American missionaries went out to these islands to begin the noble undertaking of planting religion and civilization there. What they have accomplished may be seen from the following extract from the account of a visit to the islands, published several years ago by Mr. Richard Dana of Boston. He says:

"It is no small thing to say of the American Board, that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction, given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science and entertainment, etc., etc. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England; and whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies."

Until within the past few years the influence exerted over the islands was decidedly American, and there was even at one time a serious intention on the part of King Kamehameha III., of proposing the annexation of the islands to the United States. Lately, however, England, who is always ready to avail herself of other people's work, and who has done more to hinder the progress of Christianity than any other nation on earth, has been striving hard to destroy the influence which Americans had gained by such hard labor. When the late king asked that

an English clergyman might be sent out to his dominions, John Bull very graciously gave him a bishop in the person of Dr. Staley, the present Bishop of Honolulu. It was said at the time, that this was done to prevent the Episcopal Church in those islands from declining, as it could not grow without a bishop. While we will not deny the truth of this proposition, we will add that, as the bishop is also a member of the privy council of the king, the prompt action of England is plain to all who do not choose to be blinded. Dr. Staley being an Englishman, it would be unnatural to expect him to refrain from giving his influence to his native country to whom he owes his promotion, wherever her interests are concerned.

The English have another strong ally in the Dowager Queen Emma, whose recent visit to Great Britain has brought the Hawaiian kingdom more prominently before the public. She is the daughter of Dr. Rooker, an English surgeon, and was married by King Kamehameha IV., in 1856. Her son, the present king, was born May 20th, 1858. Queen Emma is described as dark complexioned, of medium height, and as rather a handsome woman. We accompany this article with an excellent likeness of her, engraved from a photograph taken during her visit to Europe.

The Sandwich Islands are known to sailors as the great "half way house" of the Pacific. The position of the islands gives them the command of the Pacific trade, and it is owing to this fact that the various great powers interested in that trade are striving to obtain the preponderance in their affairs. As for ourselves we have no fear of the result if our countrymen are alive to their interests. It is manifestly our destiny to control, if not to possess, the great commercial points of the New World, and we feel confident that the intrigues of England and France in this quarter will result simply in their own discomfiture.

The Sandwich Islands are distant only a fortnight's sail from San Francisco, and on the direct route to China and the whaling grounds. When the Pacific Railroad is completed, and the rich trade from the East pours into our hands through California, it will become a matter of absolute necessity that we should possess these islands as a coaling and supply station for our vessels. Their possession would make us absolute masters of the Pacific trade, and their loss would nearly destroy our commerce in those waters. England sees this, and hence seeks to undermine our influence there.

A CAPE WAGON.

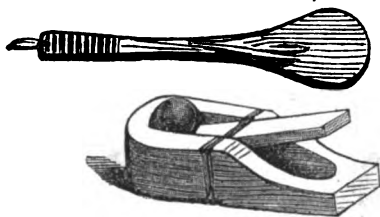


On this page we give the readers of the Magazine a spirited sketch of a Cape Wagon, with its almost interminable team of oxen and bullocks, winding their way along one of the vast plains of South Africa. The wagoners are furnished with whips of enormous length,

the stocks being of cane-pole, so that they are enabled without moving, to reach with the lash a large number of animals. Though not particularly unkind to their animals, they are very fond of wielding this official badge, and of cracking it most ostentatiously

whenever a European appears in sight. The country over which these wagons travel is of a difficult character, and it frequently requires the utmost exertions of a team like that depicted in our engraving, to get the wagon through the miry places in which they occasionally settle. In the wagons are brought to market, hides, skins of wild animals, horns, and other articles of commerce.

TRAP-BALL.



Trap-ball is a simple and easy game, healthful and interesting, and very popular among the English lads. The articles needed for it are a good, hard tennis ball, a bat, or broad ended stick, and a trap. It may be played singly or by any number of boys in sides. The trap is a sort of wooden shoe, with a tongue set loose upon an iron pin, with the narrow part standing up above the toe of the shoe, and the broad part falling into the hollow made in the heel for the reception of the ball. In playing, the ball is placed in the hollow of the trap, and the flat end of the tongue is struck sharply with the bat. This causes the ball to rise in the air, and as it descends the player strikes it with his bat more or less sharply as the case may be. The trap is placed with the toe towards the hand of the striker, and the heel towards the field, with the heel set rather lower in the ground than the toe, in order to give the ball a slightly forward inclination. Some players strike at the ball the instant it rises, while others allow it to rise a yard or more above the trap, and strike at it at the instant it descends.

By the aid of the engravings which we present here, any clever lad can construct a trap, and the bat is simply a piece of wood with a round handle and a long spoon-shaped end, flat on both sides, the entire length of the bat being about eighteen inches. The game is played as follows:

We will suppose that there are six players on each side; though more may join, this is a very good number. The players settle as to which side shall have first innings, and then

the batters stand behind the trap and the fielders disperse in front to stop, catch, and throw in the ball. The first player strikes away his ball from the bat, and it is the business of the fielders to catch or stop the ball, and throw it in towards the trap. The batsman is put out of the game by his ball being caught by one of his adversaries before it grounds; or, if the ball, when thrown in from the field, strikes the trap; or, if the batsman miss striking the ball aimed at. If none of these events happen, every stroke tells for one point towards the batsman's game, or for that of his side. The side which, after all the players have had their turns, makes the greatest number of points in one or two innings (as may be agreed on at starting), wins the game.

There are one or two other regulations observed by modern players at trap-ball. It is now usual to place two boundaries at a given distance from the trap, and if the ball be struck outside either of them, the batsman is out. Some players likewise make it a rule that every ball must be struck at least twenty feet from the bat before it grounds, and that



BAT AND BALL.

the batsman failing to so strike it shall be out of the game. Others agree that if the ball, when thrown in, rests within a bat's length of the trap, the striker is out; and others, again, allow two misses instead of one. All these little matters must, however, be left to the judgment of the players.

Another way of playing the game is the following:

In Essex, and the eastern counties of England generally, trap-ball is played in a manner somewhat different to that described. The

game, as to the striking of the ball within boundaries, its being caught, etc., is the same; but the variation calls for some judgment on the part of the batsman. The ball being stopped by one of the fielders, the striker forms an opinion as to the ability of the player who throws it back, and therefore calls for any number of points he chooses. The ball is then thrown back, and if, in the judgment of the fielders, it rests at a sufficient distance from the trap to justify the striker's call, the latter adds the number he calls to his score; but when a contrary opinion is held, a measurement takes place, and if the points demanded exceed in number the lengths of the bat from the trap to the ball, the striker loses the whole and is out; while, on the other hand, if the lengths of the bat are more than

The number of yards being measured, the umpire calls it out to the players, who set it down in their reckoning. The ball is then replaced in the trap, and the game proceeds. This game is such a favorite in England that a good match will rarely fail to draw together large crowds from distant points.

THE DUCKING STOOL.

We present to the reader on this page a spirited engraving of an old English punishment for scolding women. The Ducking, or more properly the Cucking, stool was composed of a chair attached to a long pole, and arranged in such a manner that the chair with the criminal in it might be hoisted over a pond or stream of water and soused into it. It was not only used to punish scolding



THE DUCKING STOOL OF OLDEN TIMES.

the scores called for, the matter terminates in the striker's favor, and the number called is set up to the account of the player or his side.

There is still another way of playing trap-ball. It is commonly known in England as "Nurr and Spell," but its real name is

NORTHERN SPELL.

In this game the ball is struck with a bat or heavy stick from the trap, and the object of the players is simply to see which of them shall strike the ball to the greatest distance in a given number of strokes. The length of each stroke is measured by an umpire appointed by the players, before the ball is returned to the trap. The measurement is made by means of a cord, which is divided into yards by means of knots. One end of the cord is made fast near the trap, and the other is stretched into the field by the umpire.

women, but was also applied to dishonest bakers and brewers, who were considered on a par with shrews.

In our engraving a scold is seen seated in the chair in the act of being ducked by two sturdy yeomen. The beadle of the parish stands just back of them in all his pomposity, to see the work well done, and a large crowd has collected, who view the punishment with shouts of laughter. In the foreground a number of women are carrying by main force a shrew to succeed the occupant of the chair, and the unlucky dame is resisting vigorously, but vainly.

And thinking of this singular and violent punishment we are reminded of another which grew out of the superstitions with which England and America were once so rife, and from which they are not yet entirely free. It was

believed in those old days that witches were possessed of such power that they could not be drowned, and a method of ascertaining the guilt of a woman charged with witchcraft was, to tie her thumbs and great toes together, and throw her into a stream of water. If she was a witch she could not be harmed, but if innocent she would drown. This terrible ordeal was not often resorted to, as the innocence of the accused could be established only by her death. Actual guilt could have brought no worse fate upon her. Yet sometimes cruelty and revenge prompted the use of this inhuman means.

A story is related of a young girl, who was betrothed to a poor farmer, and who was loved by a wealthy and unprincipled justice of the peace. Her parents favored the wealthiest suitor, but the girl frankly told him that her heart was given to another, and begged him to let her alone. Out of revenge, however, the justice had her arrested on a charge of witchcraft. She had been seen to attend a little child who was ill with some strange disorder, and who grew rapidly better under her nursing. The improvement was attributed to her unlawful powers, and taken as evidence against her. A noted witch-finder was sent for, who, being heavily bribed by the corrupt magistrate, declared that he found upon her all the marks of a witch. He even declared that there was something unholy in her beauty. Upon this evidence the maiden was condemned to undergo the water test. She was carried to a neighboring lake, her thumbs and great toes were tied together, and she was taken in a boat to the centre of the pool, and thrown into the water. Of course, in such a helpless condition she sank at once, and, dying, proved her innocence. The next day her lifeless body floated to the surface. The lover, for whom the girl had thus sacrificed her life, stood by coldly in the crowd, and saw her drowned, being completely won over by the arguments of the witch finder, and even thanked Heaven for deliverance from wedlock with a sorceress.

OLD GUARD HOUSE, RICHMOND, VA.

On page 263 we present to the reader a correct view of one of the most interesting and famous buildings in the late capital of the Ex-Confederacy. It is situated in the southwestern corner of the capitol grounds, at the intersection of Bank and Ninth streets. It is a plain building of red brick, surmounted

by a cupola containing a large and excellent bell, which is used for striking the standard time of the city. It is also rung for fires and for the summoning of the members of the legislature on extraordinary occasions. It was from this bell that the alarms were sounded on the approach of raiding parties of Union troops during the war.

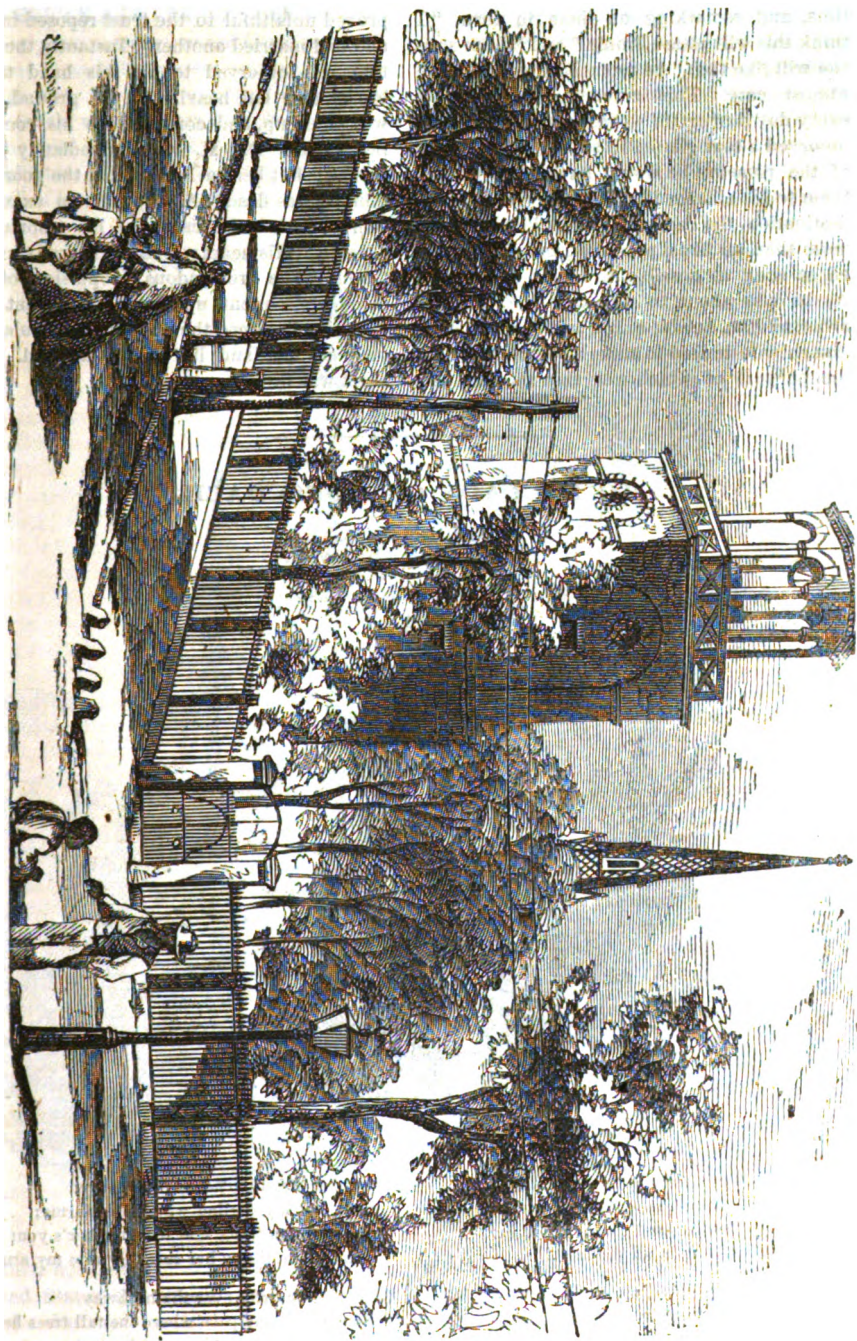
The tower was built as a guard house for the detachments of the Virginia State Guard, who were, from the organization of the State after the Revolution to the close of the late war, kept on duty over the public buildings in the capitol grounds. During the war the State continued to retain possession of it, and the tower was not occupied by the Confederate troops as is generally supposed.

Immediately opposite the Guard House, stood the Confederate War Department, a handsome building formerly used as a Mechanics' Institute. The figures of a lady and child in the engraving are in the position in which this building stood, and on the corner marked by the lamp-post stood the Navy Department, originally a private residence. Both of these edifices were destroyed by fire when the city was evacuated by the rebels. Through the trees, in the distance, is seen the handsome spire of the First Presbyterian church, situated on Capitol street, at the northern extremity of the grounds.

A BROKEN HEART.

The following interesting case of a literally *broken heart* was related by a late distinguished medical professor of Philadelphia. In the early part of his career, Dr. Mitchell accompanied, as surgeon, a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our Southern ports. On the return voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel were conversing in the latter's state-room, the captain opened a large chest, and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table. Dr. M., surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The captain replied that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected; but her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to greater exertion; and that finally, upon renew-

GUARD HOUSE, AT RICHMOND, VA.



ing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion, that, without her society, life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a mar-

riage from which, in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money, while in London, for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some

time, and remarking on them in turn, "I think this will please Annie," and "I am sure she will like that," he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage; and the doctor observed a tear glisten in his eye as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride. On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than his usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As he was about to step into the carriage awaiting him, he was called aside by two gentlemen who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had

proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and had married another. Instantly the captain was observed to put his hand to his breast, and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up, and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned; but before he reached the poor captain, he was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate decease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of the blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

TO MY LADY ON HORSEBACK.

~~~~~  
 BY A DEVOTED LOVER.  
 ~~~~~



Just the touch of a palm on my shoulder,
 A dear little fairy-like foot in my hand.
 A toss to the saddle—and there behold her,
 The loveliest lady in all the land!

She is dainty and sweet, my heart beguiling
 With wild-rose blushes and drooping glance;
 Or, tossing her head and naughtily smiling,
 She watches my clouded face askance.

Hair that is coiled in many a turning,
 And rippling sunnily back from the cheek,
 Beautiful mouth with a rose-flame burning,
 Violet eyes whose glances speak.

Carry her steadily, Selim my beauty,
 Start not my darling with rude alarms;
 Or, should you think that to throw her's your duty,
 Why, then, throw her carefully into my arms!

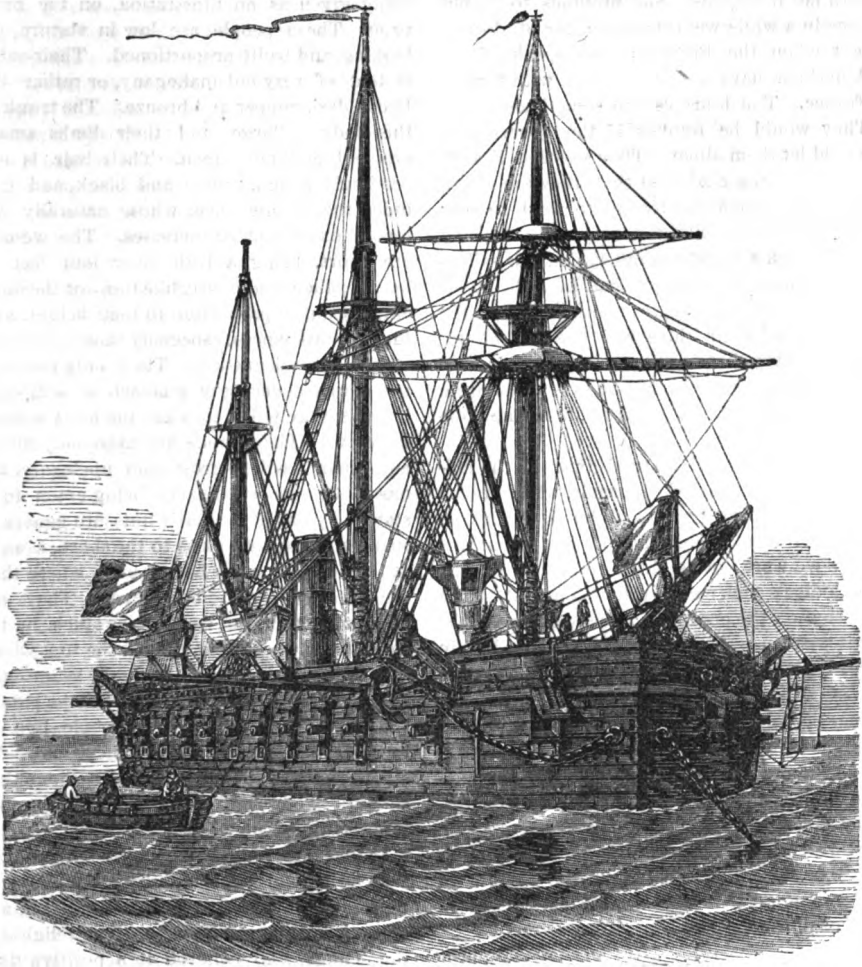
Cantering merrily over the highway.
 Slackening our pace where the tall trees bend,
 Walking in many a blossomy by-way—
 O, if the road but had no end!

Or, better, if, bound by the tie that is nearest,
 Over life's highway, side by side,
 You and I—ah, listen, my dearest!—
 Loved and loving, should happily ride!

AMERICAN AND FRENCH IRON CLADS.

Nearly two years ago we published some spirited and remarkably correct representations of French iron clads, as they existed at that time. The article created considerable discussion, not only in Boston and New York, but at Washington, where the secretary of the navy and all of his able assistants were concentrat-

able to renew the battle at a given signal. We can answer for our Monitors and Ironsides. They have been tried in the most thorough manner. We know just how fast they can steam, how heavy a sea they can encounter and still float, how much room they need to turn round, and their rate of speed to be under steerage-way. To be sure, to obtain



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD, "LA LAVE."

ing their minds on an iron-clad navy for the United States, that would compete with the world. Perhaps we have been successful. Actual conflict alone can tell the merits of an iron-clad fleet. At any rate, our ships have been under the concentrated fire of several hundred guns, as at Mobile, Charleston, New Orleans and Wilmington, and they came out scarred, but not so badly injured as to be un-

this important information cost us many millions of dollars. Some millions were thrown away in experiments, but the final result is before us, and we have reason to believe that the country is satisfied with what government has done.

Such being the case, let us for a moment glance towards France, for we know not how soon the two countries will be engaged in

strife, Mexico the bone of contention. To be sure, we hope that war will be avoided, for we don't think that we are prepared to make many sacrifices for the Monroe doctrine. We have as much debt as we care to stagger under at the present time. Heaven forbid that we should add to it.

We know that France is hardly satisfied with her iron-clads. She pretends to be, but once in a while we hear a murmur of discontent, when the French papers speak of the American navy and contrast it with that of France. The journals are sometimes frank. They would be franker if the government would let them alone. They say that France has many iron-clads, but that they are stout, unwieldy things, hardly safe to send to sea; that they steer wild, and they roll in a heavy sea in such a terrific manner, that the sailors think more of praying than of fighting or working; and lastly, they intimate that the bottoms of their ships will have to be renewed every three years, unless some kind of composition is discovered to save them from rust, which eats into the iron like some powerful acid.

All this we had learned through the columns of the English journals, which relish French failures because John Bull has so many of them to complain of; but just at this time we were not prepared to find in French periodicals such candid admissions. It shows us that on the ocean we have nothing to fear but wooden walls and fleet Alabamas, but in her harbors France is preparing a formidable fleet, all for harbor and coast defence. On page 265 we give our readers a capital representation of one of the best, "La Lave," a mass of iron and steel, welded, bolted and strapped together, but still almost incapable of operating in a moderate gale at sea. The question is, which is the best for usefulness, our monitors or ships like "La Lave?" We think we can answer with the utmost confidence in favor of the former.

UNCIVILIZED NATIONS.

It is an interesting study to examine the various characteristics of the different races who inhabit the earth, and to contrast them with each other. In doing this we may find many marks of similarity between nations widely opposite, and separated from each other by thousands of miles. In this article we propose to present to the reader three types of unenlightened existence, namely, barbarism,

fanaticism and extreme gentility; and in doing this we shall find that they have one common characteristic, which is indeed common to all uncivilized states—a complete slavery to superstition.

As the most fitting type of the barbarous condition, we select the natives of Terra del Fuego, an excellent engraving of one of them being given as an illustration, on the next page. These people are low in stature, ill-looking, and badly proportioned. Their color is that of very old mahogany, or rather between dark copper and bronze. The trunk of the body is large, and their limbs small, crooked and misshapen. Their hair is exceedingly rough, coarse and black, and half hides the countenance, whose naturally villanous expression it increases. The women are short, being a little over four feet in height; their bodies are, like those of the men, entirely out of proportion to their height, and their countenances, especially those of the old women, are disgusting. Their only clothing is a scanty covering of guanaco or seal skin. Of all savage tribes they are the most utterly repulsive. Their habits are extremely filthy, and their feeding gross and uncleanly, the most offensive substances being eaten in a state of putridity. Their huts are generally small, and are built close to the shore, usually at the head of some bay or inlet, where they are sheltered from the winds. They are built of boughs or small trees stuck in the earth, and brought together at the top, where they are firmly bound by bark, sedge and twigs. There is an oval hole in the side of the hut to creep in at. The people live by hunting and fishing, having little more instinct than the creatures upon whom they subsist. They are treacherous and superstitious in the extreme.

In treachery and superstition, however, they do not surpass the natives of India, who represent the highest types of fanaticism, and consequently of cruelty also. The religion of the Thugs, who believed it a positive duty which they owed to their goddess, to murder all travellers who came within their reach, affords an example of how far these singular people were carried by fanaticism in their dealings towards other people; and we propose here to show the extent to which that feeling carried them in inflicting injuries upon themselves. Our engraving on page 269 illustrates three modes of self-torture, which are practised by devotees, and rewarded with the admiration of the people. The figure on

the left is that of a devotee who was seen by a traveller at Benares some years ago. At that time he had been standing in the position represented for eight years without moving. He was supported by a piece of bamboo, suspended by ropes from the roof of a shed which had been built over him. He wore simply a rough woollen blanket covered with filth. His face was daubed over with sacred ashes, and his legs and feet were so swollen and dropsical that they had to be tightly bandaged to prevent them from bursting. He was generally occupied with his devotions, and was constantly telling his beads, which he held in a red bag in his left hand. He seldom slept, and only in a standing position. He informed the traveller who saw him that he intended to remain in that position until death came to relieve him.

The figure in the centre has his left arm raised. It is stiff and incapable of being used, the muscles and sinews having lost all power of producing motion from long disuse. The flesh is withered, and the finger nails have grown to the enormous length of six inches.

The remaining figure is that of a man who was once a soldier. Having become unfit for military life by the loss of a leg, he became a devotee in order to secure both a living here and happiness hereafter. Supplying the place of his lost limb with a wooden leg, he held both arms aloft until they became immovable.

The engraving on page 271 represents a member of the higher order of the Chinese. China has been for centuries the seat of the highest civilization of the East, and in the person of a Chinese gentleman we find the most extreme gentility the world has ever known. No other country is so hampered by forms and ceremonials as the Celestial Empire. Not even the exclusive and fastidious etiquette of the Prussian court can compare with the ordinary requirements of good society among this class. Personal discomfort is nothing when compared with one's reputation for gentility. Everything is done by a fixed rule, and he who violates it finds himself without the pale of good society, and is not unfrequently the recipient of the vengeance of the state. And yet with all their civilization, which they pride themselves upon as the most perfect in the world, no people are more thoroughly superstitious than they. There is a superstition, an omen to be sought for every observance, and by these they are guided in even the most trifling things.

Here then we see the meeting ground of

all unenlightened races. The most civilized and the most barbarous of them are the equals of the most fanatical in superstition. It seems that only Christianity can do away with this debasing tendency, and raise man, however great his intellectual achievements, from the level of the dumb animal.

It is a strange but well attested fact that wherever superstition exists, its votaries partake more or less of the barbarous character-



NATIVE OF TERRA DEL FUEGO.

istics. It begets cruelty and treachery such as are unknown to enlightened beings. Even coming home to ourselves we find a broad and marked difference drawn between the well-balanced and liberal mind and that which is debased by the feeling to which we have alluded; and if we examine the matter searchingly we shall find in our superstitious classes many points in which they closely resemble the races described herein. Indeed, they are more nearly akin to them than to their more enlightened brethren.

OLD ELECTION DAYS IN IRELAND.

A Protestant elector, who married a Roman Catholic lady, was bound to convert her, within a year, if he wished to preserve his vote. For example, at the election for Clonmel, county Tipperary, in 1761, the agent for one of the candidates tendered his vote; whereupon the opposing agent started up, and exclaiming, "You know you married a Papist!" disfranchised him at once; for this was not only the fact, but the husband had failed to bring over his wife to his own church within the time appointed by law. And then, the usual little formula followed. The disfranchised agent challenged his disfranchiser, and as in those days Irish gentlemen always carried their "reporters" or pistols with them, the two adversaries walked on to Clonmel Green, on the banks of the Suir, to settle their tempers. They were followed by an excited mob, whose entire sympathy was with the liberal and disfranchised agent. Pistol duels were, at that time, commonly fought on horseback, and our brace of agents, with a brace of pistols to each, were in saddle, moving their horses in narrow circles round each other, till opportunity presented itself for firing with effect. In those days, aim was taken, murders were meant, and the boast of "killing one's man" was made without apologetic paraphrase or hypocritical euphuism. The objecting agent was the first, on this occasion, to recognize opportunity; delivering his fire, he shot his antagonist through the heart, and the poor fellow rolled dead from the saddle on to the green. A scream of execration and a cry for vengeance went up from the exasperated mob, and there would soon have been another mutilated wretch upon the turf, had he not had presence of mind again to recognize opportunity. He plunged, horse and rider, into the Suir, and swimming to the opposite bank, escaped across the country. As for the poor fellow who had lost his vote and life because he had neglected to convert his wife, the killing him was illegal. Dead, the law would avenge him, but living, the law despised him. He was stigmatized as "a constructed Papist"—a more odious sort of "Papist" than one who was a Roman Catholic by birth, education, profession and principle.

Twenty-two years later, in 1783, General Walsh and Mr. Warburton were rival candidates for the representation of Queen's county. On this occasion the candidates did not come into deadly collision, but all Irish spirit was

not so entirely dead as to allow the election to pass off without a rencontre. If the candidates could not quarrel or fight, there were not wanting electors ready and willing to do both. At an election drinking-bout in one of the taverns, a half-tipsy exciseman who was ex-officio disfranchised, was lamenting the lack of belligerent spirit in the people, when his eye fell on the open mouth of Jemmy Skelton, an elector, who was asleep at the opposite side of the table. Delighted at the opportunity, and grateful to the gods who sent it, the exciseman thrust his riding-whip down Skelton's throat. The uproar that ensued was perfectly delicious; so genuine a row had not awakened the echoes of Maryborough for many a year. Everybody was excited and at his ease, except Jemmy Skelton, who was indeed as excited as everybody, but who was not so much at his ease, while the whip was still sticking in his throat. When something like calmness or a more concentrated rage was established, the usual arrangements for the duello were gone into, not altogether to the satisfaction of Skelton, who thought that a riding-whip in the gullet might have exempted him from a bullet in the thorax.

"No fear of you," said one of his seconds, as he clapped a brace of pistols into Jemmy's not too willing hands. "All you have to do, Jemmy," said the other, "is to lose no time. Only look alive, and you'll keep so!"

The exciseman and the chivalrous elector fought on the green at Maryborough, where tents were pitched, and a crowd with divided sympathies was assembled, and whiskey was circulated in tin cups, and everything looked as cheerful and comfortable as Irish electors of the year 1783 could reasonably desire. They certainly found more fun than they at least expected, for Skelton's promptitude took them by surprise. With both pistols held before him, he went up at the "double quick" to the exciseman, and before any word or sign was given, he "blazed away," according to the instructions of his seconds, and bringing down the exciseman by a shot in the leg, fired the other pistol full at him as he lay on the ground.

"O, you sanguinary villain," exclaimed the exciseman, as he lay on the grass, unhurt, however, by the second shot. "Do you want to take my life?"

"I do," said the candid Jemmy. "I've come here on purpose." But seeing that the exciseman was about to fire in his turn, Skel-

ton having done all that opportunity offered, and being extremely careful of his own person, dropped his pistols and bolted from the ground with the utmost precipitation. The assembled multitude laughed so loud that they could not hoot him, and Jemmy ran too fast to allow them a chance of bringing him back to place him under fire.

Some one has said that a state of war is the natural state of man; and in Ireland, at least, even infants were brought up on such a principle, as late as the beginning of the present century. When Sir John Bourke and Amby Bodkin had a fierce quarrel, arising partly out of an electioneering discussion, they met armed for the duello on the lawn in front of

his elevation above the heads of the people. Not only the principals, but the seconds took part in the bloody fray. Each principal and his two friends delivered their fire simultaneously. As the smoke blew away Amby Bodkin and a second on either side were seen stretched on the ground, with holes in their carcases, and some angry blood flowing therefrom. But Sir John was erect, unscathed, and hilarious. The wounded were attended to, the spectators dispersed, and the baronet and his more immediate friends went into the house for luncheon and claret; and the little boy who was with them, and had holiday for the remainder of the day, was enabled to gather from their discourse, what a



A SCENE IN INDIA.

the baronet's house, near Glinsk. Neighbors were there, and tenants were there, and strangers who had heard of what was likely to be to the fore, were there also. All the household work was suspended, for all the servants had gathered together at a corner of the house, to see the master blaze away, and blow out Amby Bodkin's brains. The very nursery yielded its representatives. The house-steward had hastened thither just before the duel commenced, and taking Bourke's delighted little son by the hand, ran with him down to the lawn, where the too zealous steward hoisted him on to his shoulder, that he might see "papa fight!" It was a rare sight, and the boy crowed and clapped his hands from

merry and honorable thing it was to mutilate two or three gentlemen on a lawn, on a fine spring morning.

Probably, the most remarkable example of Irish electioneering peculiarities is to be found in the story of the contest for Castlebar, county Mayo—a contest which excited much antagonistic feeling some half century ago, and which is well remembered and briskly talked of in the locality even now. It is as frequently referred to as the famous "Castlebar Races," a name given to the strategic movement of the French under General Humbert, when the Marquis of Ormonde appeared in sight of the town with the express purpose of accelerating their movements.

For this pleasant little town, a candidate offered himself in the person of a well-esteemed gentleman of the neighborhood, named Brown. His success seemed certain, for there was no opposition; but Brown had a friend, and an Irish friend being always disposed to render things lively and pleasant, the one in question (his name was Bingham) offered himself to the electors, as the opponent of Brown. This was looked upon as an exceedingly lively move, all the more so as Bingham's prospects became at once brighter than Brown's, and mischief was likely to be one of the much-coveted consequences.

Brown, indeed, looked serious; but mutual and vivacious friends resolved that matters should be made agreeable to gentlemen and custom, and they accordingly intimated to Brown that, if he would succeed, he must do the proper thing, namely, call Bingham out, and shoot him dead upon the spot. Now Brown had some foolish little scruples, and if he had listened to them, and weakly yielded to considerations of humanity, morality, and the sixth commandment, the whole fun of an election would have been damaged altogether. Brown and Bingham were intimate friends; Bingham had a perfect right to contest Castlebar with Brown; the two things considered, Brown saw that he would be perfectly justified in calling Bingham out and shooting him if he could.

Both were pleasant fellows, as well as hearty friends, and it was as difficult a matter for Brown to pick a quarrel and fasten it upon a man, as it was for Bingham to take offence, when none was intended. Yet the thing must be accomplished, or dull indeed would be the election time in the good town of Castlebar. Brown meditated and hesitated, but he was told that, like Macbeth's little affair, it not only must be done, but it could be done well only by being done quickly. Brown did not lack courage; what he wanted was an excuse: but an Irishman's invention is a marvellous machine, and Brown's was in full and efficient play, as he sauntered into the Castlebar club-room and saw Bingham writing a letter, at a table adjacent to a window which looked into a field, or garden. Brown walked slowly up to the writer, who was quite unconscious of his adversary's approach, and leaning over him, said very distinctly and unpleasantly, "Bingham, you lie!"

Bingham looked up with mingled astonishment and fierceness, and then addressing the members of the club (who were scattered

about the room), as if he could scarcely believe his own ears, "Gentlemen! did you hear that? And I never spoke to him!"

"Never mind, Bingham," said Brown. "If you didn't speak a lie, you were thinking one!"

Bingham was a sensible man, quite amenable to reason, and he recognized the propriety and tendency of things at once. A man could not fight unless offence was given, and another could not fight unless the offence was taken. Brown had been clever enough to give it; Bingham was reasonable enough to take it. The logical sequence was that a duel was inevitable, and that all Castlebar would be delighted to witness it.

When pistols had been procured—and they, as a matter of course, at an election time, of all others, were "handy" or "convenient"—the rival candidates descended to the field or garden behind the house, where the delighted members and as many of the townsfolk as had heard of what was to take place, were assembled. All the usual formalities having been gone through, with the usual ceremonious politeness, the two friends, each bent on shooting the other, were placed at a distance of twenty paces, with liberty to advance on each other, and to fire when either thought best.

The adversaries stood motionless for a moment at the extreme distance, after the word was given to close; then they moved slowly, each keeping his eyes fixed on those of his antagonist, but neither of them taking aim. When half the intervening distance had been got over, Bingham suddenly raised his arm, fired, and widely missed. He saw that he had lost the election. Brown, raising his pistol, exclaimed, "Bingham, I'll shoot you!"

"Shoot away!" cried Bingham, in return, with expletive emphasis.

Brown was far from being such a fool as to follow the ill-meant counsel. With a sort of triumphant laugh, he raised his pistol and fired into the air. Mr. Bingham was disgusted.

He had won the election; for, had Brown shot Bingham, he would probably have been compelled to retire from the hot though temporary pursuit of the law, and if Bingham survived the wound inflicted, he would necessarily come in by force of the sympathies of all the electors. But here was his friend and adversary Brown, who had given him his life, and the law of chivalry would not allow his opposing a man to whom he was indebted for such a boon. Bingham accordingly retired, and Brown was elected

without opposition. The successful candidate was convinced there was no such process for getting rid of an opponent as calling him out, and not shooting him. But this conviction overlooked the circumstance that Bingham might not have missed when he fired at Brown. To obviate all possibility of failure in future, the former took to the practice of pistol-shooting at a mark, as the most important preparation for successfully obtaining the votes of an enlightened constituency.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

The beauty of the Circassian women has long been known to fame, and has attracted a romantic interest to the country of their birth. The harems of the East are supplied with their beautiful dolls from the region of country about the Caucasian Mountains, occupying the space between the Black and Caspian Seas. Circassia, in a general sense, includes all this territory, though there are several distinct provinces, or states, occupied by seventeen different tribes, which are subdivided into many clans. The strongest and most prominent of these tribes are the *Tcherkess*, which occupy the northwestern portion of the Caucasian range. It is from the name of these tribes that the word *Circassia* is derived. The population of this region of country is estimated at about two millions of people. They are in nominal subjection to Russia, though in a state of constant warfare against the czar, and being a fierce and powerful race of hardy mountaineers, they oppose a formidable resistance to the Russian troops, often holding them at bay, and sometimes gaining complete victories over them. Even the all-conquering Timour the Tartar could not subdue them in other days. The province of Georgia, on the southern side of the mountain range, being further removed from the Russian frontier, enjoys a comparative exemption from this perpetual strife. It is from this section that many of the female slaves are carried, who are purchased for the Turkish and Persian markets.

The Caucasian, with a complacent self-flattery, is adopted by European writers as the highest type of the human race. Physically it is so, and the experience of centuries has proved that it is full as well adapted for high moral and intellectual development, under favorable circumstances, as any other. In the home of its birth, however, among the mountains of the Caucasus, it does not pre-

sent any very encouraging traits, either moral, social or intellectual. Its daughters are reared up for sale in foreign markets, and symmetry of form, fairness of complexion, and beauty of features, are encouraged simply as available qualities for commanding a price. Parental or fraternal affection has no part or lot in the matter, and the only parental aspiration which is indulged in, is, that the young female may please the eye of the Jew merchant, and bring a handsome price. As for life among the Circassians, "there is nothing in it," as the used-up man says in the play. They subsist chiefly by plundering their neighbors, do but

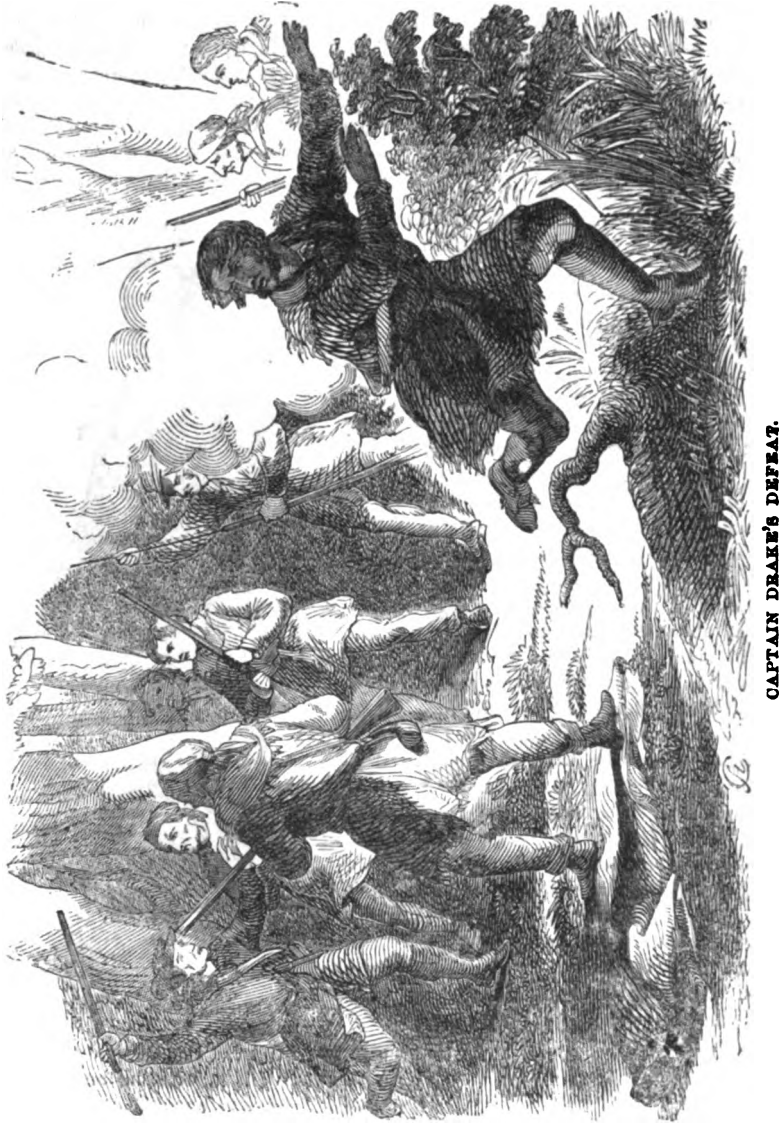


A CHINESE GENTLEMAN.

little in cultivating the soil, and burrow in the most filthy, ill-constructed and contracted hovels. They live upon the coarsest and most unsavory food. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the females do not object to being sold, but rather anticipate the event with pleasure, as a certain prospect of improving their physical condition. They all have the hope of becoming the wives of pachas and grandees.

The trade in Circassian slaves has been interdicted by the present Sultan of Turkey, yet it is still carried on in a covert manner, and to as great an extent as heretofore. The price paid by the Turks for these females,

harem. The sole accomplishments of the Circassian females consist in embroidering, needle-work and weaving; reading and writing being mostly unknown among them. The religion of all the Circassian tribes is for the



CAPTAIN DRAKE'S DEFEAT.

varies according to their attractions, but usually ranges from one hundred to two hundred dollars. The personal attractions are all that are sought for, in this traffic; intellectual culture being a bore to the stolid Turk, even were it possible to find it in these puppets of the

most part Mahometan, though some few are converts, under Russian influence, to the Greek Church. The Mahometan religion is an indispensable arrangement with the slave-raisers, because it places their daughters in free communion with their future Turkish masters.

CAPTAIN DRAKE'S DEFEAT.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

AFTER Hull's surrender of the post at Detroit, the Indians, having nothing to restrain them in their murderous incursions into the State of Ohio, caused the utmost alarm to the inhabitants, who were subjected to all the harassing consequences of savage warfare. To protect themselves as well as their exigencies would admit, the male portion of the citizens of each town, village and county enrolled themselves in companies, who stood ready at a moment's notice, to obey the call to arms. Among many other corps organized at this time, and under these circumstances, was one in Delaware county, the commandant of which was Captain William Drake, a brave and energetic officer, jocose withal, and, like all of his class, fond of playing a practical joke. The unfortunate results, although entirely unforeseen, of one of his mad pranks, taught him a severe lesson, however, and he ever after eschewed their perpetration. Let us turn to history for a moment, that we may properly understand the position of affairs at the period of our story.

General Harrison was appointed to the command of the north-western army, to take the place of the inefficient Hull, and the forces were pushed forward for the Maumee Rapids, with the intention of recapturing Detroit before winter set in, to be prepared for the invasion of Canada in the ensuing spring. They marched in three divisions—one from Wooster, by Upper Sandusky, under General Wilkinson; another from Urbana, by Fort McArthur, under General Tupper; and the third under Harrison, from St. Mary's by the Auglaize and Maumee Rivers. This arrangement resulted in disaster. General Wilkinson arrived at the place of rendezvous, but was induced to push still further forward to attack a force at Frenchtown, only eighteen miles from Malden, and the bloody massacre of the river Raisin followed, in which his command was defeated and captured, and many of the prisoners killed by the Indians. General Tupper's detachment did not move as directed, and when the general arrived at the head of navigation on the Maumee, he found himself in command of only one-third of the army which he had anticipated meeting at that place; and the construction of Fort Meigs

was all that was accomplished during the winter.

On the opening of spring, Proctor laid siege to the fort, and although unsuccessful, the defeat and slaughter of the reinforcements to the garrison, under Colonel Dudley, cast a heavy gloom over the land, and augmented the despondency caused by the surrender of Hull, and the defeat of Wilkinson. The siege of Fort Meigs being raised, General Harrison left Colonel Clay in command, and hastened to Franklinton to organize a new army. Taking advantage of his absence, General Proctor again appeared in the vicinity, and made another attempt to reduce it. Colonel Clay had but a few hundred men to defend the post, but this duty was performed so well, that Proctor, despairing of success, again raised the siege; but determined not to return to Malden barren of laurels, he invested the fort at Lower Sandusky, which was under command of Major Croghan, a young man twenty-one years of age, with a force of only one hundred and sixty men. General Harrison was at this time at Fort Seneca, on the Sandusky River, about twelve miles from Fort Stephenson. Every effort was made to bring into the field a sufficient body of men to raise the siege and drive the British and Indians back to their stronghold in Malden. Notwithstanding the States of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana had suffered the loss of so many brave men in the defeats and massacres of the past season, they nobly responded to the call of Harrison, and among other corps which marched to his relief, was that under command of Captain Drake.

They encamped the first night at a short distance from the outskirts of the settlements, and after giving orders how they should form in case of an attack, the captains stationed sentries about the camp and the men laid themselves down to sleep. Each one, choosing his place near the fire and wrapping himself in his blanket, threw himself upon the sward with his rifle in his arms, prepared for an emergency, and the whole were soon wrapped in slumber, except the vigilant sentinels who patrolled their beats at some distance from the camp, to give the alarm in case of approaching danger. The sleep of the

captain was restless, and once or twice during the night he arose, and passed around the camp to see if his sentries were at their posts, and on the alert. At length, toward morning, he arose, and as he looked around upon his slumbering companions, the thought occurred to him to ascertain, by a false alarm, how many he might depend upon in case of actual danger. No sooner said than done. Stealing past the sentinels unobserved, he made his way some distance into the bushes, and having discharged his rifle he rushed toward the camp, shouting at the top of his voice, "Indians! Indians!" The sentinels immediately fired their pieces, and rushed hastily into quarters, repeating the cry, "Indians! Indians!" The scene which ensued may perhaps be imagined, but it cannot be depicted either by pen or pencil. Some of the more courageous and steady endeavored to form on the ground designated by the captain; others were running about, half asleep, half awake, not knowing exactly what to do, while not a few seemed disposed to trust to the "manual exercise of heels," for safety. Among the latter class was the first lieutenant, who, awakened from his slumbers, perchance from dreams of savage foes, of massacre, rapine and murder, started to his feet, and incontinently took to his heels, preferring to depend upon his *legs*, rather than his *arms*, for security. Had he remained firm, no doubt the men, having the force of command and example to direct them, would have formed as ordered to do, and shown themselves ready for any emergency.

The experience of all history proves that no alarm is more startling and bewildering, and consequently more likely to be effectual and render the attack of even a smaller force successful, than one made in the night, when men, suddenly awakened from sound sleep, become confused and disordered. Hence this was a favorite stratagem of the Indians, who, whenever the opportunity offered, adopted it, and generally with success. The Western pioneers had become accustomed to this mode of warfare, however, and in the life of constant danger which they led, and in repeated conflicts with the Indians, had been taught to be prepared for such sudden and startling disturbance to their repose. It may have been, and doubtless was, a part of the captain's idea, to drill his men to instantaneous readiness for emergencies of this nature, so that should such occur in reality, he might depend upon their presence of mind and alac-

rity, in springing to their respective posts and obeying orders. Be that as it may, his desires were frustrated by the unaccountable fear and trepidation displayed by his subordinate, who, without looking behind him, but doubtless thinking that a whole army of Indian warriors were at his heels, dashed off over logs, stones and stumps, at a rate of speed which threatened imminent peril to his neck and limbs—his excited imagination converting the sounds of confusion in his rear into Indian war-whoops and yells of victory.

Seeing the consternation, confusion and impending disgrace of his command, the captain repented of his experiment and quickly announced the hoax he had played, and ordered a halt; and order was once more restored to the camp. The mind of the thoroughly frightened lieutenant, however, was so completely imbued with the idea that the camp had been attacked and his comrades slaughtered, that it could not entertain any other thought, and when the sounds died away in the distance and were heard no more, he ascribed the silence to the fact that they had all succumbed to the tomahawks and scalping knives of the relentless foe, and that he was the only survivor of all the party. This lent additional speed to his limbs, and on, on he went, tearing through the bushes, falling over logs, wading through bogs and marshes, regardless of the piercing thorns which tore his clothing into shreds and lacerated his flesh; the sharp stones which cut his feet, or the wild grape-vines which were constantly tripping him to the ground. Rising after each fall, and still supposing that the enemy were in pursuit, he madly urged his headlong flight.

The moon was about three hours high when he had laid down, and he supposed that he had slept but a few moments when he was so suddenly awakened; he therefore had taken that bright luminary for his guide, and directed his course for home. But having had time to reach the western horizon, it misled him, and, instead of pursuing a southerly direction, he had been running toward the west. Instead of reaching the point whence the party had set out, he found himself, after running about ten miles through the forest, at Radnor settlement, which he reached just about the break of day, bare-headed, his clothes almost torn from his person, the blood trickling from the wounds made by thorns and briars, his body besmeared with mud and dirt, and altogether presenting a sight well calculated to give force to the idea that he

had escaped from a fearful field of strife and massacre.

The sleeping inhabitants of the settlement were soon aroused from their slumbers, and listened to the awful recital of the dangers he had escaped. According to his story, the corps had been attacked while asleep by an overwhelming force of Indians, who had burst upon them suddenly and unexpectedly, and slaughtered them in cold blood, before any effectual resistance could be made; that he alone of all the number had escaped, although pursued by the foe with the utmost pertinacity. The effect of this intelligence upon the settlers was such as might naturally be expected under the circumstances. They knew that Proctor, with a large body of British troops and upward of two thousand Indians under Tecumseh, were besieging Fort Stephenson, while the force under Harrison amounted to no more than a third of their numbers. What conclusion more natural to arrive at, than that they had prevailed, and were now sweeping through the settlements to wreak a dire revenge upon every hapless pale-face who should fall in their way? The utmost confusion now prevailed; the alarm of the camp had communicated to the village, and there was no laughing captain to explain the hoax.

The dreadful news spread like a fire on the prairie, and every man, woman and child prepared for instant and rapid flight. A scene ensued which beggars description. Horses were saddled, or harnessed to the family wagon with the utmost precipitation. Women, children and most valuable household goods were tumbled into the latter pell-mell, every one being moved by the same anxious desire to lead the flight from such dangerous proximity to the fearful foe. Some loaded their rifles, with which to defend themselves if attacked; others were packing up a few valuables and eatables for their journey, while some were bewildered and did nothing. Every shade of character was brought out, from the cool, intrepid woodman, who made ready to defend his wife and children to the death, to the cowardly poltroon, who stood wringing his hands and hearing in the rustling of the leaf, or the sighing of the breeze, the dread approach of the enemy. All concurred in one thing, and that was, that instant, speedy and precipitate flight was necessary, if they would save their lives and preserve their scalps; and it was immediately commenced, with all the accompaniments attending such a stampede—

supposing the Indians to be immediately in the rear of the flying settlers.

The reader may smile, but it was no joke to them; it was rudely severing all the ties of home which, though humble and rude perhaps, presented to them all the attractions and fond associations which the fact that it was of their own creation could throw around it. They took a last, fond, lingering look, and departed on their aimless flight. None knew whither to flee for safety; they might be compelled to put the Ohio River between them and the foe. As they went, they communicated the alarm to the various settlers on the route, and these, joining in the exodus, swelled the crowd which, about sunrise, came pouring through the town of Delaware, producing among the citizens the same confusion and dismay which had moved them to flight. Indeed, their feelings were the more poignant, that they had to mourn their relatives and friends slaughtered by the foe. Scarcely a family in the place but was called upon to grieve for the loss of some one of its members who belonged to the ill-fated company. Immediate preparations were made for removal, but while those were going forward with all the haste which the seeming exigencies of the case demanded, a few men were despatched as scouts to ascertain the movements of the enemy.

Meanwhile, the crowd hurried on, a large portion going to Worthington, some to Franklinton, and others as far as Chillicothe. Many anecdotes are related, going to show the state of trepidation and fear in which the affrighted fugitives pursued their way—showing, also, that there is no difference between supposed and real danger, except that in the case of those actuated by the former, no sympathy is felt by those who escaped the infection. One family named Peusy drove so fast that they jolted one of the children, a boy about three years old, out of the wagon, and did not discover their loss until they had driven some five or six miles on their way to Worthington. A consultation was held as to what should be done in the emergency. To go back seemed to be flying in the face of the foe, perchance to find him already dead, and after arguing the pros and cons, it was decided that the safety of the rest demanded the sacrifice of the little one, and he was left to his fate, while the parents drove on with heavy hearts. He was found and taken care of by others, was afterwards restored to his friends, and was recently living in the neigh-

borhood of his early home. One poor mother, in the haste and confusion of hurrying off, beside herself with fear, forgot her infant, which lay sleeping in the cradle. Her husband was a member of the ill-starred corps, and what with grief at the sudden loss, fright, terror and dismay, it is not to be wondered at that she should lose her presence of mind, and became little short of insane. After riding some distance, the friends with whom she rode inquired for her child, which was the first intimation she had that she had left it behind her. With all her maternal feeling aroused, she determined to return for it, while her friends waited for that purpose. After the lapse of some time, they beheld her returning, bearing in her arms, not the infant, but a stick of wood, which she had seized upon in her absence of mind, leaving her babe still quietly sleeping in its cradle. It, too, was left to its fate, was cared for by others, and eventually restored to its mother, who had the further felicity of meeting her husband on his "return from the wars."

The scouts who had been sent out proceeded as far as Norton, where they found the people pursuing their ordinary avocations, they having been informed by a messenger from Captain Drake of the true state of the case. As soon as they realized the full extent of the affair, they hastened back to their friends to counteract the effects of the alarm which had now been spread far and wide. It was too late, however, to do this effectually, the haste of many being so great that they had left all behind, satisfied to preserve their lives from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, or from the more fearful torments of the stake and fagot. Delaware itself was fortunate in receiving the information before a large number of its inhabitants had fled; but there were some portions of the county which suffered severely from the abandonment of the settlers. The crops remained uncultivated and unharvested for want of the necessary hands wherewith to perform the labors of the field; a vast amount was destroyed by the cattle, which, left to take care of themselves, broke down the slight fences and laid waste whole acres of "roasting ears" and tender grain, and everything went to rack and ruin. It was a serious check to the growth of the county, as the inhabitants, whether from mortification at the undue fear they had displayed, or from whatever cause, were slow to return to their homes—many having fled so far that the news was slow to reach them, and, having formed new

associations, never did return. The feelings of the cowardly lieutenant, when he heard the true cause of the sudden alarm upon the camp, and reflected upon the serious results which followed his unfortunate *faux pas*, may be imagined. Among the pioneers, those brave and hardy men who spent their lives in one long continued contest with the most savage and relentless foe, cowardice was looked upon as the worst of crimes, and the unlucky individual who showed the white feather was subject to the scoffs and jeers of all, and, although the country had received, at the period of my story, large accessions of inhabitants from the other States, who brought with them different characteristics and sentiments, there was still enough of the old spirit left to make the lieutenant's position uncomfortable, and he emigrated.

Captain Drake and his company, perfectly unconscious of the effect produced in their rear by the fugitives from their camp, marched to Sandusky and took part in the operations of the campaign with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their general. The captain became a prominent man in the county, filled the office of associate judge and others of equal importance, and was living a few years since. He never forgot the circumstances of his celebrated defeat, and ever regretted the results of his untimely joke.

SIOUX MEN'S JOKES.

There ought always to be a point to a joke, but sometimes there is a joke to point. A gentleman, sometime back, was sick, and was informed by his physician that there was an obstruction in his colon. "I hope I won't lose half of it," said the joker, "for I should think a semi-colon in me would be improperly placed." The doctor informed him that there was no danger of that. "Very well," he rejoined, "pray put a period to it, but don't make a full stop of me." The doctor at first made an interrogation point, and when the thing flashed on him an exclamation, which was increased when a third party observed that the joke, though not very good, was rather an uncomma-on. A similar case gave rise to a variation of this which was funny. A doctor had said that A had inflammation of his colon. B called to inquire after A's health, and what was the nature of his disease. His landlady, of whom inquiry was made, replied she didn't exactly know, but she believed his punctuation was out of order.

THE NUTTING FROLIC.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

The morning dawned in frosty light, as in the fairy haunt,
Whose fruits were jewels, gleamed the dews on every twig and plant,
While flamed on distant woodlands, through the smoky atmosphere,
In orange and vermillion tints, the sunset of the year.

We sallied forth, a merry group, with baskets which we found
Would carry all the nuts that grew for twenty miles around;
All young—except a jocund wight we nicknamed Uncle Joe,
Whose cheeks beneath his white locks glowed like roses 'neath the snow.

Where shone inverted outlines of the trees, we crossed the pond,
And, wading through the billowy sedge, soon reached the wood beyond;
The whirl of winds, as from his haunt the partridge flew, we heard,
And rustling of dry leaves that by the dropping nuts were stirred.

Then, while the squirrel scolded from above, his winter store
We robbed from his aerial farm, and hastened on for more;
Old Joe left his stiff joints behind, and climbed the trees so spry
To shake down nuts for little Jane, we laughed as we would die.

We chased the chestnuts down the hill, and when we caught them, screamed
As, with their prickly coats like fierce young porcupines they seemed.
Like friars burning at the stake, dark pines in sunset's glare
Stood, as with heavy baskets, but light hearts we home did fare.

Hope is the poetry of youth, but memory that of age,
And backward, like a Hebrew book, we read life's fairest page:
Young blood leaps in my veins again whatever, in the fall,
That day, of my few happy ones the happiest, I recall!

GARROTED FOR LOVE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

THERE were two things favorable to the success of Job Dowley's love-suit with Miss Orville—his perseverance and her friend's opposition. To the last-named cause he was already much indebted. Marion's brother-in-law, whenever he found the aspirant for her hand in the parlor, growled out the briefest possible salutation and turned his back on him; while her sister, still more cuttingly, ignored his presence in the house altogether, or if she chanced to come into the hall as he was taking leave, was in the habit of casting suspicious glances as if she feared for the overcoats, and meditated calling a servant to attend to this very doubtful, unknown intruder.

After a scene like this, Marion *could* not, as she otherwise might, forget the young man the moment the door closed on him; occasionally her beautiful dark eyes flashed with indignation as she thought upon the injustice of these family friends, and the insults they dared heap upon one from whom she chose to receive attentions. Sometimes the petted sister fancied Mary and Charley treated her with coldness on Dowley's account, and then she would weep and long for affection which was devoted, and unchangeable, and unexact—such, for example, as Job had ventured to hint he carried about with him, ready for her acceptance. She fell into the habit of wasting the midnight gas in poring over

poetry and novels pertaining to "love that cannot die," thwarted attachments and run-away matches. Under these circumstances, and possessing a fair share of engaging qualities, a lover would be pretty sure to win. Marion's admirer was not remarkable for either personal or intellectual endowments. If we sum up the former, we find them to consist in a beauteous moustache, upon which its owner placed great reliance and expended his cash at the barber's freely.

A good deal of time wasted away and still Job was unable to perceive that in his love affair any material advantage was gained. It would not do to let things go on so much longer. He knew well it was not safe to make a formal declaration yet; but while he waited, content to receive the smiles of the angelic girl, some one else might carry off the prize, leaving poor Job, if possible, in a more deplorable strait than even his ancient namesake.

Mr. Dowley shut himself in his chamber and smoked cigars till his landlady prophesied he would evaporate in the smoke thereof, and all his fellow-boarders set it down for a fact that Miss Orville had jilted him. Mr. Dowley was devising ways and means. Mr. Dowley knew a thing or two. He could afford to be misinterpreted.

How would it do to affect illness, and have Miss Orville sent for? Seeing him on the threshold of eternity, might not her precious, waxen heart melt sufficiently to allow his image to be surely impressed thereon? When her blessing appeared about to take its flight, it would brighten to her vision, according to the poet, giving him the opportunity of making the demand with a fair prospect of immediate surrender.

He turned to the glass. His face was naturally florid, and under the present excitement of wrestling with circumstances, seemed kindling into a blaze. In vain he dropped his jaw and made pap of his cheeks, trying to look cadaverous—any fool would have detected the sham. It was discouraging, but it has already been said that Job Dowley was perseverance personified.

He resumed his seat and lighted another cigar. In a moment his perplexity vanished. There were fevers—very respectable disease, to be had at short notice—florid face no objection. The malady of all others to which he seemed adapted. He resolved to have a fever—a genuine typhoid, and no hypocritical pretence, which at the best might not succeed.

In view of the glorious results which were to follow, he could afford a first-class article.

His room was in the third story. It was a windy winter's night, with the thermometer within whispering distance of zero, and the moon careering in the clear heavens as glittering white as a bride in tulle, satin and diamonds. Unable to keep off the shivers, Dowley had rung for the fire-boy three times in as many hours; and while the latter heaped coal on the grate, the former heaped maledictions on the grinning, woolly head. This was previous to Job's fever attack.

The wind had risen higher; it rattled and shook and rocked whatever it came in contact with. But its violence bore hardly a comparison to the force of Job's determination. The lower sash of his window was raised and a pair of nude feet thrust unflinchingly across the sill, the nucleus of the coveted fever. The residue of Mr. Dowley lay back in his chair, smiling benignly as the shadows of coming events passed before his mental vision, seeming intensely real.

He drew a deep inspiration. "Ah, my Marion!—my angel!—why does she not come to me?"

Affecting the treble he answered himself—"I am here, Jobie—your own Marion is by your side, holdn' on to the bedpost with both hands, the better to bear the anguish of me heart. Don't die, wont you? Say quick!"

Job, deliriously—"What for should I say quick? You aint got to give your answer to that member of the Suffolk bar your blasted brother-in-law is so anxious (or haunt you seen it in that light?) to smuggle into your good graces? I say, you aint got to decide on it to-night, eh? O Marion! Marion!—you never loved me twopence worth—no, you didn't—and let me tell you now, as one speaking out of his coffin, it's your indifference has fetched me to this. That's what's the matter."

Marion, in irrepressible agony—"Jobie mine, how *kin* you talk that fashion! I've loved ye from time immemorial, and shall continer on for everlasting. This 'ere aint no time to deny it. I was only bashful, like any other young and lovely maiden, but if it aint too late, I'm willin', and more too. For my sake, Job beloved, shake off this viproous typhoid which cruelly seeketh to usher you into kingdom come, and then if I aint as good as my word, jes' tell me on't. Wunst back in your boots, we'll make tracks for the minister's, and my brother-in-law and the

member of the bar aforesaid, go to pot?"

It is but just to state that this dialogue which Job held with himself, was reported by some half a dozen listeners outside the door, including the boarding-mistress and the fire-boy, a freed slave from "Old Virginny," all of whom, while varying in diction, gave substantially the same account.

Job here raised his head and glanced through the whitened pane, to see how his feet prospered. His toe nails appeared to be edged with frost, and in fact the entire feet looked very much like a couple of eccentric loaves of wedding cake. But he was not yet sure whether they were done enough. He was in hopes he began to feel a stricture in the throat; and certainly he did, with only a reasonable effort, cough very triumphantly.

The treble tones were heard again, but Job interrupted himself with a sneeze, then he snuffed and tried whether he could say *Mar-ton*, and found to his delight that it sounded like—*Barryodd*. There could be no mistake now, he was catching cold sweetly.

The bell rang sharply. Job did not hear it, since he had business of more importance to attend to, but it was the second application which had been made at the house to the same end. The Irish servant came bouncing up stairs.

"By my sowl," she gulped out, "it's the perlice this time, and he axed to know was it a corraaps that's crapin' out backwards out of the windy in the third stowry, and he reckoned it mought be a new style of layin' out, but yez betther be takin' it in, and if the dead man didn't object to the tratement, *he should*."

Biddy thus informed her mistress, who was looking through the keyhole into Mr. Dowley's room, and the mistress gave the order for the door to be broken in. Crash, smash, and Job Dowley recalled his abused feet, finding them very convenient to stand upon when confronting the excited crowd that blocked up the doorway.

"I'd like to know what's all this," exclaimed the matron—"the perlice comin' to this house—"

"I will return your question," said her boarder, fiercely. "If you can't permit a gentleman to pare his toe nails by moonlight, why, madam, there are other boarding houses in this city—that's all."

The threat was effectual; the landlady withdrew her forces, tittering as they went, and Job was alone with his disappointment.

He strode up and down like a tiger in his cage.

"It's no use," he muttered, "a man could never enjoy sickness, be it ever so severe, in this abominable nest of busybodies."

Suddenly he paused. "There, I know what I'll do; at last I've hit on the very thing. I'll get garroted—blame me if I don't! It has every advantage—is popular and tremendously exciting, and is sooner over than fever. If that doesn't fire her heart, it must be incombustible."

He dressed himself and rushed down stairs and into the street. How terrifically cold it was! He felt all over like an ice-house, but his feet especially, from their previous discipline, were so horribly stiff and clumpy he would have bantered a Chinese female to swap, and afford to pay boot. They appeared to operate on the rotary principle, the in-step performing for the sole as often as any way. They slewed round like a boy's sled, and Job had hard work to tell which way he was coasting.

Under these difficulties he struck for the North End as the locality most propitious to his purpose. The intense cold had frozen the streams of humanity in their beds—or other indoor refuge—so that, being almost alone on the street, he stood an excellent chance of getting served to a garrote without unreasonable delay—except indeed—which might Heaven forbid!—the garroting fraternity themselves should be frozen in likewise. In the latter case he would have to give up fever and garroting together, as alike infeasible.

His beaver was beaten down hard over his eyes, so as to resist the rude snatches of Boreas. A large pocket-book, plumped invitingly out with yellow wrapping paper, was carried in his hand, and appeared to be used as a balance weight in helping its owner maintain the perpendicular along the slippery sidewalk.

But reaching a corner and coming suddenly in contact with the full force of the windy current, Mr. Dowley was swept off his awkward feet and fell. The edgestone, having no conscience in the matter of not hitting a man when he's down, gave him a free blow across the forehead and nose, and the effect was like pulling the cork out of a bottle of claret and turning it bottom upward.

Groaning with pain, but soothing himself with the murmured name of Marion, Job struggled partly up, slipped again upon his

hands and knees, falling hard; his coat-tails flew up in the wind, which using them for a sail, drifted him into the middle of the street. There, after sprawling a moment, he succeeded in recovering his base.

A cold-judging world is extremely liable to confound faults with misfortunes; it is fortunate, therefore, when we are not obliged to let the world into our personal and private affairs unreservedly. Our hero recognized this truth in looking around to see whether anybody had witnessed his predicament. It just then occurred to him, that here was capital complete for his enterprise—in plainer terms, that he had been sufficiently garroted for all practical purposes, and his nose would furnish the evidence. The thought was cheering.

As I have said, he looked around to see who might be looking. People always do, when they slip in the street. On either hand he saw rows of lighted mansions, carefully drawn curtains separating their inmates from the scenes without. A single human figure appeared in sight, and that only a queer, muffled-up little thing—some homeless beggar—shrinking at the foot of a flight of steps leading to one of the carved and ornamental portals. Our hero congratulated himself, and applying his handkerchief to his wounded countenance, staggered over to the pitiful little wanderer, who shrank closer in the corner of the frozen granite at his approach.

"You poor sis, would you like to earn a shilling?"

"A shilling, sir?" shiveringly.

"Yes, a whole shilling. Does it seem so much?"

"I can't remember when anybody ever gave me that money," she replied, bending lower over her poor hands and trying to warm them with her breath. "I'm an orphan—I've neither father nor mother."

"Nor any home, I suspect. Never mind, I want you to do an errand which will take you only a few minutes, and here's a shilling for your reward. Do you know the streets about here?"

"O yes sir. Are you much hurt?"

"Confoundedly." With a look at his blood-stained handkerchief. "I wish you to go to No. 40, B— street, and ask for Miss Orville—don't let the servants turn you away, and don't consent to do the errand to any one else, but persevere and see the young lady herself, and tell her I have been garroted."

"Have you?" astonishment mingled with

fear in her voice. "But who shall I say you are?"

"Job Dowley—you won't forget the name?"

"No, I won't—Dobe Jowley," returned the beggar. "And I'll go quick."

"As to that," said Dowley, "I want time to get home. I wouldn't like the young lady to arrive at my boarding-house first. Now remember—No. 40 B— street—Miss Orville—Mr. Dowley garroted. Make no mistakes."

He dropped the shilling on the child's lap, and with all the impetus at command, hurried towards his boarding-house. All was quiet, and he reached the third story and his own room unmolested and unobserved. There he waited up for two full hours in momentary expectation of a call from his adored Marion. But the door-bell seemed a dumb-bell and gave out no urgent summons; Mr. Dowley was forced to conclude that on account of the lateness of the hour and the depression of the mercury, Miss Orville was not coming.

That she would hasten to him next morning and no earthly power could hinder, he felt certain. He imagined the sweet girl at that very moment sleepless and agitated for his sake; and how naturally would follow his declaration of love and her promise to be his forever and forever. With a sigh at being compelled to wait ever so short a time, Mr. Dowley went to bed.

Morning came. It brought no fair lady to her wounded knight, but it did bring a letter superscribed in Marion's own hand. Very likely then her brother-in-law had forbid her coming. Never mind; the fact of the dear, precious missive sufficiently proved that the effort to bring on a crisis had not been in vain. It would be neither strange nor indelicate if, in this emergency, Marion should have here confessed her attachment, with a "come and take me." Job's devoted seat of life beat ecstatically as he drew the letter from its envelope. It read as follows:

"No. 40 B— st., Friday morning.

"MR. DOWLEY:—Until last night, whatever other charges were preferred against you, I had never had reason to suspect your temperance principles. If you happen to have any recollection of staggering and finally falling in C— street, about ten o'clock, I may save myself the trouble of describing that scene to you. However that may be, I am satisfied you could not have observed the sleigh that the moment after you left, drew up at the steps where you had negotiated with

the beggar and orphan, nor the hand that plucked up this poor outcast and plumped her under the buffalo robes, between an animated pair, who thus brought her to this their home, and hers.

"Lest even now you may be slow to identify your errand girl, I proceed to explain. I had attended a fair in the evening with my aunt. The closing scene of the entertainment was a tableau in which I represented a gipsy queen. Without any change of costume I returned to my aunt's house, where we had just entered, when I peeped out again to see if Charley and Mary were coming from their ride—for they had engaged to call precisely at ten to take me home. Thus it chanced I was a witness to your *garrotting*! Seeing is believing. Yours finally, MARION.

"P. S.—It may concern you to know I

think of endowing the *Home for Little Wanderers* with the shilling you gave me. M. O."

Job Dowley took the blood-stained handkerchief from under his pillow and cast it on the fire. He had meant it to create a sensation; it created only a blaze. A fortnight and more elapsed before he left his room; he was said to be suffering from chilblains—doubtless the fact. And he had a bruised forehead, spotted with all the hues of the dying dolphin, and his nose was sadly out of joint.

Job has since seen Marlon only once. He was passing her home, just as the young lady came down the steps and was handed into a sleigh by "the member of the Suffolk bar." If her friends will refrain from favoring it too particularly, this in all probability may prove a match.

NEVERMORE.

BY EMMA F. PRADT.

There's a sadness and longing in my heart, to-night,
As I sit dreaming alone, in the dim firelight;
While the tidal waves, like fleecy snow,
Break on the beach, with a rhythmic flow;
And a phantom host from the land NEVERMORE
Glides silently in at my lone room door.
I check my heart-sobs, as the train glides by—
Lingering tenderly, silently by—
There's one mid the throng with soft dark hair,
Parted away from her brow, smooth and fair.
O! I long to caress her; I long, but in vain;
And she passes away, with the phantom train.
I once thought her mine, for always to love,
And fold to my breast, like a frail, helpless dove;
And fondly I pressed the dear form to my heart,
Never dreaming that I from my baby could part.
O! how white grew our lips as she sped away!
How our hearts wildly beat at the break of that day!
As the "boatman" sped to the further shore,
And bore our sweet pet to the land Nevermore.
Next comes my mother, in garments of snow;
Her voice falls on my ear so tender and low,
Like the sound of the sea in its pale-tinted shell,
Or the sad moaning chime of the evening bell,
Till her accents of love are lost in the roar
Of the surf, as it breaks on the pebbly shore.
And onward they go, with an echoless tread,
This angelic throng, whom we speak of as dead.
They pass from my sight like a beautiful dream—
Like the flower borne past on the breast of the stream;
And I sadly sigh, when the vision is o'er:
"Ah! when shall I reach that fair land NEVERMORE?"

CHRISTIE PEEBLES'S LOVER.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

"PERSONAL.—If the young lady, who befriended a traveller during the terrible storm of the night of July 20th 1860, will send her address to O. C., Box 2215 New York, stating all the particulars attending that circumstance, she will hear of something greatly to her advantage."

"A singular advertisement, is it not, girls?" exclaimed Norton Peebles, laying down the paper from which he had just read the above, and turning to look at his sister and cousin, who sat at a little distance from him, busily engaged with their needle-work.

"Very; but then I don't know that it is any stranger than that you should be perusing that column," laughed Miss Stewart. "I thought that gentlemen like you left all such things to the attention of the 'curious fair ones, who have nothing better to do than to wonder and speculate with regard to the meaning of just such notices as that.'"

"I beg your pardon, my dear cousin; but your last sentence justifies my selection. How did I know, never having heard you express your opinion before, but that I was reading to those very young ladies of whom you have spoken?"

"Norton Peebles, your impudence is only equalled by your obtuseness. I think that your mother must want you; although unfitted to give parlor entertainments, you can perhaps be of assistance where brains are not required."

"O, Flo, Flo! Nature gave you a little too much tongue; but there, there! keep that vial of wrath until the next time. I am going now." And with a low laugh, and eyes that spoke volumes of admiration for his beautiful cousin, the young man passed out, closing the door after him.

"Christie, dear, your brother is a very ill-behaved creature," pouted Miss Stewart. "Let me see, we are not really connected, are we? Well then, I believe that I will never call him cousin again. Would that trouble him, do you think?"

"On the contrary, I fancy that he would much prefer that you wouldn't," rejoined her companion, with a smile so significant, that the dark eyes, which had flashed wide open at first, with a question in their lustrous depths, drooped now, and the roses sprang full-blos-

somed into the rounded cheeks. It was only for an instant, though. The next, and every trace of emotion had passed from the proud face, and she said, ironically:

"Is the desire to compliment a ruling passion in your family? or have you only been taking lessons in the art?"

"My dear Flora, if I have any particular tendency that way, it is all owing to you," retorted Miss Peebles, with a defiant shake of her golden head; "but," taking up the paper which her brother had thrown down, "I don't care now to discuss your merits as a teacher, or my progress as a pupil, for I have something vastly more interesting with which to engage your attention. Is your ladyship listening? Well then, what shall you say, when I tell you that I have the vanity to believe that I am the person referred to in this advertisement, which you and Norton consider so exceedingly strange?"

"You? Christie!"

"Yes, I. But there, don't wear that look, until you know my reasons for the faith which is in me. After hearing them, if you do not take the same view of the matter that I do, why then, most honored cousin, trusting to your superior judgment, we will drop the subject at once and forever."

"Allow me to suggest a better way; never take it up, and thus obviate the necessity of laying it down," said Flora.

"O, you incredulous creature! but I see how it is. You are thinking about that clause, that speaks of informing me of something greatly to my advantage, and it has made you decidedly envious. O, Flo, Flo! I did not dream that of you."

"Christie Peebles! if you have anything to tell, pray commence, otherwise I shall leave you to your own reflections, and that too very soon," cried Flora, in mock wrath.

"Then you are really beginning to be envious?" returned her imperturbable cousin, with a mischievous sparkle in her blue eyes. "Well, my dear, that was all that was lacking; so I will now proceed. I presume that you may have heard me speak of my father's sister, Mrs. Harrison, who lives in Seatonville. Well, last July, I went to make her a long-promised visit, and it so happened that the very next

night after my arrival, Uncle Luke brought in a letter from Cousin Amy, who had then been a wife for two years, and who resided in Groton, about fifty miles from her girlhood's home, in which she playfully informed them of the fact, which I don't suppose they had ever forgotten, as she was their youngest and darling, that the twentieth of that month was her birthday, and that she and her husband had concluded to celebrate that important event by having a sort of a family party, but that the whole affair would be incomplete, and she should be inconsolable, if her parents permitted any obstacle to stand in the way of their being present.

"Aunt Louisa's face was radiant when she had finished reading the letter, and though Uncle Luke pished and poohed, it was very evident that he was full as well pleased as his wife; as for me I was delighted, for I had never seen Cousin Amy in her new home. Besides there was a baby Bertha there, whose praises auntie had sung so much, that I really did not know which I longed to behold the most, the mother or child.

"I thought that night, like the veriest school-girl, that the twentieth would never come; but there were so many pleasant walks and drives about Seatonville, to say nothing of the amusements to be found within doors, that the days never lagged; so at last the nineteenth dawned, while I was speculating whether a fortnight had really elapsed since the reception of Amy's letter. Now as luck would have it, instead of sitting in the house that day, like a reasonable creature and dreaming of the morrow, I went roaming through the woods in search of flowers, and in some unaccountable way found a cold; at least I never could understand it, although aunt said, if I slipped into the brook and wet my feet, and heated and tired then sat down in the Hollow and went to sleep, never waking until the dew began to fall, it was not surprising that I could not raise my head from the pillow the next morning. At any rate, I was in that predicament, whatever caused it, and when I heard the carriage that was to convey uncle and aunt to the depot, moving down the drive, if I had not remembered that I had been wearing long dresses for several years, I verily believe that I should have cried, I was so disappointed. Well, 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good;' so now perhaps my reward is coming."

"What! for wetting your feet, and going to sleep in the Hollow?"

"Flo, your remarks are superfluous. Well, as I was saying, uncle and aunt went away, although the latter at first insisted upon remaining at home, but I would not hear to that, painting Amy's disappointment in as pathetic strains as my aching head would allow, until she finally consented to go. The next few hours, devoted to dozing as they were, are not particularly interesting; but the afternoon found me so much better, that I got up and dressed, and then staggered down stairs. The parlor was so cool and pleasant, and the pillow on the lounge looked so inviting, that I think I must have taken it all for an invitation to walk into dreamland. At all events, when I entered the room, the earth seemed delightedly resting in the arms of that golden summer day. The next I knew, frowns had taken the place of smiles, forked lightnings played over the affrighted hills and vales, and the wind moaned around the house like some hunted creature, vainly seeking for an entrance. At last the heavens were rent in twain, and the rain descended, not in pattering drops, softly and sadly, but in great sheets, fiercely and grandly. Just as I had seated myself at the window for a full enjoyment of the scene, the bell at the side entrance rang. Thinking that the sound might not penetrate into the kitchen by reason of the fury of the elements without, I sprang to answer the summons myself, but reached the hall only in time to hear the presiding genius of the basement say, as she coolly shut the door in the face of whoever was desirous of obtaining admittance:

"We don't take in beggars here. Go to the stable if you want shelter; although a wetting won't do the likes of you any hurt."

"Why, Nanny! I cried, shocked at the idea of her turning even a dog away in such a storm as that, and under the influence of that feeling I thrust her aside, not very gently perhaps, and opening the door, called to the woman to come back. No wonder you start, for a woman it was, and an aged one too. You may be sure that the sight of her gray hairs did not make me any the less indignant at my aunt's maid, who moved about the room scowling upon the stranger and muttering what she should do when Mrs. Harrison returned; but I passed by both her and her remarks with lofty indifference.

"Here justice to the girl demands I should say that such fits of ill-humor as this were really quite unusual with her. I learned afterwards that my ramble of the previous day had not only brought me a disappointment, but

her also, for my aunt had promised her as much as a week before, that this time should be hers to spend with a sick sister, and she had no thought, that it was all her own fault, to keep her quiet, as I had. However, as she had made no complaints, I was all unconscious that I had been the means of depriving her of any pleasure, so that when I entered the kitchen two or three hours later, and heard her saying—'there, it has stopped raining, and I should advise you to be tramping—' I did not know that it was the feelings arising from her disappointment that were thus finding vent on the traveller, and so looked to see what manner of creature she was. In the meantime, the woman exclaimed:

"Will not the young lady let me remain here to-night?"

"Nanny was to all appearances perfectly thunder-struck at this question, but soon found voice to scream:

"That she won't not if I know it. Didn't she take you out of the storm, and dry and feed you? Well, I shouldn't think that you would have the face to ask for anything more. If you have money you can move along up to the hotel, where they make a business of taking lodgers, which we don't; if not, you can sleep by the roadside, not a new bed I'll warrant."

"You have said enough, girl! I will go."

"The voice was hard and stern, and I imagined that the fires of youth, long smouldering, blazed again in the large, dark eyes.

"Indeed! you will not, my good woman!" I answered, coming out from the darkness in which I was standing. 'To be sure, the first violence of the storm has passed, but the clouds are still black and heavy, and it will undoubtedly continue to rain, at intervals, all the evening; but even if it were otherwise, I should never think of sending you out to walk over a strange road at this hour; so you may resume your seat by the fire, or if you are quite dry and comfortable, you can come into the sitting-room with me.'

"The flush faded from the aged face, and the anger died out of the strange eyes, as she listened to my words, and now she opened her lips to speak, but Nanny was before her.

"I don't know who was left in charge of things here, Miss Peebles,' she vociferated, 'but this I do know, and that is, that I am not going to stay here, to wake up in the morning and find myself dead and the house robbed; so if you choose to keep that street tramp, why then I will just bid you good-by.'

"Very well, Nanny!" I answered, with more *nonchalance* than I really felt, for the prospect of being alone in the house with a stranger was not particularly gratifying.

"I should think it was all but that,' she retorted, with increased insolence; 'however, if your aunt finds no fault with your actions, I don't know that it is any of my business what you do.'

"A fact that you had better remember, when you wish to speak again,' I replied, walking away to the sitting-room.

"My dear, young lady! I really believe that the most sensible thing that I can do is to accept the girl's advice to move on, especially if my remaining here is going to inconvenience you in any way, either now, or in the future,' exclaimed my singular guest, as soon as the door had been shut upon the wrathful Nanny.

"Indeed, I shall not let you leave this house to-night, as I told you a little while since,' I rejoined; 'and with regard to the consequences arising from a common act of humanity, I beg you will feel no uneasiness, for in giving you shelter and food, I am only doing what I know my aunt would heartily approve of.'

"Thank you! then I will say no more, but, for the kindness which you have displayed in spite of the unnatural position in which I have been placed, believe me, I am exceedingly grateful.'

"I was at a little loss to understand that speech, the more so as she relapsed into utter silence after it. Well, to make a long story short, she staid that night, and the roof was still over our heads in the morning, and, most astonishing thing of all, Nanny continues to be a fixture in my aunt's kitchen to this day."

"Quite an adventure upon my word, Christie, especially if this advertisement does have reference to it, as I almost begin to believe it has; but did you learn the woman's name, and where she was from? Such information may be useful to you now."

"Unfortunately I did not. In fact, I hardly liked to make any inquiries, for fear of being considered impertinent, for as I told you before, she was something of a puzzle to me. There was a certain dignity about her which was scarcely in keeping with her poor apparel, and the circumstance of her travelling thus strangely."

"After all, Christie, we may be making a mountain out of a mole-hill. O, by the way, did you miss anything after she left?"

"Why, Flo! you are as bad as Nanny. I tell you she wasn't a thief. I lost a photograph, though, about that time, one that I had had colored expressly for Lena Edwards, and I have wondered sometimes if she didn't take that; but what do you think, cousin mine, shall I address this wonderful O. C., or not?"

"I really hardly know what to advise you; unless indeed, I suggest the propriety of your consulting your brother?"

"What! ask Norton? Why, you are crazy, Flo. Didn't I wait with commendable patience for him to leave the room, before I even breathed a syllable by which he could infer that I was interested in that advertisement in any way whatever? O, I tell you! cousins and gentlemen friends are all very well, but when you come to bring the creatures into any nearer relation, they soon gravitate into a position where the one word torment is the only appellation sufficiently expressive. Why my dear, if I should write to this mysterious O. C., and then nothing come of it, that meek-faced brother of mine would never find anything so interesting to converse about, as this same 'personal' refreshing my memory every day of the week, and that too, at the most inconvenient times and places. No; I have no desire to come under the head of Norton's 'amusing phenomena,' in this matter, at least. Have you any other suggestion to make, Flo?"

"No! I am completely annihilated! Not expecting so violent a storm, I have only strength to gasp out, follow your own sweet will, and believe that your secret is safe with me."

"Hum! very pretty hand-writing, upon my word, and the right girl too, I guess. Christie Peebles! yes, that's the name. Well, now I must go and see Stone." And Orlando Colgrove kicked off his slippers with great animation, sent his choice Havana, half consumed, spinning like a small rocket into the grate, and the next instant was the elegant gentleman walking down Broadway, bowing and smiling right and left.

It was a snug, pleasant place, that office of Victor Stone's; but then, how could it be otherwise, with its bright anthracite fire, and the plants in the window, to say nothing of the sunshine flooding the room with its amber light, lying like bars of gold on the floor, gilding the books in their neat cases, kissing the flowers, and resting lovingly on hair like ripples of glossy jet, which the owner brushed carelessly back, as he bent with renewed in-

terest over the ponderous volume before him. Indeed, so completely absorbed was he, that the quick step ascending the stairs failed to attract his attention, and the rap upon the door was twice repeated, before he aroused sufficiently to bid the impatient applicant enter.

"Ah, Colgrove: is it you?" he exclaimed, as that gentleman walked into the room. "Well, what news do you bring?"

"The much desired, the long looked for intelligence that kindness is about to receive its reward. In other words, my dear fellow, my advertisement has reached the hay-mow, and found the identical needle; but there"—tossing a letter down upon the table—"read that, and you will have the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Stockton, Seatonville and Christie Peebles. Why, how stupid I have been not to recognize that name before. I thought that it had a strangely familiar sound, but try as hard as I could, I found it impossible to locate it, but taken now in connection with the towns, it is all clear. Well, well! to think that she should have been the young lady. Singular, upon my word."

"I say, Stone, what are you talking about? Have you really been acquainted with the fortunate fair one all this time, and never let on? You are a smart lawyer, I declare."

"Unintentionally so in this case, Colgrove. The fact is, I am as much astounded at the discovery as you are, but I expect the girl in question is really the cousin of my brother's wife, for Seatonville is where Amy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, reside, and she has an uncle by the name of Peebles living at Stockton. As I said before, it is strange that I never once thought of that family through all this affair, but I really didn't."

"A singular instance of forgetfulness, anyway," responded his companion, moodily kicking the grate with his foot. Then suddenly raising his head, he added, "look here, Stone, you and I had better have an understanding, so as not to interfere with each other. Are you sweet on this young lady?"

"Never having seen Miss Peebles, I can hardly be said to be very deeply in love with her," replied Victor Stone, rather haughtily, a scarlet flush mounting to his very brow.

"Ah! then you are not acquainted with her? Well, my dear fellow, I am very glad to hear it, for to tell the truth, it is my intention to make this kind-hearted, pretty Christie Mrs. Orlando Colgrove, and as I like you, I should

hate to cross your path in any way, although I must say that I am not generally so regretful of other men's feelings in such matters."

"Indeed! then your considerate tenderness in relation to me should call forth the highest expressions of gratitude, but, unhappily, on such occasions speech always fails me. I would suggest, however, that making known to Miss Peebles the high honor that you intend to confer upon her, you should not be too precipitate, for a sudden realization of such disinterested kindness might completely overwhelm her."

For one moment, the astonishing thought that his companion might possibly be ridiculing him struggled for admittance into the brain of Mr. Colgrove, but the face before him was so grave, that he banished the would-be intruder, saying presently, with a light laugh, and a complacent stroking of his moustache:

"Really, Stone, there might be danger of it, but I imagine that there is more than one girl who would not ask for anything better than to be overwhelmed in that way. Ha, ha!"

Something very like the word "puppy," formed itself on Victor Stone's lips, but he walked to the window and back, and then quietly remarked, with just a little elevation of the brows:

"Christie Peebles may be somewhat different from those young ladies who have occupied your attention in the past."

"Well, I hope to goodness that she is, and between you and I, Stone, if she will wait until I have fairly asked the question before she says 'yes,' I shall think a great deal more of her."

"I should presume so; but, my poor fellow, have you really been troubled much in that way?"

"You needn't laugh; a hundred thousand dollars isn't to be sneezed at, as any one of the fair creatures will tell you, if they speak their honest thoughts, and when things get to such a pass that a fellow can't even look at a girl, without her or some of her friends running away with the notion that he has selected her for his wife, I assure you that it is, to say the least, slightly annoying."

"Distressing, I should call it. What a pity that your aunt could not have foreseen this one trial that the possession of her property has brought you. Ah! in the midst of all her eccentricities, she really had too kind a heart to ever willfully endanger your peace of mind in this way."

"O, for that matter, I would not have you suppose that I consider *myself* as entirely wanting in attractions. Ah! the dear creatures do not look altogether to property, for sometimes they have been known to prefer a fine-looking, agreeable man, without a cent, to one who could lay any amount of riches at their feet; but when an individual appears among them, in whom is combined all these desirable qualifications, it is not surprising that there should be a little fluttering, to say nothing of an occasional envious twinge, and some heart-burnings, and these feelings are not wholly confined to the feminine creation, either."

"Dear me, Colgrove; if I really believed that my presence was so dangerous to the peace of a community, I should think that the quicker I died or married, and so relieved everybody's suspense, the better. Indeed! I should feel that my duty was entirely unperformed until I had done one or the other, and that too utterly regardless of any mere personal feeling; for what is one individual's happiness, compared with the wellbeing of a whole society?"

"Ha, ha! you are inclined to be facetious, I perceive. Die, or get married! Well, old fellow, the latter alternative is infinitely the more agreeable, so if Miss Christie Peebles will have the goodness to mention an early day, you will have the pleasure of seeing your counsel heeded—a rare circumstance, eh, Stone—and also, of acting in the capacity of groomsmen for your humble servant. There, you needn't open your mouth to remonstrate, for I have fully determined that no one shall serve me on that particular occasion but your fastidious self."

"I beg your pardon, I was not intending to decline the honor," with an emphasis, that, to any one but Orlando Colgrove, would have seemed scornful. "I only desired to observe, that it would be well for you to make sure of your bride, before you entered into any further arrangements."

"O, there will be no trouble about that, as I told you before, but if you still doubt my power to conquer, why just wait and see what revelation the next few months will make; but what's the matter, Victor? I declare, if you hadn't solemnly assured me that you didn't know the lady, I should begin to believe that you were really interested in that quarter."

"And so I am; but only in a way that every gentleman is, who hears a lady's name—

whether she be a stranger or otherwise—banded about in this style. Tell me, Colgrove, would you dare to come here and talk of a sister of mine in this manner, supposing of course that I had had the good fortune to possess such an article?"

"Well, really I don't know. It would depend in a measure upon what sort of a girl she happened to be. If her temper was anything like her brother's, I don't hardly believe that I should dare to even *think* of making her my wife, much less to *speak* of it. Then again, if she *was* desirable in every way, it would certainly not be the height of wisdom for me to come and inform you of my intentions with regard to her, for of course you would go and tell her, and she would be sure to refuse me because she was not first consulted. Yes; many a girl has spurned a heart good and true, as well as a princely fortune—both of which she really coveted—simply from feelings of pique; but there, Stone, don't look so savage. Hang it all! I don't mean any disrespect to Miss Peebles; on the contrary, in thinking of her as the future Mrs. Colgrove, I am paying her the highest compliment that it is possible for any woman to receive from one of our sex, and nobody but an odd stick like you would ever construe it into anything else."

During the first part of this speech, the flush on Victor Stone's brown cheek had deepened, while his eyes flashed ominously, but now he burst into a laugh, saying:

"Softly, softly, my boy! don't get excited! I did not intend to impugn your motives at all; only I thought that you adopted too confident a tone, considering that you had never even met the lady. How do you know but what she is already engaged? Really, Colgrove! it strikes me that you have been counting your chickens, not only previous to their being hatched, but even before the laying of the eggs." And again his merry, ringing laugh brimmed the room.

"A circumstance which, if true, would be particularly pleasing to you, I should judge," retorted his companion, gloomily; but there,—"brightening up again—"you don't know what remarkable powers of persuasion I possess. Hived up here you have no opportunity of seeing what a sensation I create among stately mamas and their lovely daughters."

"What matters it if I don't see it, as long as I hear all about it from the lips of that modest individual himself? O, Orlando Colgrove! your organ of self-esteem is alarmingly small. Cultivate it, my dear sir, cultivate it."

"There you go again. Well, I will not quarrel with you, although I must say that your mood is a very exasperating one; but, bless me! is it two o'clock? Why, I have an engagement at this hour; but before I leave I guess I will tell you the question that I came here expressly to ask. I propose going to Stockton to-morrow. Can you accompany me? As you are the lawyer who drew up my aunt's will, I suppose that you ought to be the one to inform the young lady of her good fortune."

"What, with reference to the money and the husband both? Ah! the news must be broken gently, then."

"Now look here, Stone; no more of your joking. Enlarge as much as you please upon the kindly words and deeds with which she won the heart of the most singular old woman that ever lived; grow enthusiastic if you like over the strange fact, that the two dollars, planted by her fair hands in the pocket of one whom she supposed to be a homeless wanderer, if not a beggar, have sprung up, yielding now a harvest of ten thousand; but don't you encroach upon my domain, if you value your health."

"Really! are you putting on airs already? I may say *this*, but I must not *do that*; quite tyrannical, upon my word, for one who has yet to obtain the right to utter such savage warnings."

"Nonsense, Stone; why will you continually harp upon that string? I declare, I did not feel half so eager to make her my wife when I came in here, as I do now, and Mrs. Colgrove she certainly shall be in less than six months, if only to show you that what I will, I can do. Then we will see which side the laugh will be on; but there, I must really be going. It is all settled, isn't it? you will be ready to start in the morning. What are you looking at, man? why don't you speak?" he added, as he turned impatiently upon not receiving an answer, and found his friend gazing fixedly at him.

"Let me see that photograph that you have of Miss Peebles," returned the lawyer, upon whom the latter part of his sentence seemed to have made no impression.

Wonderingly Orlando Colgrove drew from an inside pocket the very picture that Christie had intended for an entirely different destination, and laid it in the young man's hand. For one moment, Victor Stone scanned the sweet face earnestly, and then with a sudden movement he dashed it down upon the table,

crying fiercely, with compressed lips and eyes all aflame:

"If you win that young creature's affections and marry her for any other reason than because you love her, Orlando Colgrove, you will be a black-hearted scoundrel, unworthy the companionship of all honorable men. There! I have now said all that I ever desire to say upon the subject, and you can dispose of my words as it best suits you. Next week I shall be at liberty to accompany you to Stockton, provided that you still wish for my presence, but it will be utterly impossible for me to leave the city to-morrow; and now the greatest favor that you can confer upon me is to give me the undisturbed possession of my own office."

"Well, Victor Stone, you are, without an exception, the strangest man that I ever met. Insult me in one breath, and turn me out of your room in the next. Was there ever such effrontery? Fortunately for you, I was always considered remarkably good-natured, although there is a limit even to my forbearance, and fearing that you may reach it, if you continue long in your present mood, I will accept your polite invitation to take myself off. O, with regard to Stockton"—pausing with his hand on the door—"I am very sorry that you cannot go to-morrow. Next week seems far in the distance, but the news will keep, I suppose; and now, you sweet-tempered creature, I have the extreme pleasure of bidding you farewell, and if there is any grace left in you—which by the way, I doubt—you will thank your stars that you have passed through this interview with no broken bones." And with a laugh that grated rather harshly on the nerves of his companion, the young man passed from the room, and went slinging down the stairs.

For several minutes after the door closed, Victor Stone stood gazing intently into the grate, as though striving to elicit from its glowing centre some definite information with regard to the future, and then with something very like a sigh parting his lips, he walked away, and seating himself at the table, drew the ponderous volume again before him; but somehow its pages did not seem to possess their olden charm, for try as hard as he could his thoughts would wander, until at last, with a gesture savoring both of disgust and impatience, he pushed the book from him, and as he did so, an expression of mingled delight and astonishment passed over his face, banishing, for the moment, all its weariness and pain,

for lying there before him with the sunshine encircling the head like a halo, was Christie Peebles's photograph, just where he had thrown it, when he turned in such indignant wrath upon his boastful visitor.

It was with gentle, almost reverent fingers that he raised it now, murmuring, half sadly, half mockingly:

"O, how little dost thou know of the foolishness of man, thou pretty inspirer of pleasant dreams! Ah! an hour ago I thought that Orlando Colgrove was the greatest simpleton of my acquaintance, but now, that I realize that all my plans for the future have somehow been woven about you, Christie Peebles, and then reflect upon the fact that we have never met, and that I know nothing of you, save by Amy's representations, I am constrained to believe that Victor Stone entirely overlooked himself, when he thus yielded the palm of idloey to another. I wonder if I expected that I had drawn a magic circle around you by reason of my thoughts, and that therefore all other admirers would keep at a respectful distance, and you would wait patiently therein until your destined lord should come to lead you forth. Preposterous! Why, I could beat my head against the wall in very vexation of spirit, but alas! instead of introducing any sense into it by such a course, I fear that I should let out the little that I now have, and Heaven knows that that is unnecessary. I have tried to see you, though, Christie Peebles; not very energetically, however, I must confess, else I should have accomplished it. Well, well! what can't be cured must be endured, although it isn't pleasant to think that perhaps I might have remedied it. Another than I, thanks to my negligence, will now bear off the prize; but that thought does not tend to restore my equanimity. In short, as I review the part that I have taken in the conversation this afternoon, I begin to perceive a striking analogy between my feelings and those which were supposed to actuate the dog in the manger, and—"

"I say, Stone!"

He turned with a start, to behold his late visitor standing in the doorway. "I beg your pardon my dear fellow, for interrupting you again," continued that individual, coming forward, with a curious gleam in his cold, blue eyes; "but the fact is, I have just discovered that Miss Peebles's photograph is among the missing, and thinking that I could not possibly have dropped it in the street, but must have left it here, I immediately hastened back.

Have you seen it? Ah! there it is in your vest pocket, as I live."

"Indeed, Colgrove, you are mistaken," coolly. "Can't you tell a young lady's picture from a letter?" drawing the article forth, "and where are your eyes, boy? for there is the damsel now," stooping, and raising the lovely, smiling face from the floor, where it had fallen unperceived by both.

The quiet words and careless, indifferent manner of his friend furnished no nourishment to the suspicion that was struggling for existence in the mind of Orlando Colgrove, although his countenance wore anything but a satisfied look, as he again wended his way down the stairs, indulging in the following reflections:

"It is astonishing what an immense amount of twisting and turning most people have to do to get out of a tight place, but lawyers are highly favored in this respect, or at least they seem to be. When was one ever caught in a fix, that he did not manage to slip out some way, and that too with unruffled plumes?"

Two months passed; and then all Stockton knew, not only that Christie Peebles had become the fortunate possessor of ten thousand dollars, but also the singular circumstances attending the bequest. The result was an extraordinary addition to the number of individuals who had always held that young lady in high estimation, and a questioning of the motives of that "city popinjay," as the disinterested masculines of the village denominated our elegant friend, Mr. Colgrove, who was now an ardent worshiper at the shrine of the fair heiress; but perhaps the most marked effect produced by the news was apparent in the kindness and civility which reassured the most timid beggar, and also in the unwonted feasting with which that amazed class of individuals was regaled, but, like the acts of the girl in the fairy story, who only imitated the benevolence of her sister in order that she might receive the same reward, these ministrations were all in vain, save to the weary and starving recipients, for the annals of Stockton never recorded another case like that of Christie Peebles.

Four more weeks sped on in their swift flight, and then Liberty, crushed by the folds of the serpent, uttered one wailing cry, and raised her hands in a prayerful appeal, that was answered by thousands of brave men, among whom were Victor Stone and Norton Peebles; but Orlando Colgrove still twirled

his cane on Broadway, and lent his ears to those who hissed at Sumner's name; but talked loudly and pityingly of their poor misguided brethren at the South, a company which, by the way, he never adverted to in Christie's presence, for the flashing eye and heightened color with which she sung the "Star Spangled Banner," and confusion to all traitors, warned the young man that he must be very circumspect if he wished to continue long in her good graces, although even the fear of a rejection by that ardent little patriot, and the laughter of his acquaintances in consequence, could not always restrain him from uttering an exultant "I told you so!" when some seemingly overwhelming defeat befell the Union arms; but when the cloud drifted away—as it was always sure to after a time—revealing the stars still shining in their undimmed brightness, no voice was louder in its rejoicings than his; a change of coat, by the by, which we grew accustomed to in those sorrowful days, as it was a privilege retained by abler men than Orlando Colgrove; to their shame be it said.

Meanwhile, the weeks, freighted with blood and anguish though they were, never paused in their rapid flight, until the six months, which our millionaire had fancied to be amply sufficient time in which to woo and win a bride, had nearly expired, and still he had made no formal declaration of his love, although the vigor with which he had prosecuted his suit, and the encouragement which he manifestly received from every member of the family, had driven all other contestants from the field long before; and now it was generally believed, perhaps even by Christie herself, and we will pardon her if she did take a little pride in the thought, that a certain young lady would in all probability soon become the mistress of a Fifth Avenue mansion.

It was when matters had reached this crisis that Flora Stewart wrote to her cousin, desiring to have the pleasure of her company for a short time, an invitation that Christie was not slow to accept. And so it happened that one day when Orlando Colgrove journeyed to Stockton with a diamond ring snugly reposing in his vest pocket, intending to place it upon the slenderest of white fingers ere the shades of night gathered, he was met at the door of the Peebles's mansion by the intelligence that his bird had flown to Woodville, thirty miles away. Nothing daunted, he retraced his steps to the station, and a few hours later stood in the presence of Christie and her cousin.

This was his first meeting with Flora Stewart; and here I am sorry to be obliged to record, that before the grace and beauty of this new vision his love for Miss Peebles proved as vacillating as had his feelings with regard to the old flag. It seemed as if his life was ruled by this motto, "Inconstancy is honorable in love and war, if nowhere else."

The days grew into weeks, and still Christie lingered by her friend, while Orlando Colgrove made frequent trips to Woodville, ostensibly to see the former, but in reality to bask in the smiles of the latter. It was singular what an influence, all unconsciously to herself, Flora had acquired over him. It was her enthusiasm in the cause of Freedom that fired his soul with the first real spark of patriotic fervor that had ever been kindled therein. It was her intense admiration for the "Boys in blue"—alas! he did not know that all her hopes, prayers and fears centered around one already in the field—that sent him home determined to see those darkly splendid eyes flash with delighted surprise, at least, and to hear one word of commendation from the sweet, coral lips, even at the sacrifice of all that his selfishness held dear; and thus it happened that the fashionable world rang with the extraordinary news that the elegant, ease-loving Orlando Colgrove, whose secession proclivities had been the theme of many tongues, had enlisted. Wonder of wonders!

It was a beautiful evening in the latter part of October, that our newly-fledged soldier entered the presence of Flora Stewart with the intention of telling her of his enlistment, and also of the love which had revealed to him his duty.

Flora received him very cordially, in fact, with so much warmth that his heart was moved with a great joy, and in the blissful tumult he hardly heard the words that informed him, that in consequence of a severe headache, Miss Peebles had retired to the quiet of her own room for the night.

Seating himself upon the sofa beside Flora, he told, in strains that were not wanting in eloquence, of the offering that he had that week made to his country; and she listened, as he expected she would, with body bent slightly forward, parted lips, flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"I need not tell you how proud I am of every man who makes this sacred cause his own," she answered, as he finished speaking; "but I am forgetting Christie; and yet, although her woman's heart may shrink, there

is strength and courage there, that will not let her faint or falter when she bids you go."

"Christie, Christie, always Christie!" he cried, petulantly. "I do not care what she thinks, Flora. I only want to please you, my beautiful, my darling;" and then he poured into her astonished ears, in words that scorched, the story of his love.

We will drop a veil over that interview, at once so mortifying to the gentleman, and so humiliating to the lady, who sought her room half an hour later, with eyes that blazed and cheeks that burned, leaving Orlando Colgrove pacing the floor of the parlor, in a rage and despair that moved his soul to its very centre.

"And so this is the end of all my bright dreaming!" he murmured, half audibly. "For this I foolishly offered myself as a target for rebel bullets, and yet, I wonder if there is any extravagance that I would not have committed in order to have called her mine? To think that I, Orlando Colgrove, who never bent the knee to woman before, however much I may have fluttered about the silly creatures, have been rejected, and that too with a scorn and indignation, the remembrance of which maddens me. Can it be that I am awake? Has this thing happened? She thought that I was in love with her baby-faced cousin. What an idea! and yet, I suppose that I must now marry this same Christie, or become the laughing-stock of my acquaintances. Ah! if the fellows at the club should once get hold of this, I should never be able to raise my head again, and it will certainly leak out if I do not seal her mouth in some such way as this; but to do so I must see Miss Peebles before she has an opportunity to say anything to her. After that, however, she may tell the little lady what she pleases; still, I don't know but that I had better disarm her by addressing a note to her, speaking of momentary passion—susceptibility to all things beautiful—life-long regret for hasty speech—truth and honor very precious—renewed attention to the old love by way of atonement. By Jove, the very thing; and now to my room to indite the pathetic epistle. Really, Orlando Colgrove, you are coming out shipshape in spite of the storm." And with these words he passed from the parlor, leaving it to darkness and repose.

It was a dull, gloomy morning that ushered in the next day, but sad and gray as it was, it found one individual, in the person of our rejected suitor, who welcomed it eagerly, showing his appreciation of its coming, by rising and performing a hasty toilet; after

which he passed into the hall, and, having slipped the note that he had written under the door of Flora's room, descended to the parlor, to find, to his great joy and surprise, Christie standing at the piano, turning with listless fingers, apparently, the pages of a book.

The sight of her must indeed have wonderfully encouraged him, else he would hardly have ventured upon his next movement, which was to steal up behind her, and bending the golden head back, press his bearded lips to the cherry ripeness of hers.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed, turning quickly, with a dash of crimson on either cheek, and eyes full of indignant fire.

"Why, Christie, darling! Is it then such an unheard-of thing, for a gentleman to greet his affianced bride in that way, that you should grow angry at the act?"

"I was not aware that we occupied that interesting position," she answered, looking down; "you have never told me that you loved me, consequently I have made you no promise."

"Told you? O, dearest! was it then essential that I should imitate the vulgar herd, and in round, set phrases inform you of that which every look and motion must have revealed, since the first moment of our acquaintance? Indeed, my Christie, where heart speaks to heart, words are but mere forms."

"That may be; but still they are exceedingly necessary for a right understanding. Fathers and mothers generally require something more substantial than a tender glance and a servent hand pressure, to convince them that a young man is really in earnest in his attentions, however much the lady herself may be satisfied by these proofs of his affection," and here there was a shy, upward glance, and a low, rippling laugh, that made the red lips seem wondrously tempting.

"How she loves me!" thought Orlando, "and really she is deuced charming this morning; in fact, I begin to think that Flora Stewart is not one bit handsomer, after all." Then he said aloud, "That all such intensely practical people should have demonstrations according to their understanding, I grant, and if you are inclined to number yourself among that class, then know, my darling, that you are the one thing needful to make my life perfect, that without thee the world will be a blank, that with thee I shall envy no man his blessings. Then say, sweet love, when may I claim this little hand? when know the rapture of calling you mine?"

"Never!" And now the broad lids flashed up, revealing such a world of scorn in the violet depths beneath, that the easy, confident young gentleman fairly staggered at the sight.

"Never? what mean you, Christie? Have you been trifling with me, permitting my attentions only to reject them?"

"Trifling?" Her laugh rang out low and mocking. "It is well for you to ask me that question; you, who knelt in such an agony of entreaty in this very room, no longer ago than last evening, and prayed of another to give you that which you are now so earnestly soliciting of me. Would you add insult to injury in your treatment of the baby-faced cousin?"

"O Christie!" he stammered. "I was not myself then. She was so kind, so cordial, and her beauty maddened, bewildered me, but you had really crept into my heart's innermost recess, so it was your image, not hers, that rose before me when my senses returned; and now neither you nor she can regret last evening's scene more bitterly than I do. O, believe me."

"Couldn't possibly, especially as I know that all your repentance arises from a fear of the 'fellows at the Club.'"

"The devil!" he ejaculated, aghast at what seemed to him a divining of his secret thoughts.

"O no, you need not stand in any awe of him," she answered, demurely, "as I doubt not that he approves of the whole proceeding, and indeed, of the most of your doings, for that matter; but now do tell me if you have written that affecting letter to Flora. You need not look so puzzled. I mean that one that was to be about momentary passion, and truth and honor being so very precious. Dear me! that last idea is so comical, I can't help laughing. It really must be a wonderful production, and I do so long to see it. Have you got it here, or is it in your room?"

"Christie!" cried her companion, in perfect bewilderment, "are you a witch? or how came you to know these things?"

"The explanation is very easy," she answered, crossing the room, and with one sweep of her hand revealing an alcove that had until then been concealed by a curtain.

"Ah! you employed yourself then, in the honorable position of an eavesdropper?" he rejoined, striving with a sneer to hide the dismay with which her movement had filled him.

"Then you think that I was aware of the evil in your heart, and so placed myself in that recess that I might hear from your lips a confirmation of my suspicions? Thank you for the compliment to my discernment, but I

really cannot accept it, for until last evening I thought if there was one man on earth who was noble and true, it was Orlando Colgrove. Flora told you correctly about my headache, but she did not know that a short journey into dreamland alleviated the pain in such a degree that I got up and came down here; having persuaded myself—remember, I was only one of those ‘silly creatures’ that you have been fluttering about—that if you should happen to come in the eight o’clock train, you would be disappointed not to see me; and so when I heard your’s and Flora’s voices in the room, I was as pleased as a little child in thinking what a surprise I was going to give you. But alas! it was I that was taken unawares, for while standing with my hand upon the curtain, ready to throw it back, your ‘Christie, Christie, always Christie!’ smote upon my ear. What followed in that interview, and also the consoling thoughts that you indulged in after my cousin fled from your presence, you know as well as I, though not better. And now, as your own act has severed every link connecting us, I will say ‘farewell,’ reminding you that from this time we must be as though we had never met.” And with a slight inclination of her beautiful head, she turned to leave the room. But Orlando Colgrove, now as anxious to win her as he before had been eager to give her up, sprang forward and faced her, with his back to the door.

“I beg your pardon,” she said, retreating a little; “I was foolish enough after all that has passed, to still believe that you were a gentleman. I now stand corrected, thank you.”

The flush that rose to his forehead attested that he was not proof against that shot, but he still maintained his position, saying very respectfully, though, and yet passionately:

“It is for your sake, more than my own, Christie dear, that I thus stop you, although I might like that gratitude at least should make you pause before you thus cruelly discard me. You look surprised. Have you then forgotten my aunt’s bequest, and the promptitude with which I paid it over to you? Had I been other than what I was, you would never have seen that money; but let that pass. Are you prepared to wreck your life for a mere whim? Have you really dashed my image down from the pedestal that I know it occupied in days past? Remember, those who love much forgive much. Then, darling, sit no longer amid the ruins of your air castles, gazing tearfully into the desolate future, but come to these arms, and a more beautiful

palace than your wildest dreams ever pictured shall receive you, for I swear to you that my love is now akin to worship, and you must be my wife.”

“Must! You forget that you are not the autocrat of all the Russias, and that a tone of entreaty would be more becoming to you; and perhaps the fact of your describing the state of your affections in those very identical words, when addressing Flora, has also slipped your memory. With regard to the property, the very circumstance of its being in my possession proves conclusively to me that you could not prevent it, so your claim is dissipated under that head. I trust you will waive all further discussions, and allow me to pass.”

“Ah! I see how it is,” he cried, almost beside himself with rage, to think that he could make no impression upon her; “you and Victor Stone have been playing some sort of a game, and using me for a blind. I might have known that there was more in his remarks that day, with regard to my paying my addresses to you, than there seemed upon the surface; but you were strangers, O yes!”

“Sir!” she said, loftily. “I do not understand you.” And although her cheeks were like twin carnations, in her eyes was genuine amazement.

“There are none so dull as those who won’t comprehend,” was flung bitterly at her, and then she was alone.

There is little more to add. Orlando Colgrove never went to war, at least not on Southern plains; singularly enough, he could not pass an examination, although how much money it required to prove him thus unfitted, only he and the surgeon knew.

Our friends Norton Peebles and Victor Stone did not pass through the flame and smoke of battle-fields unharmed, for the former laid down an arm in the defence of Liberty, and then went home to find two ready to receive him; while the latter’s name headed the list of the “mortally wounded” one day, and death did indeed seem hovering over him, but he rallied again, to the astonishment of all excepting himself, for when he read certain lines in the letter of a friend, he felt that the world held something of beauty yet, and so he fought for life.

The mystic words ran thus—“Orlando Colgrove is back again among our belles. It is said that the pretty little woodland flower has jilted him”—a report which Christie’s shy lips one day confirmed, and from that interview Victor Stone went forth a happy man.

SONG OF THE OCEAN NYMPH.

BY L. M. F.

Far down 'neath the billows find ye my home,
Mid the dark waters in freedom I roam;
Sorrow and envy, care, sickness and pain
Are strangers to me in my broad domain;
I am queen of the ocean, untroubled by care,
Save the wealth of my pearls and the flow of my hair.

White-winged argosies float above me;
I watch their path o'er the bounding sea
When rudely tossed by the direful gale,
When tempests shiver the mast and sail,
Then laugh I with glee when the wreck goes down,
And the stiffened corpses are sinking around.

O, I'm but an Undine of the wave,
Heartless and cold, like their ocean grave,
Else I should weep when mortals so fair
Sink in the waves and are buried there—
Else I should mourn, for sad sights like these
Would aught but a soulless being freeze.

While I was wandering but yesterday night
Beneath the rays of the cold moonlight,
A little babe, on its mother's breast,
Slow and steadily sought its rest;

Unmindful were both where the body lay,
For their spirits pure had floated away.

Now, closely bound to a broken spar,
The forms of a maid and lover are.
Glad would I weep, would the tears but flow,
That the cold, cold waves enwrap them so.
Her heart, that lately breathed hope and life,
Is stilled and dead to all earthly strife,
But the loving smile that her features wore
Are there, though her earthly dreams are o'er.

O, all ye who press the fresh, green sod,
And list to the voices that speak of God,
But woes, and wrongs, and afflictions see,
How can ye help but envy me?
My palace is coral, my couch so soft,
Though I never weary, I seek it oft.

I ride on the billows, sing all day,
And dart through the foam and dashing spray.
The sea kings woo, but I'll never be
A slave to their caprice, but free
As the wild wind, the deep caverns to fill
With my merry laugh at my changing will.
Sorrow-sick mortals, I know ye would fain
Follow my path through the sounding main!

ELTON ST. ELTON.

BY L. VELONA STOOKWELL.

JUNE MORELLE was a plain woman, if you looked at her with her eyes closed; but little danger of her being pronounced such if they were not. Her face was one that would naturally attract attention, but where the spell lay that drew one towards her so strangely, not three of her admirers could have told. Some were positive that it lay in the delicate intonations of her voice; others, that it was certainly in her face and manner; but it was rare that one mentioned her eyes. But there the fascination was wholly. Such wonderful power they possessed, that her whole face seemed lighted with more than earthly beauty, when her soul was speaking through her eyes.

She was one that men raved over, went into ecstasies about, and go where she would, she drew lovers to her feet just as surely as the magnet draws the needle. It seemed to be nothing to her, positively nothing; and

that fact had perhaps considerable to do with her crowd of admirers.

Her cool indifference was quite enough to craze one; but there was such a heaven in the look she sometimes gave, that it quite compensated for her seeming coldness, and sent her suitors away more madly in love than ever.

It was not strange that Elton St. Elton followed the crowd, when their steps led to such an altar; indeed it would have been more strange had he taken another way. But he received no more real encouragement than the others. True, she now and then gave him rare smiles, and sometimes a radiant look, when they were conversing, which made his pulses leap. By gaslight, these little nothings satisfied him, and then, when her eyes were looking into his, and the spell of her presence was over him, he would have sworn that she

loved him; but in the morning he awoke quite disenchanted, and, with his daylight eyes, it was easy to see how much he had to hope for.

But Elton St. Elton was not a man to be easily baffled. Strong-willed, and accustomed to ruling, he could ill brook defeat at a woman's hands; and if for only his pride's sake, he would have striven hard to conquer; but now something more was at stake—he loved her. All the passion of his proud heart seemed to have gathered itself about this woman, and he had no more idea of letting her slip from his grasp, than the earth has of letting the moon slip off into space.

But he knew she did not love him yet. Her eyes never grew brighter at his coming; her cheeks never flushed at his earnest words; she was cool, calm, self-possessed always. He could not tell, either, whether she was aware of his devotion or not. She was so accustomed to receiving adoration that she took it naturally, as one takes the air they breathe, without thinking of compensation.

If he had been sure that she had never loved, he would have thought his chances as good as others, but his own soul—if that was any criterion—told him that such a calm as she seemed to have reached, could only be attained through much suffering and storm. But if there was somewhere in the world a form sacred to this woman's heart, if there was a being on whom she looked with reverence and love, then Elton St. Elton meant to discover the fact. Suffer as he might, it was surely better to know and face the truth, than build his hopes upon the sand.

He was thinking of all these things, as he rode through the long avenue of oaks leading to the Morelle estate, and as he sprang from his horse at the door, he said, half aloud:

"I could kill the man who should dare to come between us!"

In truth it might be dangerous business for a rival to stand upon the field beside him, for being strong in his love, he might also be strong and deadly in his hate.

Upon the steps—as if the fates were furthering his wishes for knowledge of the future!—he met a man in uniform, a stranger who had just come out of the door, and he thought he saw June's hand through the window waving an adieu, as they passed each other. His face darkened involuntarily, but as June was cordial and smiling as ever, he soon forgot his suspicions and anger.

She was in one of her most brilliant moods, and St. Elton thought he had never seen such

a light in her eyes as now. If he had only dared believe that his presence had inspired it!

A new picture upon the walls attracted his attention. He crossed to look at it, June also rising and going forward.

"A battle-piece," St. Elton said; then looking at it closer, "the gentleman I passed in the foreground, is it not?"

"Yes. Colonel Brett," June answered. "It must be a correct likeness, since you recognized it so quickly."

"He is a relative of yours? I think I see a slight resemblance," St. Elton added.

"His father acted as my guardian while my mother was in Europe, so we were together for several years."

St. Elton looked at her quickly. Was the secret out at last? Her face was quiet as usual. No tales from that. She could undoubtedly keep her own counsel, and meant to.

"I suppose he is a hero, of course. Every man who has been in the army, is supposed to be," St. Elton said.

"He is a very brave man," June answered, passing to another painting and changing the subject by calling St. Elton's attention to the peculiar richness of the sunlight that flooded it.

St. Elton cast his eyes upon it, but he could not have told whether he had been looking at sunlight or moonlight a second afterwards. He was thinking of something else.

"You are not well," June said at length, noticing his abstraction.

"No. I was born under evil stars, I suppose."

"Every man can control his own destiny," June answered, going to the piano.

"Every man does not."

"I said that they could, not that they did."

"Be careful of your words. I might believe them, if you were in jest." He turned over the music as he spoke, and selected a piece for her to sing.

"I was not in jest, but I am a woman, and a woman's words are of little account with you men."

"But sometimes they make us wretched."

He was looking at her intently. She shrank away from him a little, and began to play, saying under the music, "If they do, it is not our fault."

In turning the music their fingers touched for an instant.

June snatched her hand away, and struck the piano with a hasty, violent touch, but St. Elton could not fail to see the crimson which sprang into her cheeks. It was the first time

she had ever in the slightest degree actually acknowledged his power, and St. Elton would have been elated had it not been for this new comer upon the stage. As it was, he went away moody, and angry with June, the stranger, himself, and the whole world generally.

At home he found an invitation which had come during his absence, from June, for the following evening. "An entertainment for her friend," he said, irritated still more. "But what matter? I may as well see the farce out now!"

"Well, St. Elton, I did not think you would allow yourself to be out-generalled like this," one of the guests said in that gentleman's ear, as he was slowly making his way into the crowded rooms.

"How?" St. Elton asked.

"We thought you the favored one, till up comes a captain, or a colonel, or a something, with straps on his shoulders, and you are slipped as well as the rest of us."

St. Elton did not reply. He was looking at June. She stood beside Colonel Brett, and though addressing her conversation to others about her, one could see at a glance she was far from being indifferent to the man beside her. Her delicate reference to his opinions, the tones of her voice in addressing him, the glance of her eyes, St. Elton thought, all seemed to say, she had a right to his devotion, and, more, that he had also a right to hers.

Both men looked at each other with wary eyes when they were presented, and St. Elton's face betrayed more than he had intended it should. Colonel Brett turned to June, and said something in an undertone, as St. Elton moved away. She shook her head in reply, and the gay talking went on as before.

Half an hour later, St. Elton passed them in the conservatory. The angry look he gave the colonel was not unnoticed by June.

"I believe St. Elton is sick," she said. "He acted strangely last night, and just now he looked pale, I thought. I am going after him."

"Did I not tell you that he was jealous! Do go and hunt him, for I am afraid of my life now," Colonel Brett answered, laughing, as June disappeared.

She touched St. Elton's arm, as he was standing in the door leading out into the grounds.

"Something is the matter with you."

He turned upon her sharply.

"You cannot cure me, if there is."

"I know I am not a physician," she answered, smiling; "but a stroll in the air will be good for you, I am sure, I am going to get some one to accompany you." She turned about to bring some one.

"Come yourself for five minutes."

"Certainly. I shall be delighted to please you." She took his arm, and they stepped out under the stars.

When they were away from the sound of voices, St. Elton stopped abruptly.

"I hate you, June," he said, in a low, fierce tone.

She drew her arm from his, as though she were touching poison.

"What did you say?"

He could see her eyes flame in the moonlight.

"I said that I hated you."

"That is as you please, Mr. St. Elton."

"And I could kill the man who has dared to look into your eyes, as Colonel Brett has to-night, and receive such a return."

"St. Elton, what do you mean?"

Before she had finished speaking, he had caught her face to his.

"I mean that I loved you once, if I hate you now; and that I will have you, too, in spite of that cursed colonel."

He covered her lips with burning kisses.

Quick as a flash she had snatched herself away, and stood erect before him.

"I demand an apology this instant," she said, angrily.

He went upon his knees before her.

"I ask your pardon most humbly. But I have loved you too long, June, not to touch your lips once. Forgive me."

He turned away, as if to go.

June caught his arm. St. Elton felt the quiver of her hand, as she touched him.

"Come back, St. Elton."

The clutch he had given her was like the grasp of a vice.

"To you?"

"Yes." She covered her face.

"Truly? It would not do to trifle with me now!"

"Truly!"

Colonel Brett laughed heartily when he knew that what he had said was true, and often tells June that if he had not stopped upon the stage when he did, St. Elton would never have proposed, and therefore she would never have been Mrs. Elton St. Elton.

THE ROMANCE OF A HORSE-CAR.

BY MISS CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

It might be confessing myself destitute of a certain pride, which most human beings who have reached the age of maturity possess in a greater or less degree, were I to state precisely when I first saw the face in the horse-car which created the only romance of my life. But I will state that the Metropolitan Railroad had been but a short time completed, and that I was a young man, which may be safely said without committing myself on the subject of age.

Our admirable lexicographer who has but lately finished his earthly labors, defines romance, "A tale of wild adventure," and for those whom so concise a definition will not satisfy we have, 1. "A work of fiction in prose or verse, containing a relation of a series of adventures, usually of love or war, either marvellous or probable. 2. Any wild extravagant story or invention of the imagination; a fiction; a falsehood."

I have always been fortunate enough to maintain, as far as I know, a good moral character. I say as far as I know, for nobody can be responsible for what may be said of them by malicious neighbors and acquaintances. Such remarks seldom reach the person most deeply interested, and therefore if anything detrimental to a good moral character has ever been said, I have not been made aware of it.

Therefore, on the strength of my reputation for honesty, I deny that this romance is a "falsehood." That it is a "fiction," which is only a falsehood under an alias, I also deny, but am bound to confess that it is "a tale of wild adventure," and that the adventures it narrates, though neither numerous nor marvellous, can at least claim probability and truth.

As a clerk in a large warehouse on Devonshire street, I could claim but few hours, and a limited income for myself. The day on which my fate looked out on me, as it were, from a car window, I was standing upon the curb directly in front of the Marlboro' Hotel, waiting with great impatience for a chance to cross the street, an opportunity for which I vainly waited, as the passing vehicles threatened every moment to become completely entangled.

It is with laudable pride that I can reflect on a faithful performance of duty while in a state of clerkdom. Possibly the stone warehouse on Franklin street, bearing a name in which I naturally have considerable interest, might have a different sign over the capacious entrance, if the present owner had been less attentive to business when it was only his in prospective. So I say it gives me pleasure to reflect that I worked for my employer's interest as if it had been my own, and maintained a firm foothold in the path of honest dealing and business integrity, when the temptations to deviate therefrom were numerous and easily yielded to by many who had less ambition than myself; for it was that motive, more than pure goodness of heart, which prompted me.

In telling the truth, it is sometimes best to tell the whole truth, though it may not always be set down to our credit, as I fear my last acknowledgement may fall to be.

Never loitering on an errand, and regarding punctuality as a cardinal virtue, it is not strange that my delay upon the sidewalk was vexations. A horse-car was just in front of me, the driver of which waited with more patience than myself for a chance to move on. I read unconsciously the yellow letters on the blue ground, "Mount Pleasant," and carelessly raised my eyes to the row of passengers on the seat. First, an elderly gentleman with white hair, sitting in the corner reading a newspaper at which he was scowling vigorously through gold-bowed spectacles. Beside him a rusty black bonnet, a sufficient indication of the sex of the wearer, then a white-faced little girl with a great quantity of light hair, looking out of the window. At her side a boy two or three years older, a brother apparently, judging from the strong resemblance, then a fine-looking man of some forty years, his face turned towards the one beside him, a woman's face, beautiful as a picture, looking out into the street with a smile upon the lips as she listened to words addressed to her by her companion. A young face, not more than two or three and twenty, and so lovely in its rich dark beauty. The eyes were superb, flashing that moment with the same smile that played about the mouth.

The black hair lay in waves, natural ripples, for crimping, with its barbarous inventions of blocks and pins, was not in vogue just then. She was dressed in deep mourning, very plain but rich, and, therefore, without adornments to add to that beauty at which I stared enraptured. Yes, I confess it, I stared, with my mouth as wide open as my eyes for all I know to the contrary, but I was young then—*younger than now at any rate*—and I had never seen so beautiful a woman. My acquaintance with the sex had been limited to the village girls with whom I had associated from my early boyhood until coming to the city, and after my arrival, to the elderly landlady who agreed to attend to my physical wants, in the shape of eating and sleeping for the sum of three dollars a week, with maternal advice and occasional homilies on the perils of young men in a great city, thrown in gratis with a latchkey.

Older and wiser men could not have been blamed for admiring that face, or considered destitute of good taste. The car began to move on slowly, and I made a movement forward to retain the sight of one of its passengers, and dropped one of the many bundles with which I was loaded. It did not fall upon the sidewalk as it might have done had there been any need of its falling at all, but with the "total depravity of inanimate things," slipped directly into the mud of the gutter. I did not notice it till I saw that I had attracted her attention, and I believe to this day that she laughed at the accident as she looked at me.

A lady at my elbow possessed with an unaccountable inclination to look over my shoulder as I write, makes a remark to the effect that, "I must have been mistaken, it was not her way, and she don't believe she did it," but as I am quite sure that I know as much about it as she does, I take her statement for what it is worth.

The driver urged on the horses, the car passed by, and, instead of gazing or running after it as impulse prompted me, I was forced to turn my attention to the rescue of the bundle of doeskin lying so ignominiously at my feet, and in instant danger of being trampled upon. I anathematized my unfortunate self under all the awful names I could summon to meet the exigences of the case, names which would have been resented as an insult coming from a second person, and with various mental remarks equally uncomplimentary to the subject of them, hurried along to the store

with one bundle exposed to the gaze of the world as I had stripped it of its muddy cover.

I did not feel exactly like the ninth part of a man, though the goods I carried might have suggested such a comparison, but it could not be denied that I had left a considerable portion of myself somewhere, and under the circumstances it was reasonable to suppose that the lovely woman in the horse-car was in some degree responsible for the loss.

Business was not very interesting that afternoon. There was a little more unwillingness than usual to pull down heavy bales of beaver and broadcloth, to display before customers who were unusually exacting and capricious. A hundred odd fancies crowded through my brain. I wondered whom she had lost that caused her to dress in black; not a husband surely—she did not wear widow's weeds and was too young for that, probably a father, mother or brother. No, not a father, for the gentleman beside her must have been a parent. What was he saying to her that caused that merry smile, and how could she look so happy while clothed in those dark garments? Ah, I had not then learned how we can laugh and chat with the gayest, even with "dust to dust" still faintly ringing through the chambers of our memory, and wait till our return to the quiet house, the darkened chamber, and the vacant chair, to wonder, with fresh sorrow, how we can ever smile again. I recounted those whom I had seen with her, and wondered at the intense stupidity of the little flaxen-haired girl and boy in staring out into the street instead of looking at the sweet face inside. That old gentleman in the corner—it may have been disrespectful to his white hairs, but I will own I felt greatly disgusted with him for being willing to give his attention for an instant to so common-place a thing as a newspaper, while that marvellous face was in range of his vision. How I envied every one of those favored passengers, especially that fine-looking man who would have excited a stronger feeling than envy had I not known he was her father. O, if I had but been at liberty to get in myself, instead of seeing the car move off while inexorable duty drove me in another direction.

If my conscience told me at night, that I had been of no value whatever to my employer during that long afternoon, I tried to balance the account by assuring myself that had he not sent me on that unlucky errand I should never have been so remiss in my duties on my return, for of course, I should never

have seen that face. "The woman tempted me and I did eat," is an excuse as old as Adam.

Do not imagine that I am going to afflict my readers, if fortunate enough to have any, with a detailed account of how I spent the greater part of my spare time during six or eight successive weeks. One person knows all about it, the lady at my shoulder, and she intimates that for the sake of the little reputation I have acquired for common sense, I had better not run the risk of losing it by telling anybody but her how very foolish I acted. Perhaps she is right—these women are sometimes—and while I accept her advice in part, I cannot help wondering if a little twinge of jealousy does not prompt the suggestion. We will charitably hope not.

But for fear that I may be set down for a greater fool than I really was, I will state that I *did* retain some portion of common sense and reason, while I frankly admit that the greater part deserted me during a constant and unwearied search for that face. The proverb of the needle and the haymow, too familiar to need repetition, was peculiarly appropriate to my case, only if anything my search was even more discouraging.

I wandered in a labyrinth without a single clue. A wild-geese chase was nothing to it. She might have been on a visit to a friend, on a shopping expedition, on her way to or from home which might be situated anywhere at the North, West or South Ends, from Salem street to Cambridge bridge or Chester Park, or possibly in some of the numerous cities and towns adjoining Boston. Perhaps she was a visitor in the city from a distant State, and, even a week after I had seen her, hundreds of miles away. Had I known her father's name, I should not have been deterred from searching directories, hotel registers, or even doorplates. The chances were decidedly against me, but that I would not stop to consider. I could of course plan no systematic search—that was impossible under the circumstances—but for months I did not relinquish the wild hope of sometime meeting again that lovely vision which had so charmed me.

I had not considered myself extravagant, my salary had not admitted that, but in my pursuit for that haunting face I did not stop to count the five and ten cent pieces which I lavished upon conductors without a single conscientious scruple. Every car bearing the name of Mount Pleasant had a peculiar fascination for me, though there was but one

chance in a thousand that I should ever meet her in that conveyance.

My landlady, good woman, was worrying at the change in me. I was not as regular as usual at my meals, the dinner-hour being often spent in a quick walk up and down Washington or Tremont streets, with occasional detours through Summer, Winter, School, Bromfield and Court streets, which so effectually consumed the time allowed by my employer for my midday meal that the useless tour would generally end in a consultation of the Old South church, and a few apples purchased at some street stand, and eaten hurriedly on my way back to the store.

One night on going to my place at the tea-table, I found under my plate a large yellow envelope directed to me in an old-fashioned cramped handwriting without stamp or postmark. On opening it, the contents proved to be quite a lengthy tract, with the pleasant heading, "The Roaring Lion seeking whom he may devour." I understood in an instant from whom it came and the motive which prompted the sender, and ventured to steal a look at her where she sat nervously pouring out the tea. The other boarders who belonged at my end of the table had not come in, and I had a quiet laugh to myself, taking care to conceal it from the kind-hearted old lady whom I need not have feared would look at me. She had evidently seen me open her missive, and was afterwards too embarrassed to meet my eye. Thinking the lion who was seeking for something or somebody to devour could wait for attention better than I could for my supper, I gave my mind exclusively to the occupation of eating, taking occasion as I left the table to whisper my thanks to her for her tract. I looked it through, as I brushed my hair in my little room, preparing for an evening excursion which I will presently mention. Its subject was the temptation of young men in great cities, how to avoid them, and escape the clutches of the one who was so fearfully represented. I could not but laugh as the thought struck me that I might well be compared to that ferocious animal therein named, for was I not "going about seeking," not whom I might devour, but on almost as fierce an errand?

I never merited the term "loafer" but once in my life, but there were a few months, during which it might have been rightfully applied to me. Night after night, I established myself at the door of the Boston Theatre, watching with eager curiosity the fair faces that

thronged through the wide entrance. From there to the foot of the Museum steps, to watch the crowd emerge at the conclusion of the performances. I could hardly hope to meet her in her black dress amid such scenes, but I did not, as I have before stated, stop to consider probabilities.

If the places of amusement found me a liberal patron of the doorway, I was fully as constant a visitor to the vestibule of churches without distinction of creed. I think my motherly landlady was comforted and repaid for the interest she had taken in me, when she noticed how regularly I attended divine worship after reading her tract, for until that time my search had been confined to the street, and occasional rapid strides through Kinmonth's or Turnbull's, where the clerks were fortunately too busily engaged with crowds of customers to question my errand or bestow any attention on me.

She did not know, and of course there was no reason for my telling her or anybody else, that I but staid long enough to hear the opening hymn in one church, satisfying myself that she whom I sought was not there, and arrived at another, only in season for the benediction which dismissed the congregation whose faces I scanned till the church was emptied.

I was surely getting to be a very reckless young man, and at times looked upon myself with astonishment and remorse, still I could not think of abandoning my worse than useless search. It was a case of infatuation which philosophers could alone explain, and time or circumstances cure. Had I asked myself why I so earnestly wished to see her again, I might have been puzzled to answer. Certainly she seemed as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. To procure an introduction, even if I ever met her, would be as difficult as my search had been, and in my position, I should have laughed at the bare idea of love or marriage.

I can only account for it by my intense love for beauty in whatever guise I meet it, but most of all in "the human face divine." The charm which holds me there is resistless. A beautiful face on canvas will at any time lure me from the most magnificent landscapes. The works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, Murillo and Corregio appeal most strongly to my admiration in the faces which grew into life beneath the magic touch of genius. Church's "Heart of the Andes," and Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," afford me

less pleasure than the exquisite engraving we call "The Motherless," and the most beautiful sketches of Cole and Turner cannot charm me beside the Madonna, Mater Dolorosa St. Agnes and Evangeline. I have been laughed at and my choice censured, but I still hold that a beautiful face is the highest form of beauty, and "*chacun a son gout*."

Even in pictures, I had seen but few faces that could compare with the one that looked out from that car-window—some perhaps with more regular features and outline, but none to me so utterly bewitching, and I longed to see it again with as crazy a desire as was ever felt by Alton Locke for the beautiful Lillian whom he met in the Dulwich Gallery. Unlike him I did not attempt to portray my feelings in verse, for the reason, partly, that I did not think of it, and because I could not have done so had I tried. Neither was I able to reproduce her face with paint or pencil, for the Fates have not particularly favored me with any special talent, and I am the last person in the world to be taken for an artist.

I grew tired at last. There would have been no danger of it, had I found the least clue, or received the slightest encouragement, but I seemed destined to have neither, and I was conscious of making a fool of myself, and wasting my time and energies in the most inexcusable manner.

Five months had passed, without bringing me any nearer to the object of my search, and by degrees I became reconciled to the idea that I should never see her again. By degrees, I say, for I could not all at once resign that hope.

Confidential business was sometimes entrusted to me by my employer, and one Monday morning I was sent with a verbal message to Mr. Thomas R. Phillips, the proprietor of a large commission house. I had known him by name for some time, but had never seen him to my knowledge, until, entering his private counting-room, I beheld, with the greatest surprise, and my readers may judge with what other emotions, the same gentleman who had sat beside the lady in the horse-car. I delivered my message blunderingly, rejoicing that it was short, and that he was obliged to remove his eyes from me to search for a paper in his desk. He could not find it, and said, as he closed the lid—"Tell Mr. Blake that I have it at home, and if he will allow you to go out with me I will send it in to him."

I wondered if he did not hear my heart beat

as I answered with a joyousness that the case hardly seemed to call for, "I think he will, sir;" and after his naming the time for me to meet him, which was some three hours earlier than I was accustomed to leave the store, I rushed back to my place of business with wings to my heels. I delivered Mr. Phillips's message, which received the approbation of Mr. Blake, and then tried to wait with patience till the appointed hour.

"You know Mr. Phillips?" I said, in as careless a manner as I could assume, to our head book-keeper, who was expected to know everybody, that is, who were in any way connected with Blake & Co. in business.

"O yes," he answered, without looking up from his ledger, "a very fine man."

"Has he a daughter, do you know?" I could not help it, but I blushed scarlet and felt as though I had shot myself.

Too absorbed in a column of figures to answer me immediately or look from his work, I waited for an answer a whole minute, and after setting down the result of his mental calculations, with an energy which could leave no doubt as to its correctness, he said:

"A daughter, did you say? Yes, he has the most beautiful wife and daughter I ever saw. He might well be proud of them."

"The daughter looks like her mother, don't she? I saw her once."

"Exactly, except there is a slight difference in age, which might be expected of course," and I was satisfied without asking any more questions. In the fullness of my heart I blessed him for his strong confirmation of my belief.

The forenoon came to an end at last—everything does, if we wait long enough—and I ate my dinner as calmly as I could under the circumstances, and without causing any one fears that I should bring on dyspepsia by too hasty mastication. There was no need to hurry in order to gain time for a walk before returning to the store.

I watched the clock anxiously, and when the hands pointed out half past three, hurried away to Mr. Phillips. I noticed a private carriage at the door, but was surprised to be ushered into it by the owner, who did not see, or at least did not appear to notice my embarrassment. I was not quite at home in that elegant conveyance. How many times, I thought, she had sat beside her father in that same carriage, perhaps riding past me while I was studying the faces of pedestrians, or watching for the magic words, "Mount

Pleasant." The mystery of her non-appearance in the cars was made clear to me.

Mr. Phillips was an educated and polished gentleman, and during the ride to his house entertained me agreeably with his conversation on various topics. The subject most interesting to me was not mentioned, and I had no possible way of introducing it.

After an hour's ride, we stopped at a splendid residence, the exact locality of which is unimportant, and walking up the broad avenue entered by a glass side-door which stood open. The inside of the house corresponded with the exterior, though I was shown directly into the library, the only apartment which I could examine in detail.

A bay-window which occupied all one end of the room, opened on a beautiful lawn. One side was entirely covered with a book-case; one was filled with an elegant lounge, and a light-stand holding a vase of flowers, an open book and a lead pencil, the third with his desk, before which was a luxurious arm-chair.

But the greatest object of interest to me were two of the many pictures which covered the walls. Photography had not then reached the perfection it has since attained, and the results of its skill were not as lavishly displayed as at present. The two pictures were fine oil paintings in massive gilt frames, one of Mr. Phillips's wife, the other of his lovely daughter. There was not quite as marked a resemblance as I had expected, but the likeness was most observable in the splendid eyes, where the painter's colors seemed to glow with vivid life.

I drank my fill of the beauty which gazed down upon me from the almost living canvas, on which shone the face I had so longed to see. Fancying Mr. Phillips noticed my absorbed gaze I reluctantly turned away, and in my embarrassment took up the book which lay upon the little table. "Emily Phillips, from her mother," was traced upon the fly-leaf in a delicate hand-writing. Charmed with those magic words I looked neither at the title, preface nor table of contents.

"I would be happy to have you dine with us," Mr. Phillips said, as he folded the paper I was to take back to the city, "but as our dinner hour is at five, it might inconvenience Mr. Blake."

What a temptation! I could not answer for a moment, but in that moment the thoughts rushed through my brain, "how can I go back without seeing her? what a grand

opportunity—an introduction—a chance to talk with her—” and then—“I am here only on business, an errand for one who is probably waiting for the document for which I was sent—he may be trying me—I will not yield—” and I said in reply, “Thank you, but I have dined, and Mr. Blake will expect me back before the store closes. My time is not my own.”

He half smiled—trying me, after all, I thought. “Yes, you are right; I am glad to find you conscientious. John will drive you down to the depot, from which you can take a car. My wife and daughter require the carriage after dinner.”

I thanked him again, and had the great satisfaction of hearing him say as he bid me good-afternoon, “Come into my store when you have an opportunity, I would like to talk with you in regard to your business prospects. I am always interested in young men who are faithful to their employers’ interest.”

I knew enough of the speaker to realize that such words from him were worth twenty ordinary recommendations. His name stood high in the mercantile world, and a young man in whom he was “interested,” was generally sure of success.

For a week, I lived in a state of exultation difficult to describe, and on Saturday night determined on a plan of action to be carried out the next day. Sunday morning, in a buggy hired from a livery stable, I set out on a systematic course of Sabbath-breaking. It was the first time in my life I had hired “a team,” and trying to look as if I was used to it, took the reins from the stable-boy, with as perfect an air of nonchalance as I could assume. If the truth is to be told, it must be confessed that I had not the least feeling of “Now, small boys, get out of the way.” I was rather afraid of getting in *their* way, and grew red and nervous every time any one looked at me or my conveyance. The horse was evidently disgusted at the slow pace allowed him, and manifested it by occasional starts, not at all conducive to my peace of mind. Altogether the ride was an uncomfortable one, but I was consoled by the idea that I should certainly see Miss Phillips, giving her credit for more devotion than I possessed myself, and assuming that as the day was fair she would probably attend church.

But as “one swallow does not make a summer,” so a few bright hours did not make a pleasant day. Black clouds gathered omi-

nously, and just before reaching Mr. Phillips’s house, the first heavy drops of a shower began to fall. Fearing for the safety of the “team” entrusted to my care, I drove hastily to the nearest shelter, a little cottage tenanted by a rough Irishman glorying in his “pratles” and clay pipe, with six children and a red-armed helpmeet to share the one and imbibe the fragrance of the other. The horse and buggy were cared for in a barn which was in every respect superior to the house, while I was made welcome with genuine Irish hospitality, and for six long hours tried to reconcile myself to the condition of things.

The rain fell in torrents accompanied with fearful thunder and lightning, which effectually prevented any one from venturing out till after four o’clock. About that time the sun appeared, and, more glad for my release than I could express, I made all haste to start out once more, but with a heavy heart, as I realized how useless it would be to attempt to see her that day. Perhaps I might catch a glimpse of her at a window. I would try at any rate.

The horse was ready in about ten minutes, though it seemed an hour, and I left them, after placing in the hands of my host a substantial token of gratitude.

Joy unspeakable! She was standing with her father on the piazza, looking intently at the magnificent rainbow God’s promise set in the clouds. I hurried the horse along, and too absorbed in gazing at her, did not notice a child, a beautiful little girl of some three years, who came bounding down the avenue in pursuit of her dog, a fine little King Charles spaniel.

Screaming and laughing as she nearly overtook him, she tried to run across the road and fell directly under the horse’s feet. Reining him in with the utmost difficulty, I sprang out, and had her in my arms by the time Mr. Phillips and his daughter reached us, attracted by her screams. They had supposed the child safe in the house, and I shall never forget the look of anguish which blanched that sweet face as she recognized the little white-robed form I gave to Mr. Phillips. She caught her from him, with a wild cry. “O, my child!” and he held her to prevent her falling, while he said, in a trembling voice:

“She is safe now, Emily; be calm. Wont my little girl come to papa?”

I have heard of drowning men catching at straws, I have seen the drop fall which sent

men into another world, but their emotions of utter despair must have been faint to those which surged over my soul as I heard those words. I stood a moment like a person suddenly paralyzed, seeing him soothe his wife and child, and then strode back to the buggy and rode away, if not a happier at least a wiser man. I appeared punctually at the tea table.

"Have you ben to meetin' to-day?" asked my landlady, in a kind tone.

I could not find it in my heart to pain the old lady.

"Mr. Blagden preached," I replied, secure in the fact that all the boarders except myself attended churches of other denominations.

"Where was his text?"

"The sermon was from *Exodus* this morning, and this afternoon from the verse 'There shall be walling and gnashing of teeth.'"

"No doubt it was very sollum and imposing."

"Very impressive indeed, though not quite as interesting as the morning discourse. I hope it will do one of his hearers good at least," I concluded as I put my chair back with a force that startled her, and with a serious face left the dining room before she could ask any more questions, or give me a chance to deceive her further. She was satisfied and pleased, so I silenced my conscience.

Angry beyond all bounds with myself, I sat in my little room all the evening brooding over the surpassing folly which had hastened a painful denouement. But mingled with the feeling of anger was a still deeper one which I could not so readily explain. I had honestly believed that I only wished to see again that marvellous face, and after one opportunity of looking upon it, should be satisfied and content, but I was further from that state of mind than I had ever been in my life. The pang which I had experienced when I found out the relationship existing between Mr. Phillips and his supposed daughter, was the keenest I had ever known, and though I should have scouted the idea that I had loved her, I have proved by a later experience of the subtle passion that such was the case.

There was no help for it, however; but what would I have given to recall the day! A week before, I had been elated with Mr. Phillips's kind notice and approbation—I could hardly expect it to continue after the subject of it had proved a Sabbath-breaker, a driver of a fast horse, and almost the cause of

his daughter's death—yes, I had not been misinformed, he had a daughter, and she was as beautiful as her mother, "with a slight difference in age, which might be expected of course." I recalled that last item of intelligence with a grim smile, and ground my teeth as I muttered, "He had no business to marry her—he is more than old enough to be her father." Those paintings in the library—what could they mean? O, of course Mr. Phillips's wife was his mother-in-law, and his daughter was his wife—a queer state of affairs. What a fool I had been, and how absurd for me to think of her, even if she *had* been his daughter.

The next day Mr. Phillips came into the store, and asked for me. I obeyed the summons reluctantly, tremblingly, and, as the contrabands would say, "with a hang-down head and a heavy heart," appeared before the dread avenger.

To my surprise, I saw I had no reason to fear him. My conscience had made a coward of me. He grasped my hand cordially.

"My dear young friend, it was you I am sure who rescued my child from the horse's feet. You did wrong to leave before we could even thank you. It was only by chance I recognized you, and my wife can hardly wait to thank you. She insists on your accompanying me home to-night to spend the evening."

I could hardly believe my ears, but I stammered an apology for something, I hardly know what, for having the horse so near the house, for having it out at all, and for all I know for being in existence myself.

At six o'clock his carriage drove to the door for me, and in an hour we entered the house together for the second time. I did not look forward to the meeting with much joy. I felt thankful that I had not entirely lost Mr. Phillips's good opinion, and that he looked at my performance in so favorable a light, but I was wretched and miserable. I did not want to see her now that I knew her to be his wife, and if the introduction were only over—

She stood before me, the face I had so long dreamed of, smiling upon me. For my life I cannot remember the first words she spoke. They were an eloquent expression of her gratitude to me for "saving little Ella," and of course my reply was a blundering disavowal of being entitled to any thanks, and my gratification at being able to rescue her before she had sustained any injury.

"Come along, auntie. Don't you want to see the gentleman who picked me out of the mud? O! wasn't it black!" And little Ella Phillips bounded into the room, followed by a young lady with a face as beautiful as she who introduced—"My sister, Miss Stafford."

I never spent a pleasanter evening in my life than that one. I enjoyed it in spite of myself, though there was an occasional twinge of heartache creeping into the hours.

I became, at their request, a frequent visitor at the house, was established in business by its kind, noble hearted owner, and the intimacy which grew up in the year following, death can alone destroy. Even that would be powerless to impair the affection we cherished for each other in that family.

We, yes all of us, but *we* in particular. Was it at all strange that, as I had so worshipped the one, I should fail to adore the other, so nearly like the first? Was it not natural that as the older sister was my friend's wife, I should turn for consolation to the younger? It was the sweetest kind of consolation, too. So far from the remedy being worse than the disease, it was worth enduring the disease for the sake of it, and he who could not have been completely cured by so agreeable a course of practice, must have been in a more advanced stage of the disorder than myself.

Few stories are complete without a wedding. I once thought mine had one too many, but I must mention one more, to show how completely I have changed my mind.

As I turned away from the altar with Jennie Stafford in her bridal dress, leaning upon my arm—the holy words which made us man and wife still lingering on the air, and caught sight of Mrs. Phillips's face in the front pew, I doubt if I considered it lovelier than the one beside me. I merely say I doubt it, for it would be discourteous to tell the truth in any stronger language, and say that in my eyes it was far inferior.

"To tell or not to tell." That was the question which had for a long time been agitating my mind, and I settled it by resolving to disclose "the head and front of my offending." I chose the evening before we left for our bridal tour.

I cannot place on paper the shouts of laughter which made me think my story was even more ridiculous than I had imagined. It entertained them for more than two hours, and any reference to it, even at this late day, causes a burst of merriment perfectly unaccountable to one not previously made ac-

quainted with the circumstances of the case.

Mrs. Stafford's picture, now the picture of my mother-in-law, or rather she who would have been so related to me had she lived, still hangs in the cosy little library, but Mrs. Phillips is gone. It is replaced by a black walnut framed photograph of Black's most exquisite crayon finish, and to me more beautiful. The writer is the owner of that picture, as also of the house which contains it. Mr. Phillips and family are spending two or three years in that European city, where it is said, "good Americans go when they die."

There is a noble boy of four summers in our house. Emily Phillips writes from Paris, "Be careful how you let him encounter the risk of being run over by a young man infatuated with your wife, who hires 'a fast team' as the best observatory."

And so ends the only romance of my life—a happy and contented one, rendered so by "Heaven's last best gift to man," the dear wife at my side, whose love will brighten even life's declivities when its romance shall have passed away.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF BY THE PROFILE.

In this game the blindman's eyes are not bandaged. A piece of white linen is stretched upon a frame, in the same way as when exhibiting a magic lantern. The blindman is seated upon a stool, so low that his shadow is not represented upon the linen which is spread over the screen. Some distance behind him a single lighted taper is placed, and all the other lights extinguished. When these arrangements are made, the company form a kind of procession, and pass in single file between the blindman (who is expressly forbidden to turn his head) and the table upon which the light is placed. This produces the expected effect; the light of the candle, intercepted by each of the company in turn, as he passes before it, casts upon the linen a succession of shadows accurately defined. As these shadows move before him, the blindman is obliged to name aloud the person who he supposes is passing at the moment, and the errors into which he falls cause shouts of laughter more or less prolonged. Should he name the party correctly, she or he takes his place.

Remember, the thoughts as well as the actions of all men are recorded in heaven.

A STAGECOACH REMINISCENCE.

BY PERRY BENJAMIN.

I met her in the coach one eve in autumn,
 She was *naïve*, sixteen and fairy;
 Her dress was neat, her form *petite* and airy,
 Her manners sweet—her name was Marie!
 Her eye was bright and blue, though somewhat
 tearful,

But seemed to shed a sweet and merry twinkle,
 As if 'twere partly weeping, partly cheerful,
 Or like the sun from out an April sprinkle!
 The coach was full, except the seat beside her—
 What could a college Junior do but whisper,
 "May I, fair stranger,"—when, O shades of cider,
 Champaigne, and all the dews of heavenly *liques*!
 What beams of smiles chased o'er her fleeting
 dimples,

As quick she stopped me with "*avec plaisir, sir*."
 And, roguish, slyly winking through her dimples,
 Drew down her dress for me a seat right near
 her!

Is't fancy, love—I know not whether, truly,
 I ought to tell you how it came between us—
 Or is't an impulse planted in us newly,
 Each time we see, to love a tearful Venus?
 But when like rays of light on dewdrops twinkling,
 Her smiles like elvish sprites beam out so shyly,
 How can we mortals keep our hearts from "Win-
 kle"-ing,

And not take liberties a little, slyly?
 Howe'er it happened, now to say I am unable,
 But soon I found my seat grew quite unsteady—
 For roads in — are rough, and coaches some un-
 stable—

And nods came in before I quite myself was
 ready.

'Tis not the nods, you know, of sleeping Homer*

* Dormiebat Homerus — *Horace, Ad P.*

That one dislikes when reading some fair spin-
 ster,
 But then mistakes occur; as when, misnomer,
 You try to speak, and only—nod against her!

"I beg your pardon, lady, young and pretty;
 But that last was a very sealike breaker!
 And, may I ask, do you go through to — city?
 Or stop you next perhaps at Goldensacre?"
 I whispered (for the night was dense and black,
 One lamp alone lit up the gloom before us).
 And when she leaned to make reply—crack—
 smack—

Her mouth met mine in full explosive chorus,
 And all was dark!—the horses in a muddle,
 The driver, storming like a maddened soldier,
 The people *shocked*, the carriage in a puddle,
 The lady *fainting* on my nearest shoulder!
 "I beg your pardon," when all was righted fairly,
 "I beg a thousand pardons, I am so stupid!
 Such accidents, however, happen rarely,
 And when they do are chargeable to—Cupid!"
 She blushed and whispered shyly, "Don't, I pray
 you!"

And looked distressed, and sighed, and blushed
 again,
 As if she'd said, "Don't—let temptation stay you!"
 So that, of course, I couldn't, *didn't* then!

O winsome maiden, young, *petite* and rosy!
 'Twas strange how rough the road, our nods
 how hitting,
 Our seat behind how small and yet how cosy,
 With dancing shadows back and forward flitting!
 And O, that stagecoach ride that eve in autumn!
 'Twas foul without, within 'twas charming, *very*;
 For there I met her first, with grace so airy,
 Who still will blush whenever I call her—Marie!

ALLEN PERCY'S INDIAN SUMMER.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

"You are not to control my movements,
 Allen, because you are my betrothed hus-
 band. I will choose my friends without in-
 terference of yours."

Ethel Verne's beautiful face was marred
 by ire.

"You wrong me, Ethel. I do not seek to
 exercise undue control over you. I have
 merely expressed a wish that you would not
 associate with Guy Fairfax on terms of social

intimacy. He does not bear an irreproach-
 able name, and I do not like to have yours
 mixed up with his."

"He is the pet of the circle in which we
 move—why then so fastidious in regard to
 him?"

"Wealth and an agreeable person blind us
 to vice; but his places of resort are tabooed
 by virtuous people."

"You are prejudiced and jealous, Allen.

He has invited me to attend the opera with him, and I mean to go."

"You shall not, Ethel."

"*Shall not!* nay then *I will!*" And her slippered foot came down with an emphatic stamp. "How *dare* you employ such language towards me! I thought you did not seek to control my actions! I am not to be treated like a child, to gratify a whim of yours."

"Hush, Ethel!"

"*I will not.* Know, Allen Percy, that I will go with whom I list; and you shall not prevent me. There must be no chains for me, now or ever. I'd break them with as much ease and satisfaction as I tear this;" and her delicately embroidered and perfumed handkerchief lay in shreds upon the carpet.

He grew pale and stern.

"You are heated, and do not consider what you say."

"I am in deadly earnest. No man shall be my master."

"My wishes weigh nothing with you then?"

"Not when you would make fetters of them"

"I'll talk with you again when you are calmer."

"I insist upon learning all you may have to say now."

He sat down.

"I have loved you as fondly and faithfully as man ever loved woman—do you believe this, Ethel?" She tossed her head impatiently. "My dearest earthly hopes have centered in you. Imagination has presented a quiet home of which you were the chief attraction; (how have I gloated over the charming picture!) but, your outbreak to-night convinces me we shall make but sorry companions. However painful it may be, it is best to be plain, it is best to understand each other. I have no objections to an ordinary temper, but—"

"Enough, sir. The happiest thing I can do is to restore you your freedom. I trample upon my bonds," slipping her engagement ring from her finger and crushing it under foot.

His pallor and sternness increased.

"Be it so."

"We are strangers henceforth, Mr. Percy."

He bowed and passed from her presence. And so the summer of a young heart died out. His dream of love had vanished. The storm rudely swept away the buds of hope and joy that had sprung up along his path.

The tendrils of a rich, capable nature, which had reached forth so gladly to twine around some object, were torn up and thrust back upon himself. There was a devilish cruelty in it; but it was better that the trial had come now, than to have waited till the marriage tie had shown him what a festering canker an ill-assorted union breeds. He was not one to sink under trouble. He gathered his forces about him, and plunged into the whirl and excitement of mercantile speculation. He crowded his waking hours with business, the kindly Lethæan wave for aching hearts. He eschewed female society. His landlady and wash-woman were the only members of the sex, with whom he had any personal intercourse. All others were so many dress-makers' blocks for the exhibition of elegant and fashionable toilets. He buttoned his coat against them with the air of one erecting a rampart. The years, as they passed, wore channels in his cheeks and brow, wove threads of silver among his dark locks, and gave him that peculiar, hard appearance common to successful old bachelor financiers.

At forty-five he was immensely wealthy; but his unflagging industry had strained his nervous system to its utmost tension, and the consequence was, he was obliged to retire from the commercial world, or else become completely prostrated. He purchased a fine residence on the Hudson, engaged a sedate and elderly house-keeper, looked up a graceless nephew and a forlorn niece, and settled down to recruit his bodily energies.

But if he expected to remain in seclusion, he was mistaken. From the time of Atlanta and Hippomenes, "golden apples" have been tempting. Manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters were not satisfied to have a rich bachelor "waste his sweetness on the desert air." They paid assiduous court, invited him to fetes and dinner parties, picnics and moonlight excursions; but all in vain. One lady, whose charms were in the "same and yellow leaf" was so bold and persistent in her attentions that he was fain to take refuge behind an attack of rheumatism. "Woe worth the day!" Miss Celestina Badger came near establishing her head-quarters under the same roof with the patient. As it was, she was so officious in recommending this, that and the other remedy, so anxious to be of service to him, that he got excessively irritable and grouchy, and positively forbade the servants to admit her or any one to his presence. He was not by any means as badly

off as he pretended, but just in a condition to be snarly and crotchety.

He was in one of his worst moods when Merle Dame called and requested an interview. She was politely told that Mr. Percy was not at home.

"I beg your pardon, but Saddle, his niece, just informed me to the contrary."

Now Merle's voice was clear and resonant, and penetrated the gentleman's apartment.

"That brat of a niece!" gnashed he, in a minor key.

"The master is mighty cross," said Bridget, "but I'll ask him if he be here or not."

"Very well."

Bridget came back with a rueful countenance.

"He bids me tell yes that he hates women and will not see you."

"Say to him that I hate men, but love children; and I *must* and *will* speak to him."

Allen Percy came to the top of the stairway.

"Since it is the only way to get rid of her, show the virago up."

"The virago is here, Mr. Percy."

She was certainly not a vision of loveliness; but she had shining eyes and a resolute, truthful face, albeit a little defiant and scornful. She might have been twenty, she might have been thirty. A stranger could not have told, since she was one over whom age has small power.

"Well?"

Allen Percy thrust out the monosyllable with a jerk.

"I am Merle Dame."

"And like the rest you come to curry favor with the old bachelor?"

"No sir. I am not here to catch a husband. I don't think *you* would add any sunshine to my life in that capacity."

He regarded her curiously.

"You have not come to take me captive against my will? Have the kindness to enlighten me as to the object of your visit then."

"To teach you your duty."

He arched his eyebrows.

"Hum! Let's hear about that. Who is Miss Dame that she dares venture to lesson me?"

"One who does not live altogether for herself, as you do."

"Pharisaical, eh? Do you know you have taken a bold step?"

"Yes sir."

"That if I choose I can throw you out of

employment as teacher in the department you fill?"

"Yes sir."

"You came to teach me my duty—try your system of instruction upon me, Miss Dame."

"You have a nephew who is one of my pupils."

"Yes."

"You think your responsibility ends when you have paid his bills, warmed and fed him?"

"Yes."

"He will grow up a ruined young man."

"What?"

"It is as I tell you. You are not concerned as to where he spends his evenings and half-holidays, so engrossed are you with your own special ills and grievances, so afraid of being wheedled into a matrimonial alliance against your better judgment."

"You are severe."

"Don't I speak truly?"

"Perhaps. At least you are candid in the expression of your opinion. How do you know that Leon is in danger?"

"The affection I feel for my scholars leads me to watch them carefully. I accidentally discovered that he frequents gaming saloons, and I thought my last course would be to report him to you."

"What do you advise?"

"Talk with him gently and firmly. Inspire him with love and reverence for you, and you can make of him what you will."

"How can I, if I am as selfish as you think?"

She scanned his face narrowly.

"You are capable of a more royal and loving existence. You have not always been what you are now."

"How do you know?"

"I have the gift of divination."

"Well, Miss Dame, you have not played toady to Mammon. I like your courage and spirit, and I will endeavor to do right by Leon and Saddle."

"Thank you, my mission is accomplished then."

Allen Percy forgot his rheumatism right suddenly, and took straightway a wonderful interest in the cause of education. His influence over Leon became unbounded. The lad, conscious that his uncle's eye was upon him, acquitted himself accordingly. From him, Allen learned much in relation to Merle, her tastes, disposition and habits of thought.

He seldom met with her; and, latterly, she had seemed to shun him. When he did meet her, their greeting, though never formal, was as cool as a northwest blast. It was cutting but invigorating; and stirred their blood into a more rapid circulation. Months passed, and October came in rich gala dress. The sky was tender and blue as in June. The sun tinged the landscape red gold. Mountain, mead and valley were glorified. Summer was giving her last magnificent smile to earth before sweeping into eternity. Allen went out for a stroll, and overtook Merle.

"I am revelling in the delightful weather," she said.

"Let us take seats underneath this chestnut, and enjoy its glow and richness together."

"Night is falling, and warns me to return."

"Linger yet. I want to ask why you avoid me."

"You hate women, you know."

"I don't hate you, Merle—do you me?"

"Not much. I am a 'virago' though."

"I was cross when I said that. Do you think me altogether bad now?"

"No."

"Would you marry an old fellow, Merle?"

"I am a 'wall-flower,' and shall not attract any man's love; therefore no."

"I am much your senior."

"How much?"

"Twenty years at least."

"I am thirty-three."

"You are! Well, I don't hate you, Merle—will you be my wife?"

"If you are willing to take all risks; and will never shirk the responsibility attaching to the relationship."

And so the Indian summer came to Allen Percy.

A FALSE LOVE.

~~~~~  
BY WYNIE WILDE.  
~~~~~

The gaslights' glare filled all the room,
And he was there; his fair young bride
Was happy, smiling by his side,
Her heart and cheek alike in bloom.

I wondered if she knew she stole
The fairest roses from my way—
The brightest sunshine from my day.
I could not think so in my soul!

I did not wonder he must love,
She was so fair, and I so pale;
And yet my heart sent up a wail,
Unheard mayhap save up above.

I wondered if my heart would break,
When I should meet those brilliant eyes,
Wherein such wealth of splendor lies.
But no, it should not, for her sake!

And I was calm; he never knew
How every tone thrilled through my heart,
And made the quivering fibres start,
And swept it seething through and through.

He never knew my life-star set,
When he proved false—how still I let
His love rule in my soul; and yet,
How strange it is he could forget!

THE UNLUCKY LOVER.

~~~~~  
BY WILL ROCHESTER.  
~~~~~

I RETURNED to the home of my youth, after an absence of six years, a careworn and broken-hearted boy of nineteen; my education neglected, and the precepts of religion obliterated. On shipboard prayers were unknown; the low curse, the ill-tempered snarl, the fretful, feverish humor was only forgotten when the heart was for a moment recreating in a trivial amusement.

Hardly one degree better than a savage,

uncouth in my manners, a stranger to the habits and customs of those with whom I was about to associate, I felt in every society a chilling inferiority, and acknowledged by my servility the superiority of my companions.

And yet I was sometimes envied for my knowledge of French; and my probable fortune at my father's death was often sounded in my ears—as if the first was coveted, and the second a consummation to be wished. I

shrank from the false flatterers, and I thank God the wish of a parent's death never entered my mind.

The first operation after cleansing my garb was to cleanse my mind; to purify my expressions; to turn the ribaldry of sailors into the expressions of society; and I can honestly say that the three years spent in reading and cultivating my mind were the three happiest of my life.

After that, it was resolved that I should travel, and preparations were gradually made for launching me again into the world. It was odd how I still clung to the sea; and how often, when reposing in security, I dwelt upon the pleasures of that stormy profession. I could in imagination recline upon the fore-castle, watching the graceful rise of the ship, and, as it mounted a heavy sea, I could recall the time when the dark clouds flew over the moon and the forked lightning played among the rigging; and strange it was, and is, that even now I look back to those first impressions with joy, and feel a pleasure in the recollection of my early days.

Although I had been the first to hint my wish to travel, I soon became the last to forward the scheme. Among the friends of my sister was one Lucy Stackpole, a girl of seventeen; tall, graceful, meek, mild and modest. She appeared to me the most unaffected and unassuming creature I had ever seen. I know not how it was, but I frequently found myself alone with her, and she seemed always pleased when hearing me relate some scene of misfortune which had happened during my early life; and when relating the adventures her beautiful large blue eyes would be fixed upon me, swimming in the very expression of pity. Day after day she asked for another and another adventure, and hours slipped by without our heeding the flight of time.

I certainly felt myself always much gratified when I was with Lucy, but never for a moment considered myself in love until my sister hinted her suspicions that I was a little enamored of her fair and graceful friend. Then I began to think, upon the subject, and actually brought myself at last to believe that she was the angel destined to render my life happy—further convinced by various little circumstances, such as tender and expressive looks, a slight squeezing of the hand at parting, a flush at meeting, and now and then an involuntary sigh.

Although Lucy was conscious that such an

alliance would never have her parents' consent—for they were in the line of the nobility, while I was of more plebeian extract—yet, when I pressed her to my heart, confessed my love, and saw the large tear ready to start from her blue eyes, I overcame the natural timidity of her sex and extorted by her bashful silence the acknowledgment of a reciprocal feeling. Well do I remember—never shall I forget the day when, with her hand in mine, we threaded the sheltered walks of her garden, and, secure from the eyes of inquisitive maids, offered up our vows of constancy and love.

She told me her affections were mine; that although her father and mother might object to our union, still they could not govern her own heart; that she would treasure up my love in silent security, and that if, on my return from abroad, I still felt as then, she would be mine in spite of all opposition.

The compact was sealed with a kiss; we arranged a plan of correspondence, and, the happiest fellow in the world, I started on my voyage the next day.

For a month or two all went well; her letters breathed an affection that would satisfy the most exacting. I wrote regularly every three days until suddenly her letters ceased to reach me. Her parents had discovered the secret, and considering it the best plan, said nothing to Lucy, but quietly intercepted our letters, leaving both of us to the belief that the other was inconstant and tired of the correspondence.

I waited and waited at St. Petersburg for a letter; none came. I wrote, and wrote, and she of course never received them. In a fury at the supposed neglect, I resolved to go to Moscow, and there endeavor to freeze myself into forgetfulness.

'Twas useless, and worse than useless; something kept prompting me to return home; I obeyed the summons, cut Moscow with a two days' visit and started.

I arrived in my native town within a month, and directed my first steps to Lucy's house. I was refused admission, the door slammed in my face, and I left the premises in a passion.

The truth was, as I afterwards learned, that by the skillful management of her parents, Lucy's heart had already undergone some slight vacillations. After intercepting our letters, they had thrown into her society a certain Major Henderson, whose appearance and talent were dangerous. In vain, at

first, she attempted to avoid his company, but her *kind* mother had a point to gain, and those who knew Mrs. Stackpole were very well aware that no woman had the bump of determination more splendidly developed than she had.

The major was a constant visitor at her house. He was no dandy, indebted to his tailor for his appearance and his figure; he was a shrewd, clever, agreeable man, quite sufficiently versed in the world to know that if a woman listens once she will listen again. If he had been a dandy, Lucy would have at once discharged him; but when she listened to his voice, when she saw in him the straightforward, upright, honorable soldier—a man whose hours even of idleness were usefully employed—she felt her heart gently yielding in spite of the firm resolutions she had made of loving me.

The artful mother was first in the field. She told Lucy that her secret was discovered, and ridiculed the affection which could be absent for a year and never write once. There is no weapon like ridicule skillfully managed; we can stand a plain, honest, downright assertion, but ridicule alone is the strongest, and many a man has cut his throat rather than be exposed to it. Then she appealed to her pride, and advised her to avenge my neglect; after which she drew comparisons between Henderson, ready to fall at her feet, a man of fortune and of family, whom every one admired, and myself, a miserable sailor, who ought to have been hung for a pirate; an uneducated bear; an idle fellow, without a profession, and whose greatest pretension to family was his relationship to a banker who had a fourth cousin a peer.

All this had its effect on poor Lucy's heart, and when, a few days after, she was alone with Henderson, and he took her hand in both of his, whatever she felt inclined to *think*, there was one thing she did not do—withdraw her hand. On the contrary, she sighed and the gallant officer, looking her full in the face, and observing her agitation, asked her to bless him by sharing his fortune and life—confessing that he loved her sincerely, and had for a long time.

In vain the trembling girl looked round the room for a temporary suspense; the major had kissed her hand and talked of "silence which spoke," and that the silence should be her bashful consent; but short was the pause; the citadel was taken and the surrender of the heart was announced by a

clasp of the hand which only woman can give, and which only lovers can appreciate.

I received the news of the intended marriage like a stoic; cursed all womankind as false and fickle, and in the bitterness of my heart resolved to see Lucy once more and confront her with her perfidy.

To gain admission to her house was impossible, but to see her for the last time as Lucy Stackpole and for the first time as Mrs. Henderson was very probable. Accordingly on the day fixed for the marriage I placed myself in one of the pews near the altar, which possessed a convenient pillar, and there, concealed from public curiosity, I awaited the termination of my hopes. Some dozen of women bedizened in blonde, and some score of men in blue coats and white gloves, distributed themselves in various parts of the church. The portly and jocund countenance of the bishop was exhibited under a mask of gravity. A slim and elegant man led in the beautiful figure of a woman; her face was concealed under a rich Brussels veil, and she could not and did not conceal the agitation of her mind on the apparent horror of her situation. By her side was another elegant figure whose beauty was not clouded by the flimsiness of lace.

At first I did not recognize the couple to be the objects of my search, but in closely examining the company I saw Mr. Stackpole in all his glory and Mrs. Stackpole in all her tawdriness. This then was the consummation of experience over hope.

The ceremony proceeded according to all rules of decorum and of the service. I endeavored to catch Lucy's answer when the question was asked if she would "have this man to be her husband," but it was inaudible. I heard the bishop proclaim them man and wife, without fainting or any hysterical buffoonery. I saw the late Lucy Stackpole invested with all the dignity of the Hendersons, and I was an eye-witness to the consummate coolness with which a girl who was outwardly the emblem of innocence could give her hand to one, while certainly but a short time before her heart was another's. This was a master-piece of performance; it imitated nature so closely that it appeared quite natural.

No deep toned "Amen?"—from my lips, at least—followed the blessing. I watched the frustration of all my chances with a dry and clear eye. I was wound up for anything, and I only felt as if I could stab—stab, ay, to the

heart, both the fickle, faithless girl and the more successful lover.

They would return to eat and drink in their new state; to be the show of the moment; while I, miserable dog, what would I do?

They started for the door. As they passed the corner where I had posted myself my eye caught that of the bride; she stopped suddenly, gave me one long, sad look, and fainted in the arms of her husband. I rushed from the church, convinced by that look that she still loved me.

Two weeks after, the war broke out in In-

dia. I enlisted in Henderson's regiment; saw him slain on the field of battle; was detailed to carry his body home and of course came in contact with Lucy.

All our old love revived at that first meeting. Mutual explanations followed, and—pshaw! what's the use of telling the reader the result! Suffice it to say that I wasn't quite so unlucky this time, although some crusty old bachelor might reason differently. But then old bachelors are no judges of these things! What know they of the joys of married life?

FLOOD TIDE.

~~~~~  
BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.  
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I.

How grand it looked in the blazing sunlight, that quaint, old-fashioned Hall, with its antique and mullioned windows, and how proud of it was the young girl that stood in the long avenue with one hand resting on an old rustic bench, gazing at the sight. Warrington Hall had been the pride of the country for years, and even those of princely birth envied its fortunate possessor. It had been built in the time of the Seventh Henry, and had passed unscathed through all the succeeding generations, with the exception of a score or more of holes picked in it by the Round-head cannon in the great Revolution, when it had bravely stood a siege in behalf of King Charles. Then, though it was sacked from turret to foundation by the victors, it had escaped destruction through the determination of Cromwell to retain so old and valued a relic.

Now as the broad blaze of sunlight streamed over it, as it lay back among its thick green foliage, it had never seemed so beautiful before, and Flora Warrington's eyes lit with tender pride as she gazed at it.

Flora Warrington was the only child of Sir Ralph Warrington, the present owner of the Hall. She was tall and magnificently formed, and possessed of a beauty that Cleopatra herself might have envied. Dark as midnight, and graceful as a fawn, she had turned the heads of all the young men in the country. She was just twenty, and had not long been home from school. She possessed all the pride

of her race, and though kind-hearted, and warm in her friendships, had been so thoroughly schooled during the days of her pupilage, that she was capable of sacrificing any feeling, any affection, to her pride, should she see fit to do so. She looked gloriously beautiful this warm June afternoon, as she stood there in that old avenue, and his must have been a cold heart that would have refused to do homage to her beauty. She was evidently waiting for some one, for she frequently cast impatient glances towards the grand gateway. She was a trifle paler than usual, and it was evident from the firm, hard-set expression of her mouth, that she had nerved herself to some great effort.

A sound of footsteps on the gravel walk caused her to flush fitfully, and then grow pale again, and looking up, she saw a young man approaching her with a light airy gait. He came up, and held out his hand frankly. He was tall and manly—indeed a perfect picture of manly beauty—and his face was of that exquisitely passionate type so rarely seen in Englishmen. It was easy to see that he was capable of loving or hating with an intensity greater than most men could lay claim to. Miss Warrington affected not to notice his proffered hand, and bowed to him with stately politeness.

"Wont you shake hands, Flora?" he asked, in a tone of surprise. "It has been a whole week since I have seen you."

"Indeed?" she remarked, indifferently. "I did not think it had been so long. Really,

the time passes so quickly one does not mark its flight."

"It seems to me very long, and I had hoped that you had missed me," he said reproachfully, withdrawing his hand which she had not taken.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," she said, dropping her eyes, and avoiding his gaze.

"What is the matter with you, to-day?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing. What do you mean?"

"You are so changed since our last meeting. Then you were all affection, all kindness. Now you will not even take my hand."

"I think I have a right to do as I please," she said, sharply.

"Undoubtedly you have," he said, coldly, "and I have an equal right to ask an explanation of your conduct. Is this too much to ask of you?"

"No," she replied. "It means, then, if you will know, that I think this affair has gone far enough, and that it is time to come to our sober senses again."

His face grew very pale, and he broke out impetuously:

"O Flora, Flora, how can you act so? Every word of yours wrings my heart fearfully."

She interrupted him:

"I am sorry to cause you pain, but if you will reflect you will see that I am right."

He bent his head, and was silent for a moment. Then with a pale, calm face, he asked, composedly:

"Do you mean that you have ceased to love me, and that you wish to be released from your engagement?"

"Arthur Wayne," said the young woman, coldly, "when we were young, were children, I loved you truly and sincerely, but since we have become man and woman, I find it best to dismiss these childish fancies, and face the matter boldly. I can never marry you, and the sooner we learn to regard each other as friends, the better for us."

She spoke coldly and unfalteringly, and the passion-blinded young man did not see what an effort it cost her to do so.

"As you please, Flora," he said slowly; "I have no wish to bind you by a tie that has become irksome. If I have held you too long, already, forgive me."

"Only think of it, Arthur," she said, abruptly, "and you will see that I am right. You are a man now, and I am a woman, and we can no longer afford to dream. You see

these broad lands, and this old Hall. They will never be mine. They are entailed, and at my father's death will go to a distant relative, who is the heir-at-law."

"That would make no difference with me, Flora," said the young man eagerly. "I want you, not your fortune."

"It makes a difference with me!" she said, coldly. "You are a very young man, Arthur—only twenty-four—and you have no fortune. Could you marry a poor girl? for I will be penniless at my father's death. We would simply starve. I will not wrong you, or myself, by encouraging you to hope for such a marriage."

"But, Flora," he began, passionately. She interrupted him:

"Hear me, Arthur. I know you love me, and I like you very much"—here her voice faltered a little—"but I will never marry you. I would gladly spare you this pain, but in punishing you now I will save you much sorrow in the future, and the time will yet come, when you will thank me for this. Do not suffer yourself to indulge the slightest hope, for I have resolved never to marry you."

"I am prepared to yield to your decision," he said, calmly, "but there is one thing I would know. If I were wealthy, would your decision be the same?" She hesitated, and he watched her closely. "Answer me," he said, passionately, "would you marry me if I could offer you wealth instead of poverty?"

Her eyes fell, and she answered in a low tone, so low that he could scarcely hear her:

"Yes. I would not hesitate."

"And now you cast me off only because I am poor?"

"For no other reason," she replied.

"Will you not wait a few years, Flora, before casting me off entirely? My fortune may change."

"No, Arthur," she said, "I cannot. If my father should die to-morrow, and you know how feeble his health is, I would be thrown on the world a beggar. I must not encourage you. I must sacrifice heart, happiness and everything for wealth and position."

"How will you gain it, Flora?" he asked.

She held out her small, white hand.

"That will draw both to me," she said.

"Now, Arthur, we must part—forever. Good-by."

She gave him her hand, which he held tenderly for a moment.

"Good by, Flora," he said, sadly. "God pity and forgive you for what you have done!"

He dropped her hand, and, turning away, hurried down the avenue. He did not pause or look back, and did not see the young woman sink down into the seat by which she had been standing, and give way to a burst of passionate weeping. He only saw the future before him, made dark and cheerless by her act, and he walked home like one in a dream.

Arthur Wayne was the only son of a clergyman. His father had been for many years the rector of the parish church in the neighborhood of the Hall, but was entirely dependent on the living for his support, and in giving his son a thorough education had given him all it would ever be in his power to bestow. Arthur was now twenty-four, and was preparing to enter the lists at the Bar, where he hoped to rise to wealth and distinction. He and Flora Warrington had been children together, and as they grew up, a strong and earnest love had grown up with them, and he had always looked upon her as the one that would make his future life happy and blest. The sudden awakening from this dream was painful and crushing, and so great had been its force that it had at first completely bewildered him, so that he had yielded tamely and submissively to Flora Warrington's heartless decision. After he left her, however, he could think, of which power he had seemed to be deprived while with her. His heart ached with bitterness and sorrow as he thought of the scene that had just transpired, and the more he thought of it the more intense became his suffering and his bitterness. "She does not care," he cried, at length. "She doubtless enjoys the sport. But, by Heaven, I will pay her for it before I die. She shall repent this yet."

With this vow of vengeance he was forced to be content for the present; but could he have seen Flora Warrington that night, he would have thought himself amply avenged, for she, unhappy woman that she was, passed the hours of darkness in a fierce and agonizing struggle with her love for him.

Six months later Sir Ralph Warrington died. He was buried in the family vault in the old church, and the heir-at-law came down from London to attend the funeral, and take possession of the estate. Flora had not yet married, and, as she had foreseen, was thrown upon the world penniless, and without knowing how she was to obtain the means of a livelihood. The new heir courteously

invited her to continue to make the Hall her home, until she could arrange her plans for the future, but she knew that this was for only a short while, and that it must end soon. Bitterly did she repent her conduct towards Arthur Wayne. But for that she might have had the benefit of his counsel, and the comfort of his love in this trying time, but now she had cast him from her, and she felt friendless and alone in the wide world.

But she was not friendless nor alone, for one person thought of her, and was seeking to find how he might aid her, and that person was no other than Arthur Wayne. He returned home from the funeral slowly and thoughtfully.

Upon reaching the rectory he found a gentleman awaiting his return. The stranger was a well-known London lawyer, and greeted the young man warmly.

"To what am I indebted for this pleasure?" asked Arthur, after he had received his visitor.

"I will answer your question by another," said the lawyer. "Do you remember a cousin of your mother, Mr. George Gordon, merchant of Bombay, India?"

"Not very well, sir," was the reply, "I have not seen him for many years."

"He has been more thoughtful of you, it seems, for I am here to inform you of his death, and that you are his sole heir. By the powers, young man, you are lucky, for your fortune isn't a penny under five hundred thousand pounds."

For awhile Arthur sat gazing at the lawyer in blank amazement, but that gentleman soon convinced him of the truth of his remarks, and then delivered to him a letter written by old Mr. Gordon a short while before his death. What was contained in that letter, no one ever knew, for Arthur Wayne never showed it to any one. He remained closeted with the lawyer for a long time, and after the interview was over, informed his father of his good fortune. It was necessary for him to go out to India to arrange certain matters connected with the estate to which he had fallen heir, and he left home that night for London, and in ten days was at sea.

On the morning after his departure from home, the lawyer who had brought him the good news called on Flora Warrington, and informed her that Mr. Gordon had left the bulk of his fortune to Arthur Wayne, and a legacy of fifty thousand pounds to herself for her mother's sake, whom he had dearly loved

in his younger days. This put matters before her in a new light. Henceforth the future was to be bright to her. It was no longer dark and gloomy.

II.

The season at Turby Beach was very gay, and the watering place was thronged. Invalids and pleasure seekers all seemed to be enjoying themselves, and no one looked forward to the close of the time without a feeling of regret.

Among the guests was one whose arrival early in the season had created a sensation, and had turned the heads of all the men at the place. For this season, at least, Flora Warrington was the reigning belle at Turby Beach. Four years had made but little change in her save to add to her marvellous beauty. She had not married, and, according to the popular estimate of her, probably never would, as it was very difficult to please her. Her wealth made her much sought after, but she had not as yet surrendered her freedom.

Sitting opposite her at the table one evening when the season was at its height, was a gentleman who had been especially attentive to her.

"Have you heard the news, Miss Warrington?" he exclaimed, suddenly.

"No indeed. What is there new, Captain Lester?" she asked, indifferently.

"Is it possible you haven't heard of the new arrival? Why, all the women are going wild over it. We have an addition to the guests here, and it is no less a personage than the Honorable Arthur Wayne, Member of Parliament for L—, and one of the wealthiest men in the country. Four years ago he was left a fortune of half a million, and now he has doubled it by some unusually lucky speculations. He's a bachelor, too, and not thirty. Indeed, the ladies here are in a state of great excitement at his arrival—and—"

Captain Lester stopped abruptly and looked in surprise at Miss Warrington. She had turned ghastly pale, and seemed greatly startled by something.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Are you sick?"

"No," she replied, hastily recovering herself. "I don't exactly know what was the matter. Your announcement seemed to take away my breath," she added, with a light laugh.

"I don't wonder," said the captain, gayly.

"Such an announcement to a lady possessed of your attractions is startling, I admit."

"O you need not imagine I shall catch him, if that's what you mean," she said, smiling. "Mr. Wayne and I were children together."

Captain Lester looked at her closely, but detected nothing by her appearance. Still he thought he understood the meaning of the lady's singular conduct. It was clear to him now that Mr. Wayne was something more to Miss Warrington than merely an old friend.

He was right. Flora Warrington had always loved Arthur Wayne. In casting him off as she had done four years before, she had acted partly for his good, as she thought, and partly from more selfish motives. She was not willing to brave poverty, and commence life as a poor man's wife, and though it had been a bitter sacrifice to her, she had made it. Since that day she had never seen Arthur Wayne. She had heard of him. He was prosperous and rising in public life. Every one mentioned him with respect, and his immense fortune gave him a commanding position in society. He had never married, and though he had not sought her, or had any communication with her, she could not help hoping that he loved her enough to come back to her, and make another effort to win her. To do her justice, she would have accepted him had he been penniless, now that she had enough for both; and as she was placed beyond the reach of poverty, she cared little for his fortune. Still four years had passed away, and Arthur Wayne had remained away from her, and hope had almost died out in her heart. She felt that she was being justly punished, and that she could not murmur. Now, however, the prospect of meeting with him again caused a new hope to awaken within her. He had come where he could not avoid meeting her, and she fancied that it was to see her that he came.

She met him in the assembly-room that night. His greeting was calm and courteous, with just enough of warmth in it to show those who witnessed it that he regarded her as an old friend. He had changed greatly. He looked older and more careworn, but had lost nothing of his proud, manly beauty. He did not seek her society much that evening, and she was disappointed at this, for she had hoped that he would do so. The next day, however, he was more attentive, and after that became so devoted that Captain Lester withdrew from the field in despair. Flora Warrington felt a thrill of triumphant delight.

She had conquered. Arthur Wayne was at her feet again.

Indeed, he had never ceased to love her. All through the years of absence he had thought of her, and had loved her more intensely than ever. But he could not bring himself to go back to her after her heartless desertion of him. He was a proud man, and he would not allow her to triumph over him again. He had not forgotten or abandoned his scheme of vengeance, and all through the long years it went on developing itself, though unknown to her. He was gradually forming his plans for a great and complete triumph over her, and it was this, as much as his love for her, which struggled mightily with his desire for revenge, that brought him to Turby Beach, where he knew she was spending the summer. He rode with her, waited on her everywhere, and was so marked in his attentions that she became the object of the bitter envy of all the marriageable women, both young and old, at the watering place. She was unconscious of this. She only knew that Arthur Wayne still loved her, that he was as true and devoted as of old. She cared for nothing else, having this precious knowledge to comfort her.

Arthur Wayne had been at Turby Beach a month, but had not yet spoken of love, but Flora felt sure that he would do so soon.

The village of Turby is a small, straggling settlement built on a projecting point of land, with a fine hard sand beach on each side, thus giving to the bathers the choice of the north or south sands. Curiously shaped rocks form the coast, and among these is one large cave, a rare curiosity in its way. At low tide the cave was accessible to any one who wished to visit it, but when the tide was in, the water rose above the entrance and filled the cave. It was quite a large cavern, reaching back no one could tell how far, as the rear portion was almost always full of water. At low tide it was very light—that is it was filled with a soft twilight haze, which gave it a strange, mysterious air.

This cave was quite a favorite place with Flora Warrington. Scarcely a day passed that she did not visit it. It was one of the few places where she could escape from the outside world, and be indeed alone. One morning she came here, and sitting down on one of the rocks gave herself up to a long reverie, of which Arthur Wayne was the subject. How long she sat there she did not know, but when she raised her head, she saw

him standing by her. She was so much startled that she almost screamed, but he sat down by her, and told her not to be frightened.

"I am glad to find you here, alone," he said, "for I have much to say to you. Do you remember our parting, four years ago?" She said "yes" in a low tone, and he went on, "I have good cause to remember it, for it nearly broke my heart. It was heartless in you to act so, but I resolved to repay you. I made a vow of vengeance, and I have kept my oath."

She listened to him in astonishment. She had expected a different avowal.

"I will tell you how," he went on. "About the time your father died I became suddenly rich, through the death of a relative, and at the same time you became penniless. I knew your dread of poverty, for I had suffered by it, and I determined to save you from it. I was the sole heir to Mr. Gordon's property. The money you thought left you by him was my gift."

She sank down at his feet, quivering with wounded pride, and gasped:

"No—no—do not say that—anything but that."

"It is true," he said, gloomily. "Was it not a rare vengeance to think that you who had crushed my heart, who had trampled on my love because of my poverty, had been saved from suffering by me? that you owed all your comfort and elegance to me—the despised, the rejected lover?"

There were strange sounds from the mouth of the cave, but neither heeded them. She crouched on the ground, sobbing bitterly, completely crushed by his cruel announcement, and he sat gazing at her gloomily.

"I said to myself," he continued, "that some day I would seek you out, and tell you this, for I knew it would sting your proud soul, and make you hate your riches. Am not I amply revenged in this?"

"It was cruel," she sobbed. "Take back your wealth. I would die rather than retain it."

There was a booming sound from the mouth of the cave, and then the water rushed in and surged up around them.

"My God!" cried Arthur, springing to his feet, "We shall be lost. The tide is coming in, and in a moment our retreat will be cut off."

He caught her up in his arms, and hurried to the mouth of the cave, but he was too late. The water had risen unperceived by them,

and it was too deep for them to reach the rocks outside. There was no help for it. They must remain in the cave and meet their fate. If the waves should fill the cavern entirely, nothing could save them from drowning. Arthur Wayne told this to his companion in an agitated voice. She answered, calmly:

"It is well. I have nothing to live for now."

Arthur glanced around him, and sought eagerly for some place of refuge. There was a projecting ledge of rocks near the roof of the cavern. If the water did not rise above this, they might yet be saved, but if it came above it, they must die. Without a word, he clambered up to the ledge, drawing the young woman up after him. Placing her securely on it, he seated himself by her. Still both were silent, watching the rising of the water. It came rushing in rapidly, and in half an hour had completely covered the entrance to the cave. A deep darkness now reigned over everything, and they could hear the plashing of the waves as they rose higher and higher. At length they touched the feet of Arthur Wayne and his companion, and were still rising. The water came up slowly until it reached the ledge on which they were sitting, submerging them to their waists.

It was a solemn moment, for it seemed that a few brief moments more would see their death, and in that darkness and danger better thoughts came to the hearts of both, and all pride and bitterness vanished from them. Arthur could not see Miss Warrington, but he knew that she was fully alive to their danger. Neither had spoken since they had taken refuge on the ledge. At last he put his arm around her, and drew her to him. She did not resist him, but suffered her head to rest on his shoulder.

"Flora!"

"Arthur!"

"Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, and bless you too, Arthur. We are so near death that I have nothing in my heart but love for you."

"And if we must die," he said, "thank God it will be together. I do not deserve such happiness. You ought to hate me, Flora. It would only be just."

"I could not hate you," she said, simply, "for I have always loved you—yes—I loved you, even better than my life when I sent you from me four years ago."

They were silent again, and sat there, she clasped close to his heart, waiting for the waves to envelope them. But as the time

passed away the water rose no higher, and at length a glad cry burst from Arthur's lips:

"O God be praised! the tide is falling, and we shall be saved."

He strained her closely to him, and his kisses fell like rain upon her uplifted face, and she who had been so calm at the prospect of death, now sobbed in his arms like a child. Life and love were both hers now, and she could ask no more.

Three hours later they went out of the cave into the open air again, and as they turned to go back to the hotel, Arthur said as he gazed earnestly into her beautiful eyes, and saw the love that was shining in them;

"It was fortunate for us, darling, that we came here, for the flood tide that we thought was to be so fatal to us, has left us nothing but love and happiness."

Yes, the future was brighter to them now, for they knew that nothing but death could part them again.

THE WIFE.

Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart; and, while all around is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of wife: parents, brethren, and friends have claims upon the affections; but the love of a wife is of a distinct nature. A daughter may yield her life for a parent, and a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother; but the feelings that lead her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him; to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband. When we behold her in her domestic scenes, an intellectual joy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and loved for the extreme joy that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold her existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience lead the murmurer to peace and resignation.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

THE February thaw had come, and it seemed as though the earth were dissolving under the pouring, steady rain that had been falling for two days. We sat in silence after supper and listened to it, father, mother, Tom, and I, Anne Brent, and little sister Amy. Poor little Amy sat in her small arm-chair before the fire, and glanced from one to another with pitiful blue eyes, seeming to find the silence depressing.

Betty took the dishes out, reduced the table and put the large lamp on it, placing a smaller lamp with a shade over it on father's desk, where it illuminated countless pigeon-holes full of papers relating to county business, civil and criminal. For my father was high sheriff at that time.

While we sat there, there came a little wavering knock at the side door nearest us.

"Didn't some one knock?" asked my father, starting from a reverie.

"Yes, and I wish you would go to the door, Mr. Brent," my mother said, involuntarily smoothing her hair. For it had not been so long since she had been a beauty that she should forget.

My father left the door of the sitting-room open that the light might shine out into the small, unlighted entry, and opened the outer door.

"Come in!" we heard him say a little roughly, then bang the door to shut the storm out. "Where in the world did you come from?" he added, in a tone more expressive of surprise than of hospitality. "Wipe your feet on that rug, and come in here."

Then he entered, followed by a small figure of a boy, who stopped just inside the door, ragged and dripping, but nowise disconcerted by the eyes that were fixed on him.

"Mercy, child!" cried my mother; "how did you come out in such a storm? Come to the fire. Why, he's like a drowned rat, husband."

The little stranger advanced to the hearth and stood in the warmth and blaze, his bright black eyes giving each one a quick glance, his white teeth flashing in an appreciative smile as he caught Tom's wink of fellowship.

"Where did you come from, child, and

what is your name?" asked my mother, contemplating the boy's rags and mud with mingled disgust and pity.

He pulled off a tattered straw hat and bobbed his head rather saucily. "I came from Marston, ma'am, and my name's Dick Tisdale."

"Gradually, with much questioning, something of the boy's circumstances were divulged. His mother had been dead many years, he didn't remember her. His father died a year before, got drunk and fell down a well. No, he didn't care much. The old man was drunk and ugly most of the time. Then, after his father's death, he lived a while longer with the old woman. She was powerful ugly, the old woman, and liked whiskey middlin' well. Didn't know whether she ever got proper drunk. She was somethin' to his father, his wife or somethin'. At last he—Dick—got tired of her, cut stick, and came over to Brentford to try his luck. He started the morning before, walked ten miles to a farmhouse, then came the remaining thirteen miles that day. Tried to cling on to the mail-stage, but the driver wouldn't give him a hist, and kicked him off. "But I throwed stones after him," concluded the little reprobate, having told his story with perfect coolness, and in the most easy, off-hand manner imaginable.

"You had no business to throw stones," said my father, sternly, speaking in an official capacity.

"They was little and they didn't hit," was the ready answer, and a look of preternatural innocence and gravity took the place of his former mischievous glee.

My mother contemplated him, and sighed. "The child is evidently in a state of heathen darkness," she said; "but that is no reason why he should freeze, or starve. Tom, you take him up stairs and get him a suit of your old clothes to put on, and I will go out and get some supper for him."

"I would advise you to look out for your spoons, Mrs. Brent," remarked my father, dryly, as he turned to his desk to see who had got to be attached, arrested, or sold out on the morrow.

I followed my mother to the kitchen, Amy

clinging to my skirts, as I knew by a faint little pull in the dark entry; for the child never spoke. She had quiet, soft ways of sliding about into places, and was an observing little thing, though but five years old. I, who was thirteen, considered myself a young woman, and had hard work to keep Tom in training. Tom was two years younger, but had run up like a weed to two inches over my head, and had all those arrogant ways which make boys so hateful.

Presently the two boys came down stairs, Master Dick dryly dressed in a suit of clothes which were absurdly long in the legs and sleeves, but otherwise presentable. He glanced over himself, then sat down to do justice to the supper which my mother had prepared.

"Now, children, you can stay out here a while with him," said my mother. "Your father mustn't be disturbed at his writing. Betty, you can go up and make a little bed on the floor in Tom's room. Make it warm and nice. And, Betty, throw those wet rags out the window. There's no knowing what is on them."

Our guest presently drew his chair in front of the stove, put his feet on the hearth, and, clasping his hands about his knees, began relating to us his adventures.

"I had a prime supper last night," he said, smacking his lips. "You see, it was long after dark when I reached that farm-house, and they was all gone to bed. So I crept in at the window over the outside cellar-door. They had raked up the fire in the kitchen, but I poked it open and gave myself a good warmin' you'd better b'lieve. There was somebody snorin' in a bedroom just off the kitchen all the time. After I got warm, I begun to look round for my supper. But such squeakia' doors you never did see. I thought I should have somebody grabbin' me every minute. But them farm-folks sleep like logs, and the snorin' kept up. Bimeby I found the pantry. O, wasn't that a place to git into! I lit a candle, and shut the door so they shouldn't see the light, and if I didn't skim them pans o' milk! Besides, there was doughnuts, and pies, and chickens—"

Dick paused in speechless ecstasy for a moment, then continued:

"I stuffed myself till I couldn't breathe hardly, then I crawled out the window and went out and slept on the hay in the barn. When it come daylight I started off and walked down this way. I should like to've heard the

old woman at the farm rave when she saw all the cream skimmed off her pans o' milk, and the way her pumpkin pies looked. I eat the middle right out of six of 'em."

Seeing the admiring wonder which his smartness excited, Dick lowered his voice and told of other and still more daring deeds. Such robbing of hen-roosts, such tricks upon obnoxious persons, such dexterous appropriations of whatever happened to strike his fancy. Lastly came the crowning feat, which he related in a whisper, glancing sharply toward the door to see that no one heard him. He and two other boys had broken into a fruit and candy store and robbed it.

"But they catched us," said Dick, "and the other boys had to go to jail. I was so little that they let me off. I got all the candy I wanted, though, I don't want to see any more for one while. I eat all the pink and green, and I guess 'twas poisoned."

"Wont you give me some pluk candy?" said a little voice at his elbow.

Dick turned and stared. There was Amy's pink and white little face and yellow curls close to his elbow, "Wont you?" she repeated in her smallest voice.

"I'll give you some just as soon as I get it," he said, contemplating her admiringly, with his head on one side.

"Haven't you any now?" inquired Amy.

"Not a bit. But I'll give you the very first I get."

"You're real good," says Amy, sweetly nestling closely to him.

The boy started, and for the first time looked almost disconcerted. Perhaps he was not used to being called "real good." Jiminy! aint she putty!" he murmured, with his glowing eyes fixed on her.

As he looked, the glow in his dark, gipeey face slowly dimmed, the eyes got a dazed stare, then the long fringes of the lids came together, his head sank forward on to his knees, and with his face still turned toward the child, he slept.

When mother came with a chamber lamp and roused him, he started up. "O, I dreamt about the puttiest little—why, here she is! I thought I dreamt it. Yes'm, I am mighty sleepy."

The heads of the house held a council the next day, which ended after many poh-poh's from my father in the young estray being invited to remain with us a while on trial, go to school with Tom, and make himself generally useful.

A trial it proved, though in a different way from what was intended. Dick was active and good-natured, but it seemed to be impossible to keep him out of mischief. He chased hens and geese with the broom, just for the fun of seeing them run and hearing them squawk, he instigated fierce fights between the cat and dog; he nearly frightened the dignified old cow out of her wits by tying weights to her tail, and almost blinding her with a pair of huge pasteboard spectacles tied over her face; he dressed himself in a sheet and appeared at Betty's bed-room door, sending her down stairs in the middle of the night shrieking that she had seen a ghost. In fine, he kept the house in a continual ferment with his pranks.

Amy was the only one who escaped him. Her he served with patient tenderness, and she rewarded his care with an adoring fondness. She would drop asleep with her fair cheek nestled against his dusky one, while he held her in his arms, and rocked, and told her stories as long as she could hold her eyes open. He wrapped her up and hauled her about on his sled, and when spring came, he brought her the first snowdrop that put its head above the mould. Indeed, his fondness for and care of the child were all that won him forgiveness for his many transgressions.

But at length he capped the climax of his deeds, and overstepped the bounds of pardon. My father ordered Tom one morning to bring round the horse and gig for a long ride, it being just before court-week, when there was plenty of business to do. Presently his ears were saluted by a chorus of exclamations and laughter from outside the door. The sheriff gave one more glance over the package of writs in his hand, looked to see that he had his pocket writing-case, and a pair of hand-cuffs in case he should come across a burglar who was raving loose somewhere in the vicinity, then he went deliberately out to get into his gig, glancing incidentally to see what this tumult might mean. At the first glance he stood aghast, fixed, in the act of drawing on his gloves. There stood his dignified white horse, which he had driven daily for so many years that the creature could, I believe, serve a writ as well as himself, there stood old Whitie striped from head to heel like a zebra, with spots and splashes of red paint, an animal hideous to behold!

I decline to repeat what my father said on that occasion. I know he took his whip in his hand and went in search of Dick who was

prudently invisible, and that after a lengthened search he finally drove off with a hired horse, leaving the most peremptory orders that the boy should never again come into his sight, but should be in some way disposed of before his return.

My father was master of his own house, and was obeyed. Dick's tears and penitence were of no avail, and before the next night he went on board a ship as cabin-boy, having preferred that since he must leave.

We were sorry enough to part with him, and loaded him with presents, and good wishes, and advice. My mother, weeping, added a Bible to his bundle, and kissed the boy as she handed him over to the care of the kind captain. Poor little Amy's heart was like to break. She clung to him, and would not be pacified till he had whispered a promise to come back soon and see her. Then we said good-by, I with undisguised tears, Tom with, apparently, a bad cold in his head, and poor Dick marching off stoutly with the captain, but looking back with quivering lip.

After a year or two we heard that the boy did not like the sea, and that the captain had got him a place in an importing house in whose employment he was likely to do well. Then, two or three years more, and there came a package and a letter from Dick who was now nearly seventeen years old. He was going out to Smyrna for his employers, and would remain there several years in a branch house of theirs, learning the business. He enclosed a present for each one of us, books for Tom and me, a pencil-case for father, a handsome Bible for mother, and a little turquoise ring for Amy. Amy, now a lovely girl of ten, blushed as she slipped the ring on to her white fore-finger, and heard our teasing comments.

There was no time to answer Dick's letter, for he had written on the eve of departure; and soon we had quite other things to think of. The scarlet fever was about, and, in spite of every precaution, it got into our family, and did its work. Tom just escaped with his life, I had it more lightly; but, poor Amy! We refused to believe it for a long time, and had doctors from far and near. At last the dreadful truth had to be acknowledged. Dear little Amy's blue eyes, so beautiful still, would never see the light again. The terrible disease had eaten its way to the seat of vision, and she was blind!

The child did not know for a long time that she was incurable, and, indeed, no one

ever told her. She gradually drew in the conviction from our silence and tenderness, and after the few first months, bore it like an angel. But it was dreadful to see her growing up so fair, and so blighted, to see her patient sweetness by day, and to know, as I did, how many an hour of night she spent in bitter weeping.

Ten years passed, and she was a woman in years, though still seeming a child from her gentleness and helplessness. Not that she was really helpless, either. She could knit and do fine crochet work by feeling alone, and make herself useful in many ways. She had been taught orally, and had books that were prepared for the blind. Besides, she was an excellent performer on the piano, and was capable of giving instruction had we chosen to allow her.

Strangers always noticed Amy, and the town's-people would do anything for her. When she went into the street, every one stepped aside for her to pass, and when she entered the church, leaning on my father's arm, every eye turned on her in compassionate admiration.

It was when Amy was about twenty that we saw Dick Tisdale again. Father, mother and I were sitting together early one evening, when, without ring or knock, the door opened, and a gentleman stepped in and stood just inside the door looking at us with a singular expression of countenance, a look of eagerness and inquiry, and with a half smile that showed a glimmer of fine teeth under his black moustache. He was a noble-looking fellow, with an air and dress that spoke plainly of prosperity.

He inspected rapidly each face, then glanced around the room.

"Everything is just as I left it fifteen years ago," he said, breathlessly; "even the little chains and ring I fixed in the window to hold the flower-pot. I should know you any where, Mother Brent, and Anne too."

"You don't mean to say—" began my mother, starting up in delighted astonishment.

"I am that little ragged Dick whom you took in out of the storm, and were so good to that he never forgot," said the stranger, taking both my mother's outstretched hands. "Thanks to your kindness, and the good friend in whose hands you put me, I am ragged no longer."

There scarcely needed a second word after one look into his dark and brilliant face to

convince us of his identity, and we gave him joyful welcome.

"I hope the paint has worn off that horse, sir," said Mr. Tisdale, turning to my father with his old mischievous smile.

"Yes, you rascal," my father laughed. "Poor old White and his red paint long ago went to the shades; but if I could have caught you that morning I should have given you some marks that would have lasted longer."

While we were talking I saw Dick glance more than once at the door, and I instantly divined his thought.

"Such a surprise as it will be to Amy!" I said. "She will be down in a minute."

He glanced gratefully at me, and the flush deepened on his cheeks. "Don't tell her," he said, hastily as a light step came along the entry. "See if she will know me."

It never entered our minds that he did not know the misfortune which had fallen on Amy, and we awaited the test to which he would put her. I watched him as the door opened and she came in, and smiled to myself at seeing his start of surprise and admiration.

"You are late, Amy," said my father, rising as his custom was, to lead her to a chair. It was just opposite Dick Tisdale, who stood looking at her, blushing, smiling, but perplexed.

"Did I keep you waiting?" she asked, softly, turning her face toward us with that peculiar look of a blind person, involuntarily turning her eyes, but looking beyond the object. As she spoke, too, she reached out for her handkerchief, feeling about for it a moment before she found it.

"Amy, child," said my mother, "there is an old friend here, one whom you were very fond of years ago."

A blush and a smile came together into her face, and she involuntarily stretched out her hands in welcome, looking straight before her, and, apparently, toward Dick Tisdale. He as impulsively took a step forward with hands extended, and then hesitated, waiting for her to rise.

"Where?" she asked, rising, and groping forward, unaware that she was almost touching him.

"I saw the color drop out of his face. 'My God!' he muttered, 'what does this mean?'"

"Did not you know," I whispered, suddenly realizing our oversight, "did not you know that Amy has lost her sight?"

He said not a word, but, staggering back, sank into his chair again.

"Who is it? and where?" asked Amy, again.

"It is Dick Tisdale, or Richie, as you used to call him," said mother, trying to speak steadily, though the tears were rolling over her cheeks. "He promised to come back, and he has come."

"O Richie!" cried Amy, crimson with joyful surprise, advancing quickly and unassisted toward him, but her hands groping lowly, as if the picture in her mind were still a boy, and she had not thought to find him grown.

He took the hands in his, tried to speak, then dropped his face forward on to them with a burst of tears.

"He didn't know that you can't see him, dear," said mother; and father went hastily out of the room.

Amy's lip quivered, and she withdrew one hand from his clasp, and softly touched his bowed head. "Never mind, Richie," she said, tremulously; "I have got used to it, and am content. And I shall make you wait on me just as you used to."

He lifted his head and stood up, looking at her with a face full of tender pain. "I would gladly serve you, Amy," he said; "and I would give my right hand to restore your sight."

The voice, deep-toned and manly, the strength of the hands that held hers, and the direction whence the voice came, down instead of up, startled her. She reached a hand timidly up and touched his shoulder, then his face. "Why you have grown up!" she exclaimed, blushing, and drawing back.

A little laugh broke out at this, and we began to rally.

"You see," Amy began, in confused explanation, "we used to talk so much about you when you went away, that the image of you and your doings was kept fresh in our minds. Then I had an illness, and my eyes were shut, and the world as I had known it was shut in, and nothing has changed to me since. I know that there have been changes, but still I cannot imagine anything other than it was ten years ago. Besides, those old impressions which I received when I could see, are all vivid in my mind, and nothing has entered since to efface them."

"I have seen a good deal since," he said, with a sad smile; "but I don't think any of those early impressions are yet effaced."

Father came in again, and we soon regained our cheerfulness, and listened to hear Richard Tisdale tell of his life in Smyrna. He brought in his portmanteau from the entry, and showed us some pretty trifles which he had brought over the sea, trinkets of amber, sandal-wood, and ivory, pressed flowers of eastern plants, bottles of precious essences, three beautiful scarfs of silken gauze, one blue, which he tossed over Amy's head, an amber cane-head for father, and a tiny, silver-sheathed dagger, wrought at Damascus. Each article, as he took it out, he put first into Amy's hand, telling its color, and some word of its make, and watching her practised fingers find out the rest. Indeed, so nice had become her touch, that she could tell the different metals by it, sometimes could distinguish color. We often said that Amy had better eyes in her finger-tips than we had in our heads.

Richard Tisdale lingered in his visit to us. The shock of finding Amy blind, while it had not altered his intention, had swept aside a thousand reserves. His one fixed idea during all those years had been to make her his wife. Her fair young image, the first impersonation of love his life had known, had also remained its dearest, and nothing but her own aversion could defeat his intention. "If she were blind, and deaf, and dumb, I'd take her if she would have me," he said, passionately.

In this way he talked to me and my mother, but refrained from disturbing Amy's mind as yet.

"It isn't as though I were poor, and needed the help of her hands," he urged, in answer to some objections; "and you need not fear I will not take good care of her. I know a woman who can come down here and learn all her ways, and then go and live with us, a good, kind woman. And the more you and Anne and her father were with her the better. Perhaps you could go to the city and live near us; why not? You would be only three, and this place would be lonely. Then you say Tom thinks of going there."

Of course he won father's and mother's consent in the end. There was no one whom they would have preferred had Amy not been so unfortunate, and how much more highly did they prize him, when he proved his love by taking her helpless as she was. "Well, Richard, if Amy likes you, I am willing," my mother said. "God forbid I should shut her out from love because she's shut out from light."

It was something holy and sad to watch the gradual dawning of love on the blind girl's face, or rather, to watch the developing of that love which had lain dormant in her heart for years. The quick perception of his presence, though he had not spoken, the ready blush, the slight shrinking, and, after a while, the paleness, that began to creep over her face as she guessed at her own feelings without being sure of his. I did not know how deeply her heart was stirred, till one afternoon when she and Richard and I sat together. She had seemed quite gay, and an unusual color had flushed her delicate cheeks. But after playing and singing for us every merry song she knew, she dropped her smile, and sang what was aching in her heart:

"O, tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair;
It plays on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer though often I speak:
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot see it—I'm blind, O I'm blind!"

Throwing her hands above her head, my sister broke into passionate sobs.

Tender arms drew her to as tender a breast, and her lover could no longer keep silence; for his time had come to speak. I withdrew and left him to comfort her. With what success I soon saw, for half an hour after she came up stairs, her face glowing and tearful, and threw herself into my arms.

"O Anne!" she cried. "Richie wants me to be his wife, he says. And he insists. I

can hardly believe it, though he has said it again and again, and mother says it is true. Think of his wanting a blind girl like me!"

There were many who shook their heads over this marriage, and we ourselves were not without our misgivings. But their life puts out fears to the blush. There is no lovelier sight on earth than that blind mother in the midst of her family. It is true she is more like a household angel than an ordinary housekeeper; but with ample wealth, and competent hands to serve, there is no need of her fair hands being soiled. But her husband and children would look on that person with indignant surprise who should hint that Amy is useless or helpless. Every care or trouble is taken to her to be soothed and comforted by her love and sweetness. Her very presence is a beauty and a delight. The young hands as they grow older delight in serving her, and no queen is better served. You might see them any evening, Amy sitting at the piano playing, her delicate face untroubled and serene, brightened by happiness and love, as she sits singing with her boys and girls gathered about her, listening or joining with her.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I couldn't help saying one evening to Richard, as he glanced up and smiled on this group.

He heaved a soft sigh of full content, and answered me with a verse from the Proverbs:

"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

MAD FOR LOVE.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

THE world is as mad as a March hare. I can prove it, for I was mad myself once. But I was cunning, and cheated everybody. I was a lion, but nobody knew it. When I felt like roaring, I only muttered and turned it off; when my true nature raged fierce within me, urging me to strike my fangs into my prey, I ground my teeth and dug my nails deep into my own flesh, and nobody suspected me.

Was I not cunning? I could deceive the whole world, but the world couldn't me. The soft, wily treachery of my neighbor never astonished me for I could see he was a panther. The gruff, bristly manner of such a

one came from his being a grizzly bear. A wolf I could tell by his teeth, a jaguar by his eye, and many a deadly double-headed cobra went wriggling through the world shedding on either side its baleful, venomous glitter. When owls and bats stumbled and lost their way in broad daylight, I laughed in my sleeve.

So you see, the world was mad. I knew myself for the only sensible animal in it. If it had not been for the Dove, I should have immediately stood out in my true form. Why not! Was I not really the master of them all? The lion is certainly the king of beasts. But the Dove was so soft and white, and had such beautiful eyes. She held me

back, she subdued me, she controlled me. When I was with her, I knew nothing but my love for her.

It was for her sake, then, that I went on trying to be as mad as the rest. But it grew harder and harder. When I was angry, the red spark flew into my eyes. It burnt me like a live coal. My only hope was in the Dove. I hurried to her, and all the way I was picturing the pleasant time coming, when I should lie at peace, with my royal tawny length stretched sleeping in the sun, while perched near, the Dove would plume her white wings and watch me with silver-lidded eyes.

"Dove," I said to her, "you must not leave me, no never again."

"Tell me, Leo, has—has—anything happened?"

She was paling, and flushing, and trembling all over. I suppose I had spoken strangely. I spoke impetuously.

"Dove, do you dare? Will you?"

She hesitated, the lion went mad within me.

"Then," I cried, "you doom me to—"

She would not let me finish. Poor Dove! her soft cooling notes rose into a scream.

"I will, I will dare all, everything for you!"

I found when she was so agitated, that her power over me was weakened. I was still in my frenzy; but suddenly she grew herself again, and her soft cool touch on my forehead calmed me.

"How the folks will stare to see a Lion and a Dove, going up the broad-ale together. What a strange pair we shall look. Did you ever hear of such a sight before?"

I was getting excited again. I thought my laugh had an odd ring to it. Dove laughed too, but she didn't mean it. I wondered if I could ever make her afraid of me. I turned my eyes glaring fiercely full upon her, but she never flinched; it was my gaze that wavered and fell before hers. Her power was supreme. I wanted to crouch down and lick her feet; but with her eyes upon me, I could only kiss her hand and leave her.

"To-morrow, then," I said; "*it must be to-morrow*. I shall see to everything, and you, will you be ready?"

"I will be ready."

When I was afar off, I turned back and saw her. She stood looking up at the sky, with her pale hands folded meekly over her breast. Maybe she was praying.

In the middle of the night, I suddenly woke up. Something was troubling me. The cold

sweat stood thick upon me. If I had been stretched upon the rack, I could not have been in greater torture.

Was it the Dove? With the thought I arose. I disturbed no one in the house; I knotted the bed-clothes carefully together, and swung from the window. They were not long enough. I swayed in mid-air. The darkness was intense, I could not tell how far I might be from the ground. But I dropped. For a minute the shock felled me senseless, and then with my brain on fire, I found myself pitching blindly along, buffeted this side and that by the fierce gusts of wind, that fought and wrestled with the shrieking storm. So thick was the blackness, so heavy the warping of the elements, that a carriage driven at full speed would have passed me unnoticed, had it not been for the beat of a horse's hoof against my breast. The blow made me reel, all weakened as I was, but I only hurried on the faster.

No light appeared in the house, nobody answered me. I rang, and shook the door frantically; I called in vain. The house was deserted! I would not believe it till the gray morning sternly pointed it out. Ah! that I had never left her. Had they suspected me, and carried her off? They had left no clue. She was lost to me, then, forever. And I—I was lost, too. I gnashed my teeth; I dashed my head violently against the grim walls of the dead, cold house. I bit the dust in my fury. I was nothing but a beast. I could no longer hope to hide it.

The hoof of the flying demon still stung me. Then, I knew as by second sight, how near I had been that night to the Dove. Heavens! so near. And not to have felt it.

"Help me, ye fiends!" I cried, "help me to find her yet!" And so, bruised, bleeding, lost, I set out to seek the Dove.

Many suns rose and sank, and more than one season ripened and waned, and like the Wandering Jew my spirit, unrested and unsaved, travelled over every land. For the soles of my weary feet no peace!

Nobody dared refuse my wants. The little children ran from me in terror. Then it was they called me mad. There, they made a mistake, for I had just come to my senses.

I lay in the woods at night. I was not afraid of wild beasts. Why should I be? I was their king and master. My roar drowned all the rest, and made the birds flutter in their nests.

My hair grew long, and dropped yellow and

shaggy on my shoulders like a lion's mane; and my nails thickened and sharpened into claws. I loved to eat raw meat. I loved to tear it with my teeth; it was so tender, and the red juice was so sweet. Every drop of blood I lapped eagerly up.

But there were times when even that did not satisfy me; times when I panted and thirsted for *human* flesh; times when I wanted to fasten my fangs to a man's throat, and suck his life-blood as it welled up. But I was always cunning enough not to do that; I knew they would keep me; they would never let me go again.

But, I remember it was a great city I came to one day. It must have been in the morning, for the sun only lay broad on the steeples and roof tops, and it was an open market-place. Great haunches of meat hung round, dripping delicious gore. Buyers thronged the stalls, a butcher was flinging a morsel to a half-starved cur. I was hungry; it was a week since I had tasted flesh.

"Give it me!" I said, fiercely.

He was a full-veined, brawny man; he just turned on me a half-look.

"My friend," he answered, jauntily, "yon dog is by far the best-looking," and threw him the meat.

My blood boiled. Was I then to be set aside for a dog? I sprang at his throat, and clung with my teeth. I crunched my jaws together; I drew in the blood with a long breath. This, this, was what I had longed for. Ah! the pleasure! but they would not let me enjoy it. They tore me from him.

Clots of blood and shreds of flesh hung from my mouth. I fought with them all; I struck at them with my sharp claws, while the white foam rose bubbling to my lips, and mingled with the red blood. I fought gloriously. They were obliged to give way before me. I should have escaped, but the demon hoof pressed against me more and more mercilessly, and at last crushed my life out of me. Stiffening, I sank down. Chaos, oblivion swept over me.

Scores of years after, I awoke in another world. A single ray of light shone through a single spot high up above me. I tried to move but could not. I tried to speak, but I made only inarticulate sounds. With a clash and a rattling as of bars and bolts, a stream of sunshine poured in upon me. I shivered and was afraid. I doubted if I was a lion now. I tried to say something, and again I failed. Three or four dark forms bent over me.

"He is better."

"Or, he has worn himself out."

"He is better."

"I should not care to unchain him, doctor."

"He is not dangerous, now; I shall take off his manacles."

I watched them passively, as they undid the heavy iron rings that bound me hand and foot. I trembled if they looked at me. Was I not at their mercy? In a new world, powerless, voiceless, I cried from pity at myself.

After this I had the range of my dark apartment; by standing on a stool, I could look through the grated hole in the wall, into a sort of corridor where every day a great many folks came and walked up and down. Every day they went over again the same thing; I remember some of them now. There was one old man, who always carried a little bag full of jingling yellow pieces, and he was always counting, counting, counting, and muttering as he walked.

"Doctor," he would say, hugging the little bag, "what do you think? I've counted it all up again, and it's right this time. Fifty millions of gold guineas. Did I say that was right? well, it isn't. Here, doctor," speaking low, "fifty millions isn't enough for a *soul*, is it? I'll have to count up again, after all."

There was an old woman, always rubbing away at a piece of cloth.

"Don't you think it's most out, doctor?" she would ask every day.

"Yes, you're getting along bravely."

"Am I? Bravely, did you say? Well, I have been working hard to wash it out. So you think it's faded, eh! Does it look like camomile to you?"

"I think it does."

"Or madder?"

"Well, perhaps."

"There you're wrong. I've caught you, doctor. It's nothing but blood, blood, BLOOD. And it will *never* wash out."

The Queen of Sheba used to air herself there.

"How do you do to-day?"

"And have you, too, forsworn your allegiance? Have you, too, forgotten?"

"Excuse me, I should have said your royal highness."

"Ah, doctor, you are pardoned, but tell me when will my subjects send for their exiled queen?"

"Soon, soon; you must have patience."

"Patience? That's for common moulds; it befits us not. My fate distracts me. My

kingdom for a panacea. Doctor, a few peppermints?"

"I have but one trouble, doctor," another would say.

"Is that all? you are very lucky."

"Will you pump me?"

Whereupon, the doctor would raise one arm slowly, it being held perfectly straight and stiff.

"Now the other."

It would be lifted as desired.

"There it is, you see, as bad as ever. Who ever heard of a pump with two handles? There is a screw loose somewhere, doctor. If one handle would only become a spout!"

Then there was the Siamese twin, who would have it at first that I was his brother, and many others who gibbered incessantly.

By-and-by, I was let out to walk among all of these. They would come and chatter to me, but I never even tried to speak, now. I was still very weak. I would stand leaning against the wall watching them; they amused me, as a puppet-show does a child. One day, I was standing thus; the Queen of Sheba was flaunting up and down, the old man and woman were busy as usual, the one counting, the other rubbing, the pump still mourned over his two handles, and at the window the Siamese twin was looking for his brother; when the doctor came in with a lady closely veiled on his arm.

His eye ran round the room as if in search for some one. I know not what impelled me to slip out of sight behind him.

"You cannot surely blame yourself, in the least," said the doctor.

"I do not know. I could not openly resist my parents, and they watched me so closely that escape would have been impossible."

"Your first duty was to them."

"Yes, but now they are dead, nothing can prevent me."

"But is it not an awful risk for you?"

"I do not think so. I feel that I shall have perfect power over him, as I had years ago."

"But still, such a case is never sure."

"I love him."

"Yet it is not every woman who would risk her life for her love, though."

"Don't discourage me. It is twenty years since I have seen him, but I will still trust. In my heart I feel I shall succeed."

"At any rate I bid you godspeed. Rest here a moment. I do not see him, he must be in his room."

The doctor moved away without perceiving me.

"Twenty years! . . . O, my Leo, it is the earliest minute I could come to thee."

I knew the cooling voice then. Was it I she had been talking about? And could it be only twenty years since?

"Dove!" I cried.

It was the first, the only word I had spoken since I had been there. I was kneeling now before her with my face buried in her dress.

We were always going, Dove and I; travelling all day, and sometimes half the night, and always towards the east. I was happy and contented, now I was with her, and docile as a child.

One night our carriage rattled up to an old house, whose every shutter, closely-barred and coated thick with dust, told of years of desertion. I wondered why it looked so familiar to me. Dove was watching me eagerly.

"Is this home, Dove?"

"Do you remember it?"

"I don't know. I will try to think. My head always gets in a whirl, though." Then it all came back to me with a flash. "Yes, I know now; how strange it all seems."

"Mother, can this be you?"

Dove was embracing somebody who stood in the doorway. She had gray hair, and there were tears in her eyes, as she turned to me, calling me "Leo."

I did not know her, but I was sorry for her. I let her bend down over me and kiss me.

"Try to remember; it is your mother, Leo," Dove said.

The second time she had asked me to remember, it came to me quick. The gray-haired woman spoke to Dove.

"You will be his saviour. A mother's blessing be upon you."

I stood between them, holding a hand of each.

"I understand," I kept repeating. "I understand. It is the same world, after all."

I grew stronger from day to day. The old house was remodelled, the dusty shutters taken down and repainted. Dove still watched me, but smilingly and half-carelessly, as though there was nothing to fear.

We had a great deal of company, we entertained hospitably; I was always courteous and urbane. But as time went on, I felt myself again playing a part. Sometimes the old frenzy stirred within me. It does to-day as I sit writing this. To-night we give a fete, and do you know I would give the world for

a bit of raw meat? But I will crush it down, this craving. I will not yield, for Dove's sake.

"Dove, Dove!" My voice sounds weak in my throat, then dies away. She does not come. O misery! what torments. I cannot help it, I must satisfy it this once. O, why does she not come to save me?

The pantry is locked, but I have a skeleton key, and nobody sees me. I am cunning still. The first taste made me reel with the old time intoxication. Again I feel impelled to seek my prey, and the Non-light, so long exorcised, flares red hot in my eyes. "To-night, to-night!" My voice is but a beast's growl. "I will wait for that; I will watch my chance."

* * * * *

I am not mad now. By the grace of God, through the transcendent heroism of my wife, I live glorified with the light of reason. Ever since that dreadful night I have been clothed and in my right mind. Some profess to be astonished, at my perfect remembrance of what happened then. But those last shifting scenes of my fatal phantasmagoria, like the vivid denouement of some highly-wrought play, stand out vivid and uneffaceable.

That night, with the paroxysm full upon me, I had never dissimulated so well. Even my wife, for the first time, was deceived. She has said so since.

I remember how surpassingly fair she shone. The years had but filled and ripened her majestic beauty. From her low-necked evening dress her neck rose in statuesque beauty, the rounded throat as firm and white as a marble column. Her robe was steel-color with a silver sheen, where it lay in folds; and the fall of rare old lace over her bodice mellowed it all. It was like moonlight on the lake. At last I caught these words:

"I am very sorry, but it is not yet unpacked."

"*Quel dommage*, that is to say, madame, I ask one *million* pardones of you."

"And are you going to-morrow? So soon? I was most anxious to know what you thought of it."

"I can show monsieur the picture," said L. "The case is unnailed."

"Ah, *quelle joie*," said the young artist, eagerly. "Give me the permission of madame?"

I did not take him to the picture gallery, but led him towards that part of the house

which was unoccupied, that we generally kept shut up. I could see he thought no ill; he was enthusiastic in his love for art.

"Are you afraid of the dark, monsieur?" I asked. "The picture is across this passageway."

"*Certainement!* O no, not one at all," he answered.

He had a Raphael face and a girlish, sensitive mouth, this young Frenchman; and as I turned upon him, he stood transfixed as it were in the moonlight streaming in upon him through the window. I held him with my blazing eyes.

"You are doomed," I hissed, champing and grinding the froth at my mouth. "I will glut myself with your blood. I will tear your vitals with my teeth. I will peck out your eyes with my claws."

I rioted already in the horrid feast. One second more and his life would have gone out forever. My eyes were fastened on his throat. I was crouched ready to spring, when between us was thrust, like a pillar of snow, the bare, beautiful throat of the Dove. But she came too late! The frenzy was too strong upon me. I was goaded on though, all the while; my being was curdling with a new horror.

Into the soft, warm, quivering flesh! O God! but it woke me. It paled my very soul with faintness, and my delirium was past forever. It was then the scales fell. But the Dove lay in my arms dead and cold.

"I am no longer mad," I cried. "But what does it avail?"

Her breath just ruffled up through the lace, and the blood dabbled down, drop by drop.

"It was not worth it," I groaned. "O God in heaven! look down in mercy. Take it away! Smite me again, O Lord! Make it eternal death in life for me, and spare her."

Then she smiled; she could not speak, but she tried to draw me closer.

When they came, in fear and distrust, to take away the raving maniac, when they came, armed with deadly weapons, and loaded with clanking manacles, they found her smiling in the moonlight, *me* on my knees beside her. Peace had dawned at last. Was there hope? * * * * *

I am an old, old man to-day. My three-score years and ten are more than run, and my wife's dear head is white, wintered with the snows of time. We are both very old—in years. We are both very young—in our love.

"Dove," I say, "do you think we shall be together in the next world?"

"Let us hope so. Our Saviour has been so good to us in this."

"You are my *earthly* saviour, Dove." I am looking, as I say this, at the red scar at her throat. It deepens and stands out in the firelight.

"Do you never repent?"

"Repent!"

Her voice, feeble with age, sounds soft and clear, as when in years long gone it stole to my heart, vibrating through the dark doubts of my clouded life.

"Repent!" she said. "What was so great a gain? What was so small a price? It was one drop of blood for your whole body. Repent! O Leo! my reward is too great for that. My cup runneth over."

Her hand seeks mine.

"I went mad for love," I whisper.

And she whispers back, "And you were saved by it."

STAR-GAZING.

In these northern regions the dusky twilight prepares us for the coming night, and the stars creep out, one by one, in the deepening gloom. But in the mysterious Orient, whence we derive our earliest traditions, the burning sun sinks below the horizon, and after a few minutes of utter darkness, the stars shine forth like jewels on a brilliant canopy. To men, in those early ages, the stars were guides and counsellors, telling of times and seasons; and were by them divided into groups or constellations, and invested with imaginary forms of familiar objects. Those who really wish to learn the constellations may easily do so by aid of a planisphere, or map of the heavens; while to the general reader a little description of the principal constellations may be interesting.

The different groups rise in the east, culminate direct south, and then sink into the west. Some, however, never disappear, but revolve round the north celestial pole, which is represented by a small star almost over our heads, but rather to the north. Let us, however, begin with the "grim, taciturn Bear," the peculiar constellation of the northern regions. This group is composed of seven bright stars, arranged so that four form a figure something like the side of a wheelbarrow, while the other three form the handle. If a line be drawn from the last star in the handle, which is Benetnasch, in the tail of

the Bear, it will pass through Arcturus, a bright star in the constellation of Bootes, or the Bear-driver. Next to that, on the right, is the small but beautiful little constellation of the Northern Crown, composed of seven small stars forming a semicircle.

But it is southward we must direct our eyes, where the "dire Orion" stands, in threatening attitude, with uplifted club. It is represented by the figure of a man resting on one knee, with a lion's skin in one hand, and a club in the other—with his club he is supposed to be beating Taurus. The ancients regarded his appearance with fear and trembling, and to his baneful influence attributed their storms and tempests. The outline of Orion is marked by four bright stars, forming a parallelogram. Betelgeuse and Bellatrix are placed on the shoulders, while Rigel (the Giant's Leg) and Saiph are at the lower end of the figure. The first and third-named stars are of the first magnitude. Across the centre of the figure are three bright stars, forming the belt or girdle called by seamen the Three Kings, Jacob's Staff, and Our Lady's Wand; below which a row of small stars, running down obliquely towards Saiph, is called the Sword, the handle of which contains a most wonderful nebula of some hundreds of stars, like a luminous cloud, and called the Fish's Mouth. Just above, on the left, is Taurus, the Bull, a constellation like a large V, the two upper extremities being the two bright stars in the north and southern horns, and the angle or apex the brilliant Aldebaran, or the Bull's Eye, a star of the first magnitude. This same bright star, in the opposite direction, forms another but much smaller V, with the two bright stars in the Hyades. The "rainy Pleiades" are on the shoulder of Taurus, and may readily be discovered. They consist of seven tiny stars, so closely grouped together that they might be mistaken for a comet. To the right, above the club of Orion, we can distinguish the Twins, represented by two bright stars of the first and second magnitude, and called Castor and Pollux; below which Procyon in Canis Minor, and Sirius in Canis Major, form, with Betelgeuse, in Orion, a triangle, and thus may be easily found. The ancient Egyptians, finding the rising of Sirius just before the sun to coincide with the annual overflow of the Nile, paid adoration to this star.

TO DISPERSE A MOB.—Mount a cart and begin to give them good advice.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

Decidedly one of the most interesting places in England, is the famous observatory at Greenwich. It was built by Charles II. in order to remove a great drawback under which navigators labored. The commerce of England was coming into an important position, and it was necessary that navigators should have some means of finding their longitude at sea, independent of watches or clocks; and a reward was offered to any one who should discover a method by which this result might be obtained. The plan proposed, was that the angular distance of the moon from certain stars should be calculated beforehand, and published, so that, for example, it might be stated, that at ten minutes and five seconds past nine on such a day, the moon should be distant from Mars forty degrees. If from a ship in the middle of the Atlantic, Mars and the moon were found to be forty degrees apart, then it would be known that the time in England was ten minutes and five seconds past nine. This method was a good one, but in consequence of the want of accuracy as regards the moon's motions, and the exact positions of the stars, it could not be practically carried out.

Under these circumstances, Charles II. decided that a national observatory should be built, and an astronomer appointed; and a site was at once selected for the building. Wren, the architect, selected Greenwich Park as the most suitable locality, because from thence vessels passing up and down the Thames might see the time signals, and also because there was a commanding view north and south from the hill selected for the site. The observatory was completed in 1676, and Flamsteed installed in it as the chief astronomer. He at once commenced his labors and continued them for thirty years, when he was succeeded by Halley, and up to the present day Greenwich Observatory has been the head-quarters for astronomical observations in that country.

The work carried on at Greenwich is entirely practical, and consists in forming a catalogue of stars and planets, and so watching them that every change in their movements is at once discovered. So perfect has this work become, and so accurately have the movements of the principal stars been determined, that the *Nautical Almanac*—the English official guide on these subjects—is published four years in advance. On the exterior wall of the observatory, there is a large electric clock, which, being placed in "contact" with the various other clocks in the observatory, indicates the exact Greenwich time. The face of this clock shows twenty-four hours, so that it requires that a novice should look at it twice before comparing his watch. To the left of this clock are the English standards of measurement of distance, which we do not, however, propose to notice in this article, but shall confine ourselves to the "transit-room."

On entering the doorway, one finds a courtyard, on the left of which are the transit-room, the computing-

room, and the chronometer-room. The transit-room takes its name from the instrument therein, which is a large "transit." This consists of a large telescope, the outside of which is not unlike a heavy cannon, as it is of solid iron. The instrument is supported by trunnions, which allow the telescope to be elevated or depressed to point north or south, and, in fact, to make a complete revolution, but never to diverge from the north or south line. The magnifying power of this instrument is not very great, but its field of view is large, so that it admits plenty of light, for it is intended not as a searcher for or for gazing at celestial objects, but for the purpose of noting the exact time at which stars and planets pass south or north of Greenwich. Upon looking through this telescope, the observer's eye is first attracted by a vertical row of what seem to be iron bars, placed at equal distances from each other. These, however, prove to be only spiders' webs, and are used for the purpose of taking the time of passage of a star over each wire, and thus to ascertain the exact instant of its being in the centre of the telescope. During even the finest and calmest nights, there is occasionally found a tremulousness in the instrument, which, as it is rigidly fixed to the walls of the building, must be due to a slight vibration on the ground itself. Thus, many a feeble earthquake, unfelt by the outsider, may be perceived by the astronomer by the aid of his delicate instruments.

The various stars seem to be travelling at an immense rate, when seen in the field of the transit telescope, and it is really nervous work noting the exact time when each wire is passed. The experienced observer, however, not only will give the minute and second, but also the decimal of a second when the star was on the wire. This result is obtained by counting the beats of a clock, the face of which is opposite the observer. Thus, if at three the star seems as much short of the wire as at four it had passed it, then 3.5 might be the instant of "transit."

At noon each day, the sun's passage is observed by nearly the whole staff of observers. One individual looks through the telescope, and gives the time for each wire, while others examine a variety of micrometres in order to ascertain the fractional parts of seconds, etc.—these micrometres being placed at the side of the instrument.

In the morning, the principal work consists in making what are termed the "reductions" to the observations of the previous night. These reductions are the corrections requisite for the slight instrumental inaccuracy, for the refraction of the atmosphere, and for the known constant error of the observer. When, therefore, a bright winter's night has occurred, the work on the following morning is usually very heavy. At noon the sun's time of transit is taken, and at one o'clock the "ball" is dropped, by the means of which various vessels in the docks and in the Thames set their chronometers, or ascertain their rate. In ad-

dition to this, the time is sent by electricity to Deal and one or two other seaports, in order that every vessel may be able to know the accurate time, if within sight of those places.

As soon as it becomes dark enough to see the stars, observations are commenced, and kept up all night, a register being kept of each object observed. Machinery is depended on as far as possible. Instead of the computers estimating by judgment, the time of a star's transit over the various wires, he strikes a small indicator, which, completing the circuit, causes a prickler to fall and make a hole in a piece of paper that is attached to a slowly revolving barrel. Each time the star passes a wire, the prickler descends, and leaves its mark; and the intervals between these marks being measured by a scale, the mean time of transit may be obtained.

DAMASCUS.

The most delightful city of the East is Damascus, both to the native and the stranger. Seen from afar, or from the hills which overhang the lovely valley in which it is enclosed, it seems to be entirely enshrouded in the most luxuriant and beautiful foliage, which affords a picturesque contrast to its tall, sharp, white minarets and towers. For many miles the city is surrounded by fertile fields and gardens, which are watered by rivulets and streams, giving to the vegetation a charming freshness and sweetness. The city is remarkably clean for an oriental town, and though its residences are plain and unattractive without, they are really magnificent within in many instances. It is interesting from its history, having played a famous part in the drama of the world's progress. It is one of the oldest cities of the world, having been founded before the days of Abraham, conquered by David King of Israel, and having been the seat of a mighty empire. Alexander the Great, Pompey, Saladin, Tamerlane, have each, in their turn, lorded it over Damascus, and the city is dear to the Christian heart as having been the scene of the baptism of St. Paul. It is truly the metropolis of Syria, for here you may see the people of the Holy Land in all their various phases. At night the gardens along the river resemble a scene in the famous Arabian Nights. Thousands of tiny lanterns light them, the air is soft and balmy, illuminated caiques dart to and fro along the water, and music and song and laughter rise from all parts of the scene. Truly it is a charmed place.

SAINT NICHOLAS.

Very few of our readers are ignorant of at least one superstition concerning the most popular saint of Catholic Europe; but so few know his history, that we propose giving a brief summary of it here.

Saint Nicholas was the Bishop of Myra, born in Pantheria, in Lycia; died in December, 326. He is the patron saint of sailors, travellers and captives, and the guardian of unmarried girls, and of children. The young are universally taught to revere him, and one of the most popular superstitions concerning him is, that he distributes presents to the children at Christmas. He is the Santa Claus of the Dutch. In the Greek Church, he ranks next to the great fathers. Justinian dedicated a church to him in Constantinople about 560; he has been venerated in the West since the tenth century, and became one of the favor-

its patron saints of Italy and the north of Europe about the beginning of the twelfth century. One of the legends concerning him is, that when a certain nobleman was about to prostitute his three daughters because he was too poor to give them marriage portions, Saint Nicholas threw three purses into his window by night, and thus enabled him to marry his daughters respectably. His supposed patronage of children may be traced to the following story:—During a scarcity of food he was once entertained by a man who was in the habit of stealing children, and serving up their limbs to be eaten by his guests. When the dish was set before the saint, he detected the fraud, and going to the tub where the remains of the children were salted down, he made over them the sign of the cross, and they rose up whole and well.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Since Hannibal led his veteran legions over the Alps, their passage, save by means of the ordinary nuisance with which travellers are forced to put up, has been regarded as a wonderful achievement. Still more wonderful is the new method which is soon to convey tourists across them. The French are about to commence a railroad over Mount Cenis. The line will be laid next spring, and they expect that in less than fourteen months there will be an unbroken railway communication between France and Italy. The time so saved will be three hours in forty-seven miles, between Susa and St. Michel. The most serious difficulty presented by the service, will arise from the higher parts of the mountain; but there is reason to expect that means devised by the company for keeping the line clear will suffice to insure uninterrupted travelling.

THE CREOLES.

The term Creole is a corruption of the Spanish *Criollo*, which signifies one born in America or the West Indies, of European ancestors. An erroneous idea prevails in some portions of the United States, that a Creole must have in his veins admixture, greater or less, of negro blood. This, so far from being true, is entirely wrong. In the far South, and in Cuba, the term is applied only to those who are of French or Spanish descent, and it is the proudest boast of these people that they are Creoles. In the British West Indies, the term is applied indiscriminately to all colors, and the native blacks are called Creole (or West Indian) negroes, to distinguish them from those brought from Africa by the slavers.

RESOLVING GIRLS.—At a meeting of young girls at Seneca, N. Y., recently, it was "Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Seneca Falls, don't get married during the year to come, somebody will be to blame."

A SENSIBLE MAN.—A young lady said to her beau, as she held a pot of hot water in her hand, "promise to marry me or I'll scald you." "Throw the water," he replied, "I had rather be scalded once than every day of my life."

A SUCCESSFUL HORSE.—Count Lagrange's Gladiateur has won stakes amounting to, \$38,500, on the continent alone, and double that sum in England.

The Florist.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

I saw upon the mountain height,
And mid the mountain air,
Veronica her flowers put forth,
As garden blossoms fair:
Like faithful love, that blooms to bless
A palace or a wilderness.

Caragana.

The principal species contained in the genus *Caragana* are low trees and large shrubs, with abruptly pinnate leaves, and pea-flowers, which are generally yellow. They are mostly natives of Siberia, and flower early in spring; their elegant foliage often appearing as early as March. All the species are very ornamental; but the tree kinds are more so than the others. *C. fabata*, which differs from the rest in having white flowers tinged with red, is a low shrub, not above eighteen inches high, presenting a curious shaggy appearance from the footstalks of the leaves remaining on, and becoming hard and thorny, after the leaflets have dropped off. *C. anomala*, the Chinese *Caragana*, which is naturally a low shrub, forms a very graceful pendulous tree, when grafted on a stock of *C. arborescens* ten or twelve feet high. All the *Caraganas* were formerly considered to belong to the genus *Robinia*. They are all quite hardy, and will grow in any common garden soil; most of the species prefer a poor gravel, but *C. arborescens* thrives best in the neighborhood of water. The species are propagated by layers or cuttings, or by seeds, which they ripen in abundance.

Begonia.

Tropical undershrubs or herbaceous plants, some of which require the stove and others the greenhouse. The flowers are showy, pink or white, and the leaves are succulent, oblique at the base, and red underneath. Many of the herbaceous kinds have tuberous roots; and all these, if planted in the open air, rather deep in a dry sandy border exposed to the south, and having the soil covered with a little rotten tan, dung, leaves, or with litter during the winter season, will come up and flower freely every year. One of the finest is *B. octopetala*, but it is rather rare. *B. discolor*, which has the leaves beautifully veined with crimson underneath, is the commonest species, and it thrives in the greenhouse, or in a room, throwing out numerous suckers, each with a small tuberous root, which only requires separating from the parent and potting, to become a fresh plant. When planted out in the summer season, it continues to produce flowers for several months.

The Daisy.

Well-known perennials, of which the common daisy has been in cultivation from time immemorial. The most beautiful varieties are the large double, the large quilled, and the hen-and-chickens; but there are many others. In Germany, numerous curious varieties have been raised, by saving the seed of the handsomest kinds. Each sort is much improv-

ed by being taken up, divided, and replanted three or four times every season. They are all admirable plants for making edgings to borders, and they are well suited for growing in pots, though at present they are almost neglected. They thrive best in a loamy soil, richly manured, which should be dug over and well broken before planting; and they will bear transplanting even when in flower, provided they are taken up with a portion of the soil attached. No plants are better adapted for covering a bed with one mass of color. Masses of any kinds of daisies may be brought from the reserve ground, and laid down on a bed in the flower-garden, when just coming into flower, and taken back again to make room for other plants, when they have gone out of flower.

Border Flowers.

Herbaceous plants of hardy constitution; showy in appearance, and of easy culture, are therefore well adapted for ornamenting the borders which accompany walks in gardens. These are classed as perennials with fibrous roots, perennials with bulbous or tuberous roots, biennials and hardy annuals. Among the fibrous-rooted perennials are some, such as certain species of saxifrage, pinks, carnations, etc., which are evergreen, and these are most desirable plants for the borders of winter gardens. There are also evergreen biennials, such as wallflowers, stock gilliflowers, etc.

Boronia.

Evergreen shrubs, which flower during the greater part of the summer, and which are all very ornamental. *B. serrulata* is a most desirable species, forming a neat compact plant for a room, or greenhouse, and requiring plenty of light and air, but very little heat. It, and all the other species, will grow freely in sandy peat, well drained, and they may be propagated by layers or cuttings of the young wood in sand, under a bell-glass, taking care to wipe the glass frequently, so as to keep the cuttings free from damp.

Cestrum.

Greenhouse shrubs, natives of East India and South America. *C. nocturnum*, frequently called the night-smelling jasmine, is a much esteemed species which blooms abundantly all summer, if planted in the open air in May, and fills the whole garden with its fragrance at night, though perfectly inodorous during the day.

Borago.

Annual and perennial plants with blue, white or pink flowers, nearly allied to the Forget-me-not. Natives of the south of Europe and Persia; of easy culture in any common soil.

Kidney Vetch.

Dwarf plants with pretty flowers; generally used for rockwork; which are quite hardy, etc.; will grow in any common soil.

The Housewife.

A Veal Pie.

A rack of veal, cut into small pieces, parboil in water enough to fill your pie-dish; when about half cooked, take the veal out to cool; season the gravy with pepper, salt, a little mace, and a little salt pork; dredge in a little flour, line the sides of your dish with paste, lay in your meat and gravy, cover it with a thick paste, and cut a little hole in the top. Bake it half an hour.

Real Essence of Beef.

Take one pound of solid beef from the rump, a steak would be the best, cut it into thin slices, which lay upon a thin trencher, and scrape quite fine with a large and sharp knife (as quickly as possible, or the juice of the meat would partially soak into the wood, your meat thus losing much of its strengthening quality,) when like sausage meat put it into a stewpan or saucepan, and stir over the fire five or ten minutes, until thoroughly warmed through, then add a pint of water, cover the stewpan as tightly as possible, and let it remain close to the fire or in a warm oven for twenty minutes, then pass it through a sieve, pressing the meat with a spoon to extract all the essence.

Chicken Broth.

Put half a raw chicken into a stewpan, with a quart of water, a little leek and celery, with a salt-spoonful of salt, and a few sprigs of parsley (if allowed), set the stewpan upon the fire; when boiling, skim well, and let simmer upon the corner for one hour; pass it through a sieve, and it is ready for use. The chicken would eat very nice with a little *maitre d'hotel* sauce, or any other from that series would do for the parlor, that is, when the patient is not allowed to eat it. For a change, chicken broth in the following way is very nutritious; that is, after having passed the broth through a sieve, pour it back again into the stewpan, which place over the fire; moisten a teaspoonful of flour in a cup with a little cold broth or water, and when quite smooth, pour it into the broth whilst boiling, stirring quickly, let simmer a quarter of an hour, and it is ready. Mutton or veal broth may also be varied the same.

A very nice Chowder.

Take a cod and haddock; skin them, and take out the bones. Put the heads and bones on to boil in about three quarts of cold water and a little salt. Cut the fish in small pieces, about four or six inches square; wash and wipe them dry; flour them a little. Cut about a quarter of pound of salt pork in thin slices; fry them a nice brown; cut up two onions and fry them in the fat of the pork, but be careful not to burn or have them too brown; take out the onions and pork. Have ready six potatoes, cut in thin slices. Put a layer of fish into a pot (having the pork at the bottom), with a little fried onion, potatoes, pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour; another layer of fish, then the onions, potatoes, pepper, salt and flour; and so on until all is in. Then strain the water that the heads and bones have been boiling in,

through a cullender, on to the fish; if not enough to cover the fish, add hot water. Split six crackers, dip them in cold water quickly, and put them over the top; set it on the fire; let it boil thirty minutes. Then add a quarter of a pound of butter and two spoonfuls of flour braided together, and a glass of white wine, if you like; let it boil a few minutes; just before dishing, add a quart of cream or milk; give it one boil, and it is ready for the table.

Plain Mutton Broth for Invalids.

Get one pound of scrag of mutton, break the bone with a chopper without separating the meat, then put it into a stewpan with three pints of water and a salt-spoonful of salt; boil gently two hours, carefully removing all the scum and fat; it will be by that time reduced to about one quart, and is then ready to serve. This broth must not be expected to drink very palatable, being deprived of vegetables and seasoning, being in fact more like a beverage than a soup—at the commencement of convalescence more strength may be given, if ordered by the doctor, by reducing the original quantity to one pint. This broth is often administered by a spoonful at a time.

Beef Soup.

Take a head of celery, one quarter of a white cabbage, shaved very fine, three carrots, two turnips, and two onions, cut very fine; put this all into a soup-pot, with two quarts of cold water, and boil it two hours; then add two quarts of the beef-stock; boil this one hour; then take three spoonfuls of flour, mixed with half a pint of water and a little salt and pepper; stir this into the soup half an hour before serving it; put two tablespoonfuls of India soy into the tureen, turn the soup on it, stir it up, and serve it very hot.

Clear Beef Soup.

Make it as the above; put some pieces of bread, toasted brown and cut into dice form, into the bottom of the tureen, and strain the soup on it through a sieve.

A Soup made quickly.

Take two quarts of soup-stock, put it to boil with an onion, two carrots, and one turnip chopped fine, and season it with pepper and salt. If it is made of *broken* stock, add half a teaspoonful of cloves, and boil it half an hour, then add a cup of red wine; but if it is made of *white* stock, put in half a teaspoonful of ground mace and a cup of white wine.

Rice Cake.

Three eggs, and the same weight of ground rice and sugar, mixed and beaten well. Bake quickly in a mould.

To broil Partridges.

Split them through the back; broil them fifteen minutes; dish them with pepper, salt, and a little butter. A piece of salt pork broiled to eat with them is a very great improvement.

Curious Matters.

Interesting Geological Discovery.

A short time since, the Rev. W. Fox, of Brixton, near Brooke, Isle of Wight, discovered, in the vast wealden formation at the back of the island, a new reptile, of the Dinosaurian family. The only parts of the skeleton wanting are the head and neck. The animal was above six feet long from the shoulder to the root of the tail, and was furnished with a massive tail five feet long. The legs were about four feet in length, terminating in a broad, short foot. One of the most remarkable features of this strange reptile is the manner in which it was clothed with bony armor. Plates of bone from half an inch to four inches in diameter, and about half an inch thick, covered its body, with the exception of its back, which was protected by a great bony shield. Another remarkable characteristic of this animal was a very curious process of spine-like bones, which ran along the sides of the body and tail, some of which are fifteen inches long, and weigh seven pounds. The remains of this extinct monster have been examined recently by Professor Owen, as well as the wealden formation from which they were extracted; and we understand that, with reference to the extraordinary nature of the spine-like bones to which we have alluded, Professor Owen is of opinion that the most appropriate name for this new Saurian would be *Polacanthus*.

Effects of Heat in the Preservation of Wine.

Burgundy is much improved by a voyage to and from Calcutta. This fact led the author to try the effects of warmth on wines at home, and both he and M. Pasteur have come to the conclusion that wines may be much improved by gently warming them, and that sick wines may be cured by the same means. M. Pasteur has, in fact, taken out a patent for warming wines, by placing the bottles in a hot-air stove, with the corks tied down, to prevent their being forced out by the expansion. The bottles must be quite full, and have no air in them, and are heated to 64 deg. C. for half an hour, after which the cork is untied, driven home, and sealed down. In the process just described, of course all parasitic ferments are destroyed, and the wine keeps well after it.

Sea-Soundings.

The Baltic Sea, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300, whilst to the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 3000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, the depth is only 1000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to

the west of St. Helena 28,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 26,000 feet, and that of the Pacific at 20,000.

Combustible Mud.

In Oude there is a jheel or swamp of black mud which looks like ashes and smoulders like wood. The mud, when dried, blazes quite freely. It has been tried at Cawnpore, and is found to give very nearly as much steam as wood. When charred it can be used in a blacksmith's furnace. The ash, of which it leaves a great deal, is very useful as a manure in poor sandy soils. Bits of bone and fragments of decayed wood are found in it at considerable depths. The mud is supposed to be an impure peat, resulting from the continued deposition of vegetable matter at the bottom of a marsh.

Method for keeping a Vessel afloat.

Among the most recent scientific discoveries in France, may be mentioned a method invented by M. Neant for keeping afloat a vessel about to sink, and putting out any fires that may happen to break out on board. His plan is to attach a certain number of balloons made of India-rubber, and inflated with air, to the sides of the sinking vessel. M. Chattenmann proposes to render vessels externally incombustible by whitewashing the wood with chloride of lime. This, he thinks, would prevent the rapid propagation of the flames, and allow sufficient time for extinguishing them.

Diamonds in California.

California is known throughout the world for its production of "the base metal," while in this part of the universe a great deal is heard of "California diamonds;" but it is asserted that the genuine mineral has been found in the mountain streams of that State. Several of these precious stones, found at Cherokee Ravine, Butte County, North San Juan, Nevada County, and at Placerville, were submitted to the inspection of skillful lapidaries, and pronounced the real stones. They were found in "aluices, or pudding-boxes, used for placer mining," and their average value was seventy-five dollars.

Neutral Soap.

A perfectly neutral soap—that is, one containing no free alkali—possesses hardly any detergent power: on the other hand, the presence of free alkali in soap causes it to corrode the skin. It has, however, been discovered recently that a neutral soap may be rendered as effective for detergent purposes as a highly alkaline one, by the mere addition of alumina, which is itself a neutral substance. The alumina may be combined with the soap, during its manufacture, by the use of aluminate of potash or soda, or of some other alkaline salt of alumina, or by mixing free alumina, in the form of a dry powder, with melted common soap.

Facts and Fancies.

A PERPLEXED OFFICIAL.

In the "good old times," when railroads were unknown, but stage-coaches universally patronized and believed to be the best vehicles of transportation that could ever be invented for the convenience of travellers, a certain then well-known executive started from the seat of government in the "Granite State," to visit a dignified friend, enjoying an exalted station at the "Hub." Wishing to present him with some gift worthy of his official position, he had the day before deputed his amiable spouse, in his absence to a neighboring town, to obtain from her father, a rare old angler, the finest salmon that could be procured.

At noon the stage stopped an hour for dinner and rest at a small hostelry, with whose proprietor our honorable traveller was formerly intimately acquainted; in fact they were old schoolmates. Among other subjects at the table, he chanced to mention the valuable gift he was bearing to his Boston friend. The bonny landlord, who was much of a wag, by-the-way, desired to see the fish, and being informed that it had been left in the bar-keeper's charge, managed, just as the stage was starting off, to substitute, unknown by any one, in place of the delicious salmon, a fine fresh haddock!

In due time the cheated gentleman arrived at the capital of the old Bay State, and presented himself and credentials to the presiding dignitary. After the business that occasioned the trip had been discussed, and wine ordered, with marked impressiveness the traveller presented the very carefully packed representative of the "finny tribe," with the remark:

"There, sir, is a specimen of what our State can furnish for salmon."

Opening the neatly adjusted package, to the surprise of the expectant holder, he beheld nothing more than the inn-keeper's innocent haddock.

"Why, my dear 'Gov,'" said the host, "this is not a salmon, but an uncommonly nice haddock."

The official from New Hampshire was filled with dismay; he could not for a moment believe his wife would play such a bold sell upon him, and therefore knew not what to think. He apologized for the ludicrous mistake as well as possible under such unfortunate circumstances, and bowed himself out, haddock in hand, and betook the homeward course with that fish still in his possession. On regaining the inn where the exchange had been effected, he unburdened his misfortune to the willing ear of the secretly chuckling landlord, without the remotest suspicion of his guilt. As the stage was again upon the point of bearing him away, the landlord succeeded in replacing the salmon in its original covers.

The excitement of the good man was at fever heat after all the cogitations he had subjected himself to upon the matter, as he was dropped at his own door, and it was in rather an irascible mood that he addressed his "better half," who was very solicitous regarding his health, after so long a journey. Unable to conceal his displeasure, when she inquired if his excellency of Massachusetts was much delighted with the nice present he had taken to him, he exclaimed:

"That salmon was nothing but a cussed old haddock!"

It was now her turn to be surprised, and learning he had brought it back, she sought the kitchen; and soon returned, radiant with triumph, and thrusting it before his eyes, said:

"Dare you say that is not as choice a salmon as ever swam?"

Hardly believing his eyes, but thoroughly aroused, he burst out with the voice of a Titan:

"Ouss a fish that will be a salmon in New Hampshire, and a haddock in Massachusetts!"

THE ACTOR AND MONKEY.

During Greene's management at Albany, Charles Parsloe, of pantomime notoriety, was playing one night the part of the monkey; he did not seem to be very nimble; he sprang lamely from fence to tree; he had lost his usual quick, queer gestulations of the animal, and would every now and then run to the wings out of the spectators' sight and quickly return, as if relieved of something. Greene saw something was amiss, and determined to find out what was the matter. He saw little Harry Knight running from one entrance to another to meet Parsloe whenever he came off. There seemed to be a sympathy between the monkey and Knight; both seemed under some animal magnetic influence, or some other spiritual effect of the day seemed to move them physically and together; perhaps some cordial spirit corked in a small bottle to allay the thirst brought on by undue exertion. The monkey's agility was at fault; it was a lame job. At last Greene discovered that the monkey's dyed stockinet dress made of elastic web so as to fit the body like the natural skin to resemble the monkey, and which dress had been dyed brown, was old and worn out, bursting in its seams and texture, and at every leap it was giving way. Harry Knight had a pot of brown ochre and a brush out of the paint room, so that whenever a rent occurred in this decayed monkey costume Parsloe would jump to one of the side wings and Knight would paint the introductory white skin over. So it went on very lamely till the finale of the piece.

BETTER MINISTER THAN CARPENTER.

A very worthy divine was the Rev. Mr. H—, beloved with hardly a dissenting voice by a large congregation. Smart and fiery in the good cause, yet like all poor erring mortals, he had a fault. "Absent-mindedness" had proved the foundation of a good joke at the parson's expense more than once.

As an illustration in point, we will relate a little story in which he figured rather ludicrously.

It chanced that the reverend gentleman a few months since, owned a very nice horse, an animal of superior intelligence also, who had acquired the trick of letting himself out of the stable by backing from the stall, and lifting up the hump to the door communicating with, or that opened into the yard. Several times while busily engaged in his study, the intelli-

gence had been orally conveyed to him by Patrick, his newly imported hostler, "that the steed had 'letted' himself out, sure, sir!" And generally his horse-ship indulged on such occasions, in antics more spirited than pleasant, especially in the opinion of any one who happened very near his heels, as the son of Erin twice attested in expressive terms; and also caused his glossy hide by contact with mother earth, to appear "awful" in the eyes of his owner and groom. At last the patience of the usually serene man became exhausted by some unusually severe freak of "Gip," and with a variety of carpenter's tools borrowed for the occasion, at twilight one Saturday afternoon, he hastily constructed and screwed a button over the door that led into the yard.

The next morning a brother divine who had engaged to assist in the duties of the pulpit for that day, arrived with several ladies, to partake of the hospitalities of the parsonage. The interim between breakfast and service time passed in social converse, so rapidly, that the church-bell sounded ere they were aware of the lateness of the hour.

As the meeting-house was situated some three miles from his residence, the elder requested Pat, who was in blissful ignorance of "the time of day," to harness up as quickly as possible. Now he being absent the previous day, and not having been informed since, of the little job performed by his master for the safe keeping of "Gip" within the barn, nor had had occasion to use that door—therefore he had not had the opportunity to express his opinion of the arrangement.

He rushed to do the minister's bidding; and entering the barn by the main entrance, backed the steed from the stable, harnessed him with commendable alacrity and raised the latch to go out, but the door refused to open. Quickly rushing outside the building he observed the new lock, and attempted by the simple process of turning to open the door, but to his amazement, after spending ten minutes in this rotary movement, he found it of no avail. Puzzled and half dazed with excitement he ran for the house, exclaiming to his master whom he met just coming to learn the reason of the tardy performance required:

"Ah 'an faith, by the powers! a thing ye have made or ordered done, 'an fixed on the door of the stable, beats me 'intirely, indeed it does, sir! The turn of it I nivr saw the likes before!"

"Why, Pat," said the good man, repairing to the scene accompanied by his brother in grace, and the Irishman, "it is the simplest contrivance imaginable; merely a little piece of wood to turn over and from the door."

Arriving at the stable, to the astonishment of the other minister, and the utter bewilderment of the author of the job, the mystery became strikingly apparent. The parson had whittled and screwed a round button over the door!

A NICE POINT.

While a couple were being married in Preston church, the other morning, the mother of the young lady, who was under age, rushed into the church and forbade the wedding. The minister at once stopped the service, and, though the bridegroom had just pronounced the words, "With this ring I thee wed," declared that no legal marriage had taken place. Since then, however, the matter has been discussed

at a meeting of the clergy, and the unanimous decision they arrived at was that the couple had been properly and lawfully married according to the rites of the church. The point is a very ticklish one, and will probably have to be settled in the law courts.

A POSITIVE FARMER.

Before the introduction of friction matches, an old farmer was in the habit of lighting his tinder for the morning fire, by the use of an old flint-lock musket. One day, in his absence, the wife loaned the musket to a neighbor, who returned it loaded, and mentioned the fact to the good woman, as he handed it to her. But her husband did not return home in good season, being on a rousing spree. He came home past midnight, with quite a number of bricks in his hat, and crept into bed, without waking his wife to enjoy a Candle lecture. Next morning he rose in good season, with the usual thump, and a hammering headache, after rubbing a few of the cobwebs out of his eyes, and taking a "drop" from the remains of the over-night, he commenced preparations for starting a fire. The splinters were collected, and the tinder placed in the pan of the lock; then went the hammer, and the explosion that followed shook the beams dispelling the fumes of liquor from the old toper's faculties, and rousing his wife with a sudden alarm. Guessing at the trouble, she exclaimed, while not fully awake:

"Th-th-tha-that gun is LOADED!"

Looking, with an empty stare, at the smoking gun and at the bullet-hole in the bedstead, just about two inches above his wife's head, the fond husband replied:

"No! I'll be hanged if it is!"

STRONG MANIFESTATIONS.

The latest instance of "spiritual manifestations" that we have seen, is that recorded of an incredulous young man—"down east," whose father had promised, before his death, to hold invisible communication with him:

"The spirit of the gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline), was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had anything to do with them.

"Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium; "we wait some manifestations from the spirit land."

"This was no sooner said, than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth, and, without ceremony, kicked him out of the room!"

"Hold on! stop him!" cried the terrified young convert; "that's the old man! I believe in the rappings!"

"The hero has never since had a desire to 'stir up the old gentleman.'"

"Jlps, is the quality of the soup which you get at these freg, lunches in proportion to its cheapness?"

"O, no; I must say it is good—for nothing."

MR. BLAZE'S ACCOUNT.

Artemus Ward, in his account of his travels, says that at Neva he was called on by an athletic, scarlet-faced man, who politely said his name was Blaze.

"I have a little bill against you, sir," he observes.

"A bill—for what?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks?"

"Yes, sir—at my bar. I keep the well-known and respected coffee-house down street."

"But, my dear sir, there is a mistake. I never drank at your bar in my life."

"I know it, sir. That isn't the point. The point is this, I pay out my money for good liquors, and it's the people's own fault, if they don't drink them. There are the liquors—do as you please about drinking them, but you must pay for them. Isn't that fair?"

His enormous body (around which Fack wouldn't put a girdle for forty dollars) shook gleefully while I read this eminently original bill. Years ago, Mr. Blaze was agent of the California stage company. There was a formidable and well organized opposition to the California stage company at that time, and Mr. Blaze rendered them such signal service in his capacity of agent, that they were very sorry when he tendered his resignation.

"You are some sixteen hundred dollars behind in your accounts, Mr. Blaze," said the president, "but in view of your faithful and efficient services, we shall throw off eight hundred dollars of the amount."

Mr. Blaze seemed touched by this generosity. A tear stood in his eye and his bosom throbbed audibly.

"You will throw off eight hundred dollars—you will?" he cried at last, seizing the president's hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

"I will," returned the president.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Blaze, "I am a gentleman—I am—you bet! And I won't allow no stage company to surpass me in politeness. I'll throw off the other eight hundred dollars, and we'll call it square! No gratitude, sir—no thanks—it is my duty!"

DEACON D'S WRATH.

Deacon D. was very much interested in a revival that was taking place in his neighborhood, and as a consequence, was continually urging his neighbors to "come over to the Lord's side," as he expressed it. He had frequently importuned an old neighbor of his—who was not particularly noted for his profession of religion, but was, nevertheless, highly respected by all who knew him—to attend one of their evening meetings. Now, the piety and honesty of the deacon was a matter of doubt among his fellow-townsmen, and particularly so with the old man above mentioned, who, for convenience, we may call Uncle Josh. After repeated calls, Uncle Josh consented to accompany the deacon to one of the meetings, and accordingly attended him to the "red school house" one evening, much to the surprise of all present. In the course of the evening the deacon arose with a penitential countenance to tell his experience. He was the prince of sinners, he said. If he got his deserts, he would be banished forever from divine favor. After making himself out to be all that is vile in man, according to his interpretation, of "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," he sat down with the sublime sense of having done his duty, and asked Uncle Josh if he wouldn't tell his experience. With some

little reluctance he meekly arose amid the breathless attention of the assembly. It was an unknown occurrence for Uncle Josh to speak in meeting. He said he had listened with great interest to the remarks of the deacon, and he could assure the brethren that, from his long acquaintance with him, he could fully endorse all the deacon had said concerning his meanness and villainy, for he certainly was the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the deacon was terrific. He shook his fist under Uncle Josh's nose, and exclaimed. "You're a confounded liar, and I'll whip you as soon as you get out of the school house!"

A MICHIGAN STORY.

Out in Michigan, a number of farmers were sitting in front of a country store, at the close of a sultry day, and telling stories about their work, and so on, when one of them took the rag off the whole of them by relating his experience:

"I say, you have all told whopping big yarns now; but I'll just tell you what I done once in York State, on the Genesee Flats, and on my father's farm. He owned a meadow just a mile long, and one morning in June I began to mow—sun about an hour high—and mowed right along the whole length of the field. The grass was so heavy that I had to mow down to the lower end of the field, and walk, or as we say, 'carry my swath.' Well, I worked on till sundown, and then quit. I just thought, as the meadow was exactly a mile long, I'd count the swaths, and I did, and there was *one hundred!* That, gentlemen, is what York State folks call a big day's work."

"So you walked two hundred miles that day, did you?" asked one farmer.

"And mowed all the while you was walking?" said another.

"So it seems," replied the great mower. "I tell you the facts, and you can make as much of it as you can."

FRIGHTENED TO SOME PURPOSE.

In a town in the eastern part of Massachusetts lived a man who in his early life was a great sinner. One day he went to the village tavern, and as usual stayed until late at night, drinking, carousing and swearing. About twelve o'clock he started home with his horse and wagon. The distance was about two miles over a dark lonely road, which passed a graveyard. On the opposite side from the graveyard was a dense wood, which cast a dark shadow over the surrounding country. When the old man, whose first name was Daniel, arrived as far as the graveyard, his horse suddenly stopped, and he heard a deep sepulchral voice say, "Daniel, Daniel, prepare to meet thy God!" Then he heard the loud roll of thunder overhead, and the same thing was repeated. Daniel fell upon his knees, imploring mercy, and offering up a fervent prayer for forgiveness; he confessed that he was a great sinner, but if the Lord would allow him to go home, he would henceforth become a better man. The rope, which was drawn across the road, was then cut, and he was allowed to go home. He became a truly virtuous and upright man, to the great delight of all his friends; and not until several years afterwards did he learn that the events of that night were caused by two young scamps, one of whom climbed a tree with a drum to imitate thunder, and the other behind a tombstone as spokesman.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



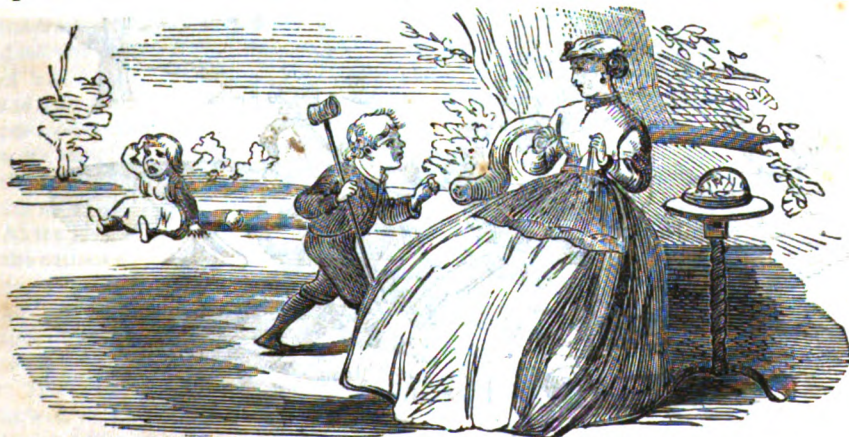
"TICKLED WITH HISTOIRE."

GOVERNESS READS (*impressively*).—Henry the First, after the death of his son, was never known to smile again—
MISS MAMIE.—But please, Miss Bingay, what did he do, if they tickled him?



A CASE OF CULPABLE CARELESSNESS.

ELDERLY FEMALE, IN BONNET.—Well, she were a-gettin' on beautiful, she were; when all on a suddint she took wilent cold. No one couldn't tell 'ow it 'appened; but it's my belief as they give her gruel out of a damp basin.



CROQUET—"A CHARMING GAME FOR CHILDREN."

MASTER OWEN (*in an injured tone*).—O auntie, do speak to Teddy, and make him behave himself. When I just hit him on the head with the mallet, he *will* burst out crying!

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

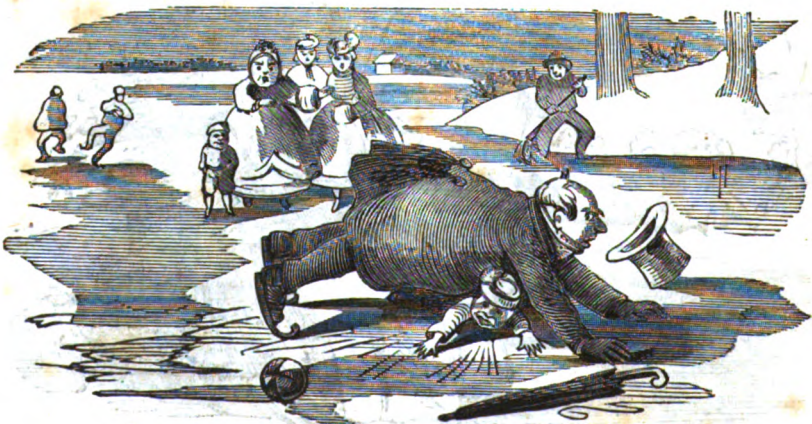
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



This is the kind of Deer-stalking young Shute likes. While—



Spooner prefers Dears-talking of this description.



A fall—very much below par.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIII.—No. 5.....MAY, 1866.....WHOLE No. 137.  
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FASHIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

THE history of the dress of man and woman-kind is as extensive, and almost as interesting, as that of its wearers. Since the day when the first human beings found it advisable to cover their nakedness with aprons of fig-leaves, people have exhausted all their ingenuity and powers of invention in devising garments wherewith to ornament as well as protect their persons. Some writers have affirmed that the instinctive modesty of the human species is the cause of the system of dress practised by the people of the world. That this is not entirely true, is evident from the fact, that in the interior of Africa the tribes which are almost entirely devoid of clothing, are proportionately more moral than the most enlightened of the nations of Europe. We shall, perhaps, come nearer to the truth, when we say that the adoption of dress was caused by the physical necessities of mankind, which require the protection of the body from the weather, and that the various modifications which have occurred in costume, have been made in accordance with the requirements of the climate and the mode of life to which the individual was subjected. At the present day, glancing around among the nations of the world, we shall find their dress to be of a nature perfectly adapted to all their necessities; and we may safely assert that this century has brought dress to a state of perfection and also great expense.

This being the case, it becomes interesting as well as profitable, to look back through the centuries which have preceded our own, and mark the changes through which the



COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

dress of our ancestors passed. In an article of the limits assigned to this one, we can hope to dwell upon but a few instances, and of all before us, we shall endeavor to present only the most striking.

The costume of the reign of Henry VIII. of England was, perhaps, the most magnificent ever known in that country. It was called forth by an age of luxury, in which the nobility and gentry flourished upon the industry and toll of the lower classes. The king himself, being of a generous and extrav-

agant disposition, and more of a dandy than is commonly supposed, was ambitious of being the best-dressed man in Europe, and spared no pains to attain that end. He is described as attending a banquet at Winchester, arrayed "in a suit of short garments of blue velvet and crymosine, with long sleeves, all cut and lined with cloth of gold, and the outer garments powdered with castles and sheaves of arrows (the badge of Queen Catherine) of fine ducat gold; the upper part of the hose of like fashion, the lower part of scarlet, powdered with timbrels of fine gold. His bonnet was flat, and of damask silver, wrought with gold, and feathered." When he met Anne of Cleves, he wore a velvet frock, embroidered all over with gold, mixed with a profusion of lace, the sleeves and breast all lined and cut with cloth of gold, and tied together with great buttons of diamonds, rubies, and orient pearls.

The nobles sought to rival the king in the magnificence of their dress, and the gentry were not willing to be surpassed by those who were higher and better off in life than themselves. The passion for dress went to a great extent, and induced an extravagance and reckless mode of living, which proved fatal to many, and forced others to harsh and cruel treatment of those dependent on them, or subject to them, as the only means of maintaining their state. From the engraving on the first page, the reader will gain an accurate idea of the costume of this period.

The costume of the reign of Elizabeth, as will be seen from the engraving on this page, had undergone a radical change from that described above. In place of the somewhat cumbersome, but large and striking attire of her father's day, the gentry prided themselves on a prim and stiff dress, which was remarkable for neither elegance nor beauty. The breeches fell far short of the knees, and the remainder of the leg was encased in long hose. The fashionable hat had a broad brim and a high crown, diminishing conically upward. Long rapiers were also worn, and around the neck was an immense, and we should think decidedly uncomfortable, ruff. The ladies wore farthingales (the germ of the modern crinoline) of immense size. The bodice of their dress was very long, the sharp points in front often reaching far below the waist, and they wore also huge ruffs around the neck. The larger the ruff and the longer the rapier the stronger were the wearer's claims to the title of fashionable. To such an extent was this carried, that the jealousy of the queen was aroused,

and she determined to put a stop to the "audacious presumption" of her subjects. She appointed officers to break every gentleman's sword, and clip every ruff, which was over a certain size. The command was positive, and there was no escaping from the execution of it. Certain stations were established in London by the officers charged with carrying it out, and every rapier of a suspicious length was measured, and if found illegal, unmercifully cut down to the prescribed length, and every ruff was made to conform to the standard of the willful queen. The annoyance thus caused to persons unpopular with the people was sure to be hailed with shouts of delight by the crowds assembled to witness



COURTIER—REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

the performance. In the reign of Elizabeth, the Earl of Pembroke was the first to wear knit stockings in England. He obtained them from Mantua, and soon rendered them fashionable in his own country. The Earl of Oxford also introduced from Italy embroidered and perfumed gloves.

With the death of the sovereign the fashion of dress experienced another but not so radical a change. When King James came into possession of his new dominions, he found that he had much more to learn and conform to in the matter of fashion, than to introduce or remodel. His coarse and ungainly appearance, and his awkward and ludicrous manners, to say nothing of his outrageous style of dress, fendered him but a poor example for

his more refined and accomplished subjects; and, on the whole, he was glad enough to conform to the customs of the English. In the words of an old ballad, exceedingly popular at that day,

"England made him a gentleman."

It is not a little strange that this clumsy lout, who was the laughing-stock of the world, should have been the progenitor of that race of English sovereigns, whose courtly graces and accomplishments have blinded many historians to their faults, by the charm which always accompanies such attributes.

As we have said, the king was exceedingly glad to conform to the fashions of his new subjects. Being excessively timid by nature, even trembling with terror at the sight of a drawn sword, and being constantly afraid of assassination, he found the thick and padded garments of the English very acceptable, as they afforded a slight protection against weapons. The engraving on this page shows the costume adopted by the king himself. Dekker, in his "Seven Deadly Sins of London," thus describes the dress of the day. "An Englishman's suit is like a traitor's body, that hath been hanged, drawn and quartered, and set up in several places; the color of his doublet and the belly in France; the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy; the short waist hangs over a Dutch bocher's block in Utrich; his huge slopper speaks Spanish; Polonia gives him the booties; the block for his head alters faster than the felt-maker can fit him, and thereupon we are called in scorn blockheads." Another satirist of the time says, "I have seen an English gentleman so defused in his suite—his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloake for Germany—that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face." The ruff was still retained in the early part of the reign, but was much smaller than during the time of Elizabeth.

Towards the close of the reign a decided change was made in the costume. The long-waisted doublet gave way to the short jacket with false hanging sleeves behind; the trunk hose were covered with embroidered straps tucked short at the thigh, and the hose (or stockings) were held up by a garter below the knees, the garters being of silk and puffed in a large knot. Long coats were worn by boys until they were eight years of age. The present costume of the "Blue Coat Boys" of London is that of the youngsters of this reign, as Christ's Hospital was founded about this

time. The cloak was more worn during this reign than it had ever been before, and continued in fashion until after the Restoration. From the ballads of the day we gain many curious descriptions of dress. Taylor describes the gallants of the time as wearing

"A farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold;
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost;
A gaudy cloak, three manors' price almost;
A beaver band, and feather for the head,
Priced at the church's tythe, the poor man's bread."



JAMES I.

The dress of ladies of fashion had not changed materially. They still wore the stiff ruff, the pointed bodice, and the Elizabethan farthingale. In the portraits of ladies in domestic life, however, we find them painted without the farthingale, with falling collars, plain or edged with lace, and hair with ringlets falling on each side.

The reigns of the sons of King James were the era of the most picturesque and artistic costume ever worn in England. There was very little essential difference between that of the reign of Charles I. and that of the Restoration, except that at the latter period it was richer and more elaborate, being freed from the severe influences of Puritanism.

The cavaliers of the first reign, whose dress is illustrated by the engraving on page 344, wore doublets of silk, satin, or velvet, with large loose sleeves, slashed up the front, the collar covered by a falling band of the richest point lace, with vandyke edgings. The long

breeches, fringed or pointed, met the tops of the wide boots, which were also commonly ruffled with lace or lawn. A broad Flemish beaver hat, with a rich hat-band and plume of feathers, was set on the side of the head, and a Spanish rapier hung from a magnificent sword-belt worn sash-wise over the right shoulder; over one shoulder, was thrown a cloak with an air of graceful negligence.

The dress of the ladies, also, was a great improvement on that of the former reign. The stiff, ungraceful ruff was abandoned, and the rich collar and graceful dress, which are so well known, came into use. The dress, or gown itself, was more elegant than in former days, and accorded well with the other improvement. The hair was worn by ladies in curls, and was tastefully ornamented. That of the gentlemen was worn in long ringlets, and their beards and moustache cut in the sharp, peaked fashion now commonly called the vandyke style.

The difference between the dress of the Cavaliers and that of the Puritans, or Round-heads as they were called, was carried to an extreme of oppositeness. The latter denounced bitterly the gay trappings of the courtiers, and affected the utmost severity in their attire. Their boots were plain, and devoid of the ruffle at the top, which was somewhat narrower than that of the Cavaliers. Their trunk hose came a little below the knee, and were without ornament; a plain short jacket and cloak constituted their upper clothing. The only relief to their dress, which was generally of a sombre hue, was a plain broad white collar worn over the jacket. Their swords were clasped around the waist by a broad belt. A high-crowned hat, with a broad heavy brim, covered the head. The hair was cut short, and, as a general rule, the face was shaved clean.

The dress of the women was equally as severe as that of the men. It consisted of a plain and neatly fitting gown, falling to the feet, with close sleeves, and without ornament. Some quiet color was generally chosen, and was set off by a tasteful white cape worn somewhat in the style of the modern son tag. The elderly women wore caps, and the head attire, when on the street, was either a high-crowned hat, resembling that used by the men, or a hood. The hair was kept neat, but arranged with great severity. The costume of the Puritans is shown in the engraving on page 345.

There were few circumstances which con-

tributed more to separate the two great parties of the country, than that of dress. Each used every endeavor to avoid resembling the other in appearance; and the follies, extravagance, and grace of the Cavaliers, were as bitterly hated by the Puritans, as the plain, ungainly appearance and rigid manners of the latter were despised by the former.

There is an old song, still extant, entitled, "The Way to Woo a Zealous Lady," which shows how a fashionable Cavalier fared when he sought the hand of a Puritan damsel who had won his heart. It runs as follows:



CAVALIER OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

"She told me that I was too much profane,
And not devout, neither in speech nor gesture;
And I could not one word answer again,
Nor had not so much grace as to call her sister;
For ever something did offend her there—
Either my broad beav'd hat or my long hair.

"My band was broad, my 'parel was not plain,
My points and girdle made the greatest show;
My sword was odious and my belt was vain,
My Spanish shoes were cut too broad at toe:
My stockings light, my garters ty'd too long,
My gloves perfumed, and had a scent too strong.

"I left my pure mistress for a space,
And to a snip-snap barber straight went I;
I cut my hair, and did my corps uncase
Of 'parel pride that did offend the eye;
My high-crowned hat, my little beard also,
My peaked band, my shoes were sharp at toe.

"Gone was my sword, my belt was laid aside,
And I transformed both in looks and speech;
My 'parel plain, my cloak was void of pride,
My little skirt, my metamorphosed breech,
My stockings black, my garters were ty'd shorter,
My gloves no scent; thus march'd I to her portex."

The period of the Commonwealth was the saddest time English tailors have ever seen. They had scarcely anything to do, and had the reign of Puritanism continued, their trade must have fallen into decay. They were forced to confine themselves to the simplest cut and plainest manufacture, and had very little to do at that. The Restoration must have found hearty supporters in them.

The contempt for dress which the Puritans entertained was not slow in producing a negligence and slovenliness equally as reprehensible as the extravagance of the Cavaliers. We are told that when Cromwell made his first appearance in the House of Commons, he was draped in "a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor."

Charles II. restored the old splendor of dress, and though no especial change was made in the male costume of the previous reign until near the close of his own life, there was enough difference in the dress of the two periods to render them distinct from each other. He brought with him the gay doublets and short cloaks, wide collars, cumbrous periwigs, boots ornamented with Brussels lace, and sword-belts radiant with jewels, that mark the age of *Louis le Grand*. Indeed, at one time the rage for periwigs was so great that a country gentleman is said to have employed a painter to put them on the heads of some of Vandyke's portraits. The clergy denounced them roundly, but without effect. The dress of the clergy during this reign assumed its present form.

The costume represented in the engraving on page 347 is that of the last part of the reign, and belongs more properly to the times of James II. and William and Mary.

The dress of the ladies underwent a decided and an attractive change. Their attire was graceful and elegant, though it was more than frequently less modest and delicate than beautiful. They affected a mean between dress and nakedness, which was significant of the sham morality of the period. Mr. Planché describes their dress as "a studious negligence, an elegant *dishabille*. * * * Their glossy ringlets, escaping from a simple ban-

deau of pearls, or adorned by a single rose, fall in graceful profusion upon snowy necks, unveiled by even the transparent lawn of the band or the partlet, and the fair, round arm, bare to the elbow, reclines upon the voluptuous satin petticoat, while the gown, of the same rich material, piles up its voluminous train in the background." The engraving on page 348 will convey a correct idea of this magnificent attire.

Such, then, are some of the fashions which were wont to engage the attention of our forefathers, and with whose history is allied so much of worth and interest. We shall again refer to the same subject.



A PURITAN.



PURITAN LADY.

BUNGALOWS IN INDIA.

The bungalows of Etawah, though not in their primitive state—for upon the first occupation of those remote jungles doors and windows were not considered necessary, a jaump, or frame of bamboo covered with grass, answering the purpose of both—are still sufficiently rude to startle persons who have acquired their notions of India from descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy, ill-glazed doors, smeared over with coarse paint, secure the interior from the inclemencies of the cold, hot and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare; and where attempts are made to color them, the daubing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than common whitewash. The fastenings of the doors leading to the different apartments, if there be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of wood employed is rough, unseasoned, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens

of the soil and their human neighbors is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors be left open at night, movable lattices, styled *jaffrys*, must be substituted, to keep out the wolves and hyenas, which take the liberty of perambulating through the verandas; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The *chopper*, or thatch of a bungalow, affords a commodious harbor for vermin of every description; but in large stations, which have long been inhabited by Europeans, the wilder tribes, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen; squirrels or rats, with an occasional snake or two, form the population of the roof, and are comparatively quiet tenants. In the jungles, the occupants are numerous and more various; wild cats, *ghosaumps* (a reptile of the lizard tribe as large as a sucking pig), *vis copras*, and others, take up their abode amid the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These intruders are only divided from the human inhabitants of the bungalow by a cloth, stretched across the top of each room from wall to wall, and secured by tapes, tied in a very ingenious manner behind a projecting cornice; this cloth forms the ceiling, and shuts out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above; but it proves a frail and often insufficient barrier. The course of the assailants and the assailed may be distinctly traced upon its surface, which yields with the pressure of the combatants, showing distinctly the outlines of the various feet. When it becomes a little worn, legs are frequently seen protruding through some aperture; and as the tapes are apt to give way during the rains, there is a chance of the undesired appearance of some hunted animal, which, in his anxiety to escape from its pursuers, falls through the yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cloths, snakes and other agreeable visitants often dropped from the bamboos upon the persons of those who might be reposing beneath; but although, where there are no dogs or cats to keep the lower story clear of the intruders, the dwellers of the upper region will seek the ground floor of their own accord, they cannot so easily descend as heretofore.

Notwithstanding the intervention of the cotton canopy, however, there is quite sufficient annoyance without a closer acquaintance with the varieties, for night being usually selected for the time of action, sleep is effectually banished by their gambols. The

noise is sometimes almost terrific, and nervous persons, females in particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, cloth, fastenings, and all, will come down, along with 10,000 combatants, upon their devoted heads. The sparrows in the eaves, alarmed by the hubbub, start from their alibers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the tumult. In these wild solitudes, individuals of the insect race perform the part of the nocturnal disturbers with great vigor and animation. At nightfall a concert usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by crickets, gifted with lungs far exceeding in power those of the American hearth, while the bass is croaked forth by innumerable toads. The bugle-horns of the mosquitos are drowned in the dissonance, and the gurgling



FEMALE COSTUME, TIME OF CHARLES II.

accompaniment of the musk-rats is scarcely to be distinguished. In the midst of this uproar, should sleep, long wooed, descend at last upon the weary eyelids, it is but too often chased away by the yells of the wandering troop of jackalls, each animal apparently endeavoring to outshriek his neighbor. A quiet night in any part of India is exceedingly difficult of attainment; the natives, who sleep throughout the heat of the day, protract their vigils far beyond the midnight hour, and however silent at other periods, are always noisy at night. Parties from adjacent villages patrol the roads, singing, and, during religious festivals or bridal revelries, every sort of discordant instrument, gongs, and blaring trumpets six feet long, are brought in aid of the shouts of the populace.

Such is the usual character of the night in the jungles; and it requires nerve of no ordinary kind to support its various inflic-

tions. Fortunately, the beds, as they are constructed and placed in India, afford a secure asylum from actual contact with invaders, the many-legged and many-winged host, which give so lively an idea of the plagues of Egypt. The couch occupies the centre of the floor, and is elevated to a considerable height from the ground; the mosquito curtains, which are tightly tucked in all round, though formed of the thinnest and most transparent material, cannot easily be penetrated from without; and though bats may brush them with their wings, lizards innumerable may crawl along the walls, and musk-rats skirt along the posts, admission to the interior is nearly impossible. On this account, as well as for the great preservative which they form against malaria, it is advisable to sleep under a mosquito net at all seasons of the year.

WALKING FISHES.

Swimming is not the only mode of locomotion possessed by fishes, for the fins of certain kinds perform the functions of feet and wings. Several of the fishing frogs have their fins converted into feet or paddles, by means of which some species have the power of crawling and hopping on sand and mud, whilst one kind can live three days out of water, and walk upon dry land. This extraordinary fish, the *angler*, is from three to five feet in length. It lives at the bottom of the water, crawling close to the ground, and by means of its ventral and pectoral fins, it stirs up the mud and sand in such a manner as to conceal itself from other fishes. Another fish of this family inhabits the seas of hot climates. By filling its enormous stomach with air, it expands itself like a balloon; its fins enable it to creep on land, where it can live for two or three days, the pectorals, from their position, performing the functions of hind feet. Other members of the same family display equally singular characteristics.

A rarer kind, the toad-fish, is found among the Sarejasso-weed, or gulf-weed, with which a certain part of the Atlantic Ocean is generally covered. This fish has peculiar claims to its application. Its belly and side fins are borne up on supports, which project from the body in the semblance of limbs, their similarity to which is increased by the jointed form they acquire at the point of union of the fin with its support, and still further by the finger-like appearance of the rays of these

fins, which are unconnected by membranes at their tips. This curious structure imparts to these fishes not only somewhat of the outward form of a quadruped, but also a portion of its habits. The toad-fish is accordingly capable of crawling like a reptile among the sea-weed and rocks, which it usually inhabits; the side fins, which are placed further back than those of the belly, performing one act, occasion the functions of hinder feet. Nor is this mode of locomotion confined to the water alone; it may also be exercised by the fish on land, for its gill openings are so small, that evaporation takes place but slowly within them; thus, the gills are kept moistened, and the circulation of the blood is preserved, even out of the water, for two or three days.



GENTLEMEN OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

It is either smooth, or variously hairy or bristly, and is destitute of the regular scales with which fishes are generally invested. It has on the lips and the under parts short, loose processes of skin, which add considerably to its sense of touch. The filament on the head is sometimes simple, like a single hair, surmounted by a globular mass of short filaments; and another has two or even three large fleshy processes at its end, not unlike the baits which terminate the fishing filaments of the *anglers*. The toad-fish subsists chiefly on small crabs, to surprise which it hides itself among sea-weed or behind stones. We have been thus minute in our description of this fish, inasmuch as its remarkable deviation from the usual appearance and habits of the class to which it belongs, has caused it to be regarded as an object of much interest and curiosity.

UNCLE ADDLEPATE'S STORY.

~~~~~  
 BY DR. JOHN K. COUTTS.  
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The Addlepates are an ancient race,
 Not gathered in any particular place,
 But scattered the wide world over;
 And old Peter, my uncle, was never content
 In any one spot to pitch his tent,
 But has been in all lands a rover.

He thinks and he talks, even dreams of ghosts,
 Takes for lanky spectres the very bed-posts,
 And for death-shrouds the white bed-curtain;
 He grimly delights in a hobgoblin tale,
 Which makes all his nephews and nieces pale,
 And believes it all as certain.



WATCHING FOR A GHOST.

Very strange legends he likes to relate—
 And believes them, as sure as his name's Addle-
 pate—
 Of goblins and ghosts, such horrible bores,
 I wish they'd been seized as contraband stores
 When his luggage was quizzed at Boston.
 A queer old man, with very queer ways,
 And very queer tastes, so every one says;
 A fancy, by nothing daunted,
 For poking about in dismal spots,
 And buying old books in mouldy old lots,
 And visiting neighborhoods haunted.

There's a ruined old house a long way from the town,
 Not at all a nice place when the sun's gone down,
 And the moon just peeps from behind a cloud,
 And the screech-owl hoots out sudden and loud,
 And the east wind soughs thro' the branches bare,
 And queer noises seem to ring in the air,
 And curdle the blood, and make the hair
 Stand right up on end, and the knees to shake,
 And one's *corpus* generally shiver and quake,
 And the mouth open wide, and the hands clench
 tight—
 In short, put a fellow in a terrible fright.

That a ghost's in the case is what every one thinks,
 Old uncle twitches, and nods, and winks,
 And looks very wise,
 And screws up his eyes,
 And begins to hint at terrible scenes
 (It would be a good story to tell the Marines),
 Which he says may be witnessed 'at twelve at
 night—
 I shan't go to see, I should, be in a fright—

Of something that looked like a skeleton limb,
 Extended in manner most ghostly and grim.

'Twas a very old oak
 In a very bad state,
 And in this way it spoke
 To old Addleplate:

"Poor Old Tree, now so rusty
 And rotten, as you plainly see,



MOUNT ST. SALVADOR AND LAKE SERESIO.

And he knows it is true—it was told by a tree;
 And I now tell it to you as he told it to me.
 One night, when old Peter was wandering about,
 And nought else but hobgoblins and bogles was
 out,
 Uncle Addleplate stared ('twas a queer sight to see)
 At a wretched old stump of an elderly tree,
 So rugged and bare, so decayed and forlorn,
 The bark green and rotten, the foliage shorn;
 And, knotted and twisted, there seemed like a face,
 Goggle eyes, crooked nose, and even a trace

I was faithful and was kind,
 And you'll never, never find
 A 'talking oak' like poor Old Tree.

"This Old Tree once had branches,
 And was tall as a tree could be,
 And lovers used to meet,
 To hold their converse sweet,
 In the shadow of the poor Old Tree.

"Ah, well-a-day! the time flies fast,
 And even trees must fall at last,

But youth and love will live for aye,
Though thousand lovers pass away.

"A tender maid, her lover brave
Who met at even 'neath my boughs,
Now murdered lie in unknown grave—
A rival's vengeance for their vows.
One fatal night a ruffian band
Stole on the lovers, as they stood,
Eye fixed on eye, hand clasped in hand,
And slew them in this lonely wood.
They sank with scarce a word or moan,
So swift the dastard vengeance fell;

And in yon castle, drear and lone,
Were buried—where, no man can tell.

"Every year, when that fatal night comes round,
Their ghosts, hand in hand, pass under the tree,
And the maiden's breast shows the caitiff's wound,
And her streaming gore you may plainly see."

Old Uncle Addlepathe thinks it all true;
I don't quite believe it—pray, reader, do you?
But year after year he takes up his post
In front of the stump, to wait for the ghost;
And there he sits all solemn and still,
But has not seen it yet, and I think never will.

MOUNT ST. SALVADOR, AND LAKE SERESIO.

On page 349, we present to the reader a charming view of Swiss mountain scenery. In the background is Mount St. Salvador, with its snow-capped summits rising skywards, while at its feet lies the calm, deep lake of Seresio, or Lugano, on whose shore is the picturesque town of Lugano. Travelers in Switzerland are sure to pass a pleasant day in this delightful scene. The Park Inn, formerly the old Convent of the Madonna of the Angels, which is famous for the attractions it offers, is situated on the edge of the lake, at the end of the town, and commands a fine view of the water and the mountain. Seen at sunset, or by moonlight, or at sunrise, it is inexpressibly beautiful. The Countess Dora D'Istria thus describes it: "Suddenly, at the moment the sun was setting behind the summits of Salvador, a wandering ray struck the crest of Mount Caprino. The clouds, suddenly rent away from the slope of Salvador, floated into space, like luminous gauze; bright tints silvered the mountains which surround the lake like a vast granitic basket. The victorious ray pierced the mist which veiled the lake, and left in dark, dark shadow the heights and the base of Mount Bre; illuminating with warm southern tints the steeple of Castagnola, which shone forth vividly, and the white houses hanging on the flank of the mountain."

The length of Lake Seresio is about twenty miles, and its average depth one hundred feet. It is navigated by a small steamer, which plies a busy trade on its calm waters.

SEEING THROUGH WATER.

Currents in the very bed of a river, or beneath the surface of the sea, may be watched, as Mr. Campbell informs us, by an arrangement that smugglers used in the old days.

They sank their contraband cargo when there was an alarm, and they searched for it again by the help of a so-called marine telescope. It was nothing more than a cask, with a plate of strong glass at the bottom. The man plunged the closed end a few inches below the surface, and put his head into the other end, and then he saw clearly into the water. The glare and confused reflections and refractions from and through the rippled surface of the sea were entirely shut out by this contrivance. Seal hunters still use it. With this simple apparatus the stirring life of the sea bottom can be watched at leisure, and with great distinctness. So far as this contrivance enables men to see the land under the waves, movements under water closely resemble movements under air. Sea-weeds, like plants, bend before the gale; fish, like birds, keep their heads to the stream, and hang poised on their fins; mud-clouds take the shape of water-clouds in air; impede light, cast shadows, and take shapes which point out the directions in which currents flow. It is strange, at first, to hang over a boat's side, peering into a new world, and the interest grows. There is excitement in watching big fish swoop like hawks out of their sea-weed forest after a white fly, sunk to the tree-tops to tempt them; and the fight which follows is better fun when plainly seen. Mr. Campbell suggests plate glass windows in the bottom of a boat; it would bring men and fish face to face; and the habits of the latter could be leisurely watched.

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a black-guard, let your lawyer manage it rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney-sweep, who has no objection to dirty work, for it is his trade.

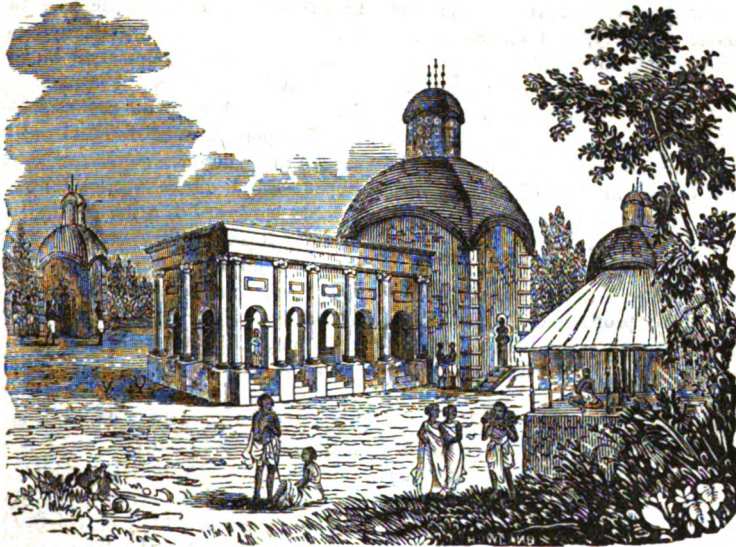
SCENES IN BRITISH INDIA.

ONE of the most interesting and remarkable countries in the world is India. We purpose presenting to our readers in this and other numbers, a few characteristic scenes in that portion of it now occupied by the English.

On this page we give an engraving representing the temple of Kali, near Calcutta. Kali is the patron goddess of the Thugs, and is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of all the Hindoo deities. She is represented as a woman of a dark blue color, with four arms, and in the act of trampling under her feet her supplicating and prostrate husband. In one

twenty men to her at one time, through gratitude for her supposed assistance in one of his enterprises.

Kali is, as we have said, the patron goddess of the Thugs, who are supposed to be under her immediate protection and guidance. She permits them to gain their living by murdering travellers on the highway, and then robbing them. It is contrary to their religious principles to rob a traveller until he has been deprived of life by strangulation. They declare that Kali instituted their system many thousand years ago, and at that time aided them to escape detection by de-



TEMPLE OF KALI, NEAR CALCUTTA.

hand she holds the gory head of a giant, and in the other her exterminating sword. Her long, dishevelled hair reaches to her feet, her mouth is distorted, and her tongue protrudes from it. Her lips, eyebrows and breasts are stained with the blood of her victims, whom she is supposed to devour by thousands. Her ear ornaments are composed of human carcasses, and the girdle above her waist consists of the bloody hands of giants whom she has slain in single combat, while her necklace is made of their skulls. She is one of the most popular of the Hindoo deities, and her temples are thronged with worshippers, and alippery with the blood of her victims. Sometimes human beings are sacrificed to her. In 1828, the Rajah of the Goauda sacrificed

vouring the bodies of their victims. Once a certain Thug, being curious to know what she did with the dead bodies, looked back, contrary to her commands, and saw her feasting on them. This displeased her so much that she declared she would no longer devour the corpses of those whom they murdered. They believe, however, that she still assists them, and whenever they start out upon an expedition, they consult her by omens. If the omens are favorable, they feel confident of her assistance in their bloody schemes. The small buildings on the right and left of the temple in the engraving, are temples of the Shiva, the husband of the goddess Kali.

The engraving on page 353 is a picturesque

view of a part of the ruined district of Delhi, and is meant to show some of the beauties of oriental architecture. Delhi is supposed to have been founded about three hundred years before the birth of the Saviour, and about the period of that event was the largest and most magnificent city in India. In 1398, Tamerlane, having already slaughtered over one hundred thousand Hindoos, laid siege to the city. It was captured, pillaged, and almost destroyed. It recovered from this blow, however, and became larger and more magnificent than ever. In 1739, it was at the height of its prosperity, and contained a population of two millions. In that year it was taken by Nadir Shah. He forced the city to pay as a ransom, two hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars, in jewels and other valuable property, and massacred one hundred and twenty thousand of the inhabitants. Since then Delhi has been captured and pillaged by other conquerors, until it has dwindled down to its present insignificance. The city was the scene of a desperate struggle in the late Indian mutiny. The part now inhabited is only seven miles in circuit, while the ruins cover an area greater than that occupied by the city of London.

On page 355 we present the portraits of two individuals whose professions are more directly opposed to each other than any others in the land. The one on the right is a native who has been converted from Paganism to Christianity, and is now a preacher of the gospel. He was formerly a religious mendicant, and chancing to meet with a Christian tract he read it, and was led to seek the truth, which at last he embraced. The figure on the left is that of a religious mendicant. This class in India amounts to many hundreds of thousands. They forsake their families and every kind of occupation, and wander through the country, begging their food. They are careful never to cleanse their persons, and are literally clothed in filth, with a few rags tied around them for garments. Some of them decorate themselves with large quantities of false hair, human bones and artificial snakes. Others carry a human skull containing a filthy and offensive mixture. If refused alms or food, they eat the filth from the skull, in order to be revenged upon the persons refusing to help them. Others again carry a large broom, composed of soft cotton threads, so that they may gently sweep the insects from their path. Another sect of mendicants, who are worshippers of Krishnu,

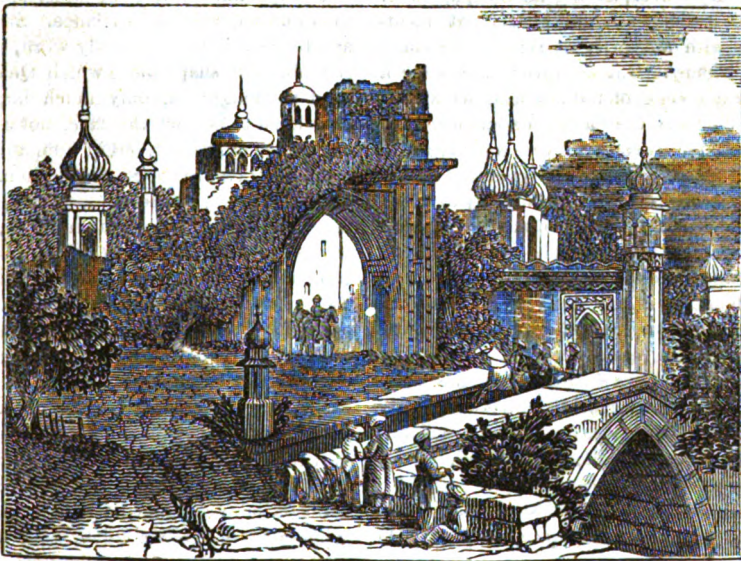
though men, assume the costume and manners of milkmaids. They suppose this to be highly gratifying to their god, who, when on earth, is reputed to have been a great admirer of milkmaids, having had no less than sixteen thousand wives of that class.

FRENCH FELONS.

There was a man who was considered the king of highway robbers. I do not know whether he had read the story where the prowess of Gil Blas was put to the test when he was left alone to do a daring deed on the road, while the bandits looked on from the distance to ascertain the amount of pluck which the neophyte would exhibit, but if not, the crowning feat of the hero of the *bayne* was more remarkable. He determined—he alone—to rob a diligence, and he succeeded. At night-fall he placed a number of sticks through the bushes by the wayside, which had the appearance of muskets and were intended to represent a number of robbers concealed behind. As the diligence approached a voice was heard as if haranguing a body of men. “Ready!—obey orders!—no firing if there be no resistance—no needless bloodshed!” An armed man walked forth from behind the bushes, stood before the horses, and cried out, “*Arretez-vous, conducteur! down! ventre a terre!* Comrades, attention! eyes on the alert!” The horses stopped, the postillion and the conductor descended; they lay with their faces in the dirt. The screams of ladies were heard from the carriage. “Ladies, be not afraid, there is no cause for alarm. We are too gallant to do any mischief to the *beaux seze*. Lads, no firing!” The robber opened the door of the interior. Besides ladies, there were three military officers, of whom two were colonels, among the passengers. “One at a time, messieurs,” and as they came out, one after another surrendered his belongings. “*Ventre a terre,*” was the command given to each. All that they saw in their confusion and in half darkness, was the musketry pointing at the vehicle; all that was heard were the appeals of the women, the cries for mercy, “Don’t hurt us, take all that we have.” Assurances were repeated that their lives were safe, the commands were reiterated, “No firing! no firing!” There was not a single passenger who was not lying with his face on the ground when the robber marched away with a gracious “*Adieu!* messieurs and meadames,” apparently to join

the rest of the band. It was some time before any one of the prostrate ventured to raise his head. The first who did so observed the barrels of the muskets still directed menacingly towards them, and hid his face in silence. As all noise had ceased, they took courage, a consultation took place, the terrible bushes were approached, the fire-arms were found to be sticks, with nobody near them. The robber was afterwards arrested, a large portion of the property was traced to him, and it was found that he alone had fleeced the whole company. It was said that the officers had their swords with them, and it may be well supposed that many a joke was launched at the spirit they had displayed. No wonder

tion to the high clergy of one of the remoter provinces, appeared as the Bishop of — (I forget the title) and was received with all the attentions due to his supposed rank. In those days travelling was difficult and tardy, and communications between distant departments infrequent. His right reverence baptized, married, and buried those whose friends were delighted to have the rites performed by so elevated a dignitary; the confirmations were numerous, and many priests applied to him for ordination, which he graciously conferred. He became the distributor of private and public charity, and had a considerable sum of money in his hands, secured from many sources. One fine morning the bishop



RUINS IN DELHI.

that such a performance should be admired in a community of ruffians, and that such a performer should be looked upon with respect and admiration.

There was another felon whose history was yet more remarkable, for it was one distinguished by a succession of frauds, carried on in high places, and with a success which might have seemed incredible. The man had been brought up in a convent, of which, at the time of the French Revolution he had become the bursar. He disappeared with all the money which belonged to the brotherhood, and his steps were never traced. Some time afterwards, a person wearing an episcopal dress, and bringing letters of recommenda-

was everywhere sought and nowhere found. Inquiries were instituted and the sad discovery was made that the credentials were forged—that “the father in God” was “a son of perdition;” that his acts were something worse than invalid; that the most serious consequences to persons and property had resulted from his misdoings, and it was long before the law and lawyers, the church and its instruments, could repair (and they could only imperfectly repair) the mischief he had wrought. All attempts to discover the mischief-maker failed. Having gathered in his harvest on the ecclesiastical domain, he naturally enough doffed his clerical robes. It was amongst men of business, with letters

of introduction and credit—fraudulent, of course—that the adventurer next levied his contributions. There the money-making and the money-watching experience of the mercantile body secured them against any long continuance of successful roguery, especially on a large scale and practised by strangers; so having negotiated bills and obtained money for a considerable amount, the “honorable traveller” had taken himself off before notices of protest had come from the accrediting bankers.

The last and the boldest enterprise of our adventurer led to his capture and to his delivery to the galleys. It was a daring attempt to defraud the military chest of a general of division; and it was in the uniform of a military officer, having all his papers in order, that he presented himself at headquarters with authority to receive no small sums of money. But whatever knowledge a rogue may possess of the financial machinery which controls the army expenditure of France, and however dexterous and inventive that rogue may be in the concealment of fraud, it is not easy for him suddenly to usurp a position which will enable him to accomplish his fraudulent designs. The extraordinary good fortune of our friend had blinded him to the difficulties of his enterprise. Danton's advice which, even on the field of politics, is not always successful—“*De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*” has been the reef upon which rascaldom has frequently been wrecked, and there our bishop, merchant, and soldier was—wrecked and ruined.

THURINGIAN PEASANT GIRLS.

About Thuringia the peasant girls hide every scrap of hair most carefully, and arrange a parti-colored handkerchief on their heads, so as to resemble a sugar-loaf with the top cut off. One very pretty girl happened to possess a beautiful head of hair; it was not only long and abundant, but, what is not quite so common in these parts, fine and silky in texture. She was inspired by her evil genius to display her treasure, and was even bold enough to wear it in two long plaits which reached to the ground; but custom cannot there be defied with impunity any more than it can here. Those who lacked both courage and hair to enable them to follow her fashion, were loud in disapprobation. The poor girl was rallied at and called *ein freches Maedchen*, a village flirt, and a bold and immodest maiden; finally she succumbed,

her hair was again concealed from the gaze of the vulgar, and she quickly obtained a husband as the reward of her self-denial and docility. On a fete-day the daughters of the more wealthy peasant proprietors are attired literally regardless of expense; the crowns of their felt hats are almost covered with gold or silver embroidery, and depending from the back are a number of black silk ribbons reaching to the heels. They are expressly manufactured for the purpose, and are sometimes two spans in breadth—the length, breadth, and number of these ribbons, and the thickness and rich quality of the silk, being the gauge of the father's wealth. Round their necks they have chains or necklaces hung with heavy gold coins, so that their dowry and expectations can be ascertained with tolerable accuracy at a glance. Straw hats and bonnets are occasionally worn, the latter resembling in shape those which Quakeresses used to delight in, only much larger, and calculated to protect the face, not only from the glance of the sun, but of humanity.

As we travel towards Silesia we meet with the close-fitting white caps, which, on Sunday, are clean and pretty enough, but on week-days assume various shades from tawny to black. Silesia is so close to Poland that the peasants speak little or no German, and approximate to the Poles in character. One point in particular they have in common; if they are conservative in costume, they are no less conservative in the matter of dirt. Not long since a pretty peasant, the daughter of a *Nachtwaechter*, or night-guard, who resided in one of these villages, was presented with a very superb costume as a new year's gift. Apprehensive that her eldest sister would exercise the rights of primogeniture, and give her property an occasional airing, the damsel actually sewed herself up in it, and we regret to say, lived, worked, and slept in her dress, until it dropped in rags off her person. It is in Silesia, and more especially on the banks of the Vistula, that we find people afflicted with the loathsome disease known as the Vistula plait. Every single hair exudes a gummy matter, which forms in a thick paste on the head. For their life they dare not cut it off; even when they snip a hair it is said to ooze blood, and no other remedy seems to be known except time. To attempt to part the hair causes agonizing pain; so the mass is suffered to remain until it forms into a dry crust, and then breaks off, and the hair with it. It is highly infectious, and though it is

supposed to be generated by drinking the unwholesome waters of the Vistula, it is probable that dirt has a good deal to do with it. The women suffer from it even more than the men, which is not remarkable, since when they have once plaited and bound up their hair, days, weeks, and even months pass away before they think it necessary to release it.

In these districts the poorer families live as some of the Irish do, all in one room; the social circle being supplemented with such pigs and poultry as they happen to possess. In the place where they eat, there they also sleep, the beds being piled up to such an enormous height with stuffing, feathers, and

are shorter, and in the long evenings both sexes amuse themselves with the spinning-wheel. They assemble at each house in turn, and a good deal of emulation is excited, so that if a peasant slips or breaks his thread only once in the evening, he is laughed at and called *ein Dummkopf*—a clumsy fellow. While thus industriously employed they sing, either in parts or in chorus, and as they have generally a fair knowledge of music and excellent voices, they perform exceedingly well, though not of course in a very finished style. Where music is being performed, a little crowd will assemble before the house and stand there for many hours unweariedly, and to use their own expression, "when the



TWO PORTRAITS.

quilted coverlets, that a ladder is required in order to get into them. Some sleep upon the stove, especially in winter; others crouch round it. To provide the needful material for their monstrous beds, the geese are continually half-plucked while they are alive, and almost entirely denuded before they are sent to market, to be sold, slain and eaten. The down or feathers are often very imperfectly cleansed, and when they are made into beds, which are rarely shaken, and perpetually slept in, the rank odors and offensive unwholesome atmosphere may hardly be described or endured. The peasants work all day in the fields, men and women alike, during the summer; in winter, of course, the hours of labor

music ceases it is like breaking their hearts." As with all unlearned and isolated people, their superstition and credulity are mingled with a great deal of timidity and distrust. They are exceedingly careful of their money, almost to penuriousness, and the youngest child can reckon pretty accurately, even according to the complicated fashion which the coinage renders necessary.

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others, perhaps, appear little to him; but he forgets this very distance causes him to appear little to others.

MAGNESIUM.

M. Bultinck, of Ostend, proposes the substitution of magnesium for zinc in voltaic circles. Take a piece of copper and a piece of zinc wire of the same size, fix them in a cork at a little distance from each other,

five minutes. Substitute wires of silver and magnesium of precisely the same size for those of copper and zinc, and connect them with the galvanometer as before. The needle is now deflected ninety degrees, and rests at twenty-eight degrees. These comparative



WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

attach fine copper wire to the upper end of each piece of metal, and connect the little battery with a delicate galvanometer. Float the cork containing the metal wires in a glass of distilled water, and the needle of the galvanometer will be deflected thirty degrees, finally resting at a deviation of ten degrees in

experiments show a difference of nearly sixty degrees in favor of magnesium and silver over zinc and copper. M. Bultinck made a chain of twenty elements of magnesium and silver wire, that, plunged in pure water only, gave effects equal to those made of zinc or copper excited by salt or acidulated water.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

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BY SIDNEY HERBERT.  
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THE inefficacy of force in matters of conscience was well exemplified in the case of the celebrated William Penn, whose name is better known in connection with the propagation of Quakerism, than even that of its founder, George Fox. Imbibing the doctrines of the new sect while a youth of sixteen, at the university at Oxford, he was fined for non-conformity, and afterwards expelled the college. His father, Admiral Penn, who was high in the favor of Charles II. and the Duke of York, and anxious for his advancement at court, was deeply offended with him; and, finding remonstrances and arguments ineffectual to wean his son from his new opinions, he inflicted personal chastisement upon him, and turned him out of the house. Awakening, however, to a sense of either the impolicy or the injustice of this treatment, he provided him, shortly afterwards, with the means of passing two years in France and Italy; and, on his return, sent him to Ireland to manage his property there,—a step which proves that he had confidence in his judgment and steadiness; for the future founder of Pennsylvania was then only in his twenty-second year. Admiral Penn immediately sent for him to London, and again remonstrated and threatened, but without effect, ending as before, with turning him out of doors.

He now began to preach and write in support of his religious opinions, and his zeal in a short time caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained nearly seven months. On his liberation, his father once more received him into favor, and he again repaired to Ireland to superintend the family estates, remaining there about twelve months. He returned to London just as the Conventicle Act had been passed, and the Friends expelled from their meeting-house. He had not been long in the metropolis, when he was arrested on the charge of preaching to "a riotous and seditious assembly,"—that is, an open-air gathering of the Friends—and committed to Newgate. He defended himself on his trial with great ability, and, though the judge directed the jury to convict him, they had the honesty and courage to return a verdict of acquittal. The bench fined the jury, and ordered them to be imprisoned until the

fines were paid; but the court of common pleas pronounced the proceeding illegal, and quashed it. Admiral Penn died shortly afterwards, perfectly reconciled to his son, to whom he left a considerable estate; but he had scarcely succeeded to it, when he was again committed to Newgate, for six months, for preaching. On his liberation, he married the daughter of Sir William Springett, and the next five years were spent in the calm felicity of rural retirement.

He now began to look for a land in which he and his co-religionists might live in peace and security, unvexed by exchequer prosecutions and scoffs of the worldly-minded. America was then the haven in which all who were persecuted for conscience' sake sought refuge and rest. A sum of £16,000 was due to him from the crown, on account of money advanced by his father for the use of the navy; and Penn petitioned for a grant of a tract of land on the west bank of the Delaware, to him and his heirs forever, in consideration of his claim. Charles gave a ready assent to his arrangement, and the Duke of York ceded an adjoining tract, lower down the Delaware, in addition. The royal patent was dated March 4th, 1681, constituting Penn absolute proprietor and governor of the province, which received from Charles, in honor of the founder and his father, the name of Pennsylvania. A settlement had been made by the Swedes on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, in 1627, which, after being some time in the possession of the Dutch, had been ceded, in 1664, to England. Several other small settlements were scattered along both sides of the bay. Three vessels sailed with emigrants, chiefly Quakers, as soon as the preliminary arrangements could be effected; and Penn followed in the autumn of 1682, leaving his wife and children in England.

The voyage across the wide Atlantic was made in safety; and it is related that he went up the Delaware in an open boat, or barge, and reached the site of his future city about the 8th of November, as noted in the minutes of the Friends' meeting, held on that day at Falvan's mansion, Shackamaxon, near Kensington. Dock Creek, now marked only by the line of Dock street, a crooked phenome-

non among Philadelphia right angles, was then a beautiful rural stream, and the emigrants who had preceded Penn had commenced to build on the north side of this creek, in the angle formed by its connection with the Delaware. Here stood the "Blue Anchor Tavern," on the corner of Front street and the creek margin; and at the landing opposite this house Penn disembarked. Among those who welcomed the founder were the Swedes and Indians; and Penn, who had brought with him a theoretic liking for these sons of the forest, and a determination to test what kindness could do in civilizing them, took an early opportunity to cultivate their acquaintance. He walked with them, sat down on the ground at their side, and partook of their primitive repast of roasted acorns and hominy. The delighted Indians, at a loss for words with one who could not understand them, expressed their pleasure by feats of agility; and William Penn, not to be outdone by his new friends, sprang up, and outleaped them all!

After the transaction of such business as opportunity afforded, and the circumstances required, Penn visited the province of New York, visiting Jersey Friends, with whom he had been in business relations, and seeking out, also, the people of his faith in Long Island, and at other places. In November, he returned; and during the latter part of this month was held the famous meeting with the Indians, at the treaty-tree at Shackamaxon, now Kensington. This tree stood until 1810, when it was blown down, and a small monument now marks its former site. Penn had instructed his commissioners, who preceded him to this country, to make a treaty, or league, with the Indians. It appears from the circumstances that this meeting was held for the ratification of the work commenced by these commissioners. No written record of the transaction remains, and there is no deed, or grant of land bearing date from this meeting. It was not, therefore, for the purchase of land, but for the interchange of friendly greetings and assurances, that William Penn met the Indians at Shackamaxon. It was the proper commencement of his intercourse with his new neighbors, and its effects remain upon them to this day. The traditions of the aborigines have canonized the great "Onas," as they call him, translating the word Penn into their language; and the dress and manners of a "Quaker" are assurances of their confidence. The venerable John Heckewelder,

the Moravian missionary, remarks upon the aversion of the Indians to treaties made anywhere except in the open air. "William Penn," the Indians told Heckewelder, "when he treated with them, adopted the ancient mode of their ancestors, and convened them under a grove of shady trees, where the little birds on the boughs were warbling their sweet notes. In commemoration of these conferences, which are always to the Indians a subject of pleasing remembrance, they frequently assembled together in the woods, in some shady spot, as nearly as possible similar to those where they used to meet their brother Miguon (Penn), and there lay all his words or speeches, with those of his descendants, on a blanket, or a clean piece of bark, and, with great satisfaction, go over the whole. This practice, which I have repeatedly witnessed, continued till the year 1780, when the disturbance which then took place put an end to it, probably forever."

The name Miguon has the same signification as Onas. The Indians assembled at Shackamaxon in great numbers, painted and armed. The handful of Friends, who met them were without any weapons whatever; but Onas, or Penn, was distinguished from his suite by a sash of blue silk network. Various articles of merchandize, intended as presents, were borne before the Europeans. The Indian chief who presided was Tonunend, whose name seems to belong alike to the legends of New York and Pennsylvania. Advancing before his warriors, he placed upon his head a chaplet adorned with a small horn, the emblem of kingly power, and of religious and inviolable peace. At this symbol, the Indians laid aside their arms, and setting themselves in the form of a half moon, awaited the conference. Tonunend signified through an interpreter their readiness to hear, and William Penn addressed them in a speech of which tradition has preserved the substance. The Great Spirit, he said, who made him and them, and who knew the innermost thoughts of men, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness,

brotherhood and love. After these and other words, Penn opened a parchment which he held in his hand, and conveyed to the Indians, article by article, the terms upon which he placed the intercourse between them, as already given in his instructions to the commissioners, and made the basis of their conferences with the Indians for the purchase of land. He then laid the parchment on the ground, observing that the ground should be common to both people.

Having distributed presents among the chiefs, he proceeded to say that he would not call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ. Neither would he compare the friendship between them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he would consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.

The Indians, as is their decorous custom, listened in perfect silence. The chiefs, we may suppose, as Penn describes their general custom, deliberated for some moments, and then one of them, speaking in the king's name, and taking Penn by the hand, pledged the Indians to live in love with William Penn as long as the sun and moon endure.

No tradition of the Indians' speeches on this occasion is preserved. We may remark, that this tree had been the place between the Indians and Penn's commissioners when they settled the purchases which were made before Penn's arrival; and, as Shackamaxon signified, in the Indian language, "the place of kings;" probably it was an old council ground. The principal tribes represented were three, the Lenni-Lenape, the Mingoes, and the Shawnees. The Lenni-Lenape, usually called the Delaware Indians by the Europeans, appear to have been the fathers and possessors of the soil. The Mingoes, called by the French the Iroquois, were a confederacy known among the English as the Five Nations, and afterwards the Six Nations. The Shawnees were a warlike tribe, exiled from the South, and tolerated or pro-

tected by the Delawares. It should be observed that these Delawares, or Lenni-Lenape, with whom Penn had most dealing, were among the least warlike and most placable of the aborigines.

Although, as we have said, no copy of the treaty has been preserved, and the original, in the hands of the Indians, has never been read, so far as appears by any white man who has recorded the fact; yet in the early minutes of the Provincial Council, the stipulations of the instrument are frequently referred to. They were quoted by the Indians at many subsequent conferences with the authorities of the province. And in May, 1728, we find Governor Gordon in an Indian council, recapitulating the nine principal heads of the treaty: "That all William Penn's people, or Christians, and all the Indians, should be brethren, as the children of one father, joined together as with one heart, one hand, and one body. That all paths should be open and free to both Christians and Indians. That the doors of the Christians' houses should be opened to the Indians, and the houses of the Indians opened to the Christians, and that they should make each other welcome as their friends. That the Christians should not believe any false rumors or reports of the Indians, nor the Indians believe any such rumors or reports of the Christians, but should first come, as brethren, to inquire of each other; and that both Christians and Indians, when they hear any such false reports of their brethren, should bury them as in a bottomless pit. That if the Christians had any ill news that may be to the hurt of the Indians, or the Indians hear any such ill news that may be to the injury of the Christians, they should acquaint each other with it speedily, as with friends and brethren. That the Indians should do no manner of harm to the Christians, or their creatures, nor the Christians do any hurt to any Indians, but treat each other as their brethren. But as there are wicked people in all nations, if either Indians or Christians should do any harm to each other, complaint should be made of it by the persons suffering, that right might be done; and when satisfaction is made, the injury or wrong should be forgot, and buried as in a bottomless pit. That the Indians should in all things assist the Christians, and the Christians assist the Indians against all wicked people that would disturb them. And lastly, that both Christians and Indians should acquaint their children with this

league and firm chain of friendship made between them; and that it should always be made stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean, without rust or spot, between our children and children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon and stars endure."

It would be pleasant to know whether the above "heads" are the Indians' understanding of the treaty, or Governor Gordon's presentation in simple language, or whether they are in the same style of expression as the document itself. If the latter be the case, then William Penn was very happy in so drawing up a treaty that its terms could be easily comprehended. From the treaty tree, William Penn proceeded to his new mansion, at Pennsburg, nearly opposite Burlington. It was then in progress of erection, having been commenced by Colonel Markham before Penn's arrival. The mansion had sixty feet front, by forty in depth; the lawn and garden sloped down to the river side, and the offices were built in a line with the main building. All that now remains is the brew-house, converted into a dwelling. In the mansion was a spacious hall for councils and Indians' conferences; and at Pennsburg, when he was in this country, Penn fully carried out the hospitable treatment which he desired should be shown to the aborigines. The site was bought of "an old Indian king."

There are allusions to several Indian conferences held at Pennsburg, usually closing with a "cantico," or song, and dance around the council fire out of doors. Penn was a frequent visitor to the Indians, and delighted to watch their sports and feats of agility, and to be present at their dances. At a wedding near Pennsburg, perhaps at the manor-house itself, Penn was present with several Indians. The bride, who died in 1774, aged 100 years, and whose descendants still live in Buck's county, used to describe Penn as "of rather short stature, but the handsomest, best-looking, lively gentleman she had ever seen."

While Penn was thus affable and kind to his dependents, and courteous to all whom he met, and upon occasions of relaxation, could lay aside the governor, he was not at all unmindful of the influence of proper forms and the decorum of official intercourse. His barge was a stately conveyance for those days; and his coach and full-blooded horses were in keeping with the style of his residence. When the council was in session, an official guarded the door; and when he went to open

the assembly, or to hold the high court of the provincial council, he was preceded by the sheriff and his deputies, with their insignia of office.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

In England it is at this time of the year, that robins evince their confidence in the human race. They appear to ask for protection and food, by entering the house—hopping along the floor and feeding on any crumbs which may have fallen from the table. Nor is that all. If a window is left open, they will perch on a chair, sing a little sprightly ditty, and roost, perchance, on the top of a book-case. How pleasing is it to witness this familiarity, and to grant that protection which is so confidently asked for! Indeed instances have been known in which this confidence was still further carried by robins having built their nests in a room behind a curtain, or on some shelf, waiting patiently till a window or a door was opened that they might gain access to them. An instance has been related of a robin having commenced a nest in a sitting-room, plucking hair out of the head of a person who was quietly reading in it, for the purpose of lining the nest.

WOMAN.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

It is a pleasure of illness to be tended with gentle hands, to be comforted with gentle words, to be pillowed on a soft breast throbbing with love, and forgiveness, and tender pity. Then, when my man's strength is gone, and I am as weak and helpless as any child, I know how selfish men are, and what a deep pure well of devotion is a woman's heart. When we are full of health and strength, we go away from home-women, go to our dinners, and our clubs, and amusements, leaving them to their dull domestic routine, sometimes keeping them waiting and watching for us through the weary night. They do certainly give us a bit of their mind occasionally—they would be perfect angels if they did not; but when sickness strikes us down, the harsh word is hushed into a whisper of sympathy, the angry eye melts with an expression of tenderness and pity. And with all their little injuries struggling with love upon their lips, they do not permit themselves to utter more than the gentle sarcasm, "You cannot go to the club now, can you, dear?"

WAITING ON THE GIRLS.

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 BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.  
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From childhood to age 'tis our sweetest employment,
 Our joy of all joys and our pearl among pearls;
 Let earth offer all that it hath of enjoyment,
 We count it the rarest to wait on the girls.

Like a shy little flower that blooms in the wildwood,
 Unconscious of beauty and grace, all the while,
 Are the rosy-cheeked lasses that brighten our childhood
 And rife our hearts with their ravishing smile.

The ringleted maidens, serene and enchanting,
 Who dawn on our vision in manhood's young prime,
 How sweetly they smile when we come "galivanting"—
 To flirt with them surely is never a crime.

When summer returns with her buds and her flowers,
 And fashion's fair votaries fly to the springs,
 Pray how would they manage old Time and his hours,
 If we were not present to quicken his wings?

We follow them soon and we meet in the parlors;
 They settle their ribbons and shake out their curls;
 Mamma looks about with an eye to the dollars—
 "My dear Mr. Fitz, will you wait on the girls?"

We take them to ride and we join them in croquet,
 We waltz and we turn till our brain fairly whirls;
 Papa grasps our hand as he leaves Saratoga;
 "Fitzboodle, I leave you to wait on the girls."

So, whether 'tis Sallie, or Lottie, or Jennie,
 Or Flora McFlimsy, with toilets so rare,
 Our services still are dispensed to the many—
 The joy of our life is to wait on the fair.

CHEMICALS.

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 BY KATE PUTNAM.  
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MRS. RICHARD BORDEN was thirty-nine, and a widow; Mr. Richard Borden having taken it into his head to die and leave her sole mistress of a small, but comfortable property, including the house on — st., wherein she had dwelt ever since her marriage. The good lady neither wished nor designed to marry a second time, although, being childless, she was left in a very lonely condition by the death of her husband. To a person of her cheerful, social temperament, this state of

solitude was peculiarly trying, yet she could not decide to abandon her pleasant home, or seek for society in the mixed company of a boarding-house. So, after mature deliberation, she concluded to enliven her dwelling with the gay tones and happy faces of two or three young people. Thus it will be seen that, for once, there was absolute truth in the stale plea of boarders taken for company. This resolution, carried into effect, resulted in the establishment of two young ladies in

the domicile of Mrs. Borden. Both were pretty and attractive, while neither lacked that comfortable share of this world's goods, which, by common consideration, is held to be, even more than a soft, low voice, "an excellent thing in woman." Each was an orphan, so far as concerned the loss of a mother, but, although Bertha Reid had been doubly bereaved, Carrie Leigh's father was still living. On the eve of a business trip to South America, when looking about for a temporary home for his daughter, he had bethought himself of his old acquaintance, Mrs. Borden, whom he forthwith persuaded, without much difficulty, to accede to his wishes, notwithstanding the circumstance that she had already found, in the daughter of a dear and early friend, the wished-for society. Until the removal of Miss Carrie to her new quarters, the two girls had scarcely seen each other, and considerable curiosity was felt, on both sides. Of course, being ladies, they did not quarrel, but experience soon proved that they never could be friends, in the true sense of the word. For this, their thoughts, aims and general characters were all too unlike, yet youth, gay spirits, and especially the constant association involved in the same residence, formed a sort of bond between them. They worked and chatted together, walked and shopped together, pretty nearly dividing the passing admiration of their different styles. I have said that both were pretty, but this was not strictly true. Carrie Leigh was so, extremely, but Miss Reid was something more. Beautiful she could not be called, according to the purely classic understanding of the term; nevertheless, her face had a decided beauty of its own. Had it been of a softer type, it might have been pronounced lovely; but the very spirit and sparkle which distinguished it from the more common inexpressive order of countenance, destroyed, likewise, the especial characteristics of loveliness. So, for want of a better word, I shall call Miss Bertha handsome; plainly affirming, however, that this does not fairly comprehend her peculiar style. She was a *brunette*, with very dark eyes, dark hair, which, oddly enough, had, in certain lights, an undeniable shade of auburn, and a complexion clear and brilliant. Carrie Leigh was as fair as yellowish hazel eyes, pink cheeks and flaxen locks could make her. As a general rule, she was perfectly satisfied with herself, but, sometimes, when she saw Bertha unusually animated, and discovered

how the large dark eyes could kindle, and the rich color deepen, and the whole little form grow eloquent, she felt a few misgivings, and, for a moment, would have been ready to exchange her own prettiness, captivating as she had proved it, for her friend's striking elegance and mobility. These thoughts she was careful to conceal from Bertha, who, on her part, though in no wise indifferent to her personal appearance, had never dreamed of making an inventory of her own charms, for the purpose of comparison with some unsuspecting acquaintance.

One afternoon, Carrie Leigh, coming in alone, encountered on the steps, a young man, who looked at her with evident admiration, in passing. Her curiosity and interest were much excited, but as it was not in her nature to betray these feelings, she contrived, during the evening, to twist the conversation indirectly to the subject of the stranger. After rattling off a volley of small talk for the benefit of her two companions, she concluded thus:

"Harry Darwin has come back, too, looking splendidly! And that reminds me, Bertha, I don't think it is quite fair to have your handsomest callers while I'm away. You might give me just a peep at them!"

"I don't know what you mean, Carrie," answered Bertha, quietly, without raising her eyes from her work.

"O, it's too late for that, for I met him on the steps this afternoon. So I know more about it than you think."

Bertha did not trouble herself to utter a second denial, but Mrs. Borden, raising herself from the abstraction into which she appeared to have fallen, asked, rather anxiously:

"Are you talking about my nephew? Then you saw him, Carrie?"

"I met a gentleman on the steps," responded that young lady, demurely, delighted to have come upon the right track at length—"but supposed that he was some friend of Bertha's."

"Well, I really don't know what to do," observed Mrs. Borden, with a seeming irrelevancy to the subject under consideration. "I am so perplexed."

"Why so?" asked Bertha, seeing that she wished to talk of her troubles.

"Well, to-day this nephew of mine (I should never have known him, for I haven't seen him before, since he was the height of the table), to-day, as I was saying, he came to see me, and nothing would do but that I

should take him into my house. He wont take no for an answer."

"Did you try him with it, Mrs. Borden?" asked Bertha, laughing, pretty well aware that, in ordinary matters, the kind-hearted lady was almost incapable of returning such a reply.

"Why, no, dear, I did not positively say no; in fact I could not, for he scarcely gave me the chance. O, he knows how to talk, I can assure you. I was almost persuaded to agree, before I knew what he wanted."

"But you don't actually mean to let him come, do you?" asked Carrie, artfully bringing things to a crisis by this query, uttered in a tone of troubled doubt.

"Well, my dear, the question is, what can I do? I really wish you young ladies would decide, for, after all, it rests with you rather than me. He is my nephew, to be sure, but, of course, if it was disagreeable to you—"

"O, Mrs. Borden! you know I wasn't thinking of that, only—But then if your nephew was some trouble to you at first, it would naturally be pleasanter to have him with you. Safer, too, perhaps; burglary is so common now." Spoken with a meditative air, as if weighing the probabilities of being robbed before the end of the week.

"That's very true. I noticed several cases in the paper, yesterday."

"Yes, did you read about that house in G— street, that was robbed, the other night? Only two ladies in the house beside the servant, and the burglars carried off everything valuable. I confess I felt a little frightened when I heard of it."

"And no wonder!" exclaimed Mrs. Borden, in horror: "Two in the family, and there are only three in ours! I know I never shall be able to sleep again as long as—Bertha, dear, do you object to his coming? Do you, Carrie?"

"Not in the least," replied Miss Reid, promptly, while Carrie hesitatingly said:

"N-no, I suppose not—not if—well, just as you and Bertha think best, of course."

And so that point was settled.

"But, dear Mrs. Borden," observed Carrie, inquiringly, "I never knew that you had a nephew."

"Ah, he's not really my nephew. I call him so, because I don't know any other name for him. He is the son of my half sister—no, step-sister—well, it's this way. After my own mother died my father married, for a second wife, a widow with one daughter.

She—the daughter, I mean—was the mother of Erne. That's an odd name! I don't know where in the world Harriet picked it up—it may have been her husband's fancy, perhaps."

"They've not been living near you?"

"No, Harriet died some years after her marriage, and Mr. Cranston removed to Canada, where his business interest was. He would have gone there before, but his wife never could bear the thought of it. Erne seems to have inherited her prejudice, for he says he shall never return to Canada to live. He is hoping to persuade his father to come away; and I'm sure I don't know why he should stay there now. Money can be no object, for he has made a fortune and must be getting rather old for business. Well, I hope he will come, for Erne seems even more flighty than most only children, and I don't like to take such a responsibility upon myself."

Bertha could not help feeling a trifle amused at the thought of the kind-hearted, but not over-wise lady, in the character of a grave mentor, assuming the responsibility of a self-willed young man's daily course. As for Carrie, she was delighted at the success of her stratagem. A few well-timed questions, reviving old recollections in Mrs. Borden's mind, had elicited all that the young lady cared to know. She had learned that young Mr. Cranston was, or would be, wealthy; the chance meeting on the steps having previously taught her that he was handsome. Awakened by these combined attractions, visions of conquest floated merrily through her mind.

That night, as they went up the stairs together, Carrie made a confession to her companion. Having discovered from Bertha's quiet smile, that her little artifices were perfectly understood, she judged it best to put on an appearance of simple frankness. Accordingly, in a very confidential tone, she said:

"Bertha, dear, though of course, I wouldn't tell Mrs. Borden so, I am dying to see her nephew. On the whole, I am glad he is coming."

"As if I needed the telling, Miss Carrie!" replied Bertha, laughing at these very unnecessary avowals.

"You didn't see him when he came to-day, did you?"

"No."

"Well, you wont like him, take my word for it."

"O, shan't I?"

"No, you will not. I've seen him, you know, and he's not at all in your style."

"Pray, what is my style?"

"O, something grand and lofty, very dignified and dreadful."

"A pliate, or Barnum's giant, perhaps! Really, I never supposed you had so much penetration. As for Mr. Cranston, it is a pity, certainly, but possibly you will like him enough for both of us."

And Miss Bertha, a trifle provoked, walked quickly to her room, leaving Carrie to meditate in solitude upon the prospective lodger.

When Mr. Erne Cranston made his first appearance at dinner, he looked with interest for a fuller view of the pretty face which he had casually seen, and which now repaid his manifest admiration by a bewitching smile and blush. But, in another moment, his gaze wandered to a second figure, standing in the shadow of the deep window's drapery, an unconcerned spectator of the scene. Neither blush nor smile responded to his greeting here, but an inclination low enough for the demands of custom, and one rapid, exhaustive glance from eyes sufficiently fine to make him wish that the black lashes had not fallen so soon. Altogether, the young man gained the impression that Miss Leigh was excessively ready for a flirtation; while Miss Reid held herself more in reserve, requiring acquaintances to prove themselves before admitting them to intimacy. The truth of this opinion we will not discuss, but leave it to be confirmed or refuted by our friend himself.

Certainly, if Miss Leigh desired a flirtation, Mr. Cranston saw fit to indulge the fancy. Rather a flighty youth, as Mrs. Borden had said, the time which he could spare from the chemical experiments which just now formed his particular hobby, was at the service of the young ladies. And as Miss Reid would seldom suffer herself to occupy his leisure, it followed that Miss Carrie reaped the benefit of this exclusiveness in more undivided attention. Mr. Cranston was undeniably entertaining and agreeable, whatever might be his qualifications for chemistry, wherein he imagined himself destined to make strange and important discoveries, and, in the prosecution of which he expended the best hours of the day. One of his rooms was fitted up as a complete laboratory, somewhat, indeed, to the annoyance of his aunt, who had little faith in his wonderful projects. This disbe-

lief was shared by Miss Bertha, likewise, who considered that, in this pursuit, he was only wasting time which should be given to more valuable studies. His social attractions, however, she could not but admit, although their manifestations, so far as she was concerned, were usually not particularly gratifying. For Erne Cranston appeared to take an especial pleasure in provoking Bertha. He liked to make her cheek mantle, and her eyes flash upon him, by the utterance of the most audacious opinions and theories, advanced without the slightest real belief, for her peculiar benefit. At first she allowed herself to be aroused by these indirect attacks; but presently suspecting their intention, she restrained the ready reply and seemed not to notice them, except by involuntarily biting her lips when the proposition was an uncommonly aggravating one. It is possible that Mr. Cranston, if allowed to choose, might have preferred less antagonistic relations with the young lady, but although Carrie would talk with him upon any subject, and listen by the hour to his chemical jargon, yet so surely as he attempted to include Bertha in the conversation, just so certainly would she withdraw within herself. Her disregard for his theoretic experiments she did not try to conceal; indeed, her general manner toward him was undeniably reserved.

One evening, however, he placed himself beside her, and began to talk with her, under cover of the stormy music with which Carrie was astonishing the piano keys.

"Miss Reid, will you pardon my impertinence in saying that you are not as polite as your friend? Out of consideration for my feelings, she affects an interest in my pursuits. Have you no regard for science?"

"Not the slightest, Mr. Cranston."

"I have a first name, Miss Bertha."

"You have a last name also, Mr. Cranston."

"But why need you so persistently use it? Miss Carrie has been so kind as to adopt the other."

"It is very possible."

"Why is it that you wont grant my request? Why wont you call me by my first name? Tell me the truth, please."

He spoke so earnestly that Bertha felt impelled to answer.

"Because—because—" she began, faltered, and stopped; a hesitation very rare with her directness.

"I can finish it. Because you dislike me."

"No, not you," exclaimed Bertha, impulsively, "but I do so detest that chemistry!"

"Only from association, I fear. That is hardly sufficient to account for the way in which you shun me. You are not so with other people, for I have watched you repeatedly, laughing and talking—with Mr. Arnold, for instance. No, Miss Bertha, it is only with me that you freeze, and I must know how I have been so unfortunate as to offend you."

If his tone had been earnest before, it was vehement now; but this time Bertha would not answer. She was annoyed by his mention of Mr. Arnold, and perhaps, a little disturbed by the eagerness of his manner. Therefore she evaded his questions, thus:

"You have mistaken me, entirely, but, instead of discussing these fancies, suppose we listen to the music?"

"It is so new!" he said, contemptuously, and with an utter change of manner, as, desisting from his former efforts, he leaned back in his chair, and listened in silence to the groans and shrieks with which the tortured instrument rendered the time-honored melody of the "Battle of Prague," which some freak had induced Carrie to play.

After this passage at arms, there was a kind of truce established between Bertha and Erne Cranston. Things were pretty much as before, except that he seldom teased her now with the old provocations. But accident was about to break down these self-raised barriers.

Carrie and Bertha having just returned from a morning expedition, while leisurely drawing off their gloves, were demonstrating to Mrs. Borden the immense superiority of a certain shade, when they were startled by a sudden loud explosion, followed immediately by a heavy fall. These sounds proceeded from the direction of Mr. Cranston's room. Carrie screamed; Mrs. Borden sank upon a sofa in hysterics, sobbing forth incoherently, that Erne had killed himself at last with those dreadful experiments; while Bertha, pale but collected, ran to the door, calling Carrie for assistance. But the latter, frightened and trembling, faltered out:

"O Bertha! I don't dare—if he should be dead!"

"Hush!" cried Bertha, angrily, hearing, as she darted up the stairs, Mrs. Borden's renewed gasps at Carrie's supposition; "if you are afraid, stay there and do something for her, for she will be needed here, probably."

Speaking these words on the wing, as it

were, Bertha very soon reached the door of the laboratory. Here the momentary faintness overcame her, but forcing it back, she turned the handle and entered. At the further end of the room were the scattered fragments of some broken retorts, and an overturned lamp, while, on the floor near by, lay Erne Cranston himself, insensible, with singed hair, scarred and bleeding face, and a long, deep gash, extending down one hand and wrist. First of all, Bertha raised his head, propping it against a neighboring bench with her cloak for a pillow; next, she opened a window, that the fresh air might purify the gaseous atmosphere in which she herself could scarcely breathe; and, these things being done, she hurried to the first landing, whence she cried loudly:

"There's nothing to be frightened at, Carrie, only send up Jane and Maggie, and Mrs. Borden as soon as she can come."

Then she ran to her own room for cologne water and hartshorn, immediately after which Mrs. Borden appeared, followed by two stout servant girls, who proceeded to lift the fallen Erne, and place him upon his bed in the adjoining chamber, where his aunt applied herself to the work of restoration. At this point, Bertha, deeming her further services unnecessary, fled to her room again, and locking the door, sank down in an exhaustion of mind and body which was almost a swoon. Not quite, however, for in the midst of it, she was dimly conscious of Carrie Leigh's voice calling to her, as she tapped on the door. Bertha did not reply, being, in truth, hardly able to do so, but the interruption roused her, notwithstanding. She arose, bathed her face, and, after a glance at the telltale pallor of her cheeks, put on bonnet and cloak, and went for a walk, slipping out by the back way, in order to escape Carrie's scrutiny. At dinner there was no trace of unaccustomed fatigue or excitement, as she inquired, with just a natural degree of interest, into the progress of Mr. Cranston's case. Carrie, all anxiety and protestations, now, although she had been found wanting in the actual crisis, looked reproachfully at Bertha, as if, under the circumstances, calmness were unfeeling, and a walk the height of heartlessness. But I doubt if this implied censure disturbed Miss Reid overmuch.

The next morning Carrie made a visit to the invalid, who, sorely against his will, was obliged to keep his room for a few days. He was lying upon a lounge as she entered, in a

light which fully displayed his scarred and blackened countenance. She could not quite conceal the shock of his appearance, and his quick eye detected something of this feeling.

"Well, Carrie," he began, lightly, for, by mutual agreement, they had done away with ceremonious titles, some time before—"you see I am a martyr to science. So never grow scientific, lest you spoil your beauty."

"Why, I'm sure, it's not so bad," hesitated Carrie, somewhat confused by his slightly sarcastic glance and tone.

"O no! an improvement, I think, but my taste was always rather peculiar. Do they mourn for me properly in the household? or does everything go on as usual?"

"Bertha walked before dinner, just the same as ever," replied Carrie, with an expressive intonation, which sufficiently implied her own opinion of such an act.

"That was heartless, certainly. I feel sure that you will be too sympathizing to eat or sleep, until I am well. Though, on the whole, that plan would have its inconveniences, as you would probably die just about as I recovered. So, as I can't afford to lose you, I won't exact such a promise."

Carrie's penetration was not keen enough to decide whether he meant to quiz or make love to her. Rather ill at ease, she made but a short stay, inquiring, however, before going, if she could do anything for him. He replied with thanks, but in the negative, adding that he had no intention of remaining a prisoner there for a long period. As his fair visitor closed the door, she met Bertha, who chanced at the moment to be passing through the corridor. Now the door was not really shut, as the fastening being a little out of order, did not catch readily; so Erne Cranston had the benefit of Carrie's first exclamation spoken in French, probably as a safeguard against the neighboring chambermaid:

"O Bertha! *Quelle horreur!*"

The words of the answer he did not catch, as the two passed on together, but the indignant tone sounded like an angry rebuke. His face flushed a little, but whether at Carrie's unflattering opinion or Bertha's defence, does not appear.

As Erne had prophesied, he did not long remain in the close retirement of his room. Although, of course, unable to go out as yet, he had very soon allowed himself the liberty of the house, spending a portion of each day down stairs. But his favorite retreat was a small, cosy back-parlor, wherein he would

very comfortably lounge, either alone or with such company as would volunteer or might be induced to relieve his loneliness. Bertha charitably took her share of this burden, which, indeed, she could not well avoid, for, with the freedom of an invalid, he made no scruple of asking her to read or talk to him. For his temporary reserve, always unnatural to such a character, and forced upon him against his will, had somehow completely disappeared. Nor, under the peculiar circumstances, could she have resumed her old distance of manner, had she even been so inclined, which was certainly not the case. But if coldness had been banished, continual contests arose to fill the place, for it seemed as if these two could never agree in opinion. Carrie Leigh, one evening, after listening awhile to their sparring, remarked rather triumphantly:

"You know I told you, Bertha, you never would like him, and that he wasn't at all in your style."

"Why can she never like me? And why am I not in her style?" immediately inquired this young gentleman, whom proper dignity never restrained from asking what he wanted to know.

"O, because!" was Carrie's somewhat unsatisfactory reply, as she looked mischievously at Bertha.

"Miss Carrie, I desire you to inform me at once. What is her style? Anything peculiar?"

"Don't you consider pirates and giants rather peculiar tastes for a young lady?" asked Carrie, enjoying Bertha's silent annoyance.

"Well, perhaps so, though very natural. I'm not a giant, it is true, and I suppose never could become one," he continued, a little plaintively, "but it is possible to educate one's self into a pirate."

"Another scientific experiment, and of course very much to your fancy!" said Bertha, as with crimson cheeks she left the room.

Encouraged by this constant sparring, which seemed to form an effectual barrier to the growth of any attachment between the two, Carrie Leigh rather lessened her attentions to Erne, during his recovery, preferring to solace herself with other amusements, until he should be once more available for escort duty. This defection threw the task of entertainment somewhat unequally upon Bertha, but, whatever Mr. Cranston may have

thought of Carrie's proceedings, he uttered no complaint. Perhaps he scorned to ask for attentions which he considered might have been voluntarily given.

One evening, when the curtains had been drawn and the little parlor glowed cheerily in the lamplight, Erne asked Bertha to read to him awhile. She resumed the poem which they had that morning begun, and finished it in about a half-hour; then, as he signified no wish to hear more, she laid down the book and took her work. Carrie was at the theatre, and Mrs. Borden had been summoned to the parlor to entertain a gossiping caller. Presently the young man roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, and moving his chair in such a way as to exactly face Bertha, he said, gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye:

"Miss Bertha, I think by next week I shall be well enough to go on with my experiments."

"Experiments!" cried Bertha, indignantly. "Go on with them, indeed! Then I shall almost be tempted to wish that I had—"

She checked herself quickly, but Cranston finished the sentence as if it had been his own.

"That you had not come to my rescue. Then it was you. I have been longing to confirm that suspicion of mine. It was aroused by a dainty little token of your presence, which you unconsciously left with me. It had fallen inside my coat, I suppose, for there I found it."

Bertha's wondering gaze, gradually lifted to his during the progress of this speech, as if to solve by sight the riddle of his meaning, now beheld him draw forth a delicately embroidered handkerchief, in one of whose snowy folds was traced the name—Bertha Reid. And even as his meaning became clear, she remembered that her cloak had served as a pillow for his head, and understood how the handkerchief might have been shaken unperceived from the pocket, while they were removing him. With flushing cheeks she started up, exclaiming:

"O my handkerchief! Will you give it to me, if you please, Mr. Cranston?"

"Will you come and take it?" he responded, holding it out. But when she reached him, he withdrew it, saying, "I must keep it awhile, as a hostage. And meantime, Bertha, would you be so kind as to sit here by me, where I can talk more easily?"

As there was no perceptible reason for refusing this request, Bertha took the seat in-

dicated, although it was a trifle nearer Mr. Cranston than she could have wished. She would have edged it away, but for the fact that its peculiar position rendered impracticable any movement except in his direction. Therefore she remained quiet.

"Why do you so dislike my chemical experiments, Miss Bertha?"

"Because—don't tempt me, Mr. Cranston, or I shall say something impolite."

"I like impolite things. Please go on."

"Well, then," commenced Bertha, with a desperate resolution, that since he would have it he should have it—"because I hate to see you throwing away on them the time that belongs to something better. If you were in earnest, it would be different, but you know you're not, and you have risked your life and wasted your opportunities, for the sake of a fancy that will never come to anything. You would hear it, you know," she added, apologetically, at the recollection of her extreme plainness of speech.

"Very true, but I observe that you speak as if it were too late to hope for any change in my ways. Pray, Miss Reid, how old do you think I am? Fifty years? A hundred?"

As Bertha hesitated, he continued:

"You have never thought about it, at all, probably. Well, I am not quite twenty-two yet. Of course, that is very aged, but if I should happen, as I may, to live to seventy-five, I shall have fifty-three years for reform. Don't you believe there is a chance for me, after all?"

"Possibly," she replied, smiling at his ludicrous affectation of excessive anxiety.

"How non-committal! But, supposing there is a chance, what shall I be?"

Bertha was silent.

"O, if you haven't sufficient interest to advise me, I might as well go back to my experiments and be blown up again."

"Well, what can I say? What are you best fitted for?"

"A minister? Ah, you are laughing at me! No use to turn your head away; I saw you."

"Excuse me, but—a minister? You?"

"Well, a physician. Why, that seems not to please you, either. Lawyer, then?"

"I like a lawyer—" observed Bertha, meditatively.

"Do you? I wish I knew who he is!" exclaimed Mr. Impertinence; but perceiving how deeply she colored beneath his glance, he went on rapidly, "Well, I shall consider that point settled. It is to the law that my

fifty-three years are to be devoted. But understand, that after I am seventy-five I shall be at liberty to return to my experiments."

Bertha laughed merrily.

"You are so very absurd, Mr. Cranston!"

"Thank you, Miss Bertha. And you are so very industrious! What is the name of that work that seems to require so much attention?"

"This? This is crocheting."

"O! If I may be so impertinent, what is it destined to become?"

"A shawl, if I have the patience to finish it."

"For some very destitute person, probably?"

"Why, no; for a friend."

"And you have been busy with it—how long? About six weeks?"

"Yes, five or six, though not constantly. But, Mr. Cranston, how very inquisitive, all at once."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bertha. Only one more question. Did it never occur to you that my chemistry was at least as useful as your crochet?"

Bertha blushed violently, even painfully, as she replied, hastily:

"I know my life is useless enough, but there is a difference between us, because there are so many more employments for you than for me. After all, what is there that I can do? I'm not clever enough for an artist or an author, nor yet fitted for business and trade, even if my friends would consent to my entering them. Of the professions, only that of physician is open to me, and I think even crochet is better than the wholesale murder I should commit in that line. So it all comes back to this."

"What! You do that, for the lack of other occupation? Can you really find nothing else?"

"I should be very glad to know what else, Mr. Cranston."

"Have you ever tried to learn?"

"Indeed I have," she replied, rather indignantly, hurt by his evident incredulity; "but all to no purpose."

"Ah, I see you have no faith in the proverb of a will and a way, Miss Bertha."

"I see that you have no faith in me, Mr. Cranston."

That tone of appeal was something very rare with her, yet he seemed not to heed it.

"Then, if you are really in earnest, you won't object to prove it to me?"

"Certainly not."

"If I can find you an occupation, you will take it?"

"Y-yes, if it is suitable—and proper—and pleasant—"

"O, so many objections! No matter; I have something in my mind, to which none of them apply. A most brilliant discovery! I wonder you never have thought of it."

"What is it? Please tell me at once."

"Marriage! That *must* be suitable, proper, and pleasant, since so very many ladies have approved of it. So remember your agreement."

"But—but—" remonstrated Bertha, with eyes still more intently fastened on her work; "one can hardly call that an occupation."

"Why not? It seems to me, that the gratification of another person's whims and fancies would be occupation enough for a life-time. Don't you think so?"

"Why, yes; some persons!" said Bertha, with a spice of involuntary malice.

"Yes, 'some persons,' exactly. You meant me, by that, Miss Bertha—O, you cannot deny it—and so did I. I have meant myself all along. Now Bertha, Bertha! you will keep the promise you made me? No, don't be angry, but tell me you will, for I am in desperate earnest."

But Bertha was silent, and struggled to free the hand which he had taken.

"O, I can't let it go, but I'll do so much. You want your handkerchief; so do I. We'll compromise. I'll keep the hand, and you shall have the kerchief. Come, be generous."

Silence still.

"Can't I have an answer? Do speak, before I—please, Bertha, just one word, or I will go and blow myself up, directly!"

Terrified by this awful threat, probably, her lips did, at length, succeed in forming a word, and a satisfactory one, apparently. Yet he did not restore her handkerchief, according to agreement. A "vague deceiver," Mrs. Gamp would surely be justified in pronouncing him.

When Carrie Leigh returned from the theatre, she saw the gaslight still twinkling from the little parlor, and made her way thither, without delay. As she opened the door, something in the look, manner and position of the two occupants affected her with a premonition of their changed relations. Upon her entrance, Bertha lifted her eyes, and colored. Erne raised his, and laughed.

"*Quelle horreur!*" said he, beholding that expression of shocked amazement.

Miss Leigh turned around, closed the door, and went to her own room.

SLIPPING AWAY.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

They are slipping away—these sweet swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long, golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long dead,
As beautiful, and as fair.

There's only a few years left to love,
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There's only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

THE HUNTER'S VENGEANCE.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

"How did it happen, that you strayed away so far into the forest to build your cabin?"

Almost every lumberman that passed up and down the chain of lakes, and stopped for a moment to speak with the hunter of Katahdin, as he was called by them, or passed the night beneath his hospitable roof when darkness overtook them in its vicinity, asked this question; yet the curiosity that prompted it was never gratified, for, as the words left their lips, a dark frown would gather upon the brow of their host, and silence would at once ensue upon his part; showing that they had touched upon a subject that was distasteful to him—and fortunate they were, if during the rest of their tarry they succeeded in dispelling the gloom that the unlucky question had conjured up. Whatever it was that had sent him from among men, the rough lumbermen did not know for years after the question had first been propounded to him by them.

His cabin stood up under the very shadow of the grim old mountain, on the bank of one of those beautiful lakes that stretch themselves out at its feet, to serve as a mirror in which it was reflected, showing every cliff and tree as distinctly as they cut the blue air above, until one standing on the opposite bank would

think he were gazing upon two mountains, the one piled upon the other. Sometimes a mist would float up from the bosom of the lake, pure and white like a bridal veil, and lie along the base of the mountain, shutting out the sun from the great trees that fringed it round, and the little cabin nestling at its foot, while the great gray cliffs so far above would be bathed in a flood of golden light, until it looked from across the water like a queen sitting on a crystal throne with a crown of gold upon its head.

How long the cabin had stood by the lake, and how long Rob Varney had dwelt therein, none of the woodsmen knew. When first they had gone up the chain of lakes to make war upon the great solemn forest six years before, he had been there, and every autumn as they went to their work, and in the spring when they returned, driving down before them the myriads of logs they had cut through the winter, they had always been welcomed by him, and he was free enough on all subjects except that of his past life. That was as a sealed book which he would not allow them to open.

A good hunter they knew he was, for his cabin was always stored with plenty of food

won from the forest and the lake, and no matter how great the party that came in upon him, composed oftentimes of the owners of the timber above, the overseers and a large gang of men, there was always enough for all, and never once had he been known to accept of a dollar in return for what he placed before them; and so often had he refused, that at last they came to receive his hospitality as a matter of course, saying nothing of payment when they departed, but sometime during the year a large supply of ammunition would find its way to the cabin at the foot of Katahdin, which the hunter could but accept, coming as it did from those who called themselves his friends.

Although Rob Varney kept the secret of his life from those who came to him and who would gladly have been entrusted with it, it is necessary for our readers that they should know something of the past, that they may understand the story we have to relate. This we will do in a few words.

Ten years before, Rob Varney had been a happy, prosperous man in one of the seaport towns of Maine. Possessed of a good property and a young wife, people said he was a happy man; and in truth he was for the first year of his married life. Then came a change. The wife he had wooed and won, and whom he trusted as he did his very self, proved false to her marriage vows. It was a long time before he would give credence to the many rumors that came to him from time to time, and he shut his eyes to that which he saw but could not approve. At last he awoke to the fact, but not until the guilty pair had left the town. His wife had fled from his arms, and gone with an old lover, one Miles Campbell, a man at whom people shook their heads when they spoke of him, and only tolerated his presence among them because of the wealth he possessed, and because his father had been a man above reproach.

Rob Varney attempted not to follow the guilty pair, yet deep in his heart he nourished a hope that the time would come when vengeance should be his. He cared not to reclaim his wife; she never again could be to him what she had been. Therefore he let them go their way, and tried to bury his shame in his heart. This he soon found was impossible. The agony in the heart made itself visible on the face, and people saw plainly that which he sought to hide from them. He knew he was not wearing the mask securely, and the look he saw on the faces of his friends was

hard to encounter, and he determined to leave the town. With his mind made up on this point he disposed of his property, and one night disappeared, leaving only one behind him who knew whither he was going.

He decided to leave behind him all that could speak of his disgrace, and to take up the life of a hunter, or rather that of a hermit, in the northern wilds; and in pursuance of this plan he struck into the forest, and with the distant summit of Katahdin for a guide, at last reached its base and took up his residence beneath its shadow. Here for several years he lived, rarely seeing one of his kind, and then the lumbermen broke in upon his solitude, and every year vast quantities of timber was floated down past his cabin, along the river and the lakes. During all this time, but once had he heard from the town he had left. Three young men on a hunting excursion had made their home at the cabin for several days. They were from the town he had left, and had heard his history, yet little thought that the injured man was before them. From them he learned that Miles Campbell had cast his wife off after they had lived together for several years; and that she had come back to her native town and died. Her last words were a prayer that the husband she had so injured might forgive her, and she had died with his name upon her tongue.

It was well that darkness filled the cabin when this story was told, else the terrible emotion that shook the strong frame of the hunter would have been noticed; but as it was, they were unmindful that they were telling him *his* history, and they departed in perfect ignorance of who or what he was.

More than once after this story had been told him, did Rob Varney think of leaving his forest home, to appease the cry of vengeance that ever came up from his heart, yet he had not done so. To follow the footsteps of Miles Campbell as the hound follows on the scent, and then to take his dastardly life, would have been a pleasure to him; for by doing so he could avenge both himself and the woman that he had once loved better than any other on earth. Yet he had become so accustomed to his forest life, and a dislike that he could not overcome, to again face the friends and acquaintances he had once known, kept him back and determined him to let his enemy's punishment come of itself, as surely it would in time. Still, as year after year went on, the hatred to Miles Campbell grew no less, and in his heart there was still that desire for

vengeance which had been rooted there from the first.

One warm day in early spring, Rob Varney sat in the doorway of his cabin that looked out over the lake. The ice had gone out, and the water was dotted in every direction by the logs that for two days past had been coming down across the lake from the river that emptied in from above. Now and then the distant shout of the men at work some two miles away up the river, was brought to his ears as the wind was in that direction, and he expected he should have a visit from some of them that night; and with this prospect in view he had made preparations to receive them, by roasting a quarter of as nice venison as a backwoodsman ever tasted, or a hungry hunter ever feasted upon. A noble mess of speckled trout was heaped upon a pan already for the frying, which that afternoon he had taken from the lake; and in anticipation that some of them might decide to spend the night with him, a large quantity of fir boughs had been heaped upon one side of the cabin, making as sweet and soft a bed as ever a man ought to wish for. These preparations all completed, he had seated himself in the sunlight to watch the logs as they moved slowly down the lake towards the outlet, and perhaps to catch the first view that would be afforded him of a human being; for, despite his long seclusion in the forest and the cause that had sent him hither, there were times when he longed for the companionship of his kind, and to-day had been one of them. He could have gone up where the logmen were at work had he wished to do so, but he did not. Still he longed for their coming, and the sound of their far-away voices sounded pleasantly in his ears, and brought back thoughts of the days before the serpent had entered his garden and destroyed his life's happiness.

His thoughts were full of the past as he sat there gazing out upon the lake; so full that he heeded not the appearance of a log canoe that came swiftly down close by the shore, in which were seated two men—one unmistakably a lumberman, and the other, although his garments were of the same coarse material as that of his companion, was evidently the overseer of the gang. Their destination was evidently the cabin of the hunter, and the latter started not from his fit of musing until he was startled by the dip of the paddles in the water close beside him.

"Halloo!" shouted the overseer, as Rob rose from his seat, and went down to the edge

of the water to receive his guests; and old Katahdin took up the word and sent it back again and again over the lake. To this bolsterous greeting, Rob made no reply, but waited until the boat had touched the shore, and he had taken the hand of the man who had sprung out of the canoe beside him, and whom he recognized as Sam Larkwell, an old woodsman.

"I am glad to see you," said the hunter, calmly, as he returned the pressure of the other's hand.

"And so am I to get a look at your face. When we get down here and get a glimpse of your cabin, it always seems as though we were almost out of the woods among people again."

"It is still a long way to the settlement," said the other. "When you come to me it can't seem much different, for I know nothing of the world except what I learn from you each autumn."

"Well, at any rate, yours is a strange face, one that we ain't been looking upon all winter, until we know them much better than we do our own. We have not looked in a glass since we went into the woods."

"Nor I this many years. Sometimes I see my face in the water, but I hardly know it."

"I never could see what made you come up here under the mountain to lead the life you do. A man with book knowledge such as you have is out of place in these parts."

The hunter's countenance fell, and that look which his visitors had noted so many times when allusion was made to the past, flitted across it. Larkwell saw the look, and knew he had touched on forbidden ground, so he hastened to change the conversation.

"I have come down here to see if you will take a half-dozen lodgers to-night?"

"Yes, I can stow you all away if you wish to come," said the hunter, his face brightening. "You know that I don't mind a crowd of good fellows once or twice a year."

"I know we are always welcome, but it is not for us that I have come; at least not on the part of the men, though I may stay with you. The owner of the timber we have been cutting this winter sent us word a few days ago that he would be with us to-night, in company with a party that thought of taking it off his hands here at the head of the lake. He sent word for us to make the best preparations we could for their accommodation, and it can be best done here, if you are willing to receive them."

"They can stay with me if they will."

"Very well, and now I am going down to the foot of the lake to meet them, and probably shall not go back to the boys to-night. They have got their hands full with a big jam above the falls, which will keep them there for another day at least."

"You will be back by dark?"

"Yes, they ought to have been here by this time, if nothing has happened to detain them. I'll bring them along as soon as possible."

He sprang into the canoe, and his companion sent it out into the lake, and they soon disappeared from view round a rocky spur of Katahdin that ran out into the water.

The sun went down, and darkness crept into the forest; and Rob Varney, standing upon the shore of the lake, watched for the coming of his guests. One by one the stars came out, and saw themselves reflected in the waters so still below them, and out from the cabin flashed the red firelight, from the stone hearth that he had piled high with dry wood as a welcome for his guests, while on a rough table that he had fashioned with his own hands from a huge pine, was placed the bountiful supply of food he had prepared for them, which he knew would be so relished after a day upon the lakes and rivers.

The dip of paddles at last sounded upon his ear, and in a few moments out from the gloom came the outlines of two canoes, the smaller one leading the way, followed close by the other, which contained a number of men.

As the first boat touched the shore, the overseer sprang from it, and stood by the side of the hunter to assist the others ashore. There were five of them, two that managed the boat, and the other three the owner of the timber, and those who came to purchase.

Apparently, the overseer had told them something of their host; perhaps that even he who had known him for years did not know his name—for no introduction was given, as the hunter bade them welcome and led the way into his cabin, which looked so cheery after their day upon the water; while the no less attraction of the savory smell that came from the well-cooked venison gratefully saluted them.

One of the men had spoken, in reply to the greeting of the hunter, and as the tones of his voice fell upon the ear of his host, the latter gave a great start, and stood for a moment as if rooted to the spot. Surely that voice he had heard before; yet it could not be that it was that of his enemy, the man that had blast-

ed his life and robbed him of that which he held most dear on earth. Yet they were wonderfully alike, and, trembling with the suppressed emotion that had thus been conjured up, he turned towards his guests as the firelight flashed upon them. Well it was for Rob Varney that he was standing where the firelight could not reveal his face; for if it had, those standing around him would have been at loss to account for the deadly pallor that overspread it when he saw before him as his guest, none other than Miles Campbell.

All the blood in his veins seemed to rush to his heart for a moment, and then to pervade his entire being like a flood of molten fire. There close beside him was the man who had taken his wife from him, and then cast her off to die a miserable death, a reproach to her friends and those that once had loved her—the man whom of all others he hated; and at that moment he thought it was fate that had thus placed him in his way that vengeance might be his.

One step Rob Varney took towards where his rifle was hanging on the wall, and then he paused. The present moment was no time for him to seek his vengeance upon his enemy, but in his heart he made a vow that Miles Campbell should not go away from the forest alive.

None guessed the mighty effort it cost Rob Varney to place a mask upon his face that it might hide the bitterness in his heart, that those about him might have no suspicion of the warfare raging within; but he did it, so that Larkwell the overseer noted nothing strange in his manner, even when he replied to questions that were asked him by Miles Campbell, whom he learned was the owner of the timber.

Once Miles Campbell gave a great start, and for a few moments intently regarded the person of his host. There had been something in the tone of voice, or in the look he had given him, that brought back a remembrance of the man he had injured. But no, it was not possible this strange being should be Robert Varney, for had he not heard that he had perished at sea? Years of forest life, and the dress of skins in which he was clothed, had completely changed the outer man, and Miles Campbell at once dismissed the thought from his mind, and turned to his overseer, talking of the lumber they had cut and were driving down.

To Rob Varney it seemed as though the evening never would pass away and his guests lie down to repose. But it did at last, and all

had laid themselves down; but there was one that had no thoughts of sleep. As soon as all was still, he rose from his couch and went out, closing the door carefully behind him. The host could not lie down with the enemy that was his guest.

All that night, beneath the silent stars, Bob Varney paced the shore of the lake, his head full of the fierce thoughts of the vengeance he was to take upon the villain who was now sleeping so calmly beneath his roof. Up and down all the long night he paced, and the stars were burning themselves out before the light of the dawn ere he re-entered the cabin to prepare breakfast for those within.

All were sleeping soundly; and when they awoke, nothing was said of his absence during the night if they had known of it. The morning meal was soon prepared and eaten, and then the party entered the boats to go up to the head of the lake, Campbell saying as they pushed off, that they would be back to spend the night at the cabin. To this their host made no reply, and they pushed off, leaving him standing upon the bank, with his rifle in his hand, and a look upon his face that none could interpret.

Near where the river from above fell into the lake was a place known as Indian Falls; a steep descent of nearly fifty feet, over which the water rushed with a deafening roar, falling into seething foam and whirlpools below. On the very brink of these falls were several great boulders that showed their black heads above the water, unless the river was very high, and then their position was marked by a line of white foaming water. Against these a huge jam of logs had been formed, defying the power of the lumbermen to break it, notwithstanding the aid they received from the great mass of water that had been forced back, and which was exerting all its power to throw the obstacle that impeded its way down into the abyss below. On either side the banks were high and steep, and crowned by a thick clump of bushes.

Miles Campbell and his companions had been all over this great mass of timber during the forenoon, while the men had been at work to find the key-log to the jam. They at last declared that they had found it, and that a little more labor would be required to start it. Just then the horn in the hands of the cook sounded from the bank for dinner, and they left their work and obeyed the call, while the owner still lingered, near the opposite shore, though he turned in their direction

when called again by the overseer, as with the two strangers he clambered up the steep bank, a short distance up the river.

Suddenly there came a sound of crashing timbers that rose high above the roar of the falls, and those upon the bank knew that the mighty mass was in motion, and that nothing on earth had now the power to restrain it. Miles Campbell was now nearly in the middle of the stream, and he knew his danger, even before the overseer shouted, "Quick! for your life! The jam is going over the falls!" No need had the overseer to shout these words, for he was making for the shore as only a man can work for his life. At first it seemed that he would not accomplish it, but the logs hung for a moment, thus giving him another chance. Those looking on said that he would be saved; but the next moment they held their breath with horror.

Out from the bank upon the struggling man, sprang another form, that of the hunter of Katahdin. For a moment both of the men stood motionless. Then two cries mingled together sounded above the roar of the cataract, one of horror and the other of triumph. Then they sprang together as if in mortal combat, fierce and deadly, but it was of short duration. The brow of the cataract was reached, and with the roaring, struggling mass they were dashed into the eddying whirlpools below.

All that day and the next, they sought for them; but the waters never gave up the secret they held in their bosom, and it was not until the settlements were reached that the strange tragedy, to them was explained.

The ruins of the hunter's cabin still lie in the shadow of Katahdin, and his story is often told around the camp-fire of the lumbermen.

LOVE.

Love, amid the other graces in this world, is like a cathedral tower, which begins on the earth, and, at first, is surrounded by the other parts of the structure. But, at length, rising above the buttressed wall, and arch, and parapet, and pinnacle, it shoots, spire-like, many a foot right into the air, so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a spark in the morning light, and shines like a star in the evening sky, when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness. So love, here, is surrounded by the other graces, and divides the honors with them, but they will have felt the warp of night and darkness, while it will shine luminous against the sky of eternity.

THE MISTAKES OF THREE DAYS.

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 BY CALEB RUSSET.  
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"MOSES, awake! Bestir thyself! Bid the dreamy visitor, thought, begone for a moment, and receive one of more substantial presence," said Ned Thorndike with a grandiloquent flourish, as he entered the counting-room of his friend, Moses Ballard. "I have called your name three several times, *ore rotundo*, without eliciting a reply."

"Ah! Ned, is that you? I beg a thousand pardons. I was so engrossed with the contents of this missive before me, as to be utterly oblivious of sense or sound in the outer world. I am striving to solve a knotty problem, and you are just in time to bear a helping hand."

Before going further, we will introduce the *dramatis personæ* to the reader.

The visitor was Ned Thorndike, a young lawyer of about thirty years of age, who occupied rooms a few doors above, in the same block. The occupant of the counting-room, Moses Ballard, was a young merchant of about the same age, who had inherited a fine fortune, a considerable portion of which was now invested in business. The two friends were old school-fellows, and the acquaintance of later years had ripened into the closest intimacy. The latter had strong and marked peculiarities, among which might be enumerated a warm admiration for the fair sex in general, and *one* in particular; a bull-headed pertinacity in maintaining preconceived opinions when once formed, which opposition only served to strengthen; a love for the mysterious which might lead him into extravagances somewhat like the author of the Pythagorean proposition in Euclid, who on its discovery, ran through the streets in an ecstasy of delight, crying, "I have found it, I have found it," but withal, was refined and fastidious in his tastes, generous to a fault, and of a frank, social disposition, that made him a general favorite. He had lived a bachelor's life up to the present, residing in his friend's family for several years past, but his time had come. A family by the name of Haselton, of aristocratic tastes, but slender means, had removed from a large city into the town some two years before. Mr. Haselton had been engaged in business, but had now retired on a small income, amply sufficient with habits of economy for their wants. The oldest daughter,

Miss Etta Haselton, was about twenty years of age, refined and accomplished, proud and somewhat reserved. Still her pride was not of that offensive character that condemned others, nor her reserve indicative of a haughty disposition, but rather sprang from a cautious spirit to weigh all things at their standard value, and from a sensitive delicacy to avoid infringing on the bounds of decorum. Her beauty, talents and accomplishments had drawn many admirers into her train, but the most favored, and the one most likely to bear off the prize, was our friend, Moses Ballard. It does not consist within the limits of this article, to trace the successive stages of courtship, nor by what process the ice began to melt before the noon of a tropical sun. But suffice it to say, he had made his way slowly but surely. At the present time there was a tacit understanding that they were declared lovers. Although she allowed their intimacy to be regarded as on an intimate footing, and that she had a preference for him before all others, yet like a stinting commissary department which keeps its soldiers on short rations, so she maintained a studied reserve, which only served to add fuel to the flame. Perhaps she was prompted to this course, partly because slanderous tongues had attributed to her mercenary motives, and, besides, a little opposition stimulated him with renewed ardor. These explanations having been made, let us now return to the counting-room.

"I have been puzzling my brains over this letter," said Moses Ballard, "for some time. The drift of it is easily comprehended, but the problem is, who wrote it. Read it, and then give your opinion."

Ned took it, and read aloud as follows:

"MOSES BALLARD, Esq.:

"Dear Sir:—You will undoubtedly be surprised at the receipt of this letter. A returned soldier in our midst, who lost a limb in the service of his country, with a large family dependent on him for support, is suffering in common with them, for the bare necessities of life. Some of us girls have made up our minds to help them by substantial tokens of aid in the shape of a Christmas present. We want twenty-five dollars from you, and we must have it.

"I have also a personal interest in this matter. I have made a bet with my companions, that I not only dared to write to you, but that I should get the money. You will of course contribute through some source. If the lemon has got to be squeezed—that is, your purse—let me be the squeezer. If you consent—consider me your fast friend for life. Ask anything, and it shall be granted, 'even unto the half of my kingdom.'

"Yours most devotedly,

"THE UNKNOWN.

"P. S. Address, in reply, 'H. E. R.' ——— Post-Office."

"There, what do you think of that?" said Moses.

"I think it is a remarkably cool and impudent composition," Ned replied. "Do you have any idea of its authorship?"

"Yes; who can it be else than Etta Haselton? I happen to know she is on a committee to raise money for this purpose."

"Verily, a second Daniel has come to judgment. A coarse effusion like that never emanated from her pen."

"That is the very reason, Ned, I deem her the author. Her pride revolts at the idea of making an appeal in person, and therefore she has taken this course to disarm suspicion, and still secure the money. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio.' Besides, coarse minds are never connected with philanthropic movements. If you looked at the subject with half an eye—"

"*O tempora! O mores!*" which a free translation may render—'keep your temper, O Moses!' I'll wager you an oyster supper, with the necessary champagne fixings thrown in, that you are wholly at sea with your conjectures."

"I'll accept that bet. You have lost, to a dead certainty."

After Ned Thorndike had left, Ballard indited the following reply:

"TO MY FAIR UNKNOWN:—I will send the twenty-five dollars conditionally.

"First: I must know the name of the soldier. Second: the name of my fair correspondent. Third: as a reward for donating my mite through this channel, a kiss must be given by the recipient of this note, payable on demand.

"Your most devoted slave,

"DONOR."

The next morning the reply came, to the following purport:

"MY DEAREST DONOR:—Your demands are most just and reasonable, and will be unhesitatingly complied with. In fact, I had become so desperate and anxious on the issue, if you had asked me to marry you as the price of compliance, I should not have raised the least objection, on the spur of the moment.

"In answer to your first question: the soldier's name is Smith. Second: suggest a suitable time and place, and your prayer shall be granted.

"Third: you ask for one kiss—why, I'll give you dozens any time—in fact, all the year round—at the same price. I was so carried away by the idea, that I kissed and hugged my pillow all night, thinking it was you. You must suppose, by this confession, that I dispense these favors broadcast. I never kissed a man in my life save my father, and was kissed only once, and then it was only accomplished by stratagem. A young fellow teased me a long time to let him kiss me, and to get rid of him I consented, providing he suffered me to cover my face with a handkerchief. Well, what do you think the mean sneak did? Why, he lifted the 'rag' and kissed me. I wasn't to blame for that, you know. But here the case is different. In a philanthropic cause, I would kiss a man to death, and then weep over his dear remains. *'Ab imo pectore.'*

"THE UNKNOWN."

"So—so!" soliloquized Moses. "This is drawing the cork with a vengeance, and letting the foam effervesce to an extraordinary extent. You are shrewd, Miss Etta, but you can't deceive me. I'll meet diamond with cut diamond, and if I do trace it out successfully, you'll be glad, not only to kiss me once but all the year round. The long bow must have been drawn a little on the handkerchief affair. If not, Miss Etta may keep her kisses and herself, too. Egad, I'll call there this evening, and probe this affair to the bottom. She may possibly betray herself in an unguarded moment."

At the supper table Ned asked him if he had received any more light on the question.

"Yes, I have," said Moses, confidently, taking out of his pocket the last missive.

"My first impressions are correct, and your wager is lost. You perceive the closing phrase is somewhat romantic and classic—'*ab imo pectore*'—'from the bottom of my heart.' Now the deduction I draw from that is simply this: being appointed on the committee to raise money, she feels a natural delicacy in regard to making an appeal in per-

son, in consequence of the relations existing between us; so she writes an anonymous letter, coarsely worded, but, still unwilling to identify herself with the vulgar herd, clothes with a bit of the classics. Stratagem and womanly feeling with pride thrown in, were in open antagonism, and the latter won the victory."

Ned read the letter aloud to his wife, from which both were highly amused. "You are wide of the mark, Moses; I am sure of it," said Ned's wife.

"I propose to solve the question this evening," said Moses; "for I intend to call there."

"Do you?" said Ned, interrogatively. "If you should broach that subject, I can imagine a scene. I can fancy, if one of those hot-headed brothers should happen to be at home, an individual bearing a striking resemblance to one in this room, spinning like a top through an open doorway into the street, or like a sky-rocket shooting through the air. Do not carry the war into Africa."

"Thank you for your good advice. I'll follow it when I need it. Never fear for my head, but rather be apprehensive of the issue of the bet."

The evening found our hero at Mr. Haselton's, where he was always received a welcome guest. The old gentleman's prevailing topic of conversation, as usual, was the rise and fall of stocks; the old lady was full of schemes of benevolence, neither of which subjects interested the visitor; but he patiently listened, knowing the best wine was reserved for the last. Miss Etta took but little part in the conversation, and was unusually abstracted, from which the visitor drew his own conclusions. At length all the rest of the family retired, leaving the two alone.

Miss Haselton now introduced the subject concerning the soldier's family; that the project was afoot to make an appeal to the benevolent to relieve their wants, and remarked in a visible tone of embarrassment:

"I am serving with a committee who are collecting subscriptions in their behalf. The other members of the board professing not to be so well acquainted with you as I am, have delegated to me the task, from which I shrink, of making a personal appeal to you. It was estimated, in making up the aggregate, you would subscribe twenty-five dollars, but you will, of course, exercise your own discretion what the amount shall be."

"I will subscribe that amount, most certainly," said he, with a smile, as he took the

paper. "I should be happy to contribute in any case, but the pleasure is doubly enhanced in making you my almoner. Would it not be as well, however, that the two sums for which my name will stand pledged, shall be entered in one amount? You see that I have detected your well-conceived plan, my lady schemer, and now I claim the reward."

At the same time, suiting the action to the word, he took a seat in the centre of the room, and awaited his fate with the becoming resignation. It didn't come, however, in the way he anticipated. Astonishment for a few moments deprived her of the power of speech. At length she found words to utter mechanically:

"Well-conceived plan! Reward! What means this trifling, sir?"

"I hope you will not ignore the bond," he replied; "more especially, when it is ready to be signed, sealed, and executed in the presence of—two witnesses;" at the same time drawing forth the two letters, and waving them with a triumphant air.

"A truce to this folly. I insist on a full, immediate explanation, sir. Allow me to peruse those letters, in order to see how far I may be compromised or implicated in—I know not what."

"Nay, Etta; if you are not the writer, as your language implies, it would be a breach of confidence to read them!"

She sprang to her feet with as determined an air as when a lioness is defending her whelps against the attacks of the hunter.

"This subterfuge shall not serve you, sir. I demand this privilege as a right—as an act of justice to an unprotected woman, whose feelings may be trampled on by an insidious foe. Do as you please," she added, as he still held the letters in a firm grasp, "but I shall know in what light to estimate the affection you profess to feel for me."

This last *coup d'état* broke down the last barrier of opposition. He placed the letters in her hands. She read them attentively, and then threw them behind the grate, and remarked:

"I am not concerned in this wretched, despicable rigmorole. I trust you have a better opinion of me than to suppose for one moment I am identified with such a scurrilous jest?" she said interrogatively, as she gave him a searching look.

"I do not think it now," he answered. "I did suppose it. Man's perceptions are of a grosser nature than those of a woman. It did

not seem incompatible you should assume a fictitious character for the nonce, to forward a benevolent enterprise, although wholly at variance with your original natural disposition. The ancients held the gods could do no evil. I have the same abiding faith in the divinity I worship. Am I forgiven?" said he, extending his hand.

"Conditionally; as you said to your correspondent," she answered, smiling in spite of herself. Assuming a graver air, she added: "If you would maintain the same place in my regard as hitherto, all such correspondence must cease. If you really value my good opinion—if you really love me as you profess, you will respect my wishes. I do not believe in divided affections."

"I do most sacredly regard your good opinion," he earnestly replied. "I have repeatedly, and do now assure you of my unalterable affection. You have acknowledged a preference for me. Notwithstanding which I am still on probation. Is there not something more my due? There are no obstacles in our path, and yet the final answer is withheld."

"You are a special pleader," she replied, "but there is also something due to woman's nature. Where she bestows her affections, she gives her all. One false step may lead to a life of misery. Woman's love is deep, strong, abiding. If she attains a false position, she must break, not bend before the blast. Man, with a more versatile spirit, and a better adaptation to circumstances, may bend like the supple reed, but when the tornado has passed, he recovers lost ground, and with recuperative powers, enters the battle of life anew, with no wounds upon him. Such, then, being the statutes of society—such being the ordinances that govern human affairs, it is incumbent upon our sex to sit down calmly and weigh the cost before taking the most important step of woman's life. Nothing will satisfy the cravings of a true woman's nature short of being first in her companion's affections, the most cherished, the most loved, the all-in-all. I sometimes despair of realizing my beau-ideal. I ask no one to embrace my opinions. If they are too rigid for you—the world is wide—you are at liberty to choose where you may, independent of any claims I may be supposed to have on you."

As they separated that night, each was conscious of a palpable feeling of discontent, more easily analyzed on her part, perhaps, than his. She questioned herself, whether as might not be in fault. Examining her

heart, she found she loved him passionately; that he realized her cherished dreams of what a life-long companion should be. This was the summary. He occupied a respectable position in society; he was wealthy, but that should not have a feather's weight in her choice; he was generous, noble-hearted, honest, truthful and amiable. What more could be required? Nothing. She determined, therefore, when a favorable opportunity occurred, to yield a graceful assent.

On the other hand, while he was walking home, the tenor of his reflections was something like this: "Etta is a little too tyrannical. She knows her power, and exercises it with arbitrary sway. Suppose I shake off this thralldom temporarily, and assert a little independence. By Jove, the experiment is worth trying. I'll answer my fair unknown somewhat after her own fashion. Suppose I write an expressive letter, who will be the wiser? The young lady for the sake of her own reputation will not publish the contents."

On arriving home, he sat down to his writing-desk and penned the following:

"MY FAIR UNKNOWN:—I received this morning's favor with the liveliest emotions of pleasure. You may rest assured I shall avail myself of the earliest opportunity to make your acquaintance. Enclosed is twenty-five dollars, which, while it will afford relief to the soldier, will entitle me to a season ticket of kisses, without an intervening handkerchief. Consult your own convenience with regard to mode, time, and place of meeting, while I remain,

Ever thine,

"DONOR."

The next morning he carried it to the counting-room. With the dawn, there came a revulsion of feeling in favor of Miss Habelton, in which he persuaded himself she was perfectly justified in testing his sincerity to the utmost. Full of this thought, he determined to be patient and abide her time. It occurred to his mind that a lecture was on the tapis in the evening, to be given by a celebrated orator, whom both loved to hear, which called forth the following note:

"MY DEAREST:—Mr. Blank, as you are well aware, lectures this evening. If other engagements do not forbid, may I call for you at the appointed hour to attend it? Please apprise me by note, if this invitation is incompatible with previous arrangements.

"Affectionately yours,

MOSES BALLARD."

The writer was now interrupted on some business matter, so that when he returned, his mind being pre-occupied, the two letters were put into the wrong envelopes.

Before evening came, he learned that Etta Haselton was spending the day at her Uncle John's, her mother's brother, and consequently the note would not be received in season. He therefore accompanied Ned and his wife to the hall. They had not been seated but a few minutes, when Kate, Ned's wife, whose countenance was filled to the brim, and running over with suppressed mirth, whispered in our hero's ear:

"Do you wish to see your beautiful unknown, in all the rich plenitude, ripeness, and plumpness of her maiden charms? By lucky chance, I learned who she was, to-day, so, *ma chere amie*, I am enabled to enlighten you. It affords me the highest gratification to inform you she is now present. Still the wild beatings of your heart—control the powerful emotions that sway your breast with fearful strength—and behold the lovely vision whose brilliant, dazzling beauty has so fascinated your imagination."

"A truce to bombast," said Moses, impatiently; "point her out to me at once."

"Don't hurry me," said Kate, with malicious triumph. "I wish to suitably impress your mind with the *magnitude* of good fortune that the fates have so generously thrown in your path. Now, then, prepare! Do you observe that tall girl at the right of the desk, with the form of a giantess? She is the idol of your dreams—the fair unknown. To satisfy your curiosity I will enter into details. She is only fifteen years of age, yet her average weight is said to be two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. Barnum has never been this way, so she remains yet at large. To be sure she is freckled and coarse-featured, but you'll never mind that in the presence of more *substantial* charms. She is respectably connected, too—being the daughter of a retired minister, the Rev. Mr. Blabington, and she has more Greek and Latin stuffed in her little—no, big cranium, than—experience."

"I fancy you, my dear fellow," said Ned, "in the embrace of this female Titan, bestowing those favors, so lavishly promised. Why, the historic scene of the Roman monarch's daughter, who sold her country for the golden ornaments the Gallic soldiers wore on their persons, and was crushed beneath the mass—would pale in the comparison."

"Will somebody take me out of this place,"

gasped Moses, "where I can hide my diminished head!"

"Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" ejaculated Ned.

"Tell it not in Gath! publish it not in Askelon! lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph! Come, Ned, let us go somewhere and enjoy that oyster supper together."

"For shame, Moses Ballard!" said Kate; "to attempt to seduce a husband from his allegiance to the domestic hearth, as well as from a good lecture."

"Well, Mrs. Grim; I'll compromise the matter. You shall give a party, and have *carte blanche* to draw on my purse to cover expenses."

"Will you, Moses?" said she, eagerly. "If we were at home I would kiss you before Ned's face and eyes. I'll take you at your word. Miss Etta Haselton shall head the list on my card, and what is more, she will be Mrs. Somebody before long;" and the little head nodded with a very determined air. In a moment after she added, "as a reward for being a good boy, I will show you a beautiful picture, Moses, set in diamonds, in a frame of pure gold. Follow the direction of my eyes, and you will not fail to see it."

"Why, how in the name of wonder did Etta come?" said Moses, with a delighted smile.

"She came on her feet with her cousins, of course," said Kate. "She gave me a nod of recognition, when we first entered. She has been all smiles and blushes ever since, and from the stealthy glances she casts this way, she is looking at somebody else besides me. A lover may interpret such signs after his own fashion. Now go; Ned and I can possibly spare you. You will find plenty of room beside Etta, and if not, you won't mind being a little crowded, will you?" said Kate with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, denoting she enjoyed the scene hugely.

The lover needed no second hint. *Somehow* or other, room was made beside the laughing, blushing damsel, although they were a little crowded; and such a warm, silent welcome was given in the grasp of the hand, and in the flashing of those brilliant orbs, as transported our hero to the seventh heaven of bliss. *Somehow* or other, hands became entwined, unseen to mortal eye, riveted in such fast links, that they did not separate until the close of the lecture. By some means, the young couple plodded their way home by the longest route, conversing on topics more

tender and sentimental than the lecture suggested, and, more wonderful still, the masculine pedestrian snatched a kiss on taking leave at the door, the first liberty of the kind ever permitted before. How he got home—whether on his head or heels, or both—was a grave matter of doubt to his friends; for, on arriving, the noise and clatter made in stumbling over chairs and furniture, led the inmates to suppose that either a drunken man or thief had made burglarious entrance. Mrs. Thorndike, from an inner room, gave a slight scream of affright, and pinched her husband who had been awakened by the din. Shortly after, through a half-opened door leading into the drawing-room, might have been seen two figures in the costume of the Greek slave, although one was completely shaded by the more portly form of the other.

"Good gracious, Moses! is that you?" inquired Ned.

"What is left of me," cried that individual, rubbing his shins. "Confound it, Ned, why didn't you leave a light burning?"

"We thought you wouldn't be home till broad daylight," said figure number two, maliciously. "We supposed, after you left Mr. Haselton's, you might possibly, urged by a spirit of adventure, make search after your beloved unknown. Allow me to ask if you met with as much difficulty in the quest, as did the Athenian philosopher, who sallied out into the streets with a lantern, to find an honest man? You didn't find her, did you?" and the merry sprite laughed in her loudest key.

For answer there came an empty slipper flying against the door, which had been lying on the rug ready for immediate use. The pair of Job's comforters retired after this onslaught, their shouts of laughter ringing through the house—somewhat aggravating to one who felt rather sensitive upon certain points.

"Confound it!" muttered Moses to himself; "I shall never hear the last while I am in the house. Well, that won't be long, at all events."

The next day Moses Ballard was in the highest spirits until the hour of dinner, at which time he found two letters beside his plate, which very seriously disturbed his equanimity. They were as follows:

"MR. MOSES BALLARD:—You are a mean fellow. I have a great mind to have nothing more to do with you. You neither came after me at the lecture hour, nor brought the twenty-five dollars either, so I had to go with my red-headed cousin. You needn't pretend

you were sick, for I saw you there, having a nice time flirting with the girls and with married women. Aint you ashamed of yourself, Moses Ballard? People do say that if Mr. Edward Thorndike turned his friend out doors, he would be a happier man. If you have any excuse to offer, come round and offer it, otherwise I shall pass you by, as I would a dirty beggar of the street.

"Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,
"EMMA BLARBINGTON."

"Heaven preserve you in that virtuous resolution, my fragile, delicate rosebud—sham," was the mental comment.

Letter number two read thus:

"MOSES BALLARD, Esq.:—When I retired to my room last evening and opened your letter, which had laid on the dressing-table, I found the enclosed rigmarole, with twenty-five dollars, addressed to your unknown, making it obvious for whom it was intended, which is now returned. Under ordinary circumstances I might regard this as a foolish, silly affair of but little moment, but the pertinacity with which you have clung to a certain course, after I had given you to understand it was a source of intense annoyance and pain—fully justifies me, I think, in saying your visits, hereafter, will be regarded in the light of an intrusion.

"ETTA HASELTON."

"What disturbs you, Moses?" inquired Mrs. Thorndike, anxiously. "No bad news, I hope? Your countenance wears the most woe-begone look imaginable. May I?" as she playfully extended her hand to reach the脉脉, which were not withheld.

As before intimated, the trio being on the most confidential terms, Moses felt perfectly willing, these precious morceaus should be read by his friends, who might sympathize with him in his deep affliction. There he reckoned without his host, for no sooner had they devoured the contents, than they burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter, the tears running down their cheeks.

"My case is like the frogs in the fable—what is sport to you, is death to me," said Moses, with a lugubrious look that spoke volumes.

"There! not another word—or I shall die," gasped Ned, as he went into new convulsions.

"The Lord have mercy upon your poor, simple soul," said Kate, with difficulty controlling her risibilities. "Nay, don't look on me so savagely, as if, like an ogre, you intend-

ed to finish me at one monthful. Forgive me, *ma chère amie*, I pray you," she added, extending her hand with a repentant gesture. "Your case never looked more hopeful than at present. At one fell swoop you have obtained essay riddance of a miserable entanglement, and bound your mistress to you in indissoluble bonds. If you understood the phases of woman's heart a little better, you would know your lady-love had seized this opportunity to teach you a grand moral lesson. I almost wish you were really rejected, for you hardly deserve to wear the pearl."

"The view of the future affords but little encouragement to me," said Moses. "You little know the unyielding firmness that is a striking trait in Etta Haselton's nature."

"I know she is a fond, loving woman," was the reply. "A true marriage—nothing short—satisfies the cravings of woman's sympathetic, immortal spirit. A truce to sentiment. Put yourself under my tuition, and if you are an apt pupil, I will ensure you success. Your first impulse now is, to rush to Mr. Haselton's—fall on your knees at your charmer's feet—with clasped hands and eyes lifted to heaven, streaming with tears—swear by all the gods of war, by sun, moon and stars, you will never offend in like manner again. Do nothing of the sort. Stay at home and make love to me, when Ned's back is turned, just to keep you in practice. In the meanwhile, my party shall come off in a blaze of glory—Miss Etta Haselton will enliven the scene with her sweet presence—music and song shall gladden the festive hour. Under the sweet influence of social communion, antipodes rapidly congregate into congenialities. Mr. Moses Ballard attends Miss Etta Haselton home—and, let me see—one, two, three, four—nay, in two months the peach will be ripe enough for the plucking—yes, in two months Ned and I will dance at the wedding."

"My word for it," said Ned; "Kate is a strategist of the first water. I can testify."

Three months have passed. Moses Ballard is seated at his desk in the counting-room. A light footstep is heard—a white pair of arms are thrown around his neck—an odoriferous breath distilling nectarean sweetness fans his cheek—a rosy pair of lips presses his own, and a voice, musical as it is, betraying the heavenly visitant to be of earthly mould, murmurs in his ear:

"Let me persuade you, dear, to leave these musty accounts a few minutes, to come with me to the house and see the new Wilton the upholsterer has just laid down in the east room. Ah, you smile. I suppose you think it beneath a gentleman's dignity to regard such small affairs."

"No, my dear; my thoughts ran in other channels. I was wondering how *ma pauvre enfant* of a month old could walk, talk, plan, and enter into the details of domestic life, as naturally as the matron of maturer years. Mrs. Etta Ballard, if I mistake not, is of that tender age. Three months ago I was in despair. Now I have a dear little wife who makes home a heaven."

"How enthusiastic you are," she replied, with a bewitching smile; "and yet I share it too fully to chide. Our lives shall be as tranquil as the summer's morn; nay, not so; we will live energetic lives—dispense happiness to those around us—be useful members of society—do all the good we can—so it shall be said of us—the world is better by our living in it. Three months ago a temporary cloud obscured our horizon. This passing episode in our lives we will christen after Shakespeare's comedy—'all's well that ends well.' I firmly believe nothing could induce us to examine our own hearts so closely, and analyze our feelings so thoroughly, as 'THE MISTAKES OF THREE DAYS.'"

--- EVENING HYMN.

BY P. M. HATHAWAY.

Father! hear our evening prayer;
Grant us still thy gracious care;
Be thy Spirit's hallowing-power
Guardian of this quiet hour.

As the smitten rock of old
Poured its stream of wealth untold,
Thus, O God! give us to know
Where thy healing waters flow.

Well we know the path of life
Hath its shadow and its strife;
Yet beneath thy sheltering wing
There can be no sorrowing.

Keep us in the narrow way,
Never let us from thee stray;
More of peace, and more of love,
Father! grant us from above.

PICNICS.

BY MARY L. A. KELLOGG.

WHAT glorious institutions picnics are! I've been told that matches are made in heaven, but it is my opinion that a great many more are made at picnics.

The sun smiled brightly down from a cloudless sky of blue, the soft winds came across the lake freighted with sweet perfume, the air was melodious with the songs of summer birds, the grass and shrubs by the wayside bent their heads, jewelled with sparkling crystals, in silent adoration to the radiant god of day, as my chum Hugh Greyson and myself sallied in the early morning, forth from the college situated about a mile from Newton, on our way to a fourth of July picnic, that was to be held at Beech Grove, about ten miles from N—.

If you've ever been to a picnic you can imagine the scene at the depot. This was the first time that I had attended one of these affairs since my arrival in N—, and I was quite amused on witnessing the bustle of embarkation.

"What place is like a railroad depot, in which to study human nature?" I remarked to Hugh, as we stood on the platform waiting our turn for transportation.

Hereupon I commenced this interesting study, by staring at everybody in general, and pretty girls in particular. The pretty girls found my study of their faces rather disagreeable, I suppose, for I met a decided rebuff from a little golden-haired, blue-eyed fairy, who turned to her companion and called out:

"See here, girls, here's a specimen of human nature in the raw state."

"Complimentary, Tom, by Jove!" said Hugh, as I turned my observations in another direction, attracted by a lady who was leading a little boy and carrying a basket of refreshments. The child, having an inquiring mind, wanted to see something of the world, and at last his mother, getting out of patience, told him, that if he didn't keep still and stay with mamma, the cars would go and leave him, and the naughty man would get him. This made the juvenile set up a howl on a grand scale, and while I was wondering what would become of such mothers, I heard a voice say:

"What a pleasant study you are having, Tom! Shall you have the problem solved when I get back this evening?"

I looked up and there was Hugh's handsome face smiling upon me from one of the ear windows, as the train moved off. I made a dash for the cars, and succeeded in reaching the rear one, and in pitching headlong into the lap of golden-hair and blue-eyes afore-mentioned.

Imagine my feelings! What a situation for a sensitive young gentleman!

I picked myself up as best I could, and, blushing to the roots of my hair, stammered out some incoherent words of apology. As I commenced searching for my hat I heard golden-hair and blue-eyes say something in a very musical voice, that sounded very much like "verdant," followed by a low titter. I found my hat in the far end of the car, and retreated amidst the suppressed laughter of the passengers and the scornful glances of the pretty girls.

After some trouble I found Hugh comfortably ensconced in a corner of the foremost car, his feet at an angle of forty-five, with wreaths of cigar smoke curling round his head.

"Well, old fellow," was his salutation; "how came you here? I did not expect to see you again till night."

Now, wasn't that provoking? I felt savage enough to have choked him; but visions of hangmen flitted before my mind's eye, and I desisted from putting my murderous designs into execution, and, instead, seated myself beside him, in no very enviable mood.

As the cars stopped at Beechwood station, all the passengers made a general rush for the door. Much to my astonishment, I was taken up by the crowd and deposited on the platform.

By Jupiter! the first foot I moved, I put smash down on the white muslin dress of golden-hair and blue-eyes, tearing and spoiling it irremediably.

She uttered a little scream, and on recognizing the author of the mischief, exclaimed, "awkward brute!" and gathering up her ruined trail disappeared in the crowd.

"By Jove, Tom! you're in for adventures,

I should think," said Hugh. "Do you know who that lady is?" said he.

"No; do you?"

"Yes; she is Miss Nettie Wilford, and that little gypsy with black eyes and curls, is her sister Frankie, daughters of Judge Wilford."

"Nettie Wilford!" I echoed in surprise, for Nettie Wilford was the belle of N—, and I had often expressed a wish to make her acquaintance—and I had made it! Was there ever such an unfortunate mortal? Will my lucky star ever predominate?

I walked to the grove in a state of mind better imagined than described. I had made myself supremely ridiculous, in the eyes of the lady I most wished to please.

Arriving at the Grove a busy scene presented itself. Huge wash-boilers were employed in the goddly business of making tea, coffee and chowder. Ice-cream freezers were scattered about, from which circumstance I inferred that ices would be plenty.

Long tables were spread in every direction. Little fairies were flitting here and there, preparing refreshments. Groups were clustered about the foot of some giant of the forest, wearing garlands destined to adorn their own bright locks, or grace the hat of some favored cavalier; some were swinging, others were walking, and everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves generally.

When the refreshments had been partaken of, and after Hugh and I had stowed away a goodly quantity of chowder, and disposed of innumerable ices, I turned to Hugh, and said, "What next, Hugh?"

"Well, Tom," said he, "they are planning a boat ride—suppose we join them."

I assented, and we strolled off in the direction the party were pursuing.

On reaching the highland overlooking the pond on which our pleasure party was to sail, a lovely landscape was unfolded to my admiring gaze. A beautiful silvery lake, its shores fringed by willows that bent their branches to kiss the sparkling waves that danced in the bright sunlight, lay at my feet like a jewel, in its emerald setting of fields of waving grain that stretched beyond far away in the distance, to the blue mountains that melted so gradually into the soft tints of the clear summer sky.

"How beautiful!" I involuntarily exclaimed; but hearing no response from Hugh, I turned and found that he was engaged in saluting a portly gentleman who was escorting a young

lady, whom I recognized as the "gypsy," Frankie.

Hugh led them towards me, his face beaming with pleasure, and formally introduced me to Judge Wilford and daughter. The judge was very happy to meet Mr. Raymond, and Miss Wilford expressed her pleasure at making the acquaintance of Mr. Greyson's friend; said friend being very happy to meet the lady and gentleman, and also thinking that it gave the lady more pleasure to meet Mr. Greyson, who in a very lover-like manner gave her his arm and sauntered slowly down to the boats, leaving his friend to follow with the judge.

On the shore we found the party assembled, patiently awaiting their turn to embark. After a time the ladies were stowed away, their little musical screams and shrieks hushed, and the last fold of refractory crinoline adjusted, when the snowy sails were unfurled to the soft breeze, and the little gala fleet slowly left the shore.

Judge Wilford was seated on my right, and Hugh and Miss Frankie on my left. A number of other ladies and gentlemen completed our party; Their merry jests fell unheeded on my ears, for I was thinking of one who was not there, for whose blue eyes I had looked in vain; and it seemed that others shared my solicitude, for Frankie leaned forward, and said:

"Father, where can Nettie be? I do not see her in any of the boats."

Just at that moment, before the judge could reply, I saw shoot out from a little cove a fairy shallop rowed by the missing maiden. It is the nymph of the lake, thought I, as I gazed on the white-robed figure. Her beautiful curls, escaping from their confinement, floated on the breeze, revealing the pure white of her neck and shoulders, while the gauzy folds of her robe hung gracefully around her exquisite form. One little hand held the single oar which guided her light skiff; in the other was her tiny hat with its long, drooping plumes.

"There, father, there!" said Frankie.

As she neared the party, the gentlemen shouted, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. She waved her snowy-plumed hat in return, lost her balance, trembled, swayed, fell—the blue waves closed over the bright vision, and the little boat drifted away.

"Save her! O save my daughter!" groaned the judge.

My coat and boots were already off, and I

sprang into the water, determined to save her, or perish. I soon neared the place where she had disappeared. There were her hat and wreath, and several yards distant her pale face rose and again disappeared. I plunged madly but missed her, and came to the surface in time to see her sink for the second time.

It was in that moment of peril and danger that I knew I loved Nettie Wilford, as I had never loved woman before. I waited breathlessly for her to re-appear. The seconds seemed ages till the circles of the waves told me she was there. I reached her just as the white face rose for the last time. I clasped one arm around the loved one, and with the other struck out for the shore. By an almost superhuman effort I succeeded in reaching it, and placing my unconscious burthen in the arms of her agonized father.

"O God!" he groaned, as he clasped the inanimate form to his breast; "O, my daughter! my darling Nettie! open your eyes and speak to your old father once more! You must not die! You cannot be dead!"

"My dear, dear sister! O Nettie, speak to me once more!" cried poor Frankie; and with one wild wailing sob she sank fainting into the arms of Hugh.

Miss Wilford was very soon conveyed to a neighboring farm-house, and a physician called. The good dame, assisted by numerous friends, busied in warming blankets and administering restoratives.

As the physician entered the judge took his hand and said, "Save her, doctor, only save her, and my fortune shall be yours."

"All that I can do shall be willingly done, for Nettie, you remember, is a great favorite of mine," said he.

His face wore a grave look as he took Nettie's hand and searched in vain for the pulse. His directions were quickly obeyed by his assistants, and at length their indefatigable exertions were rewarded, as slowly the frozen life-current warmed in the blue veins, and a faint flush stole up to the pale cheeks, the eyelids quivered, and the blue eyes opened once more.

I stole away, thinking that such a re-union would be too sacred for stranger eyes to witness.

I was soon recalled by Hugh's well-known voice, saying:

"Raymond, this way."

I retraced my steps, and found that Miss Wilford had entirely recovered, and the judge was inquiring for me.

"My child," said he, as I entered the room, "this is Mr. Raymond, the gentleman who so bravely risked his life to save yours."

Her cheeks flushed as she recognized the hero of her adventures during the day, and her voice trembled, as she said:

"Pardon my rudeness this morning, and accept my thanks for so nobly rescuing me from a watery grave—a debt which I can never repay."

"There is nothing to forgive," I said, as I kissed her hand. "It is I who should ask your pardon for my awkwardness. In saving you I only did my duty, and I beg that you will not mention it again, for the pleasure of saving a life so precious amply rewards me."

"Mr. Raymond," said the judge, "you must allow me to thank you. Words cannot express my gratitude. I hope that sometime I may have an opportunity of showing by deeds that I am not ungrateful."

"O sir!" said Frankie, "how can I ever thank you for saving my sister?"

I assured her that it would be an easy task, and after having run a gauntlet of congratulations and thanks, retreated with Hugh to the picnic grounds, leaving the rest of the party to follow at their leisure.

"Well, Tom," said Hugh, "what a lucky dog you are."

"Why, yes, lucky in getting half drowned," growled I.

"Well," said Hugh, "I shouldn't mind a good ducking if I could have the pleasure of saving that black-eyed gypsy from going to the bottom of the lake; for she is one of the most charming coquettes that ever bewitched the heart out of a male biped. I don't believe that she would stop flirting if she knew that she was going to get drowned the next minute."

"Certainly not, if she knew you were going to save her."

We were interrupted by the return of our friends. The remainder of the day passed pleasantly to all. I was made happy by Miss Wilford's agreeable society; but at last the delightful day came to a close, as all delightful days must.

As I parted with my new-found friends, I received a cordial invitation to visit them at their residence, an invitation I was not slow in accepting and improving.

Need I tell you, kind reader, how, after graduating, I studied law with the judge, and meanwhile studied a far more interesting page with his lovely daughter.

The judge gave me the treasure I most coveted, and on the same day that I called golden-hair and blue-eyes wife, my friend Hugh and the "gypsy" were made one.

I have just received this very flattering

intelligence from Hugh—they have named their little boy, Tom.

A pocket edition of golden-hair and blue-eyes, by name Frankle, has just given her papa's whiskers a most unmerciful pull.

ALONE.

BY COUSIN MAUDE.

Lips that have breathed sweetest kisses on mine,
Hearts that so fondly I once called my own,
All to the dark, dreary grave I resign!—
I'm alone, all alone!

Alone, all alone! No loved one is near
To reply, when I speak, in the same loving tone;
Naught but the darkness and silence so drear!—
I'm alone, all alone!

Pray for the sinful, pray for the great,
Pray not for me with a heart turned to stone;
Leave me alone to my merciless fate!—
I'm alone, all alone!

Mother, where art thou? O, come to thy child!
List to her, making her pitiful moan!
Mark her wrecked heart and her brain reeling
wild!—
She's alone, all alone!

O Father! dear God! since no earthly one tries,
Do thou, with thy love, hush the heart-rending
groan;
Do thou wipe the scalding tears out from mine
eyes,—
Then no more I'm alone!

THE HUSBAND'S MISTAKE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE wedding day was over. There had been laces, and diamonds, and flowers, and all the decorations and appliances of a rich and showy ceremonial. No tears, however—and, certainly, no smiles. The bride was young and lovely—the groom handsome, intelligent and wealthy. There were two elderly maiden sisters of the bridegroom present, each wearing a look of discontent and annoyance, too deeply marked not to be unmistakable; and there was an elderly lady there whom every stranger might have recognized as his mother. She, too, wore a look little in accordance with the joy of a wedding day, and the marriage, too, of one of her own household. A cold, constrained kiss was given to the young bride after the ceremony had passed, and then the bridal train turned homeward.

The second carriage held the mother and sisters of the bridegroom; and, when fairly seated, the eldest—Miss Fanny Archer—gave vent to her ill humor.

"I never believed that Edmund would marry her, after all. To think, mamma! to think, Harriet! An Archer marrying a Sarsfield!"

The mother groaned aloud.

"Such a stoop!" she said. "O, Edmund has broken his mother's heart, by a marriage so unsuited. I shall never look up again!"

The youngest Miss Archer was equally demonstrative. The bride had, evidently, hard enemies to battle with; if, indeed, she chose to battle at all. Heaven help her, if she was doomed to dwell with foes so bitter as her husband's family were likely to prove. There are no enemies so dangerous as they who live under the same roof—none so implacable and stern.

And yet the object of dislike to the Archers did not seem a person likely to awaken any strong feeling of hatred in any one. She was a good and gentle girl, whose only offence was that of poverty; but poverty, in the eyes of the female Archers, was a crime of the deepest dye.

Edmund Archer had seen Alice Sarsfield but a few times, when he fell in love with her. He was rich and his family exceedingly aristocratic and exclusive. Judge what a blow must have been given them when he announced his intention of making Alice his

wife! "To think of an Archer wedding a Sarsfield!" had been Miss Fanny's oft-repeated exclamation from that moment; as if it were the very climax of folly and wickedness. Never before had it happened that the family had been degraded by a poor connection; and now that it had come into the citadel of their greatness, it threatened to overwhelm them.

Miss Fanny, although plain, red-haired and freckled, had not given up all hopes of making a splendid match, until her brother had destroyed all her prospects. Harriet, on the verge of thirty-five, had been equally sanguine up to the date of his marriage. Her hope had faded—failed altogether. Why should not they hate poor Alice? What man, of their standing, would propose to enter a family where a Sarsfield was the first lady—the wife of the head of the house?

The bride returned from church to the house which Edmund Archer had told her would be her own. Small, indeed, did the possession seem. The other ladies had monopolized the drawing-rooms. No welcome greeted her. No one offered to take her things; and she saw fully that she was expected to go to her chamber and remain there. Two or three hours passed, in which she was momentarily looking for her husband, but he did not come. He was listening to the clamorous complaints that alone greeted his ear. The poor bride! there was not a single kind word said of her. Her shyness and modesty at the church had been tortured into awkwardness and low breeding; her silence on her return was ill humor. It was evident, they said, that she wished them all away. Would Edmund permit her to insult his mother and sisters by such conduct?

"She is very young, mother," answered Edmund. "So much younger than the girls here, that you and they must make some excuse for her. She will learn to love you all, if you will let her."

"Love us! a Sarsfield bestow the bounty of her love upon us? Edmund, you are insulting. You need not think that, because you have been fooled in this matter, we shall follow your example."

"Hush, Fanny! she is my wife now, remember."

"The more's the pity! Remember! Ay, there is no danger of our forgetting that. I wish we could blot it out from the memory of all."

Edmund turned away impatiently.

"You can send for us when dinner is ready.

Until then, I shall stay where my wife stays. She has had no welcome yet from any of you. Mother! I did not think it of *you*. Remember how *you* came, a poor girl, into my father's house. Remember how my grandmother and aunts waived their usual dignity, in order to make *you* feel at home. I know it all from Aunt Sophia. She told me how earnest they all were not to hurt your feelings, or allude in any way to your connections, save in the kindest manner."

Mrs. Archer was conscience-stricken. She did not know that her son had ever suspected that she had been a poor sewing-girl whom his father had brought home to his grandmother's arms and heart, and that, from love to *him*, she had loved and cherished her as kindly as if she had been a born lady. But her daughters had not known of this; and they were eager now that she should deny what they thought only a black falsehood. They were surprised at their mother's silence at the charge; but said nothing.

"Once for all," continued Edmund, "I will have it understood that my wife shall be treated in this house as one of the family. She is kind and sweet-tempered—will never take precedence of you, mother. I am only afraid that she will defer too much to my sisters."

"No danger of that," said Miss Fanny; "it is not probable that she will know her place—"

An indignant look from the insulted brother stopped whatever she was about to say; and they separated until dinner.

It was a dreary meal indeed. Alice felt shy and uncomfortable, under the three pairs of cold blue eyes that fixed their strong gaze upon her whenever she moved or spoke. Edmund said but little, and his sisters maintained a dignified silence. It was very cheerless for a wedding day, and the heart of the young bride was like lead in her bosom. She had looked forward to so much happiness; and now, the three women who sat eyeing her embarrassment, seemed like the three Fates that were to preside over her future destiny.

When, leaning on her husband's arm, she again entered her own room, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"O Edmund, dearest, take me away from this dreadful house! I cannot stay here. Take me anywhere else. I will be happy in the smallest cottage, if I can but escape those cruel eyes. They will haunt me forever!"

"Hush, Alice! I know how you must feel, but remember the persons of whom you speak are my mother and sisters. They love me, and will learn to love you. I will make them love you. Be your own bright, cheerful self. Talk to them—sing your sweet gay songs, and they cannot resist you, I know. Do not let them feel that you notice their coldness, but do all you can to melt the icy manner they adopt towards you."

Edmund's kindness soothed the sobbing girl, and she promised to try to bear this unexpected cross, and to hope for the best.

She did try, faithfully; but every day widened the distance between her and her husband's relations. At first, they contented themselves by simply neglecting her. At the table they offered her none of the courtesies that come in so gracefully and easily in everyday intercourse. They expressed no wish for her to remain with them after the meals were over; and never once expressed a wish to hear the music in which Edmund had told them she was a proficient. It seemed as if they were determined to ignore, if possible, her very existence in the house.

Soon, however, they began to tire of this tame way of proceeding, and adopted a new mode. Everything she did or said, was tortured into a different meaning to what she intended.

One morning, she had asked Harriet to walk with her, and she had accepted the invitation. Just as they were leaving the house, Fannie called out, "Is it possible, Alice, that you are going out in that hideous morning dress? Edmund would feel disgraced to see you out in that."

"Edmund knows that I am wearing it; but if you think it wrong, I will certainly change it for another."

The dress was a beautiful wine-colored merino, with black trimmings, and very appropriate to the cool September morning. She ran up hastily and exchanged it for a dark blue silk, perfectly plain and neat.

"A silk dress for the morning!" exclaimed Fannie, as Alice returned to the breakfast room for Harriet. "One would think you were going to a party. Have you no sense of the fitness of things?"

Edmund had followed his wife down stairs, thinking, by her looks, that something disagreeable was happening. He had entered the room some moments before Fannie caught sight of him. He now said, very quietly:

"Alice, your dress pleases me. So did the

other. Wear which you like best, both now and always. I like your taste, and am safe in thinking that, whatever you wear becomes you. Fannie will, in future, keep quiet on this subject."

No words can describe the anger of his sister at being thus baffled in her attempt to mortify Alice. She inwardly vowed that both Edmund and his wife should rue the words spoken that morning, and she kept her promise.

Thenceforth, she became the deadly enemy of this young bride, and she determined that Edmund's mind should be poisoned against her also. Every art should be tried, to separate the two. She would not give up her brother, and let them go away and live in peace together; but she would contrive to send the wife away in disgrace. Part of her plans she unfolded to Harriet and her mother, who made some feeble show of resistance, but were too anxious to humble Alice, not to fall in eventually.

From that moment, every word and action were marked. Every day, her temper was more sorely tried, until the poor young thing, hunted like a hare, gave utterance to words that, when repeated by the lips of malice, sounded like the language of complaint and even of contempt towards her husband; that husband whom she so worshiped, and whom she would have died to serve. Perhaps there is no person in the world, however pure and good, who can stand the ordeal of a detestable espionage upon every word and action. Motives may be so distorted as to appear exactly the opposite to what they mean; and when once suspicion is allowed to enter the human heart, it is the hardest thing on earth to expel thence.

So it was with Edmund Archer. So constantly were his wife's faults and shortcomings dinned into his ears, so frightful a source of annoyance she had become to him through the arts of his sister, helped on by Harriet and her mother, that he was beginning to wish that he had never seen her.

One morning, Alice went down to breakfast earlier than usual. She could not sleep, thinking of some unkind words uttered by her husband the night before, and she left him asleep, intending to go out in the garden.

Glancing up at Fannie's window which was open, she saw the leaves of a thin book, stirred by the wind, as it lay upon the sill; and presently the freshening breeze blew the whole book from the window, directly at her

feet. She took it up, intending to return it to the owner, when her eye caught her own name upon the still open page. Involuntarily she did what she would have once shrunk from doing—she hid the book beneath her shawl, while she made her way to a spot where the trees hid her from sight and opened the pages.

She found there the record of every day since her marriage—of every thoughtless word and deed, exaggerated, tortured into dislike of her husband, and, to crown the whole, dark hints of something to be concealed from Edmund—hints of a former attachment not yet forgotten—of regrets and murmurs overheard by the writer; and all this mingled with the most cruel and cutting sarcasm.

Had Alice followed her first impulse, to carry the book immediately to her husband, she would have done well—but shame and terror at the charges brought against her, took from her all power of reasoning. She went back slowly to the house, dropped the journal in the pathway, as if the wind had blown it there, and entered the breakfast room. Fannie Archer sat there, employed in some light fancy work. She had evidently not missed the precious book.

Harriet came down and stood listlessly at the window, wondering, in a careless, indolent tone, why her mother had not made her appearance. By-and-by, she yawned something and darted out.

She soon came back, fluttering the leaves of a thin book before Fannie's eyes. The latter looked up, and an angry glow overspread her brow, cheeks and neck, as she snatched it from her sister's hand.

"How dare you?" she uttered, choking with rage.

"Nonsense, Fannie. I found it on the ground, just as it blew, as I suppose, from your window."

Harriet was provoked at her for speaking so angrily, and said, slyly:

"One would think, Alice, that Fannie had been showing us all up, in her journal. It evidently disturbs her to think that we have seen it. And now I think of it, Alice, did not I see you pick up this very book and run away with it?"

Poor Alice! she crimsoned with shame and mortification, and would have given anything she possessed to have been able truthfully to deny the charge.

Fannie said, sarcastically:

"No indeed. *Mrs. Archer* would not do anything so mean as to read what was not intended for her!"

And Alice, at this, could do nothing but burst into tears and leave the room.

When she had gone, Harriet asked her sister what was in the book.

"Enough to make *her* wish she had never come here—enough to make Edmund choose between her and us—enough to ruin her in his estimation, or leave her queen over this house."

"Why, Fan! do you think it would make such a serious matter?"

"I do—and it will turn accordingly as she or I chance to talk with him first."

"And, if you see him first, what will you do?"

"I shall give him the book, and say to him confidently, 'Edmund, in this book is your wife's real character. I have watched her thus long, for your sake, and here is the result of my watching. She is false, vain, ignorant and proud. She is no fit wife for you, and she does not love you. Her conduct is what I have here described it. Her conduct is what no true man can ever forgive.'"

"Fan, I shall say to you what you said when I gave you the book—how dare you?"

"I dare to do what you would tamely sit by and see without seeking to prevent. You would see a low-born girl queening it over yourself and me."

"I cannot think such is the intention of Alice."

"I know it. I feel that unless we shorten her reign, our own is over forever."

And Fannie worked her card well for her own purpose. Thunder-struck at seeing so many evidences of his wife's delinquencies toward him, he soon began to make her home miserable indeed. He did not turn her away, but he made it impossible for her to stay. Perfectly innocent of every charge brought against her, she was yet powerless to defend herself against an accusation so specious as Fannie's note-book furnished.

Her temper was now fully aroused; and she left his house forever. She scorned the protection that was insufficient to shield her from the malice of a false and arrogant girl; and quietly stepped into the carriage to depart, without apparent regret or emotion.

In one of the most retired streets of our city, one may see every morning, a lady, plainly dressed, leaving her one attic room, with a bundle of work which she carries to a

certain shop for ready-made linen. No one knows who she is; not even the woman who employs her—but the latter knows that she works exquisitely, and is anxious to retain her in her employ.

If you follow her to her room, you would see a little child—it is for that child she works, night and day. No one, in the house that was once here, knows that such a child was born to the name of Archer.

In that house, a miserable man sits all day long, without a single object to interest or

employ his mind. He believes that the wife whom he so loved is unworthy—that she is basely living with another; for so he has been told by one whose malice drove her from his arms. There is not a more miserable being than Edmund Archer; and yet the wife and child who would make him so happy, are not many streets off from his palace-home. He knows not that he is a father, yet he would worship such a child as little Grace.

Earth has strange compensations in her gift—will not Heaven award them better?

EXPERIENCE OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL-TEACHER.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"I CANNOT begin my story in the declaiming language of a humorous story-writer, 'I once took a school, and goodness knows I'll never take another'—as my first experience in teaching was anything but agreeable.

"I was a graduate of the State Normal School, and considered myself proficient in the art of teaching before I applied for a school. I applied for several schools, but was unsuccessful. At last, I applied for a school in Bushy Hollow, and in due time received the following note:

"MISS FLORA FITZJERSEY:—

"I have been trying for two months to obtain a teacher for our school. I at once laid your application before the board of trustees, and it was voted, 'That Miss Fitzjersey teach the school in Bushy Hollow, at a compensation of two dollars per week.' I deem it but honorable to state that this school has a bad reputation. No one ever applied for it a second time, or was ever known to make teaching a profession after trying the experiment here. I will advise how to conduct your school when you arrive. You may begin next Monday. You may board with me.

"Very respectfully,

"SOLOMON STRAIGHT,

"Bushy Hollow, June—"

"The next Monday morning I started bag and baggage—the former, like the effects of most country school-marms, including the latter—for Bushy Hollow. Having arrived at that interesting locality, I proceeded at once to the residence of Mr. Solomon Straight. "Mr. Straight was a hard-looking man. He informed me he used to keep school—was an

old-fashioned schoolmaster, and that he had a very high opinion of the old-fashioned way of teaching.

"There has been much difficulty in the school you are about to take," said he. "It is somewhat peculiar. It is successful only as long as the scholars stand in fear of the teacher. If a teacher would succeed in this locality, he must neither allow himself to become attached to his scholars, nor allow them to approach him in a familiar manner. When I used to teach school, a scholar would have as soon thrown sticks to a bear as to have disobeyed me, or even to have brought me a bunch of flowers."

"Judge Tamey," said he, looking very solemn, "announced the principle that negroes have no rights that white men are bound to respect; it is a principle equally true that scholars have no rights that teachers are bound to respect. The reason in both cases is the same. Scholars, like black men, have no legal rights, nor any discretion nor judgment worthy of the consideration of their superiors. I would remind my pupils of these grave facts in my opening speech."

"I endeavored to fix these important ideas in my mind.

"On going to school," he continued, "I would find a large prickly stick, and take it with me. I would show it to my scholars in my opening address, and give them to understand at the outset, that I meant to enforce discipline. Such an exhibition as that would at once produce a wholesome effect. I would say to my scholars something like this:

"Scholars, if need be, I shall break your backs, and I shall break your heads, but no

rule of mine shall ever be broken with impunity.'

"I endeavored to impress this very forcible remark upon my mind.

"As soon as a scholar,' continued my adviser, 'violates one of the rules of the school, I should chastise him most severely, as a warning to others.'

"Mr. Straight's ideas of teaching were not exactly my own, but it was necessary for me to teach somewhere, and this was the only situation that offered itself; I therefore determined to obey my instructions most explicitly, in order to give satisfaction and to succeed. There is one advantage, thought I, in having a hard school—if I succeed, the greater will be my triumph and my reputation.

"Mr. Straight directed me to the school-house. I started, feeling rather faint-hearted, and looking on both sides of the way for a suitable stick. I endeavored to arrange in my mind my opening address, which was to consist of a dramatic show of the stick, an allusion to the defunct Judge Taney, and the startling announcement about the broken backs and heads.

"I at last found a stick that I thought would do, and went along, waving it in a most authoritative manner, and exclaiming: 'Scholars, if need be, I will break your backs, and I will break your heads, but no rule of mine shall ever be broken with impunity.'

"Hooray!" shouted some one over the wall. 'That's the talk! Smart gal that! Guess she'll make um toe the mark!'

"I looked around, dreadfully frightened, and saw a rusty old codger, with his mouth wide open and his hat in hand.

"Hooray!" shouted he, swinging his hat.

"I stepped very quick for the next half mile, casting furtive glances behind.

"I at last lost sight of my enthusiastic admirer, and came in sight of the school-house. Here I mustered up all my courage for my *debut*. I marched into the school-house with the air of a duchess, and violently rung the bell.

"Scholars," said I, as soon as they were assembled—I felt violently agitated—"Scholars, you see *that*!"

"Here I held up the stick.

"Judge Taney says," I continued, feeling very shaky about the heart—"Judge Taney says—"

"Here followed a long pause. I began to shake all over from head to foot.

"Judge Taney says," said I, spasmodically,

determined to say something; 'Judge Taney says, that you have no rights that I am bound to respect. I'll break your backs and I'll break your heads, but—'

"Here I trembled so all over that I lost my idea, and was obliged to sit down. So this was my opening speech.

"The next thing was to adopt rules for the school. I had, an hundred and twenty-four with me in my portfolio, all good ones, which had been written down while at the Normal School. I concluded, however, that, before I adopted any rules, I would submit them to my superior, Mr. Straight. So I ordered the scholars to fold their arms, and pointed significantly at the stick. I resolved to be systematic, and, therefore, to assign no lessons until the rules were adopted. So I sat and looked as sour as I possibly could until noon, the scholars sitting before me with folded arms, and looking quite as cross as their teacher.

"At noon I went to Mr. Straight and told him, that, in order to be systematic, I had thought best to assign no lessons before adopting rules for the government of the school, and that, before adopting rules, I had deemed it prudent to submit the matter to him. He gave me credit for a prodigious amount of wisdom and discretion. I submitted to him the one hundred and twenty-four rules of which I had made memoranda at the Normal School; he approved of them all, and added twenty more, making in all, one hundred and forty-four needful rules and regulations.

"Only enforce these," said Mr. Straight, 'and, in one week, your school will revolve around you like satellites around their luminary.'

"In the afternoon I established my government, which was an absolute monarchy. The rules and regulations were very explicit. The scholars were forbidden to look behind them, or before them, or on either side of them, or to move their arms, or their legs, or their lips. They were to come in in military order, and to go out in military order, and to go into their classes at the sound of a bell, and to be dismissed, singing:

'Children go,
To and fro,
In a merry pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright,
'Tis a happy, happy sight!'

which doggerel is a fair specimen of the poetry found in most of our school music books. If I were to prepare a music book for schools, I would put in Watts's hymns or Moore's Irish melodies—almost anything but the senseless twaddle now in vogue.

"In about five minutes after I had announced my regulations to the school, Tim Flounder turned round, thereby violating rule No. 144. I seized my stick and made a dive for him. He attempted to run out of the door, but I was too smart for him; he then dodged me and crawled under the desks. I run the stick under after him, and thrashed it about in a furious manner, but whenever it was in danger of hitting him, he caught hold of the end, and each time he caught hold of it he broke off a piece. This was perplexing. At last I crawled under the desks after the little rascal, but he was very small, and thereby had the advantage of me in a race under them, and so kept out of my reach. I therefore emerged, covered with dirt and very red in the face.

"If I ever do get hold of that there young one," said I, striding across the room, "if I ever do get hold of that there young one—"

"Just then I stumbled over a half bushel of feet and legs, and fell sprawling on the floor. Jerusha Bowen had broken the one hundred and forty-third regulation, moving her feet into the aisle. Here was a case for discipline that I meant to improve.

"When I arose, which was pretty quick, for I was mad, I looked at my stick, and found it so badly broken as to be unfit for service. That little boy Tim had rendered it a non-combatant most effectually. While I was deliberating what to do, Tim escaped out of the door, exclaiming:

"If you ever do get hold of this young one agin, you just let us know, wont ye?"

"He was gone, and my first case of discipline had proved a failure. What was to be done with Jerusha? I would shake her. I laid violent hands on her, telling her I would shake her daylight out. She looked very calm, and said, 'Well, shake.' I undertook it, but, as she weighed an hundred and eighty, and I only ninety-five, the attempt proved very unsatisfactory. By this time all the school were in confusion and laughing. The one hundred and forty-second rule was broken, and that, too, by the whole school, Jerusha included. I resolved to send for Mr. Straight, and accordingly sent one of the little girls for him. It was not long before I

saw him coming, bringing a monstrous stick, and showing by his gait that he was much excited. The scholars saw him, and began to smell a pretty large mice. The big boys started for the door without singing the dainty song I had taught them, and made the best use of their wits and legs, ditto the small boys, ditto the girls, all but Jerusha. She sat perfectly calm.

"Mr. Straight came in excitedly.

"Where are the culprits?" thundered he.

"All are fled, but Jerusha," said I. "She deserves hanging, she does, a good-for-nothing hussy!"

"Here I sat down and began to cry.

"Jerusha," said he, "come into the entry."

"Jerusha obeyed. He shut the door, and I was left the sole occupant of the school-room.

"Presently I heard a thrashing in the entry. He is giving her a dreadful castigation, thought I. I began to feel sorry for her; her fault wasn't very great, after all; I couldn't bear to have her beaten with a cudgel; so I thought I would open the entry door, and say something to mitigate her punishment.

"What do you think I saw?"

"Mr. Straight with one hand was thrashing an old shawl belonging to one of the fugitive scholars, with the other hand he was drawing Jerusha affectionately towards his lips, and she was in the act of imprinting upon them— Pshaw!

"I took my bonnet and started for Mr. Straight's. I took my budget and started for home, resolving never to apply for a school again.

"But my resolution was not kept. My Cousin Ellen took the same school and taught it successfully. She came to visit me at the close of the term.

"Ellen," said I, "how did you ever succeed in keeping that school?"

"I found no difficulty. Scholars have rights, and they respect and are pleased to obey the teacher who respects those rights."

"O!"

"He arouses the worst passions of his pupils who threatens a school. Hatred begets hatred, and love begets love. A kind and considerate example on the part of the teacher is always met half way by his pupils. The teacher who wins the affections of his pupils, possesses the true element of success."

"O!"

"A school kept in subjection through fear of the rod will sooner or later cause the

teacher and the community trouble. Scholars should be so educated morally that their sense of obligation to themselves, to their parents, to their future, both in this life and in the life which is to come, shall be so keen that they will govern themselves. A teacher whose chief aim is discipline, makes his school, not a seat of learning and moral advancement, but a house of correction, and the moral influence of such a school is bad. There is nothing that promotes moral strength and exalts character in mere eye-service.'

"O!"

"What kind of a scholar did you find Jerusha Bowen?" I inquired a few days afterwards.

"She did not attend my school. She was married about a week after it opened."

"Married! Mercy!—to whom?"

"To Solomon Straight, the district trustee."

"O!"

"I took another school, and applied Ellen's principles, and—succeeded."

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY, Aunt Patty, are you going to wear that red pongee handkerchief tied over your bonnet?" said Alice Leighton, a young girl of eighteen.

"To be sure I am," replied her aunt, proceeding to tie the handkerchief, folded in the form of a triangle, over a straw cottage bonnet, of a form which had for several years been obsolete. "Why shouldn't I wear it?" said she, turning sharply round so as to face her niece, when she had satisfied herself that it was so securely tied that the knot wouldn't be likely to slip.

"Because it looks so queer—so different from what anybody else wears."

"Well, I ain't going to risk taking cold, and having a sore throat, or the ague in my face, if it does look queer. There's a raw, north-east wind this morning, and it's full ten miles to the depot. I've found out by experience that there's always some one stage-sick, or rabid about having fresh air, among the passengers in a public conveyance, who must have the windows open. Now, brother"—turning to Mr. Leighton, a gentlemanly looking man of forty—"you mustn't forget your promise to come to Saratoga, and to bring Alice and Juliet with you."

"I'll try not to, if—"

"There isn't to be any ifs about it. If you are all alive and well, you must come—that's settled."

"So be it, then," said her brother.

"Now, brother, this way if you please. I want to say something to you before I go;"

and unclenching the door of an adjoining apartment, she held it open till he had entered, and then followed him.

Alice and Juliet, who were cousins, could hear her talking in low, yet earnest tones, to which her brother replied, as far as they could judge, in rather an expostulatory manner, though not without suppressed merriment.

"Now, Robert Leighton," said she, as she re-entered the room; "be sure to mind what I've told you, for there are people in the world lying in wait for the unwary, who are like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour."

Before he had time to answer, the rumbling of wheels was heard.

"There, the stage will be here in less than two minutes," said Miss Patty. "Good morning, girls, and remember that you must go to the city right off, and get one of the best mantua-makers there, not only to fit, but to make your dresses. It must be one that is skillful and expert, and you must have everything you need that is handsome and fashionable. If you scrimp yourselves, I shall be right down angry, for I don't wish you to be eclipsed by anybody in this part of the world."

By this time the stage-coach had stopped opposite the gate of the white paling, enclosing a yard in front of the house filled with flowers and sweet-scented shrubs.

Miss Patty's trunk, which stood ready outside the gate, was all the luggage she had, if we except sundry parcels contained in her pocket, a kind of *terra incognita* of a breadth and depth never dreamed of by pickpockets.

When the coach door was opened ready for

her to step in, she turned her head and said, in a strong, cheery voice:

"Good luck, girls!—there isn't a single passenger. I shall have the stage all to myself."

She did not stop for an answer, but stepping briskly into the lumbering vehicle, she settled herself on the back seat in a manner to make herself as comfortable as possible.

The road was one she had never travelled before, her own home being in a different direction from her brother Leighton's, so that the scenery and such buildings as were in sight, were all new to her. About half of the ten miles between her brother's residence and the depot was accomplished, and she was felicitating herself upon not being annoyed by fellow-passengers, when they came in sight of a handsome, commodious dwelling surrounded by highly-cultivated grounds, the approach to which was by an avenue shaded by elms. A sturdy-looking lad stood near the entrance of the avenue, by the side of a wheelbarrow, on which were trunks, boxes and valises, while two young men very fashionably dressed, were taking leave of a third in much plainer attire, but much handsomer, and who—as Miss Patty afterward said in speaking of him—looked as if he had forgotten more than they ever knew, or ever would.

"Well, Milverne, when may we look for you at Saratoga?" said one of the young men.

"A week from to-day," was his answer. "If anything happens to prevent me from going, I will write."

"A pleasant morning, my good woman," said the porter and the more dandyfied-looking of the two, as assuming an air of mock deference, he seated himself opposite Miss Patty. As she took no notice of him, but kept her eyes fixed steadfastly on some object she saw from the coach window, he repeated the salutation in a voice much louder than at first. Still she took no notice of him, so when his companion, having finished his leave-taking, entered the coach, he remarked to him that the old woman was deaf as a post, so they need be under no restraint in discussing whatever subject they chose. After a while, he who had addressed Miss Patty said to his companion:

"Carson, I'm confounded sorry we didn't have a chance to make the acquaintance of the Leightons, while we were at Milverne's."

"Why?"

"Don't you know what Dan Wilde said about them the other day?"

"No, I've never heard him say anything about them."

"O, I remember now, that you were not present."

"Well, what did he say?"

"That Squire Leighton's two daughters are among the greatest prospective heiresses in the county."

"How can that be? Leighton is nothing but a village lawyer, and Milverne told me that he and his family were obliged to practise the most rigid economy to make both ends meet."

"But he didn't tell you about the village lawyer's rich sister?"

"No."

"Then he doesn't wish you to know he has one. He didn't mention it to me, either."

"Well, what about this sister?"

"Why, Wilde says she has half a million in her own right, left her by some bachelor cousin, I believe, and that her two nieces, Alice and Juliet, are to share it equally."

"Are to share it? Don't you know, Derrick, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?"

"If I don't, it isn't for lack of experience in such matters."

"Did Wilde tell you how old this rich aunt is?"

"He didn't know, but thinks she's pretty well along in the vale of years."

"There'll be no chance of our meeting her and her nieces at Saratoga, I suppose."

"No, I think not. Wilde said that she keeps pretty closely at home, and that he understood she's something of an invalid, and a real miser. I must contrive some way to get acquainted with her. I flatter myself that if I had the opportunity, that I could so ingratiate myself into the old lady's favor, that she would think herself a fortunate woman to have Giles Derrick for a nephew."

Just then Aunt Patty, who had been carefully sounding the depths of her capacious pocket, took thence a little round paper mache box, and, apparently unconscious of the winks and nods of her travelling companions, first giving two or three smart raps with her knuckles on the cover, she opened the box and disclosed some fresh rappee, which emitted a strong odor of bergamot.

"Take a pinch, young gentlemen?" said she, holding the box towards them.

Each declined by a negative shake of the head. Derrick remarked to his companion, imagining that she could not hear:

"The old goody supposes she's doing the civil thing by us to offer us her rappee."

"Don't like snuff? Well, I never. You can't think how much good 'twould do you, specially if it makes you sneeze well. That's all the beauty of taking snuff. Strange you don't like it," said she, with well-feigned astonishment, yet, without taking any herself, she replaced the cover, and restored the box to her pocket.

In a few minutes they arrived at the depot. The cars were already in sight, and were there by the time she had stepped from the stage. While her luggage was being transferred, she watched the two dandies, as she called Derrick and Carson, to see which car they entered, and sought a seat in another, not caring to be near them any longer.

CHAPTER II.

DERRICK and Carson were standing on the veranda in front of Congress Hall. They had been a week at Saratoga.

"Milverne will be here to-day," said Derrick.

"Yes, that is what he told us, and I should think it was about time for him to be here."

Half an hour later a dozen gentlemen or more arrived, and a still larger number of ladies. Aunt Patty saw from her window that her brother had come, but did not at once recognize two young ladies, decidedly the best dressed and most stylish looking of the new arrivals, as Alice Leighton and Juliet Burford. The latter was the cousin of Alice, and not her sister, as supposed by Derrick.

Rooms airy and pleasant had been secured for them by their aunt, and thither they were at once conducted.

"Those two young ladies have quite the air of the *Aunt ton*," remarked Carson.

"Yes," replied Derrick, "and their beauty is really quite bewildering. I should like to know who they are."

"So should I, and my first business will be to find out, and I tell you now that I shall choose the blue-eyed one for my partner at the ball to-morrow evening."

"I am glad to hear it, for the moment I saw them, I made up my mind to take the maid of the raven locks, as the would-be village poet I once met in my travels was wont to describe a tall, angular maiden of uncertain age, with coarse, black hair and swarthy skin."

"You are welcome to her, for if others

think as I do, the maid of the golden locks will be *la reine du bal*."

Both Derrick and Carson were so well satisfied as to their own superior attractions, that they had no misgivings as to the possibility of their being refused by the young ladies.

"We must hunt up Aunt Patty," said Juliet, as she and Alice began divesting themselves of their travelling attire.

"I don't believe that she knows we've arrived," said Alice, "or she would have been here to welcome us."

"Yes she did know it," said a voice behind them.

"Why, auntie," exclaimed both of the girls at once, each rushing towards her.

"You seem real glad to see me," said Aunt Patty.

"I seem just as I feel, then," said Alice; "and as for Juliet, I know she's glad."

"That I am," said Juliet. "And I must tell you, for I don't believe you know yourself, that you look real handsome in this rich silk and pretty lace cap."

"Yes," said Alice; "but, auntie, you *did* look as if you came out of the ark, that morning you left our house."

"I think I did look rather antiquated, but I had my reasons for dressing in that style."

"What were they? Do tell us," said Juliet. "Not now. Perhaps I may sometime."

After sitting and chatting a few minutes, Aunt Patty said:

"It is now time for you to dress for dinner; and though you may be amused at the idea of having me, your old-fashioned aunt, preside at your toilet, I think I may be able to make some suggestions as to what is best adapted to your different styles of beauty, which may be worth attending to."

"We know you can," said Alice.

"There, I think you'll do very well now for two little country girls," said Aunt Patty. "Look in the tall glass, and see how you like yourselves."

"For my part," said Juliet, "I didn't think it possible for me to look so well."

"And I should hardly know myself," said Alice, "the metamorphosis is so great."

It must be confessed that Aunt Patty had succeeded admirably in her selection of such colors and ornaments as would show to the best advantage the fresh yet delicate bloom of Alice's complexion, and the darker, richer beauty of Juliet's.

"You look well—now mind that you behave well," said Aunt Patty, sententiously.

CHAPTER III.

ALBERT MILVERNE, the gentleman who promised Derrick and Carson that he would be at Saratoga in a week from the day he took leave of them, having arrived at the time specified, was in season for the ball.

Soon after his entrance into the ball-room, his attention was attracted by Alice and Juliet.

"You know who they are?" said he, to Derrick.

"No, I haven't yet ascertained. Do you?"

"Yes; that pretty blonde is Squire Leighton's daughter."

"And that splendid brunette—isn't she his daughter, too?"

"No; that is Miss Juliet Burford, her cousin."

"But Squire Leighton has two daughters. At any rate, Dan Wilde told me he had."

"He was mistaken."

"And he was mistaken about the rich aunt he told me about, I suppose?"

"No; they have a rich aunt, who, it is said, intends to share her property equally between them."

"If that's the case, it will be just the thing for Carson and I to carry out our plan."

"Is it of a nature to prohibit your taking a third person into your confidence?"

"That depends on who the person is. I shan't mind telling you, for, as you have wealth enough and to spare, it is unnecessary for you to resort to so desperate a remedy as marriage for the benefit of your purse. Your heart, moreover, as I've been given to understand, is shielded by armor of proof against the love-shafts of that little archer called Cupid."

"Well, what is the plan you hinted at?"

"You know that Carson has lived beyond his income, and so have I. There is no alternative for either of us, except to marry some lady of wealth. So, as soon as we heard of these two heiresses presumptive, we agreed that we would make use of all reasonable means to bring about an introduction to them, and then woo and win them."

"And that was before you had even seen them?"

"Yes, we thought they were sisters then, and as Carson is several years older than I am, I was to take the younger, irrespective of their personal charms or acquired accomplishments."

"Quite a cool proceeding. Now that you've seen them, what do you agree upon?"

"Why, you know that we were still unaware

that they were the two heiresses, not having learned their names; but we could see that they were splendid girls, so, mindful of the injunction—"catch pleasure as it flies"—Carson agreed to be particularly attentive to the blonde this evening, and I was to do the same in regard to the brunette."

"With their leave, it might not have been amiss to add."

"That is of course understood. But as far as I am concerned, I've no misgivings about that matter. I flatter myself that there is nothing so particularly repulsive in my looks and manners, as to make it difficult for me to ingratiate myself into the favor of a little unsophisticated country girl, whose most exalted ideas of fashionable society have, no doubt, been derived from a corn-husking, or a quilting; or at best, from one of those exquisitely genteel parties where they sit all in a row to sip tea, and eat cup-cake and cookies."

"We'll admit all that; yet, were I you, and could like you boast of being one of the best gamblers in the country, I should as soon expect to win a dozen argosies freighted with gold and precious gems by the turn of a die, as to succeed in winning such a girl as Juliet Burford. Just look at her, and observe her imperial air."

"I've done that already, and consider it one of her chief attractions."

"And her night-black eyes—have you noted them? They look soft enough; but take my word for it, there are lightnings in their dreamy depths which may flash up and assert their electric life, if occasion demand."

"She may be a shrew—a second Katherine—for aught that I care—as I feel myself fully competent to sustaining a character which will entitle me to be called Petruchio the Second."

"Derrick, you entirely misapprehend her."

"I can at least see the outward, if not the inner life. I can see the graceful poise of her head, the superb curve of her ruby lips, and her rich, abundant hair, shining—well, I don't know exactly what to say."

"Shining with a kind of golden gloom,
Like sunshine on a raven's wing,"

said Milverne, finding that Derrick hesitated.

"I can only repeat that your courage is greater than mine would be, were I in your place."

"Her beauty inspires my courage," said Derrick. "I thank my stars that I'm not troubled with any such feelings of humility as you refer to. Shall you dance, Milverne?"

"Not this set. You will, I suppose?"

"Yes, and with Miss Juliet."

"Then you had better be on the alert, for I see that her Cousin Alice has just accepted for a partner a gentleman of strikingly elegant appearance."

"Why, Carson said that he should invite her to dance the first set with him."

At the conclusion of the dance, Derrick conducted Juliet to a seat, and remained near her.

"Do you see that old lady in a black silk dress, sitting on the same sofa with Miss Leighton?" he asked.

Juliet signified that she did.

"She reminds me," Derrick went on to say, "of a dowdyish-looking woman whom Carson and I met in the stage-coach, a short time since. She made capital fun for us."

"And was she benevolent enough to be pleased with the idea of affording amusement to two such young gentlemen?"

"O, she didn't know that we were laughing at her; and what was most laughable of all, she didn't appear to imagine but that she was fully equal to us—that her social position was as high as ours."

"To consider herself on a level with you, was indeed a great mistake. She must have been exceedingly obtuse."

"I don't think she was very bright; but then she couldn't hear a word we said. There was some allowance to be made on that account."

"Do you mean that she was deaf?"

"Certainly I do. I couldn't make her hear a word."

Just then Mr. Leighton, Juliet's uncle, accompanied by Albert Milverne, approached the sofa where his sister and daughter were sitting. Although too distant to hear what was said, they could see that he gave Milverne an introduction to each of the ladies.

"I have several times during the day noticed the gentleman with my friend Milverne," said Derrick, "but have not yet learned his name. Can you tell me who he is?"

"I can. See, they are coming this way. Wait a minute, and I will introduce you," replied Juliet.

Juliet's color heightened a little, for she recognized in Albert Milverne, the handsome, intellectual-looking gentleman, who a few months previously had, at considerable risk to himself, arrested her runaway horse, which, from sudden fright, had become unmanageable.

Juliet had only time to give Derrick the promised introduction to her uncle, when her aunt and cousin coming that way, she extended to him the same courtesy as regarded them.

"O, Mr. Derrick and I have met before. I am considerably acquainted with him," said her aunt.

"Pardon me, madam," said he, "but I believe you are mistaken. I've no recollection of ever having had the opportunity to cultivate your acquaintance," said Derrick.

"Why, don't you remember that you and another chap, full as polite and deferential in his behaviour as you were, rode with me in the stage six or seven miles, about a week ago? I offered you some rappee—first quality—and you not only refused to take a pinch, but made fun on me for my pains. If I rightly remember, you and t'other one expressed some curiosity about Squire Leighton's rich sister. You now have a chance to gratify it, though it may be a disappointment to you, to find that I am not so far declined in the vale of years as a certain Mr. Wilde you mentioned gave you reason to believe. Disappointments will happen, however, and as I may never have another so good an opportunity, I will just say to you now, never indulge in ridiculing any person whatever. If you do, ten to one something unpleasant will result from it, which will recoil upon yourself."

CHAPTER IV.

As has already been mentioned, Albert Milverne had on one occasion been so fortunate as to rescue Juliet Burford from danger. Very soon afterward he succeeded in ascertaining that she was Squire Leighton's niece; but she had never received the least intimation as to who the gentleman was, or where he lived, whose courage and presence of mind had in all probability saved her life. This might, in part, be owing to his having since that time been obliged to be absent from home.

It is now several weeks since they met at Saratoga. It had not required all this time to make him sensible that he loved Juliet Burford truly and devotedly; and when at the close of a bright September day, while the twilight shadows were softly weaving themselves into the sunset brilliance, he told his love, she did not refuse to tell him in return

that it was reciprocated. But even then, though no bigger than a man's hand, a cloud was gathering.

Time passed on. Three more days would bring the time appointed for the wedding, and still the sky remained calm and serene.

The bridal robe of costly lace softening the sheen of the rich satin gleaming through its meshes, delicate enough to have been woven by fairy fingers, was lying on a velvet lounge. The veil, wreath of orange flowers, and other articles belonging to the trousseau, over which was cast a shimmer of dazzling radiance, struck by a stray sunbeam from a set of jewels lying near a newly opened casket, were strewn about in gay confusion. Her cousin Alice, whose own marriage was to take place as soon as some western claims could be settled to the satisfaction of those concerned, the principal of whom was her fiancée, a gentleman by the name of Morley, whom she met, for the first time, at Saratoga, had just clasped the diamond necklace round Juliet's neck, that they might judge of its effect.

"Nothing could better suit your style of beauty," said Alice; but before Juliet had time to look and see for herself, the attention of both the girls was arrested by something which quickly glancing in at a window, opening on a vine-shaded balcony, fell on the floor.

It proved to be a little three-cornered billet directed to Miss Juliet Burford.

"From Mr. Milverne, I suppose," said Alice, picking it up and handing it to her cousin.

"No; this isn't his writing," said Juliet, glancing at the superscription.

Opening it, she read as follows:

"You think that you are going to be married to one who loves you; but it is the fifty thousand dollars he loves, which your aunt intends giving you as a bridal present. He loved a beautiful and innocent girl before he ever saw you, and loves her still, as well as he can love anything except money. If you doubt this assertion, as soon as you receive this, go to the little grove of maples near the shore of the lake, where unseen by them, you can witness an interview between Milverne and the broken-hearted girl who has been cruelly deceived."

Alice had been called from the room while Juliet was reading this anonymous missive. She at once determined to go to the place mentioned, which by walking fast, she could reach in twenty minutes. She was surprised at her own calmness, as putting on a little close hood, and wrapping a shawl around her, she left the

house by a side door, and took a well-beaten path which led directly to the grove.

Soon after her arrival she heard the dip of oars. Though the last vestiges of day had nearly faded, by the moon's clear, unclouded light, she could see a small boat headed in a direction which would bring it near the spot where she stood. She could see, too, that it had but one occupant. In a few moments the keel of the little boat grated on the hard, white sand, the clear shoal water dancing around its prow in sparkling ripples.

The moonbeams shone full in the face of a young girl, who first bending forward in an attitude, as if eagerly searching for the presence of some one, sprang ashore. The sudden action caused a scarf which had been lightly bound round her head, to slip down to her shoulders, revealing a profusion of golden hair, which fell in clustering curls round a face and brow which looked very fair, and very sad in the white moonlight.

Almost at the same moment, Juliet became aware that a horse was advancing at a smart trot along the shore of the lake, which half a mile back diverged from the high road. The young girl who came in the boat must have heard it too, but she made no sign. She might not know the horse's step as well as the other listener. To Juliet it had come to be as familiar as the sound of her own voice; and yet, it cost her a keen heart-pang, when at the first glimpse of the rider, she could no longer cherish a doubt that it was Albert Milverne.

Dashing up to a clump of saplings that grew a little back from the shore, he sprang from his horse and threw the reins over one of the stouter of the young trees.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come," said the girl, hastening to meet him.

"Didn't I promise to meet you here?" said he.

"Yes; but you have so much to think of, and to engage your time and attention. And then life must look so bright and so enchanting just now."

"Let what will happen, I shall never forget you, Mary. You know that we loved one another when we were little children."

"Yes, I do know it; and I know that you are good and kind, and yet—don't blame me for saying so—my heart is almost broken."

"Try and be as cheerful as you can. I will, if possible, see you at your own home to-morrow. I am sorry that you had to cross the lake this evening, but it is such a long way for me to go round—and there's no boat by

which I could cross from this side. If there had been, I would have rowed over. I think you had better go now. Here's the money I spoke to you about. Take it, and keep it till I see you. You're not afraid to cross alone, are you?"

"O no, not in the least. You will certainly come to-morrow?"

"I will if I possibly can. Come, Mary dear, I can't let you stay any longer." And taking her hand, he led her towards the boat. They continued to talk as they walked along, but their faces being turned from her, Juliet could not hear what they said. Wishing to regain her room without having been missed, she hastened homewards by the same path by which she had come. Milverne must have delayed his final leave-taking longer than he had intended, for Juliet had been in her room several minutes when she heard him ride up to the house. Then she heard his step on the veranda. Alice was there.

"I'm glad you've come," said she, "for I need help to fasten up this vine, which a few moments ago I found trailing in the dust."

"I'll assist you with pleasure—but where's Juliet?"

"She was in her room when I last saw her."

"Will you please let her know that I am here? I have something I wish to speak to her about?"

"Juliet—Juliet," rung out the silvery voice of Alice, at the foot of the staircase.

No answer. So lightly ascending the stairs, Alice opened the door and looked into Juliet's room.

"Albert Milverne has come," said she.

"I know he has."

"Well, you must go down—he wishes to see you."

"He must excuse me this evening—I don't feel well."

"I don't believe he will be willing to excuse you. He says he has something he wishes to speak to you about."

"No, Alice—I can't see him—I must have time to think."

"What has happened to you, Juliet? You seemed well and happy a short time ago."

"And I was."

"If you can't see him to-night, when will you? He will wish to know."

"To-morrow I will write to him. I don't know that I shall ever see to see him again."

Alice's hand was on the door-latch, when she suddenly thought of the letter, which had

been thrown in at the window. She turned sharply round.

"Juliet," said she, "who wrote that letter which was thrown into the room?"

"I don't know. There was no name to it."

"Well, I believe it was written by some one who wishes to make mischief. Confess now, there was something in it which makes you refuse to see Albert Milverne."

"Alice, what I have seen and heard this evening causes me to decline seeing him more than anything in that letter. I must have time for reflection."

"You ought to see him now. Whatever may have taken place, it is better to have an immediate explanation."

"I don't think that I shall see him at all. As I have said, I will write to him to-morrow."

"And that is what you wish me to say to him?"

"Yes—'twill be best."

A piece of paper was handed to Juliet early next morning, on which was written:

"Juliet, I must see you. If I have said or done anything which appears to you to be amiss, it is nothing more than fair for you to give me a hearing.

"ALBERT MILVERNE."

As Juliet was reading it, Aunt Patty came into the room. Said she:

"Alice tells me that last evening you received an anonymous letter. Now listen to me a minute. I received one when I was about your age, which for a long time took all the sunshine out of my life, and even now the gloom of the trailing clouds it left behind, overshadows my path. If I had given the person maligning in this wicked, poisonous letter, a chance to exculpate himself, all would have been well."

"But, aunt, there is no chance for exculpation in this case. All that the letter asserts, I have proved to be true by witnessing it myself."

"And you won't see Albert Milverne?"

"No, Aunt Patty, I will not. It would be worse than in vain."

The words were still on her lips, when Milverne entered the room. Without saying a word, Aunt Patty withdrew.

"Juliet," said Milverne, "I demand of you the privilege of seeing that anonymous letter Alice has been telling me about."

"If you consider it a privilege to see it, you certainly may," she replied, handing it to him.

"I know this handwriting," said he, the moment he looked at the superscription.

"You do? Whose is it?"

"Giles Derrick's." And taking a letter from his pocket, he requested her to compare the writing.

"Yes, the writing does look alike," said she; "but it makes no difference who wrote the letter, as long as the statement it contains is true. You will see that it is, if you will take the trouble to read it."

"You followed the writer's directions—went to the grove near the shore of the lake?" said he, after reading the letter.

"I did, and that, I think, is all I need say."

"Yes, it is; and I can very well understand when I recall the conversation between Mary Allen and myself, why you should think me guilty of deceit and treachery. But if the writer of that letter had told you who she was, all would have been well."

"Didn't I hear you say that you had loved one another from early childhood?"

"You did, and so we had. My mother adopted her when she was a little child. She is the same as a sister to me, as Giles Derrick well knows. About a year before the war, she married a worthy young man, who enlisted, and is now in the hospital, suffering from the effects of a dangerous wound. She wishes to go to him, and knowing that she was destitute of the necessary funds, I sent her word that if she would cross the lake, I would meet her and furnish her with means for her outfit and journey. Does this explanation satisfy you?"

"As far as you are concerned personally, it does; but I feel very much dissatisfied with myself for having suspected you."

"Why should you? Your suspicion was perfectly natural. I am certain that I, in a case like that, should have been suspicious and jealous too. Had you consented to see me last night, I should have told you that I was going to try and procure a boat, so as to take you and Alice across the lake to see my adopted sister. Should you like to go?"

"Yes, very much. And so will Alice, I know."

"And I shall be very glad of your company, for I must go, at any rate, to make arrangements for the comfort of Mary's child, and her mother-in-law during her absence."

"What could induce Giles Derrick to try to deceive me so?"

"He hoped by prejudicing you against me to obtain you himself."

"He would have found himself mistaken; but why do you think so?"

"Because what he said of me in that letter is true of him. Being a professed gambler, he needs that fifty thousand dollars he alluded to—which, by the way, is the first intimation I have received that your aunt contemplated making you so munificent a bridal present—as he is destitute of the means to pay either his honest debts, or what he calls his debts of honor."

"Aunt Patty wished it to be a surprise to you; and how Giles Derrick found out that she intended it, is a mystery I can't solve."

"No matter, as long as his perfidy has come to light in season to prevent serious mischief."

"But tell me—for it has sometimes troubled me a little—why have you been on such intimate terms with him?"

"It was a business transaction that brought us together so much. It is done with now, for which I am truly thankful. And I am still more thankful that this root of bitterness that sprung up between us, is crushed, torn away and destroyed."

"I don't believe that I shall ever distrust you again," said Juliet.

And she never did. With hearts

"All kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burned as on an altar,"

they walked hand in hand through life's devious paths, cherishing the flowers, and accepting the thorns and the rough places as needed discipline.

THE COLORING OF GOLD.

Different shades of color are given to ornaments of gold, by exposing them to chemical agents, which dissolve out a portion of the copper and silver alloy, while they have scarcely any action on the gold. The French jewellers possess a number of recipes for giving color to gold, the most common of which is a mixture of two parts nitre, one part sea salt, and one of Roman alum. The jewels are kept in a solution of these chemicals, at a boiling point, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, when they are then taken out, and washed in water, and the operation is finished. The surface of the gold is dull, but perfectly uniform, but can be made lustrous by burnishing. They lose about one sixteenth of their weight by this operation.

Why does a lady with very wealthy lovers around her, hear more music than anybody else? Because she hears several million-airs.

THE TWO ARMIES.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

The gray Potomac's stately tide
 Washes its stains of blood away:
 From mouth to fountain, far and wide,
 Her shores are resenciled to-day.

No more her rice-bird starts to feel
 The bullet whistle past her nest,
 No more her nodding wild-flowers reel,
 With heavy crimson dews oppressed.

No more the battle-smokes pollute
 Her sylvan shade, her sabbath rest;
 No more the rushing bombs o'erashoot,
 Or quench them, hissing, in her breast.

The sentry's challenge sounds no more
 Along her side—the way is free;
 Laving each re-united shore,
 She flows in peace down to the sea.

Where the Long Bridge trembled beneath
 The rush of panic and defeat,
 This hour, which crowning laurels wreath,
 Is heard the tramp of rhythmic feet.

"Now, my men, for a grand review!
 Buckle your armor for one march more;
 You have shown the nation what you can do,
 Now show them yourselves, and the work is o'er!"
 So on they marched to the Avenue.

The way was walled with a living hedge,
 Each window and balcony teemed like a hive,
 And over each housetop's dizzy edge,
 A cornice of faces leaned alive.
 And Grant was there, and Johnson stood
 Where a thunderbolt had made room for him;
 And right and left that multitude
 Stretched to a distance far and dim.

A peal of drums, and the heroes came,
 Flags o'erwaving their ranks like flame:
 Sheridan's horse, sixteen in line,
 Their sabres outflashing the June sunshine;
 Then gallant Custer, with hand of power,
 Curbs his wild steed, nor loses a flower,
 His troopers follow, each, old or young,
 With a blood-red scarf o'er his shoulder flung;

Capehart's veterans, tried and true—
 "Good out of Nazareth"—then in view
 Rode young Pennington—on they came,
 Heroes and heroes, too many to name;
 Michigan's horsemen, their banners bright
 With battles as heaven with stars at night;
 And Robertson's batteries, famous for raids—
 They have netted Virginia's hills and glades,
 And now their thunderous trampling falls
 To a chorus of wild, sweet bugle-calls.
 Then Benham's brigade with boats uncouth—
 They have yoked the rivers all over the South!

Hail to the Ninth Corps! red with dyes
 From Treason's spouting arteries;
 But marching now through fragrant showers
 Of laurel wreaths and votive flowers.

And still they came with ranks aglow,
 Miles of men in a solid row,
 Shaking the earth with their tramp they came,
 An army of heroes, too many to name.
 A glimpse of a rider, bright and brief,
 And a star has come where a star has gone;
 And the nation's head, and the quiet chief,
 And a crowd that shouted for miles looked on.
 But as I gazed on the shining flow
 Of the pageant far in the street below,
 Behold, above them in mid air
 Of the sunny June day warm and fair,
 Another army marched in view,
 With a soundless tramp, o'er the Avenue.

The banners that hung to each shadowy staff
 Were faded and torn like the gray cloud-raff,
 When the chill east wind comes in from the sea,
 And each face was as pale as the dead can be.
 Ellsworth and Winthrop, Reno and Croes,
 Sedgwick and Berry, Chapin and Cass,
 Shaw and Reynolds, and countless more,
 Nameless martyrs from sea and shore.
 Miles of martyrs, on they came
 In shadowy columns, too many to name;
 With level eyelids and smileless lips,
 And many a wound whence the life-blood drips.
 Slowly their long-drawn columns grew
 In silence over the Avenue.
 No sound where their myriad footsteps fell,
 No light, though the pale sun brightly shone.
 And the Father and Son, and the hosts of hell,
 And the shining hosts of heaven looked on.

But as the earthly pageant passed,
 With the white diamond glimmering last,
 The spectres passed, as some potent word
 Through their pale and mournful ranks was heard.
 Each face was raised, and every one
 Glowed like a cymbal turned to the sun;
 And they rose and rose, and beneath their feet
 The gray grew golden, the palm-plumes sweet,
 And they rose and rose through the ether clear,
 And the sky was bright with them far and near,
 And God the Father, and God the Son,
 And the welcoming hosts of heaven looked on!

'Twas past. The evening settled down,
 And covered with twilight all the town;
 And the evening star in the luminous blue,
 Set her seal on the day of the Grand Review.

ALL A TROUBLED DREAM.

BY MOLLIE BROWN.

"MAY, May! May Hamilton! Where is the child? Down in the south pastur gathering those yaller and white posies, as I live! I kin jist see the top of her bunnet above the grass. Dear me! You will have to wait till she comes back, father. And that won't be soon! She'll follow that brook into the woods, and maybe stay away till night!"

Mrs. Hamilton took her hand down from her eyes, where she had been shading them from the sun, and turned away from the door with a sigh.

"This looks like a mighty mean biznes to me, any way! It's just like selling our girl, out and out! If I'd a known that this was what took you to that iniquitous city, you would never have gone, John Hamilton! Not if I could have helped it. I knew no good would ever come of having that rich nabob of a friend of yours comin' down here, last summer!"

"Ruth, Ruth, don't! It's for our little May's good! All for her good!" musingly. "It's very kind in Hugh Gilsin to do this for her! Every poor man's girl don't have such a chance every day. I always knew May could never marry round here. Do you think I would give her to one of those great, rough farmers, wife? No, no! She would die in a year! And then the mortgage, mother! That will be paid, and what a lift it will be to have ready money to fix those grapes and strawberries. Squire Sprague says I'll make my independent fortune in a few years, if I can only get those things started."

"Well, well, John, you're the master here, and there's no use for me to argue the case with you, with all your beak learnin'! You're so set in your way that nothing short of an earthquake will ever move ye! But for gracious sake, John, don't go to hoein' in that best suit of yourn! It'll be sp'it before night. But mebbe ye kin afford a new suit every day. Ye're on the road to fortin!" sarcastically.

Down through the "south pastur," away into the cool green woods, went the brook, dancing and laughing in the sunshine, but still and dark under the trees. May Hamilton threw herself down in the shade of the maples, with a very dissatisfied look on her

face. "Why could she not do something?" she said, aloud. "Something that would do some good in the world! She was so sick of this useless life! She—O, dear! she didn't know what she wanted!" Then bending over and looking into the water, where her face was mirrored, her lip curled scornfully. "Such a pretty thing as she was! Why wasn't she as big and strong as Betsy Martin? Then she might work and help her father so much! If she might die—die—die!" Laying her head on the ground, she sobbed and moaned, until her passion spent itself. By-and-by she grew as quiet as the water, and springing up she found the sun was turning the world into purple and gold; bidding farewell to the woods, brook and little May; kissing them all with his beautiful light.

Running down to the brook she washed the traces of tears from her face; and it murmured and sparkled in the fading light, as if it coveted the very lips bending over it. And it would have taken a far more sensible brook than that was to have resisted the temptation.

Mrs. Hamilton was just laying the cloth for tea, when May came bounding in, laughing and humming a gay air to herself. For this girl's heart was like a child's in its freshness and happiness. Such fits of passion as she had would never harm her. They only ruffled the surface; more like a passing cloud in a summer's day.

"May, May! little daughter!"

"O papa! back again! I am so glad, for I believe it makes mamma cross to have you gone!" looking archly at her mother, while she threw her arms round her father's neck, kissing his rough, hard face.

After supper was over and the chores were all done, Mr. Hamilton called May to him, and sitting her on his knee, told her he had some business to talk over with her.

"Business with me, papa? Then I must not sit on your knee if I have grown so important!" laughing merrily.

She took a stiff, high-backed chair, and placed it in front of him, sat down and folded her hands demurely, and put on a very solemn expression, if she could make the mischievous mouth and eyes look so. Mr. Hamilton hemmed and hawed—took his red silk hand-

kerchief out and wiped the cold sweat that was beginning to come out on his face, rubbing his spectacles until there was great danger of his polishing them clear through, grew white and red by turns—and surely, he appeared terribly embarrassed.

"Why, papa, what's the matter?" asked May, with real concern. "There! You have broken your glasses rubbing them so hard!"

This catastrophe aroused him, and he plunged in desperately.

"May, I was called to the city by my old friend, Hugh Gilsin. You remember what a fancy he took to you, last summer? Well, he wants to send you to school three years, till you are eighteen. If I will let him have you, he will pay up the mortgage, and I shall have all the ready money I want, and you are—"

"What, father?" May asked, with staring eyes.

"You are to be his nephew's wife the day you are eighteen. Ray Aylmer—you have heard about him. He is very rich and talented, and, besides, he inherits all his uncle's property if he marries you, May!"

"But, papa, he is an old bachelor like his uncle. And I can't—O, I never can marry an old man! please don't ask me!"

"For your old father's and mother's sake, May? we shall be turned out of house and home, if you don't."

May's face grew white, like marble; then rising she answered, quickly, as though afraid if she waited her mind would change, "I will, father!"

And this was the way May Hamilton found something to do. It was harder than stout Betsy Martin's work. How hard, only those that are sold in this way can know. Mr. Gilsin came and took her away to school in a month. Not a fashionable boarding school, but to one where many things substantial were learned. He was very kind to her, but she *hated*—fairly hated him with her whole heart and soul.

It was the last term of May's stay at school. She was so sorry, for she had been perfectly happy while there. With her childish heart she put away the thoughts of her future life. She lived for to-day only. And she had thought it all over before putting it away. "She never would find any one she could love! She might as well marry this man as any other! O, she was so glad she wasn't to see him until the very hour of her marriage!"

Then, there would be no use for her to dislike him!"

Her studies this term were music, German, French and Italian. She had finished the rest. The first day she went tripping into her teacher's room, looking very roguish, for that teacher was a snuffy, impatient little Frenchman, and she delighted in teasing him. But she was brought up standing, when she looked into a pair of very dark eyes, and found the handsomest—yes, the handsomest man she had ever seen standing before her. He was of medium height, rather portly in form, but not too much so; black, curling hair, clear, dark skin, and fairly-cut lips. The mouth might have been a trifle too large, but that was covered by a dark, silken moustache. The chin denoted that firmness was a predominant trait in his character. But his eyes! May could not tell whether they were black or gray, but she knew they were looking at her with a queer expression that made her blush crimson, and grow confused.

"Excuse me, Miss Hamilton! Your old teacher has taken this term to recover his health, which is not very good; and I have taken his place." His deep rich voice thrilled her whole being, and held her spellbound for a minute. Then looking up, she saw a suppressed smile quivering his lips.

"What a fool she was! That old professor had told him a beautiful story about her, of course. What ailed her, any way?" With thoughts like these she speedily recovered her dignity.

"You are to call me Ray Nelson, Miss Hamilton. You will please come and sit on this low seat by my side, so that I may look over with you while you are translating."

May obeyed, for the good reason that she could not help it. Coming there every day, and sitting by his side while he bent over her until his dark locks mingled with her lighter ones, May grew very still and quiet for some reason unknown to her. She was strangely happy sometimes; and then, again, as miserable about nothing she thought. It wanted only two weeks to the end of the term, when they were sitting talking about eyes. May said she could always read people's eyes, unless they were very, very bad people who hid their dark thoughts away.

"Can you read my eyes, little May?"

She looked up half frightened. Then the waves of crimson swept over her face, and then it grew white again. She sprang away out of the room—"Anywhere, anywhere

away from him! For she loved him, O, it was such a sin for her to do so! She should be another man's wife in six months"—shivering as she thought of it. Tossing all night long, with hot, dry eyes that would not close—not if a heavy weight had been put on them—she rose and went to prayers in the morning, so white and listless everybody was shocked on looking at her.

But she could not bear the sight of his face. So she covered her face with her hands, and went staggering back to her room. Mr. Nelson missed his pupil that day; but the next, when she came, she was so cold and icy in her manner, it was not his little May. "What ailed her?"

She kept her distance until the last day. When she came into the room, Ray drew the low seat to his side, saying, in his firm way:

"You must sit here to-day. It is for the last time, May."

"The last time!"—her lips quivered, convulsively.

"Yes, the last time here. But, O May! May darling, say it will not be the last time that you will sit by my side! Say you love me! That is all I want!" He stole his arm around her, and drew the drooping head to his breast:

"Say you love me, my darling!"

May looked up with crimson cheeks, and making a loop around his neck with her arms, whispered very low, "I love you, Ray!"

He bent down and drew the first sweet lover's kiss from her pure lips. She gave a little low moan, and grew white as death, while she struggled to free herself from his arms.

"May, what is the matter? Are you afraid of me?" smiling.

"Please, let me go!" pleading with her wild eyes.

He opened his arms, and she stood up before him, with her hands clasped tightly over her heart to stop its throbbing.

"I love you, Ray Nelson, but I can never be your wife! It is a sin for me to love you! but forgive me! I belong to another, Ray! I am sold!"

"Sold!"

"Yes, sold to an old, gray-haired man, who paid shining gold for me. I am to be his wife in six months," clenching her hands.

Ray Nelson's face flushed instead of turning pale. He bit his lip, and then smiled, as he

sprang up and clasped her in his arms before she could resist him.

"You will not let that separate us, darling? You shall be my wife, and then the old, gray-haired man cannot help himself! It was cruel, selling you in that way! But you are mine—mine. Nothing can take you from me! My darling! My own, own love!" He bent over her, kissing her passionately. She lay in his arms with a sweet content in her heart, a little while. Then remembering, she looked up piteously.

"Ray! Ray! Let me go! I pledged my word, and you may kill me if you will, but O I cannot break it!"

Such a light broke over his face then! One would have thought he worshiped her. Winding his arms around her tightly, he held her a moment, then snatching a kiss he released her, and whispered, "Be patient, darling!" He went out of the room and left her to find her way to her room in a half dumb state—to be whirled home the next day—to find Mr. Hugh Gilman down from the city making arrangements for her wedding, which was to be in one month instead of six—to be half crazed every day by her dressmakers and sewing-girls. "Would she have it this way, or that?" when she wished they would let her stay with her brook and maples! She didn't care if they dressed her in rags! It was all one to her! But one thing she was determined on, though the whole house was against her, mother and all. Her travelling dress was to be purple velvet with cloak and cap of the same. She would not wear a bonnet, but she had a rich, black plume wound around her cap like a wreath.

"Mercy! Purple was half mourning, and velvet was too rich to travel in!" they said.

"Well!" She said it quietly enough, but they knew they could not change her mind. She was to be married in the morning and start right off for her home. She was not going on a tour. "Ray had been without a home so long," Hugh Gilman said, "that he wanted to take his little wife home now. It was selfish in him, but a hotel did not comprise the word home, in its limits, in his ideas." May heard him with a stony stare. "If it had been her Ray she would have been so glad to go to his home at once. But this old man! She had got to go to living with him all alone! Could she?"

May stood, dressed in the rich folds of purple velvet, as white and cold as marble. No pink flesh on her cheek, all the color

seemed to have centered in her lips—one little line of crimson pressed over the white teeth, and in her beautiful, brown eyes was crushed back a lifetime of anguish and misery. She was to meet him alone, that being his wish. She heard a step, and turned her head—

"My darling!"

There stood her lover—her own, handsome, manly Ray, with his arms held out to her, and his eyes full of tender eagerness. She sprang forward with a little, glad cry, and nestled in his bosom like a bird in its nest.

"Ray! Ray Nelson, what made you come now?" she moaned.

"That is a pretty question to ask me, Miss Hamilton! How could there be a wedding, if Ray Nelson Ayler was not here?" looking down into her eyes regally.

She started as if struck, then hid her face away from him, saying in a low, faint voice:

"I am so tired, Ray?"

"My poor little bird! It was cruel! But it was all Uncle Hugh's doings! He is full of whims, and this is the most cruel one that ever possessed him. But can you marry such an old man, May? I am ten years older than you are, little one."

I don't know what May answered, but I know that a few weeks after that, she stole to Ray's side in the gathering twilight and whispered to him a long, long time. I caught these words:

"Why didn't you wait the six months, Ray, husband?"

I saw him wind his arms around her, while he whispered very low—but I heard—

"How could I, little wife?"

ABNER GRANT'S THANKSGIVING.

BY ANNIE M. LAWRENCE.

It lacked one week of Thanksgiving, and the cool November day, with its keen biting air, and heavy atmosphere half mist half sleet, was merging into colder, drearier night. Abner Grant came out of his shop, turned the key, and wrapping the folds of his gray coat close around him, went home to supper. Evidently some puzzling idea had been settled to his satisfaction, for he said, half aloud, as he passed briskly down the street, "That's just the thing; I'll see Marion this very evening."

Two hours later Marion Hoyt admitted her visitor. She was a pretty, fair girl, with loving dark eyes, and hair brown and smooth, and she said unaffectedly, as she held out her hand to welcome him:

"I'm glad to see you Abner; something, the storm perhaps, has made me a little lonely."

"I'm just as glad to be here," was the frank reply; "but are you alone yet? I supposed your father and mother came home yesterday."

"I did expect them, but they sent a letter instead; my sister Jennie, whose sickness called them away, you know, is still so feeble that mother don't want to leave her, so I shan't look for them now till after Thanksgiving."

"What are you going to do Thanksgiving?"

Marion's upward glance betrayed amuse-

ment at the abrupt question, blended with a little wonder at the earnest manner of the questioner, as she answered:

"I don't know; father said I had better go to Boston to Uncle William's, or else invite some of my cousins to spend the day with me. I haven't made up my mind which I shall do."

"Do you know old Widow Lane who lives down by the Cross Roads?" was the next question, which puzzled Marion more than the other.

"Yes, I know her, that is, I've seen her several times; she's very poor, isn't she, and had a son killed in the army?"

"Yes, she's poor, and quite feeble, too, and had a son in the army; but it has never been proved that he was killed. Indeed his officers felt pretty certain that he deserted to the enemy. But perhaps 'twasn't so, he was a sad scapegrace any way. His fate is so uncertain that his poor old mother has never been able to get her pension, and the little aid she does draw barely keeps her alive; she must suffer. I have a plan to make her happy one day at least, if you'll agree to it."

Marion's bright face was all attention, and Abner went on. "I thought if you wouldn't mind a little giving up of your own pleasure, we might make the old lady's Thanksgiving a happy one, for I can't bear this year, when

we have so much more than usual cause for thankfulness, that anybody should be sad and lonely."

Marion's eyes looked their interest, and her imperative "Go on, Abner," was obeyed.

"Now I'll get a turkey and other things, if you'll cook them, and then, Marion, if you aren't afraid of what people will say, we'll go and spend the day at Mrs. Lane's, you know," and his clear tones had a quaver which thrilled to Marion's heart. "I haven't any home but my boarding-place, so I shan't be missed by anybody. "Will you do this, Marion?"

She was silent; it really seemed as though she hadn't heard his question; and the glad light faded out of Abner's eyes, and the flush deepened on his cheek as he feared her hesitancy betokened a refusal; but 'twas only for a moment; then Marion looked up with, "Did you say she was sick?"

"Yes, she has the rheumatism badly; but that isn't answering my question."

"Didn't I answer you? that's just like me. To be sure I'll go, you good big boy; but I was busy thinking about getting her some warm flannels and a nice thick wrapper."

"Well thought of, Marion, and I'll get one of those blanket shawls I saw down at Todd's. Harvey Walsh was buying one for his grandmother. If you do the work, you must let me help this way," he continued, as he laid a bank bill before her.

And so the evening wore on as these kind hearts laid their plans for the comfort and happiness of one weary spirit, and as Abner rose to leave he said gayly, yet with a certain earnestness in his tones, "Marion, do you know I wish we were children once more, as when we went to school in the old red school-house?"

"Why?" asked Marion, glancing shyly at the eyes looking straight into hers.

"Because I should claim the kiss you used to give me then, when we parted after spelling school."

Marion's face crimsoned, but she lifted her lips towards his, and the kiss was given and returned, the pledge of a friendship as pure and unselfish as it was firm and true.

When Etta Howard, Marion's next door neighbor, came as usual to spend the night with her, she told her of their plans; and received in return a promise of assistance in the sewing to be accomplished.

In like manner, Abner made but one confident, good dear Deacon Sawyer; and as reward he had the promise that the day be-

fore Thanksgiving the deacon's hired man should be sent to the Cross Roads with a nice load of dry wood, ready out for burning.

Everything went on famously, the wrapper and flannels were completed, the shawl purchased, and several other little articles prepared by the active fingers of the two girls. Then, too, the turkey was cooked just the right brown, and the pies and pudding done to a charm, and everything else "nice as nice could be," so said Abner, when he called the evening before to see if all things were ready.

Thanksgiving day dawned, with never a bit of sunshine, but our friends were fully prepared to make their own, and when nicely on their way with their treasures around them, they cared little if the snow did fall, and now and then a gust of wind blew the feathery flakes fast in their faces.

Ten o'clock found them at Mrs. Lane's door, much to the good woman's evident surprise. Deacon Sawyer had been as good as his word, and so they found the old lady comfortable, as far as a good fire could make her so.

And when Marion, taking off her wrappings, told her astonished listener how her parents were absent, and she was all alone, and how Abner had no real home, and so, if she was willing they had come to spend the day with her, and keep Thanksgiving, Abner thought he had never seen a prettier picture than the bright little figure, with glistening eyes, and shining brown braids, and cheeks aglow, with the soft folds of her dress enwrapping her in warm crimson brightness; and the pale, worn woman, waked as it were to life anew, under the sweet influence of the thought that somebody remembered her, somebody cared to make her happy. And the bundles were brought in, and Marion flitted hither and thither, displaying unwonted sights in that sad home; and while Abner went to find a place of comfortable security for his horse from the storm, she arrayed the grateful woman in the warm new wrapper, and smoothing the silvery folds of her hair, covered them with a tasteful cap of Etta's preparing, and then they sat down for a little quiet chat before dinner. And as they talked, the young hearts and the old grew tender, and then the table was spread and they seated themselves quietly, happily around it.

Just as Mrs. Lane was saying, with all a mother's never-dying affection, "I only wish my poor John was here," the door opened softly, and a tall stranger stood before them

his shaggy coat and cap white with mimic snow-drifts.

For an instant not a word was spoken, then "John?" and "mother!" broke the stillness, and the mother's wish was granted.

But the many questions which followed remained unanswered till after dinner, for so Marion, bright Marion, in her imperative way, wisely decreed; so a plate was added, and when John Lane, bowing his proud head, reverentially craved God's blessing on his mother and her kind friends, and the bounty spread before them, the mother's face glowed with a rejoicing thankfulness beautiful to see.

And then, the dinner over, the long sad story of suffering and woe was told, how he had been taken prisoner, and borne the dread agonies of Southern prison-life for long and dreary months; then of his perilous escape, and weary wanderings, till his steps were guided into comparative safety in a Western State, and then, worn and weary, how for weeks he had pressed a stranger's pillow, apparently nigh to death, but how God had

mercifully spared him, and had, too, filled his heart with the sweet peace of pardoned sin, and an earnest purpose to live for his honor the rest of the life so wonderfully preserved; and how, after many delays, he had reached his early home, on the morning of this great national festival, to find the story of his mother's death, which had somehow reached him, to be a false one, and to gladden her sad heart with his presence.

The storm was over, and the snow lay white, and pure, and still, when Abner and Marion rode home amid the evening shadows. They bore with them the blessings of the widow, and the widow's soldier son, and they were certain, both of them, that they had never known a happier Thanksgiving.

And Abner claimed and received his good-night kiss, and I think, too, he claimed and received a promise, which if spoken very softly, was heard distinctly by him, for he answered, "God bless you, darling! If he but gives me strength, I'll make every day of your future life a Thanksgiving one."

APRIL.

April, in the groves and year
Without a peer;
April, guardian of the shoots,
While the milky stalks are slender
And tender,—
Embryos of the golden fruits.
April, glory of the meads,
Where the seeds,
Now their winter sleep is done,
Drink thy fertilising showers—
And flowers
Laugh and glisten in the sun.
April, by the balmy west
Beloved the best,
Woo and win thy Flora fair.

See! she courts thy warm caresses,
And dresses
Tastily her maiden hair.
April, o'er the laughing land,
Thy dainty hand
Doth from Nature's bosom strew
Odors by the myriads taken,
And shaken
Through the earth, the breezes through.
April, Venus smiles on thee.
Loves she me?
While my Phillis takes my part,
Winter, Summer, Autumn, ever,
Ever, ever,
'Twill be April in my heart.

THE SKELETON IN THE CHAPEL.

A SHORT time ago, after I had retired to my room for the night, some events occurred so extraordinary and unaccountable, that I can no longer refrain from laying them before the public, in the hope that some ingenious person may be able to throw some light on the tissue of supernatural proceedings which took place before my eyes, and which I am anxious to write down exactly as they occurred, while they are still quite fresh in my memory.

But, that my tale may not be supposed to be merely the result of an excited mind or a superstitious temperament, I solemnly assure my readers that I am not nervous, and that I do not—or, rather, that I did not—believe in ghosts. Disbelief in the supernatural was almost a part of my religion, and many a time have I laughed at my sisters as they walked along the passages of our old house, clinging to each other, and peering carefully into all

the deep recesses and dark corners, after some tale of horror had been told in the twilight, making their blood run cold. To me, such stories were mere evidences of the credulity of my neighbors, as I never failed to account for them all, satisfactorily to myself, by the admission of human agency, and concealed mechanism. But now my creed is shaken, and my security gone.

I must first describe my home. Part of it is so old that no accurate date has ever been assigned to it, though popular tradition asserts that it was built by one Sir Ralph de B., the boon companion of madcap Harry, and the sharer of the wild frolics of his youth, and in his staid and regal days his devoted follower through many a bloody field, on one of which he won his spurs, being knighted by his master on the field of battle. At length, being full of years and honors, he obtained permission of the monarch to retire from active service; and enriched with the spoils of war, he proposed to end his days in peace and comfort in the strong castle he had caused to be erected on the spot where my paternal home now stands, and of which one dilapidated wing, now remaining, forms part of our present habitation. This wing I must describe minutely.

The ground floor consists of a long, low room, formerly the dining-hall, and now used as a lumber room. It has a deep recess, for a fireplace, at one end, and in the other and along one side, are narrow lancet windows, through which the light tries almost in vain to penetrate, so thickly are they overgrown with ivy. Above this are several decaying floors, which divided the dining-hall from the living-rooms, and these again from the chapel, which, in accordance with the beautiful notion which prevailed in the olden time, was built near the roof, that the prayers of the believers might the more readily ascend to Heaven. The stones with which it was built were fast crumbling away, and were thickly covered with moss and lichen; the rafters overhead were few, and broken, and gave easy access to the birds and bats, who were now its only inhabitants. This desolate scene often brought to my mind the lines in the beautiful poem of a great author now lately dead:

"The wild bird rears its callow young
Where once the pealing anthem rung"

The more modern part of the house, which was of the date of Queen Anne, had been built by Sir Hugo de B., when he had retrieved the fortunes of his family by long service in

foreign parts, and returned to England in the early part of the eighteenth century, to find the home of his fathers a burnt and blackened ruin; for his father, so runs the legend, had offended Cromwell by conveying secret assistance to King Charles, and in revenge the Roundheads set fire to his castle one dark night, and burnt it to the ground, all except the portion described above, which somehow escaped the flames. This old part was joined to the new house by a long, dark passage, now never used, and the door at the end, which opened into the remains of a kind of gallery which ran along one side of the chapel, was kept locked and bolted, and had been so from time immemorial. My own room was the nearest inhabited one to this passage, and was near enough to the ruin for the screams and wild cries of the strange birds, who often assembled there at night, to reach my ears, and sometimes almost to prevent my sleeping; and often too, I heard the wind whistling and moaning round the old walls like a melancholy spirit; but these sounds never made me nervous; I knew too well what they were. More to please my friends than myself, a loaded revolver was always kept beside my bed, in case of any adventurous burglar climbing up the rotten old stairs which led from the dining-hall to the chapel, and thence along the edge of the battlement to my window—a thing which might easily be done.

On the night in question, from force of habit, I examined the loading and priming of my barrels before going to bed, and felt convinced that I was fully a match (with such effective friends as they were) for any man who might choose to disturb my slumbers.

For some reason I could not go to sleep, and lay tossing restlessly in my bed, getting more and more angry at my unusual wakefulness, and occasionally consulting my watch by the light of the moon, which streamed brightly into my room. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, and still I lay wide awake. I was just thinking, in despair, of getting up and taking a book, when I heard a sound, so mysterious, so thrilling, and yet so distant, that I ran hastily to the window to see whether some person were not calling for help in the park. I could see nothing, and was trying to convince myself that it was all imagination, when the sound was repeated; and this time there was no doubt about it; it was the cry of a woman, a wild, despairing, agonizing cry, and now it sounded nearer. I was turning to the door, intending to rush out and give the

alarm, when a hand was laid on my shoulder—a cold, icy, heavy hand. I turned my head, and saw—nothing! The pressure of those fingers was distinct, firm and resolute. I was rooted to the ground with horror. Then from out the silence rose again that bitter shriek, more wild, more agonizing, more prolonged. I cannot describe the horror of it, nor can I describe the sense of utter helplessness and incapacity which seized me while those icy fingers pressed on my shoulder; they seemed to chill and freeze my very being, and almost to deprive me of consciousness. I had an intuitive feeling that I must make some strong effort, or lose my senses. I made it. I sprang forward, seized my revolver, and fired it wildly over my shoulder. The fingers relaxed their hold. I heard a low, mocking laugh, and something like a cold breeze passed by me. I began to breathe again, and looked round. Unconsciously I fixed my eyes on the broad ray of moonlight that streamed into the room. As I looked at it, another ray of light, cold and blue, seemed to cross it at right angles; by degrees it became clearer, and a certain part of it seemed to grow more dense. Gradually it assumed a form; the form of a child, with its hands clasped over its heart; and between its fingers trickled—O, horror!—a stream of blood! I could not take my eyes off it. It came nearer, floating on in that false moonbeam. It came close to me, stopped, raised one hand, and beckoned to me to follow. It was not courage, nor my own wish, but an irresistible impulse which compelled me to follow it. Slowly it glided through the door, which opened of its own accord, along the long unused passage, through the bolted door at the end, and which opened, like the other, into the gallery of the old chapel. Again it raised one hand, and pointed into the chapel below, and vanished.

But how can I describe the sight that met my eyes? The chapel, instead of wearing its usual desolate and ruined aspect, was now gorgeously decorated in that rich and fanciful guise of which the Roman Catholic worship admits. But the details I could not distinguish, for it was but dimly lighted by two candles near the altar and one small lamp in a distant corner. By degrees the light grew brighter and flickered on the golden chains of the censers, and on the bright gilt frame of the large altar-piece, and disclosed to me the scene which I will endeavor calmly to paint, though the recollection of it, and of the horrible sensation of that cold hand,

which I again felt on my shoulder, almost deprives me of the power of calm reflection, even now. Had it continued longer, I am convinced I must have gone mad. On the altar-steps lay the form of a lovely boy, dead, and with a stream of blood flowing from his heart, dyeing the stone with its crimson stain. Near the body of the murdered child stood a girl with head averted, listening to the words of a young man who was evidently entreating her to grant some request, for he knelt on one knee before her, and in so doing turned his head. Shall I ever forget that countenance? So wicked—so hypocritical—so demoniacal! He held a dagger in his hand, but held it out of sight of the girl, whose face I could not see, but whose size and figure gave me the idea of her being about seventeen or eighteen years old. He seemed to beg and beg more earnestly, and she as firmly to refuse. Suddenly he started to his feet and pointed to a distant corner of the chapel, where I saw the lantern gleaming. The girl turned her face imploringly towards him. I caught sight of it as she did so; it was pale and beautiful, and her long tresses of light waving hair hung negligently down her back. This time she seemed to be imploring and he refusing; at last she fell to the ground, fainting, and, with a glare of triumphant malice, he seized her by her hair and arm, and dragged her across the chapel to the spot where the lamp was burning. I followed them with my eyes, and saw—a hole in the wall, evidently recently made; a workman, with stones and mortar, standing beside it. Could he?—no, the idea was too horrible—and yet, yes, he is going to wall her up alive! I tried to scream, to leap headlong into the chapel; but no, I lost all consciousness from that moment.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on the ledge which I have before described as forming the remains of the old gallery, the moon shining coldly through the rafters, and the chapel in its usual state of solitude and ruin. I began to hope it might be all a dream—a fearfully vivid one; but no, the door which had opened of its own accord to my supernatural guide, was now locked and bolted on the chapel side, so that it *could not* have been unfastened from the passage. By climbing down the crumbling wall I reached the floor of the chapel, thence by a stairway to the battlements, along the edge of them to my window, which was fastened on the inside; breaking a pane, I undid the latch, and let

myself in. The door was locked on the inside. One of the barrels of my revolver had been fired. This, then, was no dream—no fancy.

As soon as I saw the first laborers coming to their work in the morning, I called to them to come to the chapel with pickaxes, and desiring them to pull down the wall which last night had appeared so freshly disturbed, but which now was moss-grown like the rest, I sat down to view the result of the investigations. As I expected, the wall returned a hollow sound at the first blow; and ere long a perfect skeleton was discovered. The surprise of the workmen was great, not so my own. What a fearful tragedy had been enacted here! But who were the actors? Who were the victims?

Since writing the above I have made a careful search through the family papers, in the hope of eliciting something which might throw some light on the dark scene in the chapel.

After much trouble in deciphering the old half-destroyed records, I think I have succeeded. On one torn scrap of parchment I find the following words:

"In ye yeare 1620 dyed Sir Reginalde. To his sone, young Master Raymonde, the good knight leaves his all; in default of heirs, the inheritance will go to the sister of the young Sir Raymonde, Mistress Elizabeth, now aged of eighteen years."

Another story, and one which seems to apply strongly to the scene I witnessed, I gather from the tattered remains of a kind of journal kept probably by some old retainer of the family.

"One night of this yeare (1621) a sad tragedie did happen. The younge Sir Raymonde and his faire sister were loste. Mastere Guy, who had come to the castle in hopes to win for his wife his cousin, Mistress Elizabeth, caused great searche to be made for them; and soon brought newse that the body of the younge Sir Raymonde had been found by himself lying deade on ye steps of ye high altare, slaine, as it did seem, by a dagger. Nor had more than three dales passed, when he did declare to us that likewise the bodie of his faire cousin was found, in a river of water, distant five miles away, and that his vassals were bringing her dead bodie in a faire coffin to be buried in the olde chapelle with ye bodie also of her brothers. Sir Guy was now, by inheritance, master, and did give orders for the burying of his cousins. Ye bodie of our

deare Mistress Elizabeth came, nalled up in a coffin, so that none of her olde retainers did look on her sweete face again. For her loss they grieved much; the more that Sir Guy was a hard mastere to them, and being false both to Cromwell and to Charles, his castle was burned about his ears, and he was forced to fly for life to France. We heard he was slaine in a duel, and no one grieved for him."

I had the supposed coffin of Elizabeth de B. examined, and, as I anticipated, it was empty; nor was there a trace of its ever having been otherwise. This is all I have been able to glean on the subject, and it certainly affords a key to the scene which I saw, and the skeleton, which was exhibited to many, is one proof amongst others that what I went through that night was no dream, but an inexplicable vision actually seen by my waking sight.

ARTIFICIAL RUBIES.

Many chemists have endeavored to produce artificial diamonds, but hitherto with invariable want of success. Most of the other gems, however, have been produced artificially, the artificial stones having exactly the composition and properties of the natural ones. Rubies have till now been the most difficult gems to produce artificially, but M.M. Ste. Claire Deville, Caron, and Troost have just communicated to the Academy of Sciences a method by which they can be made with ease. A mixture of fluoride of aluminum with a small quantity of fluoride of chromium is placed in an earthen crucible, which has first been carefully lined with calcined alumina, after the fashion in which it is customary to line crucibles with charcoal. In the centre of this crucible, in the midst of the mixture of fluorides, is placed a small platinum crucible, containing boracic acid. The outer crucible having been well covered, the whole is exposed to a temperature sufficiently high to volatilize both the boracic acid and the fluorides. The vapor of the boracic acid then decomposes that of the fluorides, with formation of fluoride of boron, and deposition of crystals of the mixed oxides of aluminum and chromium. If the fluorides were originally mixed in the right proportions, these crystals will have exactly the same composition, and exactly the same color, lustre, specific gravity, and other properties as the most perfect natural rubies.

ALFRED TRAMPLE'S MISTAKE.

BY JOHN JONES.

MR. ALFRED TRAMPLE had been married four years; and during that time had led a happy life—that is, as happy a life as a man like himself could lead. He had married when thirty-six, and had grown so confirmed in his habits that it seemed that nothing could change him. He was by no means what is known as a domestic man, for he was rarely at home. He left his house at eight in the morning, having breakfast at half-past seven, came home for dinner at one, was off again at half-past one, and did not return until nearly ten at night, when, wearied and broken down, he could have no heart for anything but to go to bed, and to sleep at once. On Sundays, which he called his "only day at home," he was at church in the morning, and off for a walk, or to see a friend in the afternoon, so that he managed to spend only a few hours after dark at home on that day, if he did not go to church again at night. Thus he saw little more of his home than the merest stranger, and knew really very little of what was passing there. He was content to leave all that in the hands of his wife, feeling sure she would watch over his interests in that quarter.

Mrs. Trample was a good, warm-hearted little woman, and worthy of a different kind of husband. When she was married she naturally looked forward to the many happy hours she would spend in her husband's society, in their own house; but it was not long before this illusion was dispelled. Mr. Trample was early at home, and his wife saw but little more of him, than if he had been in the antipodes. She was very lonely in his absence, but was forced to bear it. When their first child was born, she hoped that would cause him to pay more attention to his home; but it did not. Another little one came, but still Mr. Trample went on in his old habits. At last Mrs. Trample resolved to speak to him about it. Perhaps she might be able to induce him to spend more time with her, by telling him how lonely she was in his absence.

"Alfred, dear," she said, one morning, as they were at breakfast, "can't you come home earlier to-day?"

"Why, Nellie?" he asked, in surprise.

"Because I am so lonely without you. If

you were a perfect stranger to me, I could scarcely see less of you."

"O," he exclaimed, laughing, "is that all?"

"Isn't it a great deal to be deprived of your society?"

"I wish I could stay with you, Nellie," he said; "but I can't. I'm compelled to work hard. I have no time to lose from my business. When I make a fortune, and retire, which I hope will be in a few years, I will stay with you all the time."

"Don't you think you might spare more time from your business, if you were to make the effort?" she asked. "You are doing very well, and I think you might give more time to your children and me, even if you made less money."

"Nonsense, Nellie. It can't be done. I don't mean to work all my life; and I must slave now, in order to enjoy in the future. Don't you see?"

"No, Alfred, I don't see. I think it is your duty not to neglect your family for the sake of making your business more profitable."

"But I don't neglect you. I am working hard for you. It is as great a privation to me to be away from you so much, as it can possibly be to you. I know what I am doing, and I think it is for the best."

And so the conversation ended.

Mr. Trample did think he was right. He was doing a fine business, and was rapidly making a fortune, and he meant in a few years to retire, and devote himself more to his home and family, little dreaming that, as the years went on, his habit of neglecting them and engrossing himself in his business would grow upon him. He was, like many men, too much intent upon making money to think of much else. He loved his wife and children, and provided liberally for them. He was careful that they should lack nothing that could contribute to their comfort. Yet to his children he was almost a stranger. One was not quite three years old, and the other scarcely a year old. They were too young to notice this, but it did not alter the matter. He saw them for a few moments before leaving home in the morning, and when he came home at night would watch them for a few moments as they slept. He

knew very little about them, except what his wife told him, and she saw so little of him that she could not tell him much. Had the children been old enough to need his care, the case would have been the same.

Mr. Trample was not so rare an exception to the general rule of humanity as some may think. There are few of us who have not at some time met such a man, a good, kind-hearted, liberal man, but one who could not take the time from his business to devote to other equally important affairs—one who regarded the amassing of wealth as the chief object of a man's existence.

One night, as Mr. Trample came home from his business, tired and worn out, his wife said to him:

"Gracie has been very sick to-day, Alfred."

"Not very sick, I hope," he said, anxiously.

"Yes, she has, and I'm afraid she is growing worse. Can't you come home earlier to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow. It's a very busy season, and I am kept hard at work. Besides, to-morrow I shall be away from the store all day, attending to a matter that promises to pay handsomely."

The next morning little Gracie was evidently worse. Her cheeks were flushed with fever, and there were alarming symptoms about the throat.

"I wish you would stay at home to-day, Alfred," said Mrs. Trample.

"I can't do it, my dear," he replied, emphatically.

"Your clerks might do your work for you to-day; or you might even afford to lose one day, in order to stay with your sick child."

"Gracie does not seem to me to be sick enough for that," he said, hesitatingly, for he felt the force of what his wife had said. "It is very important that I should not be away from my business to-day. If Gracie grows worse, you can send for me."

He went off, and his wife was forced to be content with this. It was a very busy and a very profitable day to him. His sales were larger, and his profits better, than they had been on any day during the season. He was out on the street at an early hour, and was going busily until night, scarcely taking time to swallow a brief lunch. In starting out in the morning, he was so engrossed with business, that he forgot all about Gracie, and neglected to leave word at his store where he could be found in case he should be sent for. It was after nine when he got through his

business, and then, chancing to remember Gracie, he decided not to go to the store, but to keep on home at once.

He reached his house about ten o'clock. A terrible silence seemed to him to reign through it as he entered. The parlor door was open, and through it he could see several ladies sitting in the room, and could hear them talking in low tones.

"Poor thing!" he heard one of them say; "she takes it hard; and to think her husband is not here to comfort her."

The words struck upon his heart like a knife, and with a feeling of terror, he sprang up the steps towards his chamber. The gas was burning very dimly in the room, but there was light enough for him to see the pale, waxen form of his first-born, lying on the little bed, dressed for the grave, and his wife kneeling by her in an agony of grief. He threw himself down by her, and groaned in bitter anguish.

When they were both calmer, his wife told him all. Gracie's sickness had developed itself into diphtheria in its worst and most rapid form. Messages had been sent repeatedly for him, but none of the clerks knew where he had gone, and all efforts to find him had been in vain. The little girl had died about four o'clock in the afternoon, and almost her last words had been, "Wont papa come?"

Not a word of reproach passed Mrs. Trample's lips, but her husband saw his mistake now, and was paying a fearful price for it. Though he might not have been able to save little Gracie, he could have been with her when she died, and would not then, as now, have been forced to confess that he had neglected her.

He was terribly punished, but the chastening was not ineffectual. After Gracie's death he gave more time to his family, and found that he still had enough to conduct a thriving and lucrative business; and when this change had taken place, he also found that he was a better as well as a happier man.

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise, his contempt, honor. Dean Swift says he never knew a man rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

One of the most magnificent and tasteful buildings in the world is the National Capitol at Washington. It is situated commandingly upon the brow of a hill in the eastern part of the city, ninety feet above the Potomac, and from whatever points the city is viewed it looms up majestically, the most conspicuous figure of the scene. It is surrounded by a beautiful park of thirty-five acres, handsomely ornamented with trees, shrubbery and fountains. It now covers an area of a little over three and a half acres, all of this being actually occupied by the buildings.

The corner-stone was laid by President Washington September 18th, 1793, and the two wings were completed in 1811. On the 24th of August, 1814, the British destroyed the wings, and in 1818 the foundation of the main building was laid, the re-building of the wings having been commenced in 1815. The whole edifice was completed in 1826. With the progress of time, however, it was found unequal to the necessities of the government, and an extension was at length determined upon. The corner-stone of the new building was laid July 4th, 1851, by President Fillmore, Daniel Webster delivering the oration. The buildings are not quite finished at present.

The Capitol fronts the east, the rear portion being towards the largest and most populous part of the city. For this reason the rear entrance is principally used. The old building forms the centre. It is three hundred and fifty-two feet four inches long, by one hundred and twenty-one feet six inches deep, with a portico one hundred and sixty feet wide, of twenty-four columns, with a double facade on the east, and a projection of eighty-three feet on the west, embracing a recessed portico of ten coupled columns. It is from this portico that the President usually delivers his inaugural address.

The new extensions consist of two wings placed at a distance of forty-four feet from the central buildings on the north and south sides, and connected with them by corridors fifty-six feet eight inches broad. The entire length of the Capitol is seven hundred and fifty-one feet four inches, and the greatest depth, including porticos and steps, is three hundred and twenty-four feet. The walls of the central building are constructed of white sandstone from an island in Aquia Creek, Virginia. The extension is built of fine white marble, slightly interspersed with veins of blue from Lee, Mass., and the columns are of white marble from Maryland. In the interior are many fine specimens of American colored marble. From the exact centre of the Capitol arises a magnificent cast-iron dome, extending to a height of three hundred feet above the basement floor of the building. This dome is a masterpiece of skill and art, and is the first object visible to the traveller as he approaches the city. It is surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of Liberty, by Crawford.

Beneath the dome is the rotunda, a circular cham-

ber, ninety-six feet in diameter, and rising to the entire height of the dome. It is ornamented with a fine collection of statuary and paintings, among which are a series illustrating events in American history. There are a number of historical paintings in the building, and the old hall of the House of Representatives is designed to be used in the future as a gallery for others, and for statuary.

The north extension wing contains the Senate Chamber, a magnificent room, rectangular in form, one hundred and twelve feet long, eighty-two in width, and thirty in height. The ceiling is of cast-iron, deeply panelled with stained glass skylights, and is highly ornamented. The chamber is surrounded with galleries capable of seating one thousand persons. These galleries are reached by means of splendid marble stairways. Adjoining the Senate Chamber are the retiring-rooms of the senators, their post-office, the President's and the Vice President's rooms—superb apartments, with walls and columns of white and red marble, and gorgeously painted and gilded ceilings. The south extension wing contains the Hall of Representatives. It is larger than the Senate Chamber, and more gaudily fitted up. Its galleries will seat twelve hundred persons. One of the stairways leading to them is ornamented with a painting in fresco by Leutze, representing a band of emigrants crossing the Rocky Mountains.

The corridors of the new wings are furnished with massive bronze doors, ornamented with scenes from American history.

The old Senate Chamber is a neat and tasteful apartment, and is now used by the Supreme Court of the United States. The old Hall of Representatives is a gem of a public chamber, and contains a row of handsome columns of Potomac marble. The library of Congress is in the central building, and is entered from the rotunda. It overlooks the western park, and commands a fine view of the river and city. The new wings are furnished with large and comfortable committee-rooms, most of which are in the upper part of them, and the basements are handsomely fitted up with various chambers, and with long and splendid corridors.

When completed, the Capitol will be one of the most splendid edifices in the world. It is now visited by thousands of persons from the various portions of the Union, and from foreign countries, all of whom agree that its beauties must be seen to be appreciated.

A PHILADELPHIA CLUB-HOUSE.—The club-house of the Union League on Broad street, Philadelphia, is without doubt the finest club-house in the country. It has every convenience, although the annual payment is but twenty-five dollars. Ladies are admitted to inspect it every day till one o'clock, P. M.—not afterwards. They must draw the line somewhere, as the fashionable "gent" said when he did not invite his own brother to his grand party.

AMERICAN MINISTER AT LONDON.

One of the most remarkable families America has ever known is that which bears the name of Adams. For three successive generations it has been made conspicuous by three men of marked abilities, who have come after each other in the regular order of father, son and grandson, beginning with John Adams, the second President of the Union. The present representative of the name, who now fills the post of our minister to the Court of St. James, resembles his father more than his grandfather, inasmuch as the most brilliant portion of his career has come to him late in life.

Charles Francis Adams was born in Boston, August 18th, 1807. When two years old he was taken by his father to St. Petersburg, where he passed the next six years of his life. At the end of that time, though only eight years old, he could speak the Russian, German and French languages, as well as the English. In 1815, he made a journey with his mother from St. Petersburg to Paris, to meet his father. Considering the unsettled state of Europe at that time, this was no slight undertaking. When his father was appointed Minister to England, he went with him, and was placed at a boarding-school, where he was soon distinguished for the readiness and vigor with which he fought his English school-fellows in defence of the honor of America. In 1817, he returned to America with his father, and was placed in the Boston Latin School, from which he passed to Harvard, where he graduated in 1826. He passed the next two years in Washington, with his father, who was then president, but in 1827 returned to Massachusetts, and commenced the study of law in the office of Daniel Webster. In 1828 he was admitted to the Boston bar. In 1829, he married the youngest daughter of Peter C. Brooks, a Boston millionaire, a connection which also made him a brother-in-law of Edward Everett. In 1831, he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. He served in the lower house of this body until 1834, when he was transferred to the senate, where he remained until 1836. In 1848, he was a candidate for the vice presidency along with Mr. Van Buren for the presidency, on the free-soil ticket, which was defeated. After that he did much towards organizing and bringing into existence what is now the Republican party. Upon the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, in 1861, he was sent to England as the American Minister. The difficult and delicate duties of his position have been fearlessly and ably discharged by him, and his devotion to his country's interests, and the unflinching courage with which he has protected them, have greatly endeared him to the people of the Union.

A PRIVILEGED CHARACTER.

At the end of the Braschi Palace, near the Piazza Navona, in Rome, there stands a mutilated statue, which was originally sculptured during the days of pagan Rome. In the latter half of the fifteenth century there was situated in its immediate neighborhood the shop of a tailor named Pasquin, or Pasquino, which was much frequented by people of consequence for the purpose of hearing the current gossip and scandal of the town, and of amusing themselves with the fictitious stories and satirical remarks of Pasquin and his workmen, who seemed to have enjoyed the utmost freedom of speech. No matter how

bitter or sarcastic these remarks were, etiquette forbade the sufferer by such pasquinades, as they were called, to resent them. This protection soon caused every libellous remark to be attributed to Pasquin's shop, a circumstance of which many high above him thought it no discredit to avail themselves. After the death of the witty tailor, the statue, which had long lain half buried in the ground, was dug out and set up near his shop. The people now declared that Pasquin had come to life again, the statue was called by his name, and satirical verses and lampoons, some of which even attacked the Pontiff himself, were constantly fastened to it, as the supposed utterances of Pasquin. The pope endeavored by various ineffectual means to put a stop to his sayings; and Adrian VI. at last proposed to have him thrown into the Tiber, but was prevented by Ludovico Suesano, who declared that if this was done, the frogs of the river would thenceforth croak pasquinades. Over three hundred years have elapsed since the utterance of the first genuine pasquinade, and at the present day the statue still pursues his vocation with as much zest as ever.

HIDDEN MUSIC.

Those who have visited the mouth of the Pascagoula River, on the southern coast of Mississippi, may have heard the hidden music for which the spot is noted. On still summer evenings one may hear from the shore, or still better from a boat floating upon the river, a low, plaintive sound proceeding from the water, and rising and falling like the strains of an Eolian harp. The sounds are indescribably sweet and melancholy, and cease as soon as there is any noise or disturbance of the water. This phenomenon occurs at numerous other points along the coast, but not so frequently as here. Various legends and traditions exist concerning it; but the scientific explanation of it is, that it is produced by some species of shell fish, or some other marine animal.

PORT WINE.

Port wine is produced in the vicinity of Oporto, on the Douro, in Portugal. The principal vineyards are in the mountainous districts, about fifteen leagues from the city. There the vines are cultivated in terraces, and are not suffered to grow higher than three and a half feet. The vintage begins in September, and lasts about a month. The juice, having been expressed from the grapes by the treading process, is placed in casks to ferment, then transferred to large vats, where a second fermentation ensues. In the winter, it is racked into pipes and sent to Oporto. Various qualities are made, but none is suffered by the inspectors to leave the country but a strong, dark, sweet kind. This is most frequently adulterated with brandy. The best wine is kept at home.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.—In an article on denominational statistics, the whole membership of the Methodist Church, North and South, is given as 1,628,820, of the Baptist Church, 1,940,303. With the exception of the Catholic, these two denominations have a far larger membership than any others.

AN ELOPMENT.—A nice little Canadian girl recently eloped from a convent, and joined and married her lover in Vermont.

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Two gentle shepherds, and their sister wives,
With thee, Anthoxa, lead ambrosial lives;
Closed in a green recess, unenvied lot,
The blue smoke rises from their turf-built cot;
Bosomed in fragrance, blush their infant train,
Eye the warm sun, or drink the silver rain.

DARWIN.

Erythraea.

The Lesser Centaury. Little pink-flowered plants, mostly annuals, suitable for rockwork. The seeds should be sown in autumn in the open border, and the plants removed in patches, with earth attached, to the rockwork in spring.

Strelitzia.

Magnificent plants with large long leaves, and very large and singular orange and purple flowers. They are generally kept in a stove, but they will flower in a greenhouse or room, if kept sufficiently moist. They should be grown in light sandy loam. They are very difficult to propagate, but they sometimes send up suckers, and sometimes ripen seeds.

Talauma

Low trees and shrubs from Java and other parts of the East Indies, with very fragrant white flowers, nearly allied to the magnolias. The plants should be grown in loam and peat if kept in the stove, and they may be propagated by layers and cuttings; but by inarching them on *Magnolia purpurea*, they may be brought to flower in a conservatory or greenhouse.

Tacsonia.

Climbing plants, nearly allied to the passion flower, with pinkish flowers, and golden, ball-like fruit. They are generally kept in a stove, but they will both grow and flower freely in greenhouse heat. They should be grown in sandy loam and peat, and they are propagated by cuttings.

Arum.

A genus of perennials, chiefly natives of warm climates, and of which a few species are hardy in American gardens. Of these, the Dragon Arum deserves a place in the flower-garden, for its large and very remarkable flowers. The large and splendid plant, with arrow-shaped leaves and white flowers, commonly called the Arum, belongs to a different genus, and was first called by botanists *Calla*, and afterwards *Richardia ethiopica*. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, where it grows in rich soil by the side of rivers. It is increased by offsets, which form on its thick fleshy roots in August or September. These should be potted in small pots, in soil composed of three parts of sandy loam, and one of leaf mould, or thoroughly rotten manure. The pots should be well drained, and the plants frequently watered, while they are in a growing state. About May or June the leaves will begin to wither at their

points; and when this is perceived, the supply of water should be lessened, till at last only enough is given just to keep the plant alive. During the time the leaves are dying off, the plant should have abundance of light; but when they are all withered, the plant should be removed to any shed, or other place, where it may enjoy complete repose for about a month. In October or November it should be re-potted, and supplied with abundance of water, particularly if kept in a sitting-room, where there is a daily fire. It should indeed always stand in a saucer full of water (changing the water every day), as the plant will not flower if once suffered to become too dry while in a growing state; and as it has the extraordinary power of discharging the superabundant water from the points of its leaves in drops. This quality also renders it suitable for culture as an aquatic plant; and thus treated, it will live in the open air all winter, and when the leaves die down, the water will keep the root from frost. The roots must be planted in the mud at the bottom of the pond, and a part should be chosen where the water is not more than three feet deep. This must be attended to; because, as the plant will not expand its flowers till its leaves rise above the surface, the stem would become weakened by being more elongated. The plant generally flowers in March or April; but by prolonging its season of repose, it may be made to flower in May or June.

Swallow-wort.

North American herbaceous plants. The most ornamental species is *A. tuberosa*, which has fine orange-colored flowers, and is somewhat difficult to cultivate. It thrives, however, in sandy peat, kept rather dry than otherwise, and seldom disturbed by removal; and it is increased by division.

Tagetes.

The French and African marigolds. Well-known half hardy annuals, with showy flowers that have a very disagreeable smell. The seeds are generally sown on a slight hotbed, and transplanted in May.

Talinum.

Succulent plants, shrubby and perennial, mostly natives of the West Indies, and with dark red or purple flowers. They should be grown in sandy peat with a little loam, and they require but little water. They are propagated by cuttings.

Storax.

Ornamental shrubs, with white flowers, natives of Europe and North America; which grow best in sandy peat, or heath-mould, and flower freely. They are propagated by layers.

The Feather-Grass.

This is an extremely elegant plant, which grows freely in light rich soil, and is increased by seed, or division of the root.

The Housewife.

Apple Fritters.

Pare and core some fine large pippins, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar and nutmeg for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs, a tablespoonful of rose-water, a tablespoonful of wine, a tablespoonful of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately in the batter, and fry them brown; sift pounded sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

Tongue Toast.

Take cold tongue that has been well boiled, mince it fine, mix it with cream, or a little milk, if there is no cream at hand, add the beaten yolk of an egg, and give it a simmer over the fire. Toast nicely some thin slices of stale bread, and having buttered them, lay them in a flat dish that has been heated before the fire; then cover each slice with the tongue mixture, which should have been kept quite hot, and serve up immediately.

Sponge Cake.

Take the weight of the eggs in sugar; half their weight in flour, well sifted; to twelve eggs add the grated rind of three lemons and the juice of two. Beat the eggs carefully, white and yolks separately, before they are used. Stir the materials thoroughly together, and bake in a quick oven.

Gingerbread.

Mix together three and a half pounds of flour; three-quarters of a pound of butter; one pound of sugar; one pint of molasses; a quarter of a pound of ginger, and some ground orange peel.

Raspberry Cakes.

Take any quantity of fruit you please, weigh and boil it, and when mashed, and the liquor is washed, add as much sugar as was equal in weight to the raw fruit. Mix it very well off the fire till the whole is dissolved, then lay it on plates, and dry it in the sun. When the top part dries, cut it off into small cakes, and turn them on a fresh plate. When dry, put the whole in boxes, with layers of paper.

For unbroken Chilblains on the Feet.

Of vinegar take three-quarters of an ounce; of sal-ammoniac half an ounce; of nitre as much as will lie on a shilling. After having rubbed the chilblains with camphorated spirits of wine, rub in the above, having first well mixed the ingredients.

Cold Ham.

Procure a small ham of about nine pounds weight, which soak about ten hours in cold water, and simmer three hours in plenty of water; when done, take out and let remain till cold; then cut off the skin as thinly as possible, but without leaving the marks of

it; let a piece remain upon the knuckle about two inches and a half in breadth, which either festoon or vandyke, carve the fat neatly to form a shell, and glaze it over lightly, serve with a paper frill upon the knuckle, and garnish with savory jelly, or if plain, with a few bunches of fresh green parsley.

Macaroni Pudding.

Blanch two ounces of Naples macaroni in some water for eight or ten minutes; strain it, add it to a pint of boiling milk, in which you have previously boiled a piece of lemon-peel, cinnamon, and one ounce of butter; when the macaroni is quite tender, add two eggs and sugar enough to sweeten it; steam it one hour in a stewpan, in a buttered tart-dish.

PUDDINGS IN MOULDS.

Carrot Pudding.

Mix in a bowl half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, three quarters of a pound of grated carrot, a quarter of a pound of raisins stoned, a quarter of a pound of currants, and a quarter of a pound of sugar, brown or sifted white; place these in a mould or dish, beat up two whole eggs, the yolks of four in a gill of milk, grate a little nutmeg in it, and add it to the former; bake or steam forty-five minutes.

Pudding a la Reine.

Butter and paper the mould, fill up with cake or bread-crumbs, when full, pour some custard in until it will hold no more; this may be flavored with any white liquor or essence you please, for instance, citron (then it is called Pudding a la Reine au Citron), or orange; use peel thinly sliced, and so on for any flavor you may give it.

Trifle Pudding.

Prepare the mould, and fill it with the same ingredients as directed for trifle, taking care that the wine, etc., is well soaked before adding to the custard. Steam or bake thirty minutes. The sides and tops of these puddings may be ornamented with cut angelica, hops, or candied orange or lemon-peel, in any fanciful design you please, and they may be served with any kind of wine sauce.

Mince-meat Pudding.

Butter and paper the mould, then put a layer of cake and a layer of mince-meat alternately, till full, then add custard.

Ginger Snaps.

Beat together half a pound of butter, and half a pound of sugar; mix with them half a pint of molasses, half a teaspoonful of ginger, and one pound and a half of flour.

Shells or Coccoa

Require two or three hours to boil. Some persons like cocoa roasted and pounded before boiling it.

Curious Matters.

Action of Mercury on Gases.

M. Boussingault has continued his experiments upon the leaves of plants. His last published essay refers to the action of certain gases upon plants. The observations upon the action of mercury on leaves are of great interest. When leaves are placed under a bell-glass, with their stalks immersed in mercury, it would appear that they are completely deprived of their power of decomposing carbonic acid; but when they are not directly in contact with mercury, but still exposed to the metallic vapor, the decomposing power is lessened, but not completely destroyed. M. Boussingault has shown that leaves kept in the dark in contact with mercury transform quite as much oxygen into carbonic acid as a leaf similarly placed in confined air will when not in contact with mercury.

Artificial Ivory.

Both on the continent and in England the manufacture of "artificial ivory" is conducted on a scale of some magnitude. The process by which the most successful imitation of natural ivory is obtained appears to consist in dissolving either india-rubber or gutta percha in chloroform, passing chlorine through the solution until it has acquired a light yellow tint, next washing well with alcohol, then adding, in fine powder, either sulphate of baryta, sulphate of lime, sulphate of lead, alumina, or chalk, in quantity proportioned to the desired density and tint, kneading well, and finally subjecting to heavy pressure. A very tough product, capable of taking a very high polish, is obtainable in this way.

Clay for Crucibles.

Hitherto the clay for crucibles has been imported by all the American glass works either from Germany or from Stourbridge, England; it is worth \$25 per ton in gold in the market, and a single manufactory will consume three hundred tons a year. But a large deposit has been found near St. Louis, in Missouri, which from an analysis and practical trial is pronounced fully equal to the best English or German clay. This is another important step in the development of the mineral resources of America.

Gunpowder.

Captain Schmitze, of the Prussian artillery, has patented a new kind of gunpowder, which possesses some remarkable peculiarities. It consists principally of wood reduced to very minute cylinders or grains, deprived of all their constituents other than cellulose, and steeped in a solution of nitrate of potash and nitrate of barytes. The explosive effect of this new powder is stated to be as great as that of gun-cotton, while it does not possess its great disadvantages.

Magnesium Light for Dyers.

A dyer of Paris, some months ago, saw the magnesium light for the first time, and discovering at once that its rays left colors unaffected, exclaimed, "This is just what we have long wanted!" There are

many days in winter when those who deal with delicate shades of color are utterly at a loss to discriminate between tint and tint, but the magnesium light will, it is thought, answer the purpose of sunlight.

Material for Paper.

A Frenchman has discovered that a good fibre for paper may be produced from the roots of Lucerne. There are three varieties of this plant, all equally serviceable. His process is to take up the roots in December, wash them thoroughly, then crush between rollers, and soak for a fortnight to convert into pulp. Paper is already made from the vines of hops and from straw; but if the roots of lucerne can be used for the same purpose, and produced in sufficient quantity, there would be an advantage for the producers of paper, who now complain that rags are scarce and dear. It is said that in the soaking of the roots a salt of soda and a coloring matter are obtained.

Glaciers.

A glacier is formed first of melted snow; but melted at so low a temperature that it is not converted into water, but into a puddle of ice about the consistency of wet sand. This mass of ice mud glides slowly down the steep hills, carrying with it heaps of gravel and stones, with fragments of large rocks, broken off by the frost, and tumbled into the thick stream. Some of these fragments are of gigantic size, and sometimes the débris entirely conceals the ice stream which floats it onward. Professor Forbes speaks of a rock so floated down, one hundred feet long, and forty or fifty feet high, and another which contained at least 250,000 cubic feet of slate.

An Antediluvian Monster.

In Paris, M. Serres has succeeded in restoring the skeleton of the *Glyptodon clavipes*, an enormous antediluvian quadruped of the Armadillo genus, but of the size of an elephant. The total length of the creature is nearly eleven feet; and its height from the ground to the top of the crests which support its bony armor is about four feet.

Vessels of Zinc.

Vessels made of zinc should never be used for holding milk, as when milk is allowed to repose in contact with this metal a lactate of zinc is formed, as well as a compound of casein and oxide of zinc, both of which are extremely injurious if taken into the system. A solution of sugar, which stood a few hours in a zinc vessel, was found to contain a considerable quantity of salts of that metal.

The Centre of Gravity.

To find the centre of gravity of any body by experiment, suspend the body by two different points, find the lines of direction in each case, and the point where these lines intersect is called the centre of gravity.

Facts and Fancies.

MR. PHILISTINE DRONE'S WOOING.

"I beg to lay befor the readers of your valuable palper a hart-rending eppysode of the halscon dals of my youthful innocensce. When I was a blushing boy of sum 28 summers, and at that aige pekuliarly sensitive to the arrors of Kupid. Ye gods! my ink turns pall when I think of the objlot of my jeavvenile affeckahuns.

De not shudder when I tell yu that I fell in luv with a seckund-hand article, a femall dressed in black, the habilliments of the grav; in short, a widdler.

The idal of my hart was ritsh, but do not suppose for a singul moment that I associated my dreams of biles with luv of filthy luter; not wonce!

My angul's naim was Celestia Byte; and wo is me, I went fur Byte, and kum back bitten. Wun nite, while listening to her sole-serrin strames upon a five-shilling akkordeon, I was about to pore my tail of luv at her feet, when she sed:

"Philly" (she alwais kalled me Philly), "Philly, deer, wilt not purchis me sum music?"

"Lite of my hart," sed I, "thy behests shall be obeyed."

"Kall me pet naims," said the tender-harted sary-fim, and immediatly swooned with delite.

That nite as I took my departure from the bootiful Celestia's I sed to myself, "Undoubtedly she luvs me. O, heavenly thought! Ken I be awaik?" which was not very likely, seeing as I had my pocket pickt by an audashus fellow who had taken advantage of my abstraction.

When I neckst addressed Celestia, 'twas with a luv letter, which I indited after grate efforts, with the aid of my stoopendus jenius and an old song book. The missive red as folloes, to wit:

"DEEREEST CELESTIA:—Fare wun of the Golden Locks, ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming. Thy brite smile haunts me still. Adorable wun, thou art the only woman I ever luvd. Belaved Girl, thou art so nere and yet so far. Rock me to sleep Beautiful dreemer. I'd offer thee this hand of myne. Wilt acksept, from your tooo luv, PHILLY DRONE."

This I seeled, and sent to my hart's affinity, and received the following anser. It red thusly:

"DEER P. D.:—Sportive boy, everything is celubrius. O, kum, kum! Am I or am I not. Ekuse my inkoherency. The thought wilt drive me mad.

"CELESTIA."

Upon reeding of which I immediatly fainted and swooned in my own footsteps.

'Twas evening when I again started forth to visit the dommysil of the salubrious widdoe, and the stars seemed to shine in mello lite upon my kare-worn linnymnts as if they new that I was san to jine my flit with wun who was too angellok for a lengthened residence upon this sinful sfer; and while my hart beet with overpowering amoshans, I asked myself in murmuring acksents if I was warthy of this earthly

sherryblin, and arriving at her dore at the instant I asked this question, I was ushered in before I had time to anser it.

When I stood in the presens of the happi gurl, she sed:

"Philly, deer, do I wunot again behold thy frame and open kountenansce?"

"O Celestia! pray do not gaze upon me in that refulgent stile—do not; my hart will bust!" said I. "And now tell me when thou wilt be my bryde?" And I kneeled before her, match to the damage of my best pants.

"Thy Bryde?" said Celestia, disdainfully.

"Ay, swete wun!" sed I, throeing my arms around her lovingly. "When will we be married?"

But imagine my surpris when Celestia hit me akrost the hed with a fire-shovel, and then asked me what I ment.

"Didn't you promies to marri me?" sed I.

"Marri you!" she sed. "Do yoo suppose that the aushant family of Byte wood disgrais thar naim by affilyating with a Phillstin?"

"But," sed I, "didn't I rite you a letter, offering my hand, and didn't you rite me a letter acksepting it?"

She burst out laffin, and sed:

"Yoo big fool! I thought it was a list of the ma-sick you was going to send me;" and she swept from the room skornfully.

I left her kursed threshold, never more to return.

A CONSIDERATE MAN.

Some twenty years ago, more or less, a man named Stannard drove stage between Windham and Norwich, taking dinner on his return at the Halfy House. One morning going down, he carried a turkey which he sold the landlord for dollar and a quarter. On his way back he stopped to dinner as usual, and found that same turkey, stuffed and roasted, served up in good style, with the usual trimmings. He ate the whole turkey and all the fixings, drank five or six glaases of cider, and paid but thirty-seven and a half cents for his dinner! Stannard said he always wondered how they could make money keeping tavern.

A DROLL POSTMASTER.

In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Post Master General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the post-master of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, etc." The reply was brief and read thus; "Sir, the Tombigbee river doesn't run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, etc." The post-master general continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir, your appointment as post-master at — is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor. Respectfully, etc."

The droll understrapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir, the revenues for this office for the quarter ending Sept. 30, have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow candles and twine, was \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully."

A DARKEY'S FAITH IN MIRACLES.

In Zanesville, Ohio, there are many colored people, who live by barbering and other light work. They are for the most part an orderly and quiet people, many of them religious, having a church of their own, and an ebony minister, of all of which they are justly proud. One cold evening, in the time of a great revival in the church, this ebony expounder was delivering a powerful appeal on "faith," the groans and sobs of his hearers giving token of his effect upon their impressible natures. The tears stood upon his own dark cheeks, his voice quivered like distant thunder, while he emphasized his words by vigorous blows upon the table. In the midst of all this, the stove, agitated by his jarring blows, rolled over on the floor. Brother Lewis, the high man of the church, had located himself near the comforter of shins. He stood irresolute, when the voice of his minister came to him laden with faith: "Pick up de stove, Brudder Lewis—pick up de stove; de Lord wont let it burn you!" Brother Lewis's mind was filled up with miracles of faith he had heard that evening, so he yielded to the appeal of his preacher, grabbed the hot stove, but dropped it instantly, and turning his reproachful eyes to the disciple of faith, replied: "De debble he wont!"

A PRECOCIOUS BOY.

"Mamma," said a little three year old, blue-eyed, chubby-faced boy the other day, after several moments' serious cogitation—"mamma, suppose you was a little boy, and I was you?"

Mamma, who had just declined giving the young gentleman any more bread and molasses, said, "well?"

"I'd let you have plenty molasses, mamma, and I'd ask papa for money to buy cakes at the corner—two dollars' worth."

"And if I was a little boy," said mamma, "I wouldn't frown and be ugly, and kick the chairs, when my mamma told me she couldn't give me more molasses and cake than were good for me."

"Ah! but you can't be a little boy," said the youngster, who instinctively felt that this was a heavy dig in his infantile sides; "and you can't get a big ladder, and climb up to God for him to make you over, ah!" triumphant.

Mamma was silent; more molasses was the result.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Bill Triplett, a son of "Old Kentucky," many years ago emigrated to Arkansas, and lived in a kind of hand-to-mouth sort of way, till finally he was reduced to the extremity of borrowing all the ready cash he could get hold of. One day he went to Fred Trappall—of whom he boasted as an old friend, and who was a whole-souled fellow—and asked the loan of ten dollars. Fred was a candidate for the legislature on the Whig ticket; but Bill was an inveterate

Democrat. When he asked the loan on this occasion, Fred said, "Bill, how does it happen that when you want money you always come to me, but when I'm a candidate you are always opposed to me?" This ought to have been a poser, but Bill was smart. Said he, "Fred, look at me right good! I'll tell you: 'Politically I'm opposed to you, but financially, I'm your friend!'"

AN APT SIMILE.

Mr. Mudie, the author of some popular works on "The Seasons," was originally a teacher in Dundee. He happened to be one of a tea-party at the house of the Rev. Dr. M——. The doctor was reputed for suavity of his manners, and his especial politeness towards the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to one of the ladies, he said, in his wonted manner, "Do take a little honey, Miss —, 'tis so sweet—so like yourself."

Mr. Mudie could not restrain his native tendency to humor, so, handing the butter dish to the host, he exclaimed, "Do take a little butter, doctor, it's soft—so like yourself."

BROKEN PLEDGES.

Richards was an inevitable chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge as often as he made it. The last time I saw him, he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew.

"Why, Richards," says I, "you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing, and left off lying."

A TOUGH CASE.

Rev. Stinson Farnlee, well known in Northern Vermont, and for many years a settled minister in the town of Westford, used to relate the following, respecting one of his parishioners, who never was known to engage in any religious conversation, so strongly was he attached to things earthly. Mr. Farnlee called one day to have a talk with him. He wished to have the minister walk over his well-cultivated farm, which request was complied with. After looking at his stock and crops, he waited for an opportunity to change the subject to things of a religious nature. At last the minister thought the time had arrived, when he said, "All these things are well enough in their place, but thou lackest one thing." "Yes, yes," said the farmer, "a good cart—and I'll have it, too." The minister gave it up.

A SLIGHT CORRECTION.

Old Rev. Mr. R——, a Worcester county divine, was one day attending the funeral of one of the members of his church, when, after praising the many virtues of the deceased, he turned to the bereaved husband, and said, "My beloved brother, you have been called to part with one of the best and loveliest of wives." Up jumped the sorrow-stricken husband, interrupting the tearful minister by sorrowfully saying, "O no, Brether R——; not the best, but about middling—about middling, Brother R——."

THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

Mark Twain of California describes a mysterious bottle of whiskey which he purchased for medicine:

There was something strange about that bottle of whiskey. I called to see a young lady one evening some three months ago—a thing I seldom do. I found her suffering that exquisite torture which can be inflicted by only one distemper in all the world—a cold in the head. Her eyes were red, her nose was scalded and so scathed and chopped that she blew scales from it with every blast. Her voice sounded as if she were talking through a tin horn. She said that she had entertained that cold for five days, and would have to entertain it five days longer—she had never got rid of one on easier terms. I said I could cure it in twelve hours. She was frantic with joy. She would have embraced me had we been near relatives. But sadly enough, such was not the case. I said, "Drink a level tumbler full of whiskey straight, and go to bed." Her joy departed. She sighed, and went on blowing her nose as before—her beautiful nose—her beautiful, scaly, scalded nose. I was inflexible. I said, "It must be; it is a military necessity; drink a tumbler full of whiskey cold and without water; dispose yourself comfortably in bed; in two minutes that infamous, disagreeable tickling sensation in your nose—that wretched and eternal desire to sneeze—will have passed away, and you will be serene and happy—as calm and contented, and as indifferent to worldly things as the sinless angels be; in five minutes you will begin to heave grandly up and down like a state-ship on the long ground swell of the sea; this is the very sublimity of happiness; in seven minutes and a half you will not know enough to come in when it rains; in ten minutes you will not care a—that is to say, you will not care a cent; in fifteen minutes you will be as tight as a brick—but who will ever know it? In another minute you will be sound asleep—and the thing is accomplished; you will never stir a peg nor turn over for twelve hours. Then you will get up as fresh as a lark, and the last vestige of your cold will have departed to the four winds of heaven. Try it!"

She was converted. I went out to get her a bottle of whiskey. I went to Smith's place. I said to myself, "I have drank barrels and barrels of this fellow's whiskey, in the reduction of my semi-annual colds, and can depend on its purity and excellence." I never saw that girl again until last week, and then she looked like Lazarus must have looked when he first sallied forth from the tomb. She had taken a glass of that whiskey and gone to bed. When she woke up next day, her cold was gone, but she was fearfully sick. During the next three months she passed out of one disease into another so fast that the doctors could hardly keep up with her galloping experiments, and she never got a chance to get out of bed during the whole time.

A lady called in to see her one day, and while conversing pleasantly her eye fell on the treacherous bottle. She took a swig and went into fits. On another occasion, two ladies who came to "set up," felt themselves spell-bound by the mysterious bottle; they could not keep their eyes off it; it gleamed from a side-table with unholy fascination; it triumphed over them at last, and they took a drink. They laid right down on the floor and began to gasp and sweat and groan; and thenceforward for six weeks those two women were harried and bullyragged by every

disease known to the books. A minister of the gospel fell under the baneful influence of that bottle at last; he took a drink and went to his pulpit and launched out the direct discourse that ever was heard in California; he advocated Deism and Atheism and Spiritualism and Catholicism and every other ism he could think of, and then came down and tried to clean out his congregation; he was a rampant madman for weeks together. Three more women suffered from that bottle. Lately the family moved, and the infernal bottle was taken along. It had been long supposed to be empty, but the servant who was set to arrange the furniture in the new house, found a sup of the lees remaining, and drank it. She is put in Stockton now. After that, an old *chifonier* came along, and the family gladly conferred upon him the fatal bottle without recompense. While he was carrying it down stairs he took a smell at the cork and fell and broke his leg. I shall always think there was something mysterious about that bottle. I have "worked up" this narrative a little, but in the main I have given actual facts, merely embellishing them in a scarcely perceptible degree. The original victim—the young lady—has gone to the springs to recruit her health, what there is left of it, which isn't much.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN MEAT IS FRESH.—Keep it until it gets bad, and you will then learn exactly how fresh it was at first.

HOW TO GET A GOOD SERVANT.—Keep on discharging the bad ones till you meet with one that suits you.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE THE PERQUISITE SYSTEM.—Never buy anything of anybody.

TO CARE POULTRY.—Fowls have seldom more than two wings. It is advisable, therefore, in carving them, to remember this. Help the particular guests to a wing or breast; and when they are gone, it is good-breeding to ask the unimportant people, "if they have a preference for any part."

AN INQUIRING YOUTH.

"O, mother! mother!" "What my son!" "Mayn't I have the big Bible up in my room to-day?" "Yes, my child, and welcome. You do not know what pleasure it gives me to see young thoughts turned that way. But what sticks are those in your hand?" "Triggers!" "Triggers! For what, my child?" "Why, trap-triggers. Here's the standard, see; that is the flipper, and that one with the fat meat on the end is the long trigger. There's a rotten mouse keeps comin' in my room and insulting ov me, and I want to set the big Bible and try and knock his chunk out of him!"

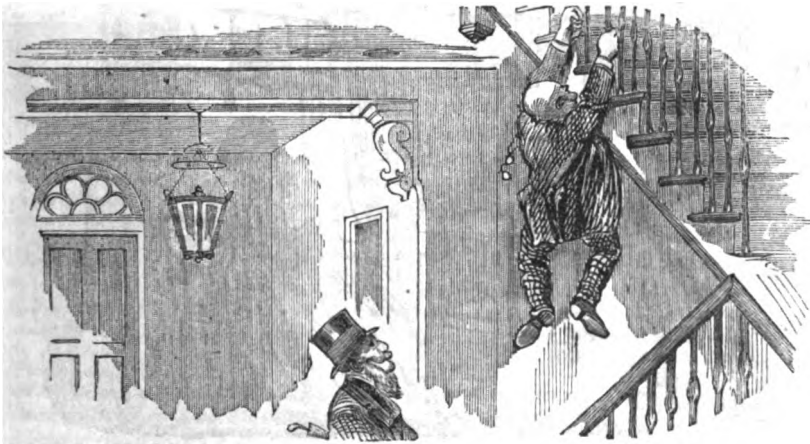
NEGRO AMBITION.

Julius—"Sam, I feel as if I'd like to hab my name handed down to posterity." Sam—"De hangman will hand you down from the gallows into de hands ob de dissectionists if you don't alter your ways, nigger." Julius—"O no, Sam, I feel I shall die a noble death!" Sam—"What, on de battle-field?" Julius—"No; dat's all played out now. Sam, I want to lay down on de hearth, and mix my ashes wid de grate."

THE HUMORS OF THE DAY.



STOUT PARTY.—Why, hang it, what does Jackman, my tailor, mean by sending in his bill? It hasn't run more than six years!
KIND FRIEND.—Mean? Why, that you're getting too fat, old boy, to make a good advertising medium.



THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION QUESTION.

OLD FOOZLE.—Nothing like athletic sports, my dear boy. I always make a point of going up stairs like this!

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



PAR-TICKLER UNPLEASANT.

Awful position of little Symphyns, who, with a cup of coffee in one hand and a piece of cake in the other, feels that he is g-g-g-going to sneeze.



THE LATEST THING IN LIMITED LIABILITY.

Finding Master Frank's organ of destructiveness to be largely developed, mamma ingeniously applies the "limited liability" principle to his amusements.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIII.—No. 6.....JUNE, 1866.....WHOLE No. 138.  
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A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

IN the May number of BALLOU'S MONTHLY, we presented to our readers a brief history of some of the fashions of dress which were popular with our ancestors. In this issue we purpose to continue the subject, and bring it down to the commencement of the present century. The more one investigates the history of costume the more interesting does it become; and we feel sure that so far from

proficient in the one without being well-versed in the other; and, although the law which governs the changes in the former has not yet been reduced to a science, it is by no means certain that the principles, which work the rise and fall of nations, are not the same as those which cause the variations of the



BEAUTY SPOTS AND PATCHES, 1638.

tiring the reader, we shall but stimulate him to researches of his own within this extensive and captivating domain.

The time spent in such a manner is by no means expended in vain; neither is it, as some foolishly suppose, a task similar to that of the Flora McFilmseys of the present day, who devote all their waking moments to designing and making "something to wear." The history of costume is so closely allied with that of man himself, that you cannot become a



FULL HEAD-DRESS, 1782.

shape, ornament and texture of the dress of those communities. One thing is indisputable—that by studying the fashion of a given period we gain a clear insight into the manners, tastes and feelings of its people, and from the knowledge thus acquired we may draw a fair estimate of them, and this in its turn makes their history plainer to us. In this way we pass from what is supposed to be the most trivial to the most momentous portion of a nation's career. Who, then, shall

say that the study is trivial or unimportant?—Although there are no fixed laws governing the progress of fashion, we may lay down one unvarying rule—namely: that health is seldom consulted in matters of dress. This will be found to hold good among all nations, and for all periods; and indeed we might almost say that the most popular fashions are always the most unhealthy. Persons seem to care but little to what exposure or danger they subject themselves, so that they come up to the prevailing style. Even the most timid, giddy woman, who would shrink from entering a sick room, will not hesitate to expose herself to the most violent changes, in order that she may not be “out of fashion,” or may appear well at the ball or the opera. Both sexes have always evinced a sovereign contempt for the great hygienic laws, which require that all the clothing shall be as light in texture and as loose in fashion as is consistent with bodily comfort, and as will admit of the most perfect freedom in the exercise of every muscle of the body; and that one's dress shall be regular and uniform. Each succeeding generation seems to have surpassed its predecessors in this carelessness; so that we of the present day, in spite of our enlightenment and advantages, take far less care of our health than did those old Englishmen of six hundred years ago, whose ignorance we are so fond of pitying.

In designing or improving a fashion of dress, there are, or ought to be, three important considerations—ease, elegance and economy. We think we may say that more attention has been paid to these requisites at the present time than at any previous time. The costume of to-day, when not carried to an extreme, is decidedly elegant, comfortable and economical. Ease, as a general thing, brings elegance with it, and we are decidedly of the opinion that true economy consists in effecting a union of the two.

It has always been an effort, even with the most beautiful, to adorn the person to the utmost limits of good taste (and sometimes beyond it), for the purpose of heightening or improving the natural charms; there having been very few believers in the aphorism which declares that “beauty unadorned is adorned the most.” From the clothing, this care extended to the face and head.

Painting the face is of remote origin, and is the only old fashion of the present day. As a general thing, it is easy to detect it, but some of the fair ones are such skillful artists



PANNIER HOOP, 1744.

that they manage to use artificial bloom with impunity, and yet to defy the most searching and experienced eyes. It is, perhaps, more widely indulged in than most persons believe. An amusing instance of its popularity occurred a few years ago in one of our eastern cities. A distinguished chemist lectured before a large audience upon the properties and use of certain chemical agents. During a portion of his remarks, the hall was darkened, and a number of experiments were made with certain gases. At times the air became very much affected by them, to the great annoyance of the audience. When the lights were turned on again, it was found, to the intense chagrin of the ladies, and the amusement of the gentlemen, that a majority of the fair ones had a discolored spot on each cheek. The gases in decomposing had changed the hue of their artificial roses to a deep blue, in some instances, and to a purplish black in others.

Another method of ornamenting the face, and one which was very popular a couple of centuries ago, was in pasting black patches on it. The object of this was to heighten the whiteness of the skin by contrast with the patches, and thus, as it was thought, add to its beauty. Hence originated the term, “beauty spots,” which was applied to the patches. Our first engraving represents a lady in the extreme of the fashion. She has blackened her eyebrows, and pasted on to her fair skin a round patch, a star, two crescents, and a coach-and-four, all of the most intense blackness; and, no doubt, were it not for our modern obtuseness, we might at once perceive how charmingly and exquisitely her beauty is increased by it. As it is, however, we should be far more apt to think her some South Sea Island belle, tattooed in the most approved

style, than one of the fascinating and voluptuous ladies of the court of *Louis le Grand*.

Passing now from the face to the head, we enter upon a perplexing and prolific portion of our subject. To attempt to describe the various styles in which the fair dames of old dressed their lovely tresses, would be useless. We could easily fill a volume much larger than this entire magazine; so that we shall be compelled to confine ourselves to one period only, which may be called the golden age of hair-dressing. In France, this period ended in the Revolution, and in England, in the close of the reign of George II. During this time the principal objects of the ladies seemed to be to get as many ornaments on the head as possible. The articles used for this purpose were complicated scaffoldings of iron or silver wires, dressed to represent castles, pyramids, ships, turban-like canopies, zodiacs, pickets, butterflies, birds, shells, leaves, flowers, and various other kinds of structures; and the hair was often so neatly intertwined about them that they were quite indistinguishable from the lady's head. The second engraving on the first page represents one of the fashions of this period. The ladies of the present day seem to be rapidly going back to this style. The monstrous and ungainly rolls and waterfalls with which they disfigure their heads are strikingly like those which preceded the terrible unsettling of the old world.

Another style of dress of this period was the immense *pannier* hoop, which is illustrated on page 426. This was similar to the old farthingale of the Elizabethan age, and somewhat resembles the modern crinoline, with the exception that the hoops of the present day are neither so large, so unwieldy, so heavy, nor so hideous. The *pannier* hoops were made of stout willow, whalebone, or iron, the diameter being equal to the height of the lady. The dress was confined at the waist in pleasant weather by a tight girdle; but in warm weather this was often thrown aside and the clothing permitted to touch the body only at the neck. At such times the head of the lady seemed to project from an immense hollow cone. This abominable fashion was abandoned for a while through the instrumentality of M^{lle}. Clairon the actress, who ventured to appear on the stage without a pannier. Marie Antoinette restored it, and the Revolution again ended it. At the present day hoops are quite popular in a

more reasonable and graceful style. There is, however, in France (upon which country we independent Americans depend for our fashions) a movement, headed by the empress, to discard crinoline; but *those who set the fashions in Paris*, are resisting it stoutly.

The French Revolution struck a death-blow, not only to the old order of affairs in France, but to that system throughout the world. As a natural consequence, the style of dress changed with the times. The ladies, sharing the general enthusiasm for antiquity, revived the Greek costume. They marred it, however,



WALKING DRESSES OF 1800.

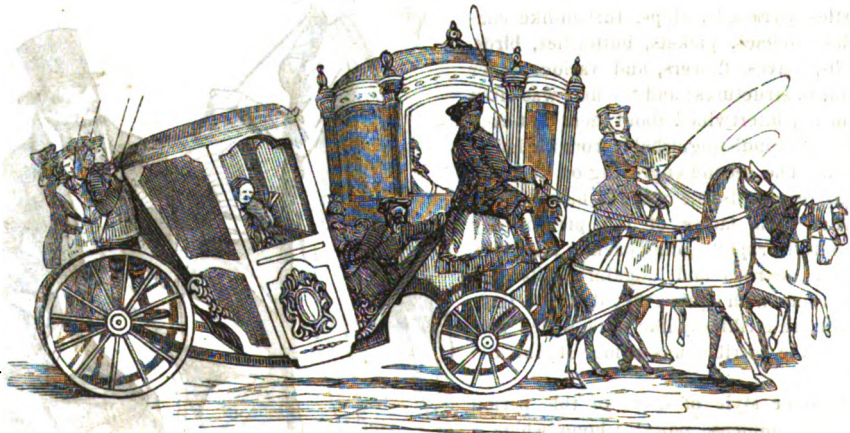
by placing the girdle higher than it was worn by the Greek matrons. David sought to remedy this defect, by introducing in his portraits a double girdle. The Greek style of arranging the hair was mingled with a feature that was essentially modern. Towards the commencement of the present century the dress of the ladies had changed to that in which our grandmothers delighted. The waist was on a level with the armpits, and the skirt came to the feet and clung close to the figure, revealing it in every proportion. The bosom was cut low, and was open and richly ornamented with costly laces. The sleeves were,

in the full dress, simply bands passed over the shoulder to support the gown, and in the walking-dress long and very tight. The bonnets were huge, and more like an old-fashioned buggy top, or a coal-scuttle, than anything else. They were decked with a profusion of gay ribbons and flowers, and one of them would be equal to a dozen of those now worn. We cannot better describe this style of dress than by saying that it was designed to expose more of the person than it concealed.

Some thirty-five years ago, a lady who had the fortune, or misfortune, to gain considerable notoriety in this country and in France, by an unfortunate affair in which she was less to be blamed than pitied, appeared at a public ball given in the city of Richmond, in the ex-

The male figure in the same engraving is that of a fashionable gentleman of the day. The costume is a noted one, as it is that which Bead Brummell and the Prince Regent made so famous. The coat was a stiff, tight-fitting frock. It was generally buttoned at the waist, and left open above to show the vest, which was single-breasted, and equally as stiff as the coat. It was buttoned about half way up the chest, and through the opening protruded an enormous frill of the finest linen and lace. A high standing collar rose to the ears, above a huge white cravat, into which the lower part of the face was sure to settle if the head was ever held in a natural position. A tremendous felt hat completed the dress.

It is related of Beau Brummell, that one



LIVERY SERVANTS AND CARRIAGES, TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

trême of this fashion. She wore a close dress of thin gauze, that revealed every portion of her magnificent figure, which was simply cased in a full suit of fleshings. Her appearance at once horrified the steady, sober people of Richmond, and the managers, after a brief consultation, approached her, and asked why she had come there in such a costume. She replied, very innocently and indignantly, that she was in *full dress*, and that the style in which she appeared was "*all the rage in France*." The managers smiled, and told her that they were disposed to show her every attention and courtesy, but that their duty compelled them, much to their regret, to insist she should *go home and put on some clothes*.

The female figure in the engraving on page 427 will convey a correct idea of the walking costume of the period alluded to.

morning while sitting at the table, he was joined by two gentlemen, who were old acquaintances. Calling his servant, he asked, "Who is this at my right?" "If you please, sir, it is the Marquis of Headfort," was the reply. "And who is at my left?" "It is my Lord Yarmouth." Brummell then proceeded to address his noble neighbors, keeping his head in an exact position, fearful that if he turned it in the least, it might disarrange some minute fold of his cravat. The tight trowsers of that day were sore inconveniences to his "fat friend," the Prince Regent, who had literally to be lifted into them, and who always consumed half an hour in forcing on his breeches.

The engraving on this page represents the awkward carriages in which those whose dress we have been describing, travelled from place

to place. Coaches were introduced into England in the year 1564, by a Dutchman, who became the queen's coachman. They were not much used, however, until the commencement of the eighteenth century. Those in the engraving represent state carriages, and were used by the royal family and nobility. The state carriages of England, at the present time, are of this cumbrous and unwieldy character. Such vehicles required a large amount of horse power to haul them; they were incapable of travelling with ordinary speed, were easily broken down, and very hard to repair. The wretched roads rendered them decidedly "slow coaches." Nearly three days were consumed in travelling from London to

nobility were mostly attended and encumbered by a number of servants in livery. The English laws have always recognized servants as a class, and it has been the custom in that country, from a very remote date, to clothe the dependants of the wealthy in a distinct garb by which they may be at once recognized. In old times the livery of a powerful noble was a great protection to its wearers, and the poor and weak were always glad to assume it. In some instances the dress was almost as handsome as that of the master, and completely outshone the apparel that was tolerated in artisans, or even tradesmen. The badge of the nobleman whom these people served, was usually worn upon the arm. It was a



A HINDOO FAMILY AND DWELLING.

Oxford, a distance of fifty-eight miles. Prince George of Denmark, in 1703, spent six hours in going nine miles on a journey that required the utmost speed. As carriages were used only by the great and wealthy, they were at this time the objects of the special attentions of the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who infested the highways. A gentleman could hardly travel a dozen miles from London, without meeting a Dick Turpin, a Claude Duval, or a Tom King, and reaching his journey's end with a pocket lighter than when he started, unless he had at his back a strong armed escort; and even these would sometimes take to their heels on hearing the familiar demand for their money or their lives.

On occasions of state the carriages of the

letter of introduction anywhere, and a protection in case of a quarrel. The livery was worn with a conscious pride in its potency, and the wearers positively looked down on the trading folks who had no livery to wear. However foreign or extravagant the prevailing fashion might be, it was sure to be adopted and exaggerated in servants' liveries. In former times the masters were deemed responsible for what was done by those wearing their livery, and were also bound to protect them, and avenge a wrong done to them. This had the effect of rendering the class insolent and lawless. In the reign of Henry VIII., when the sumptuary laws were exceedingly arbitrary, the serving-men appear to have done, under the shelter of their masters, pretty much as

they pleased; but in the days of Queen Mary, masters were compelled to restrain their servants, or answer for their negligence. The master ascertaining that any servant in his employ was in the habit of wearing any kind of clothing forbidden by the sumptuary laws, was compelled to discharge him, or to forfeit a hundred pounds.

In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., great display was made in the livery of servants, but the show was, if possible, exceeded in that of Charles II. The periwig, the broad-brimmed hat, the heap of feathers, the richly-laced doublet, the petticoat breeches, puffed beneath, ornamented with rows of ribbon above the knees, and deep lace ruffles beneath them—all this gorgeousness of apparel was seen on the servant as well as his lord.

In Queen Anne's time, and down to the period of the French Revolution, servants' liveries bore a closer resemblance to the dress of their masters than ever. Breeches, stockings, laced coats and waistcoats of every color, cocked hats laced, and shoes buckled, were the dress then of both servant and master. At the present day there is no law governing the choice of liveries, the matter being left entirely to the taste of the master.

In our own country, a few persons who seek to maintain a state utterly unsuited to the community and time, dress their servants in plain but sometimes rich liveries. The weight of public opinion is against the practice, and those who adhere to it are generally the objects of much good-humored ridicule. We once knew a distinguished public man to be defeated for office, in one of the Southern States, because his wife would have her coachman and footmen wear a livery. The people thought it rather too aristocratic for a republican community, and so voted against him, to his intense disappointment and disgust.

But we have exceeded our limits on the subject of "A Glance at the Past," and so leave the field for other objects of interest.

INDIA AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS.

We continue in the present issue some of the characteristic sketches of British India, which were begun in the April number of our Magazine. In the engraving on page 429 we present to the reader a view of a Hindoo family and dwelling. The costume, it will be observed, is exceedingly simple. It consists in the male of two pieces of cotton cloth, each about two yards in length, the upper piece is called the *chadder*, and is worn over

the shoulders, somewhat in the style of a shawl or cloak; and the lower piece is called the *dhotee*, and is fastened about the waist and falls to the ankles. The dress of the woman consists of a single piece of cloth called a *saree*, from four to seven yards in length. One end of this is wrapped around the waist and falls to the feet, while the other is thrown over the shoulder, and in some instances made to cover the head. The children rarely wear any clothing until they are six or seven years old, but are frequently ornamented with valuable jewels. The costume described is the dress of the generality of the Hindoos. Persons of high rank wear more clothing, and of a more elaborate style.

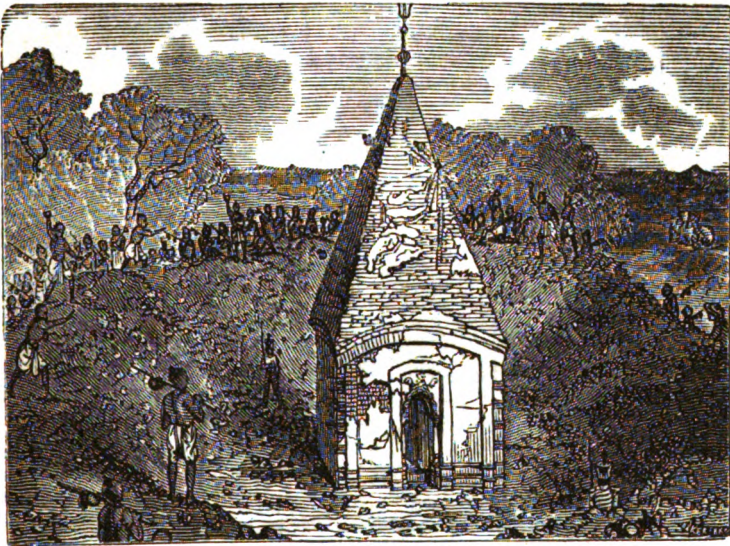
The majority of Hindoo dwellings are, like that represented in the engraving, mere huts. They are usually about eighteen feet long and twelve wide, and are built of mud, with thatched roofs. In the cities the thatch is replaced by tiles to prevent fires. Even in the cities dwellings of this kind are the most numerous. Buildings of brick, or stone, are the exceptions, and are either of a public nature, or the property of the great and wealthy. The cost of the Hindoo hut is from five to twenty dollars. Buildings of brick or stone command very high prices. They are generally two stories in height, with a flat roof, and a court-yard in the centre. Most of the houses have no windows opening upon the streets, but are built with them looking into the court. This gives the exterior of the dwellings a very gloomy and prison-like appearance. In some of the houses the court is very large, and is handsomely ornamented with fountains and shrubbery, and the dwellings themselves are magnificently furnished.

On page 431 is an engraving of a temple of Shiva, situated near Allahabad. It is surrounded by a high mound composed entirely of the fragments of earthen bottles. Towards the close of February, large numbers of pilgrims, sometimes as many as forty thousand, assemble at this temple. Each one is provided with two or three earthen bottles containing water from the Ganges, and a few copper coins. On an appointed day they proceed to the temple, and make their offering to Shiva, by breaking the bottles against the walls of the building. They believe that their god is greatly delighted with this procedure, and engage in it with an enthusiasm that is highly amusing to the stranger. The next day the Brahmins who serve the temple,

remove all the pieces of the bottles, and carefully collect the coins. They thus acquire large sums of money, and no doubt invented the custom for this purpose.

Shiva is one of the most important of the Hindoo deities. He is the husband of the goddess Kall, the patroness of the Thugs. He has three eyes, one of which is in the middle of his forehead, and eight arms. He is decorated with a serpent, which rears its head over his right shoulder. He is represented as trampling with one foot on an enemy in the act of drawing a sword; tossing with two hands a human body on a trident; he holds a drum in a third hand; and an axe in a fourth; a sword in a fifth; and a portion

third day a grand procession is held in honor of Shiva. One of the principal features of these processions, is the self-torture inflicted by the zealots. Some will fasten artificial serpents to their backs by means of iron pins thrust through the flesh; others will bore through the arm or tongue, and pass rods back and forth through the wounds for the purpose of increasing the pain. On the fourth day the feast closes with the sacred swing. This is a large post planted firmly in the ground, and furnished with a transverse beam, balanced on its centre, and turning on a pivot. A rope is made fast to one end, by means of which the other can be raised or lowered at pleasure. From this end many



TEMPLE OF SHIVA, NEAR ALLAHABAD.

of the Vedas in a sixth; and a club surmounted with a human head in the seventh.

The festival of Shiva occurs in the month of April, and is honored in every town and village in India. On the first day of the festival the people collect together at sunset and dance to the sound of their rude music, before an image of Shiva. Then those who wish to become noted for their piety are suspended from a beam head downward, over a fire. On the afternoon of the second day the people re-assemble. A platform is erected, from which the devotees throw themselves upon knives placed in a sloping position. Experts at this are rarely hurt, but those who do not understand the matter very well are frequently terribly wounded. On the morning of the

worshippers are suspended by means of hooks fastened into the muscular parts of the back. When the poor wretch is made fast to the beam it is raised into the air, and the victim is swung around in a circle with great rapidity for several minutes.

The engraving on page 432 is designed to illustrate a cruel custom of the inhabitants of the northern part of Bengal. When an infant becomes sick, the mother, supposing that it is under the malign influence of some wicked spirit, seeks to propitiate the spirit. To accomplish this, she places the child in a basket, and suspends it from a tree in which the evil spirits are supposed to reside. The mother then goes off and leaves the child, visiting it and feeding it at intervals for three days.

If at the end of that time the little one has not died from cold or exposure to rain, or has not been devoured by the ants, the vultures, or some wild beast, the mother takes it home. The chances are, however, greatly in favor of the child's death.

In some parts of India female children are not permitted to live. This is especially the case among the Jerejos, a fierce, warlike people who live in the north-western part of the country. Great numbers of female children are put to death by them immediately after birth. These people say that a holy Brahmin once pronounced a fearful curse upon all their tribe who should suffer a female child to live. The mothers, to escape the effects of

eggs, with very imperfect circulation and no special organs of sense." They form a mysterious link between the vegetable and animal worlds, and are one of the most interesting studies offered to naturalists. They are found attached to rocks, and only a very few of them possess to a limited degree the power of locomotion. Figure 1, in the engraving is the Nailed Anemone, a delicate semi-transparent white flower of the ocean. Figure 2, is an Anemone with long drooping tentacles, and of a brick red color. Figure 3. is the Phosphoric Sea-Pen. It is so called from its resemblance in form to a quill pen. When irritated it scatters a brilliant shower of phosphoric sparks in all directions. The branches are



HEATHEN MATERNAL CRUELTY.

this curse, as well as to save the expense of rearing their daughters, whom they consider worthless, poison them with opium, or strangle them, as soon as they are born. The wives of the members of this tribe are obtained from other parts of the country.

ANIMAL FLOWERS.

On page 433 we present to the reader a beautiful engraving of a group of flower-shaped Polyps, or animal flowers. These are, according to Professor Dana, "radiated animals, usually attached at the base, with a coronet of tentacles above, and a toothless mouth in the centre, with an inner alimentary cavity to which the mouth is the only opening; they are hermaphrodite, reproducing by buds and

of a beautiful purple color, and consist of a series of polyps connected by spines. This animal possesses to a very limited extent the power of propelling itself through the water. Figure 4. is the shell of a Whelk, on which are two acorn barnacles, with crimson tentacles. Figure 5. is a group of Ascidians. Figure 6. is a remarkable specimen, known as the Twisted Serpula. The feather-like tentacles are exceedingly rich in color. When the animal is frightened, these tentacles are immediately withdrawn, and the member called the stopper is drawn over the entrance to its tubular cell, completely closing it.

Nothing in all the book of Nature is more wonderful than these animated plants, and from time to time we shall present them to

the reader, more as a means of stimulating the study of them, than with the hope of treating the subject as it deserves, for the limits of our Magazine would prevent such a course on our part.

higher per ton were paid than the admiralty paid for the best war-cable. Poor ship, it deserved better fate than has befallen it, for it unquestionably comprises many things that are triumphs of ingenuity in their way. The



ANIMAL FLOWERS.

ANCHORS AND CHAIN-CABLES.

When the Great Eastern was built, it was determined that, so far as chain-cables were concerned, the best metal and the best workmanship should be used; six or eight pounds

great landing-stage at Liverpool is held in its place by three or four hundred fathoms of chain-cable, the bar iron which constitutes it costing twelve pounds per ton. Let the reader who is not well up in the price of iron please

to believe that this is a high price. The thickness of the bar or rod iron which is bent round to form a link varies from half an inch or less up to nearly three inches. For a two-and-a-quarter cable, as it is called, or one of which the links are made of iron two inches and a quarter thick, each link is about fourteen inches long by eight wide, with a stout stay-pin running across the centre.

Recollecting the scientific maxim, that "nothing is stronger than its weakest part," the captain of a ship looks well after his chain-cables—or ought to do so; seeing that one broken link is as bad as a dozen, so far as concerns the severance of a cable and the loss of an anchor. In English ships of war, these matters are very stringently looked after. At intervals of six months, the captain causes his cables to be examined; the shackle-bolts are driven out and rubbed over with tallow; the stay-pins are driven out and rubbed over with stiff white-lead; warm tallow is run into the sockets of the swivels; the lengths of cable are interchanged, in order to equalize the tear and wear; and every link is minutely examined. If anything is wrong, the wicked behaviour of the cable is at once put upon record, for transmission to the admiralty. When a ship is "paid off," or put out of commission, the chain-cables are sent to Sheerness or some other of the dockyards; they are rotated in a monster steam-working drum, to rub off the rust, then tested link by link, then repainted in any defective links, and then painted black before being laid by in store.

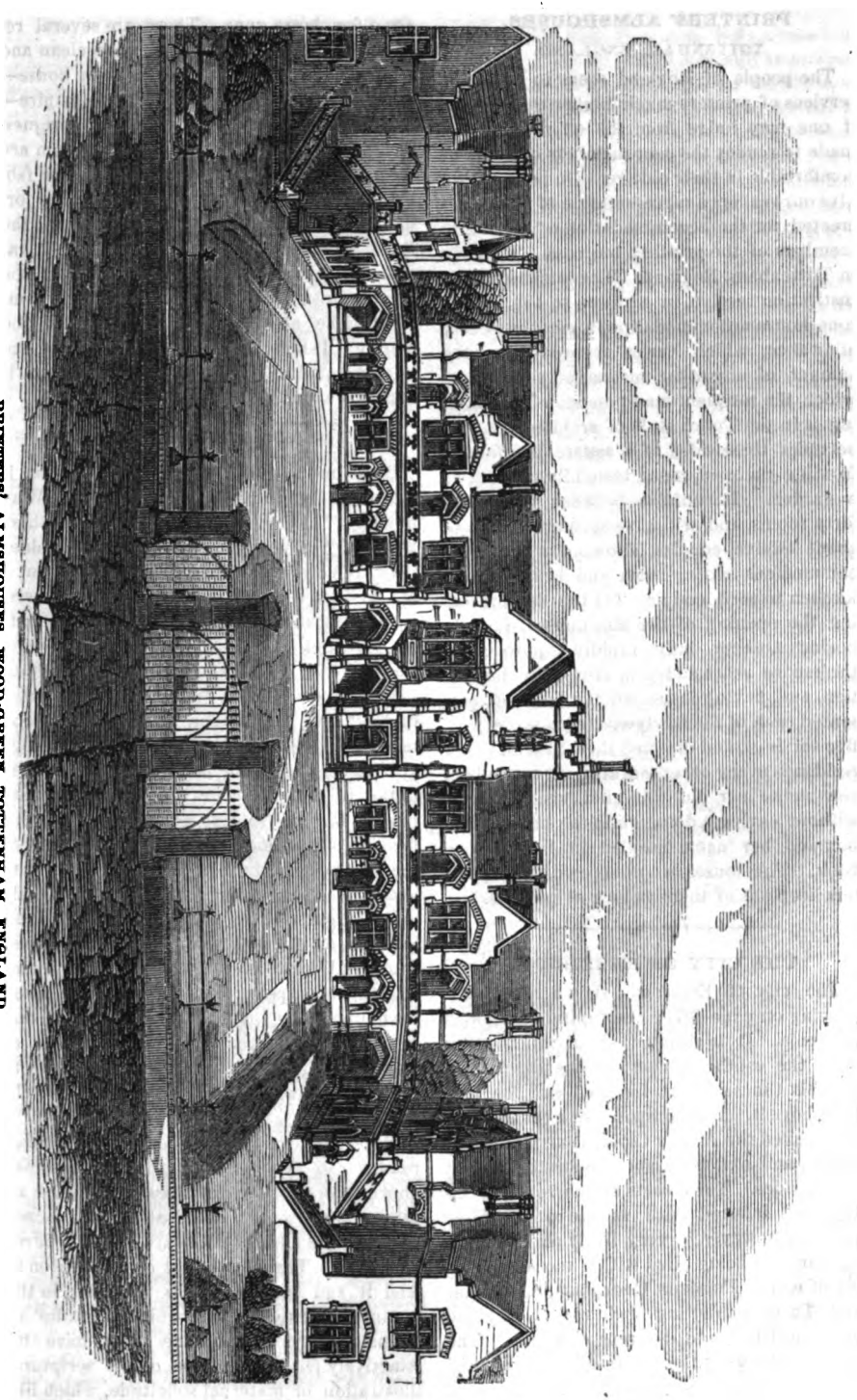
What is called the testing of a chain-cable is a mighty stretching, such as none but the best links can bear. There was a hydraulic testing-machine set up at Woolwich about thirty years ago; and other have been placed since in other dockyards. The strain to which the navy cables are subjected varies from four tons to ninety-one tons, according to the thickness of the iron which forms the links. Some of the machines are now so powerful that they could test to nearly twice the strain deemed necessary for any of the government cables. It is found that one-fourth of the cables ordered by the admiralty prove defective under the test; which comprises the tension-strain of each section separately, and the minute examination of every link, stay-pin, shackle, swivel, and staple. The cable is not rejected, but the maker replaces the defective piece by another; or else it is done at the dockyard, and he is charged the cost. Down to the present time, chain-

cables belonging to the royal navy have been in better repute than those in the merchant-service, owing to the more scrupulous testing. An underwriter, or ship-insurer, will grant better terms if a ship's cable has borne the admiralty test, than if only the commercial test is applied. At Liverpool and elsewhere, testing-machines are kept, where commercial cables are tested, registered, and stamped for a certain fee, and a certificate given with each tested cable. But then there is, if not rascality, at least recklessness in some of the shipping people; for it is known that cables which have failed under the Liverpool test have been sold at a low price to such ship-owners as do not scruple to risk life if they can save a little money by it. The superb chain-cables supplied to the Great Eastern by Messrs. Brown and Lenox bore a test such as has never been used for any others; the stoutest of them was tested up to one hundred and forty-eight tons, and resisted a breaking strain up to one hundred and seventy-two tons; as much as twenty-four pounds per ton was paid for these cables.

As to the testing of anchors, the same kind of hydraulic power is applied as in the case of chain-cables; only its action is diagonal, to tear the arms away from the body or shank. When chain-cables began to supersede hemp, it was found that a change in the shape and construction of the anchor was desirable; and this led to what is now called the "admiralty anchor," a produce of many men's brains. The admiralty used to make many or most of the navy anchors at the dockyards, where the anchor smithery was one of the "lions;" but in recent years, it has been deemed expedient to contract for them; and now by far the largest proportion are made by the firm of Brown and Lenox—who are the "Barclay and Perkins" of this particular trade. The anchors are paid for by weight; the larger the size, the greater price per hundred weight. About twenty years ago, the largest anchor, of ninety-five hundred weight, was charged seventy-three shillings per hundred weight, which, as a little calculation will show, made a great hole in three hundred and fifty pounds; but the price has since been lowered. One of these monsters is seventeen feet long; an infantine anchor of one hundred weight is about forty-four inches long.

They say that Russia is making giant strides. Of course she is—her *steppes* are the longest in the known world.

PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, WOOD GREEN, TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.



**PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES,
TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.**

The people of England seem to value the services of printers much higher than we do, if one may judge from the efforts that are made to render the poor members of the craft comfortable in their old age. On page 435 we give our readers a representation of the houses erected for the accommodation of the infirm members of the printing business. They are in Tottenham, England. The inmates of the institution receive, in addition to the gratuitous house accommodation, a certain weekly allowance, which varies according to the amount of any other means of subsistence which the recipient may possess. The building is in the Tudor style of architecture, and occupies three sides of a square, the fourth, fronting the road, being tastefully laid out as a garden. It contains between thirty and forty rooms, and will give accommodation to about twelve couples, allowing a neat and commodious sitting-room and bedroom and kitchen to each couple. On the day preceding the opening of the almshouses, a neighboring Quaker lady rapidly approaching threescore years and ten, visited the institution, and, having inspected the building, presented each of the newly-elected inmates with five shillings, and directed them to send to her residence every other morning for a supply of new milk; nor did this kind visitor depart without leaving a donation in the subscription box and her name enrolled in the visitors' book. The houses are not crowded, for printers keep out of them as long as possible.

THE CITY OF ERZEROOM.

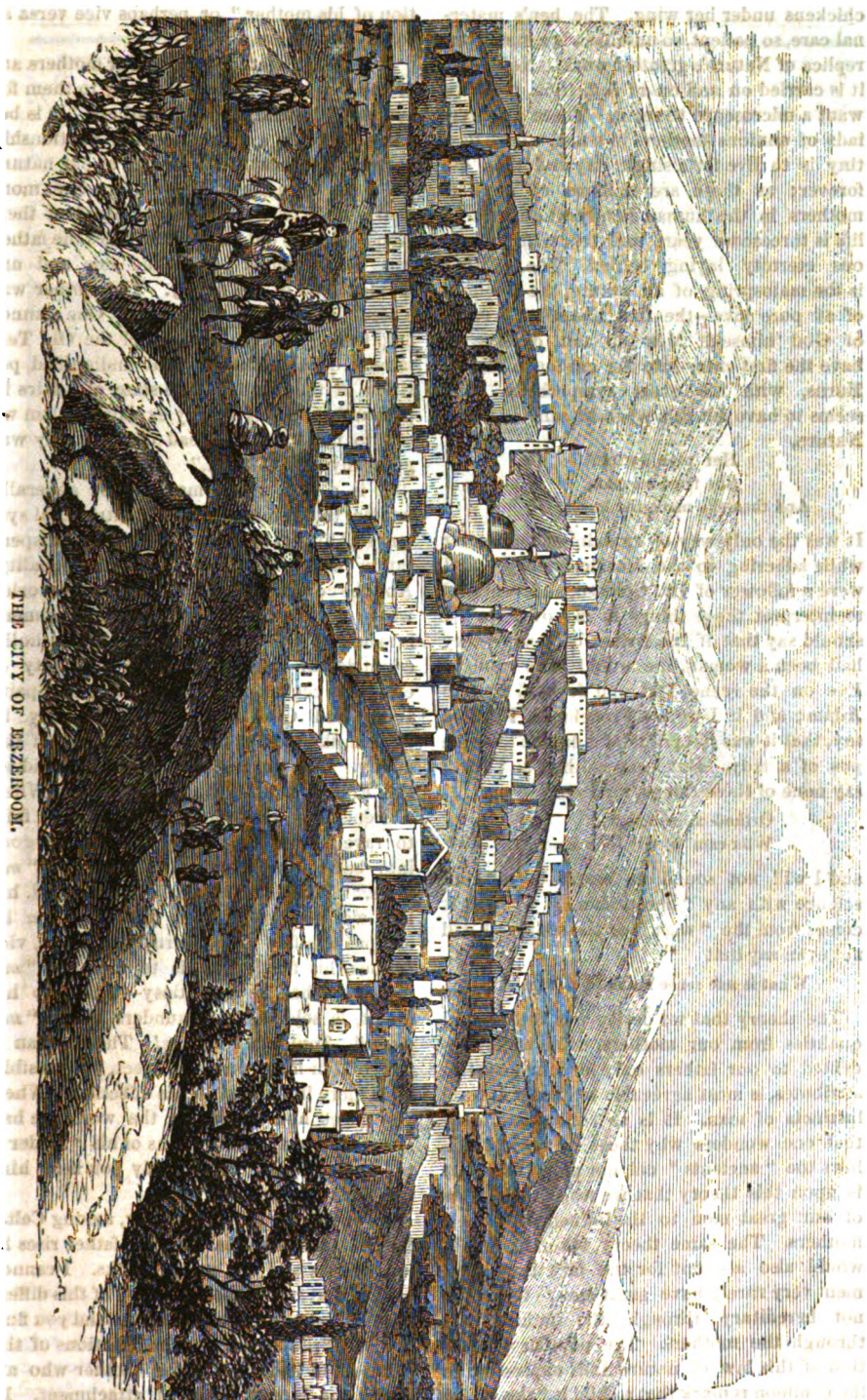
The city of Erzeroom, shown in the engraving on page 437, is the capital of Turkish Armenia. It is situated about ninety miles from the southeast coast of the Black Sea, and six thousand one hundred and fourteen feet above it. It is composed of a central portion, called the Ark or Citadel, surrounded by a wall, and extensive suburbs stretching out on all sides. The streets are narrow and filthy, and infested with savage dogs. They present, however, a very lively and bustling appearance, being filled with a motley assembly of Kurds, Persians, Georgians, Armenians and Turks, exhibiting their various physical characteristics, and different costumes. The Citadel stands in the centre of the town, and is now nearly in ruins. It is surrounded by a double wall, flanked with bastions, on which

are a few brass guns. There are several respectable bazaars in the city, some clean and well-attended baths, a large custom house—said to be the largest in the Turkish empire—thirty-six inns, and a number of mosques. The principal manufactures of Erzeroom are morocco leather, carpets, silk and cotton fabrics, and articles in iron and in brass, the former comprising swords and horseshoes, the latter drinking-cups and candlesticks. It has also an extensive transit trade, being the chief point on the great route between Constantinople and the eastern portion of the empire. It had formerly a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. At present it contains about fifty thousand inhabitants.

MOTHERS.

Some one has said, that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is when a person talks of his "dear old mother." Away with your mincing "mamas," and "mam-mas," suggestive only of a fine lady, who deposes her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown. Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all-embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin, or modestly habited in bombazine. Though I have lately glorified aunts somewhat at the expense of claims which the latter have upon our love, our gratitude, and our respect. There are more ways than one of looking at things: and there are many aspects of mothers which always appear entirely beautiful.

Maternal love is a mystery which human reason can never fathom. It is altogether above reason; it is a holy passion, in which all others are absorbed and lost. It is a sacred flame on the altar of the heart, which is never quenched. That it does not require reason to feed it and keep it alive is witnessed in the instinctive maternal love which pervades all animal nature. Every one must have instinctively felt the aptness of the scriptural illustration of maternal solicitude, which likens a great love to a hen, which gathers her



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chickens under her wing. The hen's maternal care, so patient, so unselfish, is a miniature replica of Nature's greatest work. No doubt, it is carried on and on *ad infinitum*, until we want a microscope to see it. There are myriads of anxious mothers in a leaf, whose destiny is to live for a single day and then die forever; as there are millions of anxious mothers in the human family whose span of life is threescore years and ten, with a glorious eternity laying behind. The mother is the mainspring of all nature, the fountain of all pure love—the first likeness on earth of God himself. Men do not deserve to have the first entry into the garden of Eden. Burns, with his great sympathetic soul, seems to have felt this when he sang of Dame Nature,

Her 'prentice han'
She tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!

It was the only way of explaining the matter while adhering to the Mosaic history. If I were a follower of Dr. Colenso, and ventured to interpret these things in my own way, I should say that if the writer of that history had been a woman, she would have brought Eve on the scene first and devoted a rib to Adam; and if I were a Frenchman, I should say, that it was not polite of Adam to take the *pas* of a lady. But I am neither, and I will say none of these things, for I am

Orthodox, orthodox,
Wha cam' in wi' John Knox,

and I will not sound an alarm to my conscience with any "heretic blast," whether it comes from the "west" or the south. I will not even say that

What is nae sense maun be nonsense.

The theory that we derive our intellectual qualities from our mothers, while we are indebted to our fathers only for our physical attributes, is most agreeable to all the natural instincts of man. It is so rational a theory that one wonders why those clever old fellows the "ancients" did not perceive it. It is upon this theory that we trace the genius of our great men to the influence of their mothers. The same theory, taken inversely, would also account for the fact that great men very rarely have great sons. Genius is not hereditary through the fathers, but through the mothers. The popular perception of this law of nature finds expression in the common remark that a child is "the image of his father," and has the "amiable disposi-

tion of his mother," or perhaps vice versa as to the disposition.

It is not altogether because our mothers are of the "gentler" sex that we fly to them for sympathy instead of to our fathers. It is because there is a more intimate relationship between us, because the strings of our nature are more in unison; because we are more nearly flesh of their flesh, and blood of their blood. In the old patriarchal times the father was the principal person, the sole and undivided head of the family. The mother was a secondary person altogether. One cannot help feeling that the mothers of the Old Testament occupied a somewhat undignified position in the family. The state of affairs in patriarchal society is fully explained when we call to mind that the head of the family was generally a "sad Turk."

It is a fact, which may not be generally known, that a remnant of the patriarchal system still lingers in the midst of the new dispensation which inculcates love and equality. And the country (of all countries in the world) where this autocratic paternal government is to be met with is Scotland. In the Catholic countries of Europe, the love and duty of children centre in the mother. In Spain, Italy, and Germany, and particularly in France, the mother is the guiding star of the family. The German mother is a sacred idea; the French mother is a poetical one. When a Frenchman gets sentimental, he never fails to rave about his mother. When he goes into battle, he invokes the name of "*ma mere*." When he lies dead on the field, his last words are for "*ma mere*." When he escapes this fate and returns to France, victorious, his first desire is to embrace "*ma mere*." When he gets tipsy—which, to his credit, is seldom—he maunders about "*ma mere*." *Toujours ma mere!* The German is not so high-flown on the subject, but possibly he is more in earnest in his affection. When you meet him abroad in the world, he has always pleasant recollections of his "*moder*" to impart to you. How rarely you hear him talk about his "*fader!*"

As you come north, however, among Celts, Saxons, and Scandinavians, the father rises in importance and the mother sinks. I cannot believe that race is the sole cause of this difference in feeling; for while in Scotland you find the father pre-eminent in the affections of the children, in Ireland it is the mother who attracts the largest share of attachment. In England the mother is of less importance than



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in France, less even than in Ireland. This may be explained partly by the difference in religion, partly by the laws of succession and primogeniture. In the Catholic religion, the maternal idea is quite as sacred as the paternal one, while it has the additional attributes

of humanity imparted to it. The Virgin Mary, with the Saviour of the world at her breast, is the ever-present symbol of maternal origin and maternal love.

In Protestant England this is wanting to the great mass of the people; and the aristo-

crazy, who set the fashion even in social habits, inculcate the idea of inheritance from the father, naturally inviting duty, if not love, towards the male head of the family. In English aristocratic society it matters little—so far as name and property are concerned—who your mother is. She may be a washerwoman or a dancing-girl. You, the eldest son, are as much a duke and a Montmorency as if your mother had been a scion of the noblest house in the land. It is your father from whom you get all the glory and all your possessions. Such is the subordination of the sons of the aristocratic classes to the paternal idea, that they will even take their politics from their fathers, against their own convictions. In a purely domestic way, however, the English mother occupies a most honorable position. She is loved, respected, and looked up to, and the usages of society, no less than the dictates of natural reverence, establish her claim to the most delicate and chivalrous consideration. In one department of the household she is all supreme.

This is not quite the case in Scotland. The Scotch father is *sternly* patriarchal. The wife is in a great measure subordinate to him even in domestic matters. In England and Ireland, and indeed in most other Christian countries, the children take their religion and their piety from their mothers; in Scotland they take them from their fathers. This is chiefly to be observed among the middle and lower classes. You will find many Scotch households in the rural districts, where the father is a sort of potentate in his house. He has the best room, the best chair, the best knife and fork, the silver spoon. The tit-bits and the luxuries are reserved for him. His wife speaks of him with awe and reverence, and calls him "Mister," even to her own relations. When this majestic father expresses his views, his wife sits mum, never daring to put in a word. If he be given to religion, he will have his way in that; if he be given to the whi-key-toddy, he will have his way in that also. He will decide the doctrine of predestination, and equally determine for himself how many tumblers are good for him after dinner.

Education, I fancy, is at the bottom of this Scotch singularity. The men are better educated than the women. Intellectually they are not companions for each other. The result of this state of things is, that the children "take to" the father rather than to the mother. You will rarely see a Scotch boy kissing his mother; yet it is common to see him

caressing his father. I believe, that, if a Scotch father and mother were to come out from their home to seek fortune elsewhere, and one were to turn to the right and the other to the left, the children would in most cases follow the father. In Ireland and France, I believe they would follow the mother. In England, probably some would follow the father and some the mother. But the influence in each case would be different. Yet in all Christian countries the primary idea of a mother is one that instinctively associates itself with love and tenderness and sympathy. However important the father may make himself, there are matters which he cannot assist us in. We may consult him on the affairs of life and the world, but it is to the mother that we go for advice, sympathy, and consolation, in the affairs of the heart and the sensibilities.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

The engraving on page 439 is an excellent likeness of the late Queen of Oude, who died in Paris, in the year 1858. She was the mother of the reigning king, who was deprived of his throne by the English, in 1852. Wishing to recover his kingdom, the ex-monarch, after his removal to Calcutta, resolved to go to England and ask its restitution at the hands of Queen Victoria, believing in his simplicity, that when the English queen should hear the story of his wrongs she would at once do him full justice. He was persuaded, however, to allow his mother to go in his place, as it was thought by his friends that she would have more influence in London. The queen mother, accompanied by a numerous retinue, arrived in London in August, 1856. They were lodged at Brunswick House. The women rarely ventured out, but the men went about the city freely, attracting great attention by their costume and manners. At Brunswick House all the state of an oriental monarch was maintained. Queen Victoria received the despoiled sovereign with kindness, but the representations of the unfortunate princess were without avail. John Bull was full of sympathy for her wrongs, but really could not grant her little request. It was so inconvenient for him to do so. At last, worn out with disappointments and disgust at the conduct of the British government, the Oudean Queen withdrew to Paris, where she died in 1858, and was buried with great pomp and ceremony in the beautiful cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*.

THE ECHO.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

Deep in a wood where yellow floods
Of gilding sunlight never fall,
But where through interweaving boughs
Pierce now and then some struggling rays,
That in quaint patches paint the ground,
Or blotch the foxglove tall

Or streak the trumpet moss, whose horn
Doth fairy huntsmen blithe recall;
As on gay butterflies astride
Abroad on summer nights they ride.
Here doth a magic cavern stand,
The wonder of the country round;



Until its slender stem appears
With golden bells' a-blaze;
Or quivering give some block of stone
A carved beauty not its own;
Or fleck with rarest emerald tinge
The fragile fern or mossy fringe;
Or like a sculptor's chisel trace
Strange lichens on the cavern wall;

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The homebound peasant passing near
Doth loiter yet awhile to hear
The cavern echoes sound.
And here the lover doth proclaim
In accents fond his mistress's name.
To hear it echoed back again,
To hear it swell in joyous tone,
The very semblance of his own,

To hear it die away so soft,
 As though it far were borne aloft
 To where the angels sing,
 And murmured there by angel voice
 So sweet it makes his heart rejoice.
 More silvery note could ne'er be given,
 E'en though the name were breathed in heaven.
 The maiden shyly pauseth here
 And whispers, "Echo, now confess!
 Say, doth he love me, no or yes?"
 And Echo low repeateth, "Yes."
 The foolish maiden is content,
 A happy flush o'erspreads her cheek;
 She trusts the answer that is sent,
 The answer that her heart doth speak.
 The idle urchins cluster near,
 Drawn half by mischief, half by fear,
 And busy tax their rustic wit
 To make the echoing answers fit.
 They clap their hands in boyish glee,
 And answering claps forthwith upspring.
 Their laughter through the cave resounds,
 And lo! the startled echoes ring,
 As if some sprite in mocking vein
 Were laughing back at them again.
 Then one his shock of tangled hair
 Pushes from off his forehead fair,
 And gazing upward through the boughs,
 Where little rifts of sapphire skies
 Are seen, begins a tale to tell,

"Of how a lady fair did dwell
 Within that cavern dark.
 So fair a lady ne'er was seen—
 She wore a crown like to a queen.
 Her robe was whiter than the snow—
 As white as angels' robes, they say,
 But for one spot of crimson hue
 That on its border lay.
 A crimson stain was on her hand,
 Upon her fingers fair.
 He knew not why—but for some crime
 She was imprisoned there.
 Never to see a mortal face
 Within her prison drear,
 But evermore to answer back
 Each voice that she doth hear."
 The listening urchins nearer press,
 And fearful gaze around,
 Half shuddering as the fitful wight
 Wails by with doleful sound.
 One sturdy wight with round blue eyes,
 And mouth wide open, eager cries,
 "And is the story true?"
 "True! true!" the echo quick replies.
 "True!" sadly in the distance dies.
 The urchins stand aghast,
 Look at each other in dismay;
 Nor stop to think or reason they,
 But breathless take their homeward way,
 None caring to be last.

MY WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

BY EARL MARBLE.

THE golden-sandalled Autumn had stepped lightly over the almost boundless prairies of the West, staining the long grass here and there from contact with their glittering wealth; and the luxuriant flowers, dyed with Nature's most vivid colors, spangled her broad breast in a gorgeous manner, equalled upon the untamed earth only by the plumage of the famed Brazilian birds.

I was riding leisurely along some miles west of the Missouri River, over a solitary section of country that is now embraced within the lines of the flourishing State of Kansas. Then it was unclaimed from the red man, and was only held as a territory of the United States; although here and there a "squatter" had exercised his prerogative of building a hut, and either cultivating a bit of land, or selling whiskey to the Indians, generally the latter. I recollect one of these huts that I saw just after crossing the river, while upon the lands of the Wyandottes, many of whom

were half-breeds, and among whom a certain degree of civilization and education was evident. Located just in the edge of the timber, it was made of logs hewn at the ends just sufficiently to make them lay, and between which one could see everything passing inside, the cracks being six or eight inches in width. Across one end of the room inside, about four feet from the earth, and serving as a "counter," was a log, hewn flat upon the top, on which sat a keg, and two or three rusty tin cups, and behind the "counter" reposed a large barrel labelled "whiskey." Across the sides of the room, running at right angles from the other, were two more logs inserted, close to the walls, also hewn upon the top, which served as seats. Upon these were seated, at the time I looked in, half a dozen men of almost every shade from red to white, each with a tin cup in his hand; and all were talking jargon, drinking the contents of the cups, and swearing vehemently. To complete

the picture, I glanced above the door of the hut, and there saw a white pine board, upon which was roughly scrawled, with tar, the single and ominous word "gROoEky." Since returning to more civilized lands, I have seen a great many "grocery" signs, which, upon seeing the inside of, have brought this one forcibly to my mind, and made me smile in spite of myself. I rode leisurely by this habitation, through the ravine just beyond, and out upon the grand and majestic prairie. It was a glorious day, the air blowing up warm and lovingly from the southwest, and causing the rank grass in the sloughs to heave and undulate like the billows of the ocean. It was yet early in the afternoon, but I had quite a distance to go, being on business connected with the government, and trotted my little Indian pony along at a brisk pace. But soon, the beauty all around seducing me into growing prodigal of time, I forgot the distance I had to go, and my pony gradually slackened his pace, till he pursued his way at a very leisure gait, and occasionally reached his head down to partake of a mouthful of the herbage that lay in his way.

We had gone on this way for some time, when suddenly, with a half snort, the pony pricked up his ears, and looked off to the right. My eyes followed the direction in which he looked, but at first I could see nothing marring the smoothness of the horizon stretching lazily away to the north. But, the pony persisting in looking, I kept my eyes turned that way, and soon saw what seemed to be a dim cloud away in the distance, which gradually grew in size, until in a few minutes more I saw that it was a fire that had broken out in the grass. I grew a little uneasy upon making this discovery; but, reflecting that the wind was blowing in a direction that would carry it from me, I ceased to think of it as placing me in any danger.

The autumn had been very dry, and the grass burned like tinder. Soon the air to my right was filled with the smoke, and here and there long tongues of flame reached up, serpent-like, as if desirous of devouring the clouds that hung low in the heavens. I was feasting my eyes upon the beauty of the scene, when, hearing a crackling sound behind me, I turned, and saw another fire had started in my rear, and a little to my left, already sweeping across the Indian trail that I had followed upon my journey. This new fire was not more than a mile and a half distant, and I could plainly hear the roaring and crackling

of the greedy devourer. I gazed for some time upon the beauty of the nearer fire, and then, noticing that the sun was rapidly hastening down the horizon, and I had still several miles to go, I urged the pony on. But somehow the very demon of laziness seemed to possess both the pony and myself that afternoon; and, as the sun dropped below the horizon, I judged, from surrounding signs, that I still had some twelve or fifteen miles to go. But there was a moon, and I thought I knew the way well enough to find it by moonlight. So I rode slowly on, thinking more of the beauty of the night than of my destination, and watching the moon sailing through the many-islanded ocean of sky closer than I did my dim Indian trail.

But I was brought to a recollection of my surroundings, and reminded that I was riding an Indian pony instead of Pegasus, by a sudden elevation of the said pony's head, and a pressing-forward of his ears until they almost touched each other, as he threw his head around to the left, and gave another peculiar snort. I patted him upon the neck, and turned my eyes also in the same direction. What was my consternation upon seeing that another fire had started up, and, although some five or six miles distant, was coming almost directly towards us. Still there was no immediate danger, for, by the time it should reach where we were, we should be a couple of miles further on, and beyond its reach.

Now the light of the sun had fairly gone, and the moon only shone down occasionally through a rift in the clouds that were chasing each other across the sky. But the light of the flames all around was enough to take the place of even the sun; for their glimmering light shot up from all sides, and painted the clouds as gorgeously as ever had the sun in his rising or setting splendor.

But I soon turned my thoughts from the beauty of the scene, for at last I was in danger. So I set about the means of freeing myself from that danger. I knew that flight was certain death; for no four-footed thing ever yet trod the prairies that could outrun the flames. The only safety was in starting a fire myself, and getting into the place thus burnt over, laughing at the fire as it raged in impotence around me. Within this burnt circle, I could defy the flames as certainly as could Richelieu's *protege* defy the power of kings when her protector had drawn his imaginary circle, and threatened any one who

entered its area with the curse of the Church of Rome.

What was my horror, however, to find, upon search, that I had not a match about me. I had used the last one three or four miles back, to light my pipe, and, smoking till I was tired, had put it again in my pocket. That was not the first time I had inwardly cursed my unfortunate habit of smoking, but I am certain the maledictions never descended with more vehemence than on that occasion.

Then, after pondering a moment, a thought struck me, and I put my hand in my pocket after the pipe, hoping that there might still be a spark of fire in it. I had heard of folks being burned to death by carelessly putting a lighted pipe in their pocket; why should not I be burned to life by the same means? But no; the pipe was dead, and that faint hope dead with it.

"Fool!" I cried to myself, as I thought of my revolver, I could surely ignite the dry grass with that.

But no; another failure. Hope sank lower and lower with each effort, till the last barrel had been discharged, and no fire greeted my pains.

Then, emptying my powder-flask to prevent accident in case I should come in close contact with the flames, I pondered what it was best to do.

I had heard of folks boldly dashing through the fire, and coming out in comparative safety upon the burnt district. But never could that be done when the grass was so tall and dry as this was. So I gave that up, and turned to the only remaining hope—to try the speed of the pony, and endeavor to reach the burnt district to the north; for far in the distance, eight or ten miles, probably, I could see evidences of another fire.

My pony was already beginning to grow impatient, and would soon have broken loose, and gone off without me; so I hurriedly remounted, turned his head to the northward across the trackless prairie, and gave him the rein.

Then for a second there was a blinding glare, and a stunning noise, that seemed to shake the very earth. Astonished, I turned my head, and cast a glance at the heavens, and saw, what I had not noticed before, that a fearful thunder-storm was following close upon the blazing heels of the fire-fiend. This was both good and bad news: for the rain, if it overtook the flames in time, would quench them, and save my life; but, even then, I stood

only a chance in ten, for a lone object upon the prairie is almost sure to be struck by lightning. But if the rain did rescue me from the dreadful enemy now raging in my footsteps, I knew there was one chance; and that was, to dismount, and lie down upon the ground, in the drenching storm, until the danger was past.

On, on we went through the tangling grass, over the rising knolls, and across the springy sloughs; on came the roaring fire just behind us, covering whole acres with a single lick of the greedy tongues; and higher up the blackened sky mounted the terrible storm that was now mocking the flashings of the fire below, and shaking the very earth with the fearful thunders that roared and reverberated in almost endless tones. Nearer and nearer the fleet-footed monster came; the hot smoke, driven by the wind that was now blowing almost a gale, enveloped me in a tormenting cloud, and almost suffocated me; while the perspiration streamed from my face, and ran down my body until I was almost as wet as though I had come under the pouring rain just back of the raging fire.

Closer and closer, till, on looking back, I judged, as nearly as I could tell through the blinding smoke, that less than a mile intervened.

While I was gazing, a large drop from the clouds struck me full in the face, and sent a wonderful thrill through my frame. But, on looking up, I saw that it was only from one of the foremost of the clouds, and that the main storm, that was my only hope, was still some miles off, and would hardly reach me before the flames, now driven with more velocity by the increasing fury of the wind that heralded the storm.

Every muscle of the pony was bent to his task, and I leaned forward in the saddle, thinking to accelerate his speed, and my thoughts recalled hurriedly the years of happiness, of misery, all that I had lived; for I had almost given myself up, the flames raging within less than half a mile.

Again I looked back, calculating how many moments more it would be before I would feed the flames, and breathe death into my lungs from their fiery throat; but, upon turning again, I drew a long breath as I saw, about a mile ahead, a little blaze start up and spread rapidly, soon growing into enormous life, and rushing frantically on in seeming defiance to the larger fire in the rear.

My pony saw it too, and must have scented

rescue; for he went forward with a new vigor, almost flying in his eagerness. A few more bounds; and, loud above the roar of the flames and the coming tempest, I heard a baying just ahead of us, which my practised ear told me at once came from the throat of a bloodhound.

So, then, I thought, we are to have company; and civilized company at that, for who could ever tolerate these monsters excepting slave-drivers? and who disputes their claims to civilization?

The baying ceased, which was followed by a low growl; and then I heard the voice of a man commanding him to be still.

Another leap, and my pony stood upon the ground that had been burnt over, in his exertions to get there nearly running down a man who now came towards us.

"Well, mister," he said, abruptly. "I reckon yer've had a right smart chance of a ride, hey?"

He was a large, brawny man, and with a twang about his voice that made one look again at him, to discover, if possible, what disarmed you of the fear he at first inspired by his roughness, and his uncouth, hirsute appearance.

"I reckon this yere animal's about done for," he continued, turning from me to the pony, now standing with his head down. "Yon must be a stranger in these parts, mister, to go for to cavort around these big peraries without somethin' to build a fire with, 'specially at this time o' year, when it burns better'n pine-knots under a turpentine-biler. There, mister, you're safe, don't yer see?" he continued, pointing to the flames, which just at that moment met the edge of the tract already burnt over, and sullenly went out.

I had dismounted from the pony, and stood patting and rubbing his neck.

"Purty-good stuff, that feller," continued the hunter, after we had exchanged a few words. "Guess he'll come out all right."

"He will if he don't have to go much further without anything to eat," I said.

"Well, I reckon he's all right, then," resumed the hunter, "ef so be as you kin content yerself to hang up with me to-night."

"How far do you live from here?"

"O, jist down in the ravine thar. Yer see I built down atween the hills to kind o' break these perarie winds. I came up on the rise a matter of ten minutes since to see how things was goin'. I didn't want to fire all this grass unless I had ter to keep from bein' burnt out.

But, howsoever, I saw the fire had the best of the harrycane, and would git here fust; so I jist stepped in, and fixed things up."

What there was about the man, despite the streak of rough kindly feeling that seemed to run through his nature—what there was that made me shrink from him, I could not tell, unless, I thought, it might be the fact that he had the bloodhound with him.

While I was endeavoring to study the man more closely, as we were moving down the slope, he suddenly spoke.

"Thar; this is my shebang. Ef yer think it's good enough for yer to rest in, I reckon we'll have you cooped up nicely somehow, though me'n the old ooman don't often have occasion to 'commode a feller-traveller, yer see."

I now saw a rough-looking log hut, chinked with oak saplings, and daubed with prairie mud, with a log left out for half the length on two sides, and window-glass inserted sideways, for windows. It was a little higher than the usual run of huts, and, when I got inside, I found that there was a ladder landing to the upper regions, something unusual.

"Here, Beta," said my friend as we entered the cabin, after having seen to the pony, and given him some feed. "Here, Beta, here's a stranger as got fire-bound; and I told him as how he could stop with us."

"Sartin'," said that female. "Ef he can stand our fodder, he's welcome to it. But we haint got much in the house ter eat. Seth, you've been so dod-rotted lazy for a day or two, that we haint got nothin' but hoecake and bacon and 'lasses.

"Wal, I don't guess he'll starve on that—hey, mister?"

I assured him that I would be thankful for what they had, and should not grumble; for poor as it might be, it was better than being out on the prairie, without anything to eat, and maybe devoured by the flames or by the wolves.

"Right purtly spoken, mister," said the woman, scanning me closely. "You'll find we've got good hearts, if they be rough ones. But I say, mister," she continued, after having looked me over evidently to her heart's content, "I'm afeared our beds aint the softest in the world. They'll be apt to muss up that 'biled shirt' o' yours."

"There, Bet," interrupted the husband, "hold yer yop, and git the man some supper. A person 'd think you'd never seen nobody but hunters and trappers afore; and we from

North Carolina too, where there's many a fine gentleman."

"Lets" said no more, but soon had some musty bacon on the fire; and in a few minutes a heap of coal and ashes on the hearth was raked open, and the lid lifted from a skillet underneath, from which was taken a smoking hoe cake.

"Now, then, mister," said the hunter, as the things were placed on the table. "Set up and help yourself to what thar is. You're as welcome to it as though 'twas biled pa'tridge and North Carolina sweet potatoes."

I gave an amused smile at the old hunter's blunder of speech, and sat down on a three-legged stool that was proffered me.

"We're intirely out o' coffee, mister," said the hostess. "But we use milk mostly altogether, and I reckon, if you're rale hungry, you'll find it not bad to take."

I assured her that milk was my favorite beverage, and that I preferred it at all times to coffee.

"Wall, now," said she, "that's kind o' cute. Thar's nothing like bein' clever, and eatin' what's set afore you. Some men are always makin' a fuss 'bout what they eat, and you can't suit them nohow. Now, thar was old Major Dalrymple, down in our parts, that—why, what's the matter? Are you sick, mister?" she continued, as I tasted of the milk, and set it down again.

"O no," I said. "But haven't you got the milk out of the wrong pan? This is sour."

"Why, in course it's sour," said she, looking at me in amazement. "You wouldn't think of drinkin' sweet milk, I reckon, would you?"

"I would thank you for some," I replied.

"You don't say! Did you ever hear of such a thing, Seth? He beats our Jim, that died three years ago come next April. After that varmint was weaned, he wouldn't touch milk unless it was jist so sweet. Thar's no accountin' for tastes. To me, thar's nothin' like milk just afore it begins to get thick. Thar's no taste to sweet milk. Might just as well driak so much water."

Just at this moment there was a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," said the gruff voice of the old hunter.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the door was flung violently open, and a stout-built man stood in the doorway.

"Can a fellow hang around here somehow till day-lit?" asked he. "This devilish fire

has burnt the trall over so I can't keep it; and I'm wet, though the storm has pretty much blown over. I reckon I was lost when I spied yer light here."

The stranger was speedily assured that he was welcome to such as they had; and, after taking care of his horse, he came in and sat down to the table.

After supper, the evening passed in telling stories and adventures till nearly twelve o'clock; but, long before that time, the newcomer had carelessly disclosed the fact that he had about his person several hundred dollars in gold, and that he was an officer at Fort Leavenworth.

During a lull in the conversation, I took out my watch—a very valuable gold one—and remarking that it was nearly twelve o'clock, and I felt tired enough after my fatiguing ride, to go to bed, the hostess said:

"Wall, Seth, I reckon one on 'em had better sleep up garret, and the other in the little room thar, pertitioned off for a kitchen."

My neighbor making no remark, I observed that I would jist as soon go up stairs; upon which we separated, I climbing the ladder and the other guest entering the little side-room.

Never soldier, after a hard day's march, fell asleep quicker upon the hard ground, with only his blanket around him, than I did upon that harsh garret bed.

It was well towards morning, I judged, when I awoke. A light was burning in the room below, and its rays shone through the cracks in the floor upon which I lay, giving things a grotesque and somewhat fanciful appearance.

At first there was no noise. But soon I heard some stirring, and then heard whisperings. Then they spoke in a louder tone, and I heard the hunter say, in a strained voice:

"Must we kill them both?"

"Sartin," answered the woman's voice; "what's the use o' one without the other?"

Then the voice sank again to whispers, and nothing more was intelligible.

Creeping softly to the edge of the bed, I placed my face close to the floor, and looked through one of the cracks. The old hunter was examining the edge of the blade of a very ugly-looking knife, evidently with a keen relish; while his wife sat by the fireplace, with her elbows on her knees, and her face buried in her hands.

I recoiled with a feeling of horror, and fell

back upon the pillow, feeling very faint. Was this the fate, then, that was reserved for me, after escaping the perils of the early part of the night? Far easier would it have been to die by fire upon the lifeless prairie, than to be butchered here by the treacherous knife!

Rousing myself, feeling a determination to sell my life as dearly as possible, I was about to grope for my revolver, when, like a pang, the recollection went to my heart that I had discharged every barrel in a vain effort to light a fire in the early part of the evening. And, not only that, but I had also thrown every grain of my powder away. I was perfectly defenceless, and saw no escape from the avaricious clutches of the murderers; for they were evidently intending to take our lives.

Then a door softly opened, and closed again. I had no doubt that the last moments of the officer sleeping below had come. O! how I longed for some weapon, that I could drop down among them, and defeat their murderous designs! But, gazing again down the crack, I saw that the woman was still there, and doubtless had a weapon handy, so it would be instant death to attempt to save the officer.

Then I crept softly to the window, resolving to throw myself to the ground, and trust to the fates upon the trackless prairies. Wild beasts are kinder than brutal men. I carefully removed a loose pane of glass, and looked out. It was perfectly clear, the stars shining softly down upon the desolation below. But, casting my eyes down, I saw how hopeless this attempt was; for, looking up directly into my eyes, there sat the bloodhound that had before attracted my attention. Merciful heavens! was this, then, the purpose for which he kept that ravenous beast? and was this the business he followed here upon the prairie, while ostensibly engaged in hunting, and in tilling a small bit of land?

Again I came back to the bed, and laid down with a groan. This was dreadful, to be murdered here for a gold watch and a paltry few hundred dollars.

Then a door down stairs opened again, and the old hunter came in, saying:

"The big fellow was dog-oned ugly about having his windpipe slashed into. I got a little scratch, but it aint much."

"And you're all covered with blood," said his wife. "But, hush, I jest heerd the man up stairs stirring. Don't talk so loud."

"Wal, then I wont go up there jist yet," he said. "I'll wait till he gets asleep again."

A shudder crept over me as I thought of

the unconcern and coolness with which they spoke. My turn, I thought, would come next. But I was resolved on a last expedient. I would feign sleep, and, when the murderer came within reach, would trust to luck and my agility and strength to wrench the knife away from him at a sudden spring, and not only save my own life, but be revenged for the poor dead officer below.

For half an hour I lay silently waiting for the murderous attack upon myself; but all was still down stairs. I thought I heard faint whispers once or twice, and thought a door opened once; but I dared not make the least bit of noise, and so waited, the silence above only broken by the beating of my own heart. Then, in an unguarded moment, my senses grew dim, and I was sound asleep. I awoke from a horrible dream with a start, and sat upright in bed. It was a step upon the creaking ladder that roused me from my forgetful slumber. It was broad daylight. Another step upon the ladder, and I laid gently down again, bethinking of the expedient of an hour or more previous to save my life. How I thanked my stars that I awoke just as I did! A few moments more, and the assassin's knife had been at my throat as well.

Up the ladder steadily and almost noiselessly came the footsteps, and I pretended sleep, with my eyes open just enough to observe movements, and waiting, with a palpitating heart, the attack. A head made its appearance, and in the mouth was a knife, the same I had seen through the crack of the floor. It was the old hunter. Then the shoulders emerged into view, and then the body, finally the feet stepping stealthily upon the floor. Then I noticed he only had on his stockings.

He cast one glance at me, and then, seizing a piece of bacon, that hung to one of the rafters, cut off four or five slices, and descended the stairs again.

I was now full of wonder as to what this meant, and to what to ascribe this mysterious escape. Had he mistrusted that I was awake, and concluded to postpone the attack, or had the blood of one man satisfied him?

There was but one way to solve the mystery, and that was to get up. I stirred cautiously, stepped upon the floor, and was soon at the head of the ladder. With a desperate effort, fearful that I should be assaulted while going down, I stepped upon the first round, then upon the second, third, and so on until I stood upon the floor.

"Mornin', stranger," said the rough but

kindly voice of the host. Reckon I waked ye jist now when I was up after the bacon. Never thought of it last night, or we'd a brought it down here. Did yer sleep well?"

I told him I rested very well, and that I would wash myself now, and get my eyes open.

"Yes," said he. "Basin's right round the corner to the left. The captain from the fort's out thar now. He's been up some time, cur-ryin' and feedin' the nags. Guess you'll find 'em well cared for. He's handy like round a beast."

Despite this cordiality, I recollected what I had heard and witnessed during the night, and did not turn my back to the old hunter while I was going out.

But at the basin, much to my astonishment, I saw the captain, diving into the water as though he were a fish.

"Halloo!" said he, "good morning. How did you sleep?"

"But indifferently," said I, shuddering.

"Sorry for you," he said. "Never slept better in my life; just like a daisy."

"But didn't you hear any noises during the night? It seemed to me the folks were up all night."

"Not a word. They were astir pretty early this morning; but I got up soon after, and looked after the horses, so it didn't disturb me any."

Here the voice of the hunter at the door summoned us to breakfast, and in we went.

I surely smelt something more than hock-cake and bacon as I went in; and, as I looked to the table, a savory smoking dish in the centre greeted my eyes and nostrils.

"Thought we'd give you a good square meal for breakfast," said the old hunter, noting my eyes. "Yer see the old ooman thinks a heap of pets, and she had a couple of squirrels she set a powerful sight by; but we thought we mought as well give 'em to you for breakfast. The old one was dre'ful ugly about it, and gin me a scratch here," showing one upon his brawny bare arm; "but I reckon old Seth 'll git over it."

"When did you kill them?" I asked, a sudden ray of light entering my mind.

"O, it was right airly this mornin'," said he. "Reckon 'twant more'n four or five o'clock. Can't tell exact, you know; haint got no clock."

"O, I heard you, I guess," said I, drawing a long breath at my relief. "I was awake about that time."

"Yes; the old ooman said she thought she

heerd yer stirrin'. Yer see we got up right airly so to give yer a brisk start this mornin'. But we aint as soon as we mought have been, cause I didn't want to wake yer up by goin' up stairs to cut the bacon."

When we came to take out leave, I took out my purse, and was going to pay him for our accommodation.

"No," said he; "put up yer money, mister. Me 'n the old ooman don't keep a tavern. We're plain folks, and live in a one hoss sort of a shebang; and ef eny feller gits lost, and is willin' to put up with such as Seth Slocum's got, he's welcome to it. I'd sooner think of paying you somethin' for yer company; for it's kind o' lonesome here sometimes. But a poor white man's nowhar down in North Carolina, aint as good as a nigger; and so we emigrated. It's better to live alone than to be allers hearin' yerself snubbed."

I pressed money upon him; but he only replied:

"No, mister; put up yer money. We shouldn't know what to do with it ef we had it. We're plain folks, and live in a plain way. We can swap for all we want that we can't raise, and make better bargains than we kin with money."

But I insisted on making them a present of something besides money, which they finally accepted; and I never felt my littleness more than when I rode over the prairie from Seth Slocum's cabin.

Of course I did not tell them my suspicions during the night; and I did not even tell them to the Leavenworth officer, who rode some distance with me.

THE LONDON FIRE ESCAPES.

During the year 1865, 706 fires were attended by the fire-escape conductors. This number of fires represents pretty closely the number of night-fires that have occurred in London during the year. The fire escape conductors rescued 67 persons by means of their fire-escapes, and rendered great assistance in many cases to persons who would otherwise have incurred danger from suffocation. One notable instance of an extra service, rendered by one of the conductors, is worthy of recalling, that of the rescue of 178 men, women and children from the falling building at Westminster, January 26th, all being assisted down the fire-escape, and order being restored—by the exertions of one man. The whole force at present numbers one hundred strong.

MIRZA.

BY OLARENCE F. BUHLER.

Like golden tears by angels shed
On the tomb of Day, stars gleamed o'erhead;

While bulbuls' music thrilled the grove
Till every leaf appeared a bird,

And small waves, creeping up the beach
To play with painted shells, were heard,
As Mirza, who had carved his name
Upon the eternal cliffs of Fame.

At nightfall viewed his realm where Art
With Nature vied to charms impart;
Whose blaze the skies' red glare increased,
Till day seemed dawning in the east.
The bliss of those who neither less
Nor more than they require possess
His subjects owed to him, not feared
As pacha, but as man revered.

But we within us, everywhere,
Our climate and our scenery bear;

He who has one within, ne'er at
The outer tempest starts,

And summer shines in vain for those
With winter in their hearts.

And Mirza sought, with mind depressed,
The Sultan, whom he thus addressed:

"Thou gavest me a province fair,
As if God's hand had planted there
The Eden he from Adam took;
But as with solemn steps the brook,
Mid shrines and tombs, steals hushed with awe,
So flow my thoughts forevermore;
For until man has learned to die,
He has not learned to live,
And from what power bestows I turn
To what it cannot give.
The dead leaves furled by Autumn's breath
Are banners in the van of Death;
What we call wrinkles are, my liege,
The trenches he digs in his siege;

Therefore, Time's baubles, which are aye
But food for the worm of Decay,
I would resign, my days to spend,
Now, in preparing for my end."

The Sultan's head, as by his crown
That heavier seemed, was then bowed down;
When rose, with summer on his cheek,
And winter in his locks, a meek
And holy Iman, who thus spake
To Mirza, "First, my counsel take.
The healing art I practised long,
Till I by that pale, wan-eyed throng,
Which graveyard passed seemed onward borne;
And burying all my gold in scorn,
In caves I dwelt in solitude,

Water my drink and herbs my food.
Once, as with face unto the east
I sat, my drowsiness increased,
Till I in dreams an eagle saw

Alight, that in its talons bore
Part of a kid to feed a fox,
That with crushed limbs moaned on the rocks.

The Prophet sent that vision to
Teach me what should be learned by you.
Thou, like that bird, from thy high place
Canst best the wants see of thy race;
Virtue's in action, not in rest,
All cannot wear the Dervise vest;
But all are architects of God,

Where every one his task may scan,
As lightning-wires from star to sod
Flash down His great eternal plan."

As flakes of cloud melt in morn's glow,
The sparkling blue beneath to show,
From Mirza's and the Sultan's eyes
The lids were raised in glad surprise,
They seeing that the life which blest
Mankind the most, pleased God the best.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

I HAVE always entertained an idea that I was intended for a farmer, but as the paternal Bowers, upon his deathbed, left me neither money nor lands, nor anything save his blessing, of course I was obliged to submit to my fate. I went to teaching school in Faxon. My eldest scholar was Matilda Hather-ton. She was just seventeen, quite pretty, and furthermore would come in possession of ten thousand dollars upon her wedding day.

With ten thousand dollars I could not only buy a good farm, but I could stock it, and

have something left besides; and so I fell in love with Matilda Hather-ton; she fell in love with me, and the consequence was, that at the expiration of the school-term, we were married.

The Brown estate in Meriden was for sale. Matilda had very romantic notions. She thought she should like a pastoral life exceedingly. It would be so nice to have all the cream, fresh butter and eggs that one wanted. That was just my mind exactly.

"Let us buy a farm, my dear," said I.

"Well, love," she replied, in her sweetest tones; for you must remember that we'd only been married three weeks, and were very fond of calling each other pet names.

"The Brown estate is for sale, and what is more, it will be sold very cheap. The house is somewhat out of repairs, as it has not been occupied for the last ten years, but it would not cost much to fit it up. There are one hundred acres of as good land as is to be found in Meriden. What do you think, Tilda?"

"Why, you know best, Joey, love. Everything I have is yours, and I am willing that you should buy a farm wherever you like."

That was just the answer I wanted. I kissed Tilda upon both cheeks, and started out to purchase the Brown estate. In less than a week the bargain was concluded, and I had carried part of our furniture into the house.

It was not till the day before we moved into it that I heard anything of the bad name it had. I was told that the reason the estate was sold so cheap (I bought it for a mere song), was, that the house had the name of being haunted. It seems that there had been a murder committed there some ten years before, and since that, although several persons had moved into the house, not one had ever been induced to remain there a second night.

Strange sounds—groans, horrid yells and shrieks had been heard around the house at night, but more particularly in the northeast room, where the aforesaid murder had been committed.

Now I am naturally a timid man. I always avoid danger when I can. I never fired a gun in my life. I left several boarding-places because they used burning fluid in their lamps, and I am exceedingly careful of kerosene. I never did let a man strike me twice—when there was a chance to run; and—well, I might as well own it—I went to Canada to get out of the draft! But I never thought I should be afraid of ghosts, or spectres, if there were such to appear, which I doubted very strongly; but I don't *now*—I've *seen* and *heard* them; and when you've seen and heard what I have, if you do not believe, you must be like the man in the "Pacha of many Tales," who "very much doubted the fact."

After hearing the various stories, which were enough to cause one's hair to stand on end like "the quills of the frightful porcupine," I went and examined the northeast room. I found it a very forlorn-looking

apartment. There was not a whole square of glass in the casements, and the floor was covered with small stones, as though some one had thrown them in through the windows, at the ghosts and goblins. There was no furniture in the room, and the paper had fallen down in long strips, rustling like dry leaves with every breeze. The air was almost as damp as that of a cellar, as the sunbeams hardly touched that corner of the house. There was nothing particularly ghostly about the room that I could perceive at first; but in a moment I discovered the dark stain upon the floor—the stain of blood!

I shuddered then. It was rather unpleasant to be in such a dreary room, where a fellow-creature's life had been taken—his blood still upon the floor, and I retreated in great haste, locking the door behind me.

I told Matilda that night the stories that I had heard.

"But, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked.

"Why, no, I never did."

"Well, then, don't go to making a fool of yourself now, my dear. It's probably nothing but rats. I've heard 'em squeal. We'll set a trap for them."

Perhaps you will notice that my wife Matilda was rather more courageous than her husband. At least I thought she was a very brave little woman at the time, although her courage oozed out at the finger ends, when it came to be tested.

The next day we moved into our new home, and before night it looked quite cheerful—that is, with the exception of the northeast room which required considerable repairing before receiving its furniture. That room we left alone. I didn't feel like going in there again, and as to Matilda, I think she had forgotten all about it.

After tea I seated myself upon the veranda, to smoke my cigar, and Matilda joined me there soon after.

Black clouds were rolling up in the west portending a heavy thunder-shower. I may as well remark that I am afraid of lightning when it comes forked end down. It is said to be very unhealthy, by those who ought to know, and for my part I never wished to test it.

The trees whispered mournfully in the evening wind. The birds sang several old songs which you've no doubt heard; but their voices were horribly out of tune. We had a *thundering* organ concert, and some splendid illuminations, got up regardless of

expense. I don't doubt that the scene was very impressive, and would have struck a poetic mind, but I was so fearful of being struck bodily, that my soul had no chance of soaring aloft; my imaginations were not of the order called sublime.

The rain began to fall just as we withdrew in doors. I seated myself as far as possible from the windows and placed my feet on a chair, for I had heard it said that you should never allow your feet to remain upon the floor during a thunder storm. Perhaps it is necessary to remark that I trembled in every joint. This countenance became of the color of whitewash, mutton tallow, chalk, or the "driven snow," about which you've heard so much.

Just then there came a crash of thunder, which made me leap to my feet and give utterance to the war-whoop of the red man. "Perfectly splendid," remarked my wife, calmly looking out of the window. I didn't know whether she referred to the war-cry, the thunder, or the lightning; but all three were well done, I haven't the least doubt.

The rain poured, the thunder rolled, and the lightning did a very fair business considering the dampness of the weather, and I sat, bolt upright in mortal agony, expecting every minute would be the next. I thought of all the sins I had committed during the last twenty years. There are those I suppose, who can fancy my feelings, for they have experienced the same, but the greater part of my readers can never understand half what I suffered.

But the half of the horrors had not arrived yet. They came on a later train. But I hope that none of my readers will suppose that this thunder shower is fictitious, and got up for the occasion to give effect; but I have noticed in horrible stories, as a general thing, you generally find a most terrible thunder storm—if the weather isn't too cold, and the wind is right and the barometer has no objections.

The clock had struck nine. My wife proposed retiring, but I didn't dare to place my feet upon the floor. I made no reply. If a phrenologist had examined my head at that moment, I think he would have said that my "language" was wonderfully small.

At that moment there was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a roar as though ten million boiler-makers had just commenced work in our attic, and then—O! my blood freezes as I think of it, notwithstanding the

mercury stands at sixty-five degrees above, at the present moment. Such a yell or shriek as broke upon our ears baffles description. Any noises except those of thunder and gunpowder explosions, had never alarmed me till then.

"What was that?" gasped my wife, springing to my side in two leaps—an average of twelve feet to each, which I considered pretty fair jumping for a woman.

I rolled my eyes and opened my mouth, but no answer came. If I could have "stood up," I think I should have made a pretty fair sort of a statue. Matilda said afterwards that there was that same dead expression to my eyes that marble statues wear upon ordinary occasions.

Sixty seconds passed slowly away, and then we had another splendid crash of thunder, and—O! there it was again. That horrid shriek, as though five million devils had been let loose. Growls, shrieks, awful cries as though from human beings in torture, and yells that seemed to proceed from throats lined with cast-steel files.

My wife clung around my neck in terror. "Jo—Joseph," she whispered, in trembling accents, "it is, it is, the ghosts. There, there, in the northeast room," and she pointed toward the door.

"Jes' so," I faltered, "jes' so. They're thar, thar."

"O Joseph, what shall we do?" and my wife clasped her little hands, while the "salt, salt tears" rolled down her ashen cheeks and inundated her beautiful countenance.

"You—you aint afraid of go—ghosts, are you?"

My question seemed to act as a restorative on her. She started up and grasped the poker.

"No, I do not fear them. Follow me, Joseph."

"Wait till it stops thundering and lightning," said I, with my feet still in the chair.

"You old fool! You're a coward!"

"Ti-ti-tilda, you should speak more respectfully of the head of the family."

There was another dismal howl then, and my wife dropped the poker and fell upon her knees beside my chair.

"Save me, Joseph—save me!" she cried in accents wild, throwing herself into a theatrical attitude.

"Yes, Ti-ti-tilda. They'll have to walk over my—my dead body," I answered, clasping her to my heart, where she lay for about five minutes without a quiver.

The storm had now passed over; but the horrid and mysterious noises still continued, seeming louder than ever. But we saw nothing, felt nothing. "Surely we cannot be harmed by noise alone," I said, though I trembled still. I think it is easier to face danger when you know *what* that danger is. The danger that seemed to threaten us was vague and mysterious. "But still," thought I, "if these sounds proceed from ghosts and goblins, they at least can do me no harm. I will face them!"

"I will fathom this mystery," I said to Matilda, arising and going to the table. From the drawer I took my new Colt's revolver.

"O Joseph, what are you going to do?"

"Shoot 'em on the spot!" I said, fiercely.

"Ough! worryeigh—yow—ow—ow—ew!" came my answer from the northeast room.

"Listen. Do you hear? O, do let us go away from this dreadful place," cried my wife, clinging to my arm.

What surprises me now is, that I was so uncommonly bold at that time. I frowned at her, and then carefully examined my pistol.

"Don't go there, Joseph. Don't, I beg you."

"I will!"

Shriek rose on shriek. I wavered for a moment. My courage began to fail me. Another more dismal howl, and I dropped the pistol. Then all was still again.

Once more I grasped my weapon and started for the door of the northeast room. My wife followed, hanging to the skirts of my coat. My hand was on the latch. A low growl or groan caused my hair to rise, and the perspiration to break out all over my body.

"Stop, Joseph! Save your—yourself while you can," Matilda whispered, clinging frantically to me.

Another long, wild, unearthly yell greeted me. Then a shriek smothered in a groan, the door opened and—and horrors! what a sight I beheld! It seemed as though a thousand eyes of fire were looking into mine. All was still for a moment, but those fiery, gleaming eyes seemed burning into my very soul.

"O!—o—h—h—O!" shrieked Tilda. "'Tis Satan himself," and she fell fainting to the floor.

I fired my revolver. A yell followed, a flash of those fiery eyes, the sound of claws scratching fiercely for a second, and then all was still and dark. The ghosts had vanished.

I threw some water in Matilda's face. She revived, and together we went into the northeast room, carrying a lamp before us.

Yes, the ghosts had fled.

"O—o—O!" screamed Matilda, jumping about six feet in the air, (I consider this pretty good jumping for a female). "There, there it is!"

I held the light down. Yes, there it was, sure enough. My blood curdles while I write. I stood before it. I looked down into its eyes. Yes, it was—it was a—a *cat*!

I have only to remark that our house is not haunted now, as we have had new windows placed in the northeast room, and do not allow the felines of Meriden to hold "cat concerts" there. But singular as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that, so great was my terror that never-to-be-forgotten night, I found when I looked in the mirror the next morning that *my hair was fire-red*.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

What are the wild waves whispering,
In their tidal flow?

What are the white sails over the sea
Bringing us,—joy or woe?

Momentarily one by one they are loosed
From the land afar;

What are they freighted with, as they sail,—
Something to make or mar?

In the hidden depths of their secret holds
Is there wealth untold?—

Or the loving favor, more precious far
Than silver or gold?

Are they heavily laden with happy hopes,
That love fulfils?

Or the patient spirit, that says, content—
All as God wills?

What are they bringing us,—lover or friend,
From over the main?

More of life's sweetness, or more of its strife,—
Blessing or bane?

One after another these white-winged ships
Sail into the downs;

With what are they freighted for you and me,—
Crosses or crowns?

A LIFE FOR LOVE.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

A LOWERING, wintry sky, shutting heavily down upon the white, far-off hills; along the east a narrow belt of tawny crimson, that shone abroad over the snowy fields, and upon the dark pine forests, and lit them with a lurid, ghastly splendor—a sombre picture, of which not a single detail was lost upon the woman who sat by the window looking forth with steadfast eyes—from the fragment of purple cloud that dropped down against the pellucid sky to the tiny snow-bird hopping forlornly about under the window and pecking at the leaves left by last summer's roses.

Last summer! It seemed ages and ages ago—more like a dream of some dear, impossible happiness—a longed-for, unrealized delight—than a round of real days and nights. Only a happy interlude breaking in upon the monotony of her desolate life; it was all over now, and the last days of the dear old year were dying; night was closing down—a night that would never be lifted, Margaret thought, and before her lay her life, more cold, and barren, and desolate, than this winter landscape; an unchanging, dreary waste, transfigured by no sweet possibilities.

Margaret saw it all very plainly. She put back her drooping hair from her forehead with a quick, impatient gesture, sat up erect, and smiled pitifully. Where was the use? Why wait and hope? Why go unreconciled forever to her life? Surely she had known it long enough to have ceased quarrelling with it. It would always be just as it had been. And how was that?

There would be days and nights of utter loneliness, when she must struggle desperately against the morbid, despairing thoughts that beset her. Then the loneliness would be invaded by a disgusting presence; her father would go reeling up to bed at midnight, and waking in the morning cross and brutal, would rail at and curse her. And all the time let her heart ache ever so much, her flying fingers must keep the wolf from the door.

So all the slow years had dragged wearily by; so they would go on till by-and-by youth would be quite gone and hope utterly dead. And Margaret thought how, when her face had grown haggard and wrinkled, when the eyes that were now so bright and beautiful,

dim with tears and old with sorrow, had faded before their time, and the crown of golden hair that she now wore so royally, was bleached by the storms of the long, wintry years, she should sit by the evening fire—all alone now—for the care that oppressed, the cruelty that tortured her, the shame that bowed her to the earth, would be all hidden in the grave then; and so sitting in her desolate old age she should look back over the barren life soon to end. Would it be with eyes that had forgotten to weep, and a heart hardened to pain? Would she be so used to her loneliness, by that time, that she would be content to lie down quietly in the narrow house that waited for her, never missing the loving arms that should have upheld her, never longing for some one to kiss her good-by, and give her soul back to God in a tender prayer?

Margaret's face dropped in her hands, and her tears fell like rain. And so the landscape faded out into utter blackness, and a few white flakes, foretokens of the stern close at hand, came wavering slowly through the air. By-and-by a heavy, uncertain step along the walk outside, then a blundering hand tried the latch, and at last finding it, plunged unsteadily into the hall. Margaret sprang up quickly, and lighted a lamp. He came in—a shabby, wretched figure of a man—all the more wretched for the tokens of better times that lingered in his face and air, and even in the fitting of the threadbare great-coat which he wore. Looking around vaguely, his eyes lit up with anger as they fell upon the girl kneeling upon the hearth, and trying to fan the flame with her breath.

"What are you sitting all in the dark for? What made you let the fire go out?" he muttered. "Didn't you think I should want some supper?"

"I didn't know when you would come home," Margaret said, rising up with a pale face.

"Didn't know! I supposed not, you don't know anything; you're enough to drive a man mad," he mumbled under his breath, and sitting down he stared moodily at the fire.

A face once refined, grown coarse and sensual—every tender outline hardened, the eyes

deep set in lurid hollows, the temples sunken, worn, haggard, and unnaturally pallid—this was Margaret's father—the only friend she had.

Margaret did not answer him a word, but moved about setting things in order with deft hands. She lighted another lamp, and the fire leaping up brightly, the dark corners of the room grew alight. A strange room it was, filled with incongruous articles of furniture. A grand piano, its keys glittering whitely as the red firelight shone athwart them; a quaintly-carved violin—a real Cremona—upon a table close by, and a quantity of musical litter all around—half-written scores, printed sheets torn across—things which Margaret never dared meddle with, sorely as they tried her neat, housewifely notions.

She put the supper upon the table and told her father that it was ready. But a new whim had seized the half-drunken brain. Passing by the table, and only growling in answer to Margaret, he sat down at the piano—at first playing in a maudlin, crazy style, but presently—as if the music cleared his brain and swept it clear of its disordered fancies—striking the keys with a master's hand, and wandering off into such exquisite harmonies that Margaret held her breath to listen.

And so, after an hour of this, he rose up, himself again, nervous, exhilarated, but wholly sane, and began to put on the great-coat that Margaret had left drying before the fire.

"Wont you have some supper now?" she asked, timidly.

A sharp, impatient no answered her, the door shut to with a slam, and he was gone.

The snow had fallen faster and faster; and the path along which Guy Leslie picked his way was an unbroken blank whiteness. But he measured it with long, rapid strides, the lights of the city growing nearer and brighter every moment, till at last he came abreast of one tall mansion looming grandly over its neighbors. Every window was luminous, and when every now and then the door was flung wide, a flood of pure, soft light would be poured out into the dusky night. Through the transparent window-curtains, he caught glimpses of beautiful faces, the gleam of lustrous silk, the flashing splendor of jewels. He went in, a low, bitter laugh half-parting his lips. He was here now a hireling—a contemptible, abject creature, who was to earn his pay like any other servant. Once—but no matter for that. It was a torturing re-

membrance that only now and then came to haunt him. He would soon drown the thought of it in a glass of that rare old Johannisberger; for Mrs. Montgomery was a connoisseur in wines as in music, and if the path led straight to the pit from her table, it was along a luxurious way, among the most alluring refinements.

"You have been waited for this half hour, Mr. Leslie," said Mrs. Montgomery, just the slightest reproach modifying her cold, courteous welcome.

Leslie apologized, and made his way towards the piano, his brows lowering gloomily as people gave way mutely upon every side.

The old, torturing remembrance was haunting him again—the thought how, if he had been true to his art and to himself, he might have put all these people at his feet.

And so the music began, and the crowd became vitalized. The suspended animation of those who had become semi-conscious returned; little flirtations sprang up under this convenient and delightful cover; gossip revived under so agreeable a stimulus. Only one or two stood apart and listened; only one or two noticed in what stormy cadences the harmony rose and fell—as if Mephistopheles himself were sitting at the instrument pouring out all his weary scorn of life, his own faithlessness, and sinful hate, and unavailing remorse.

One was a man with a dark, stern face, who watched the performer with a certain fixity that showed his attention not to be an accident; the other a woman, young and beautiful, and yet so wise a look in her young face, such a subtle knowledge of men and their ways in the lovely eyes that could droop so sweetly but were now so keen and bright, that the man, had he looked at her, would have known how well she read his secret. But he did not look at her, his eyes were on Leslie's face. And as they rested there, his own face grew hard and angry, and the set, white lips looked as if they would open to utter a curse.

Guy Leslie grew impatient under the look, and at last, just at the close of a long minor strain that throbbed with wild, angry sorrow, he crashed his hand over the keys and rose from his seat. In a moment he was looking into those relentless eyes whose searching look had so irritated him.

"What do you mean by looking at me so?" he said, in an angry undertone.

Bertram Lynn's straight black brows lifted a little.

"You are here to be looked at, are you not?" he said, composedly.

"I am here to be listened to," said Leslie.

"I was listening to you," said the other, very gravely. "That strain you played just now was magnificent; I think it must have been meant as a requiem for some lost soul."

"My own!" muttered Leslie.

The face of the other was full of scorn.

"Your own? So I supposed. But I confess I didn't think much about it or you," he said, bitterly. "I was thinking of that girl at home dying of slow torture, every beautiful faculty of her nature turned into a sharp weapon that is forever wounding her peace; crushed by your shame, breaking her heart for lack of the love and tenderness that you should have given her; growing wretched and growing old, waiting and hoping for nothing but the death that shall end all. Your soul?"

Gay Leslie's heart was seared, but something in those stinging tones cut down through the external indifference and probed him severely. He began to suffer and so also to grow angry. He started to go down to the supper-room. He would not suffer from remorse, when forgetfulness was to be had so easily. But his own name spoken in low tones arrested him on the way.

"You shall tell me the whole story of this Guy Leslie," said a low, sweet voice.

"It is the old story, Miss Verner—short and quickly told," said Colonel Lynn. "The man was tempted of the devil and fell."

Miss Verner's soft, bright eyes smiled. "Without the intervention of a woman," she said.

Colonel Lynn's face grew darker and graver.

"Yes. The woman—it is the only one who ever cared for him—would have been his good angel—is so in spite of him."

"Do you mean his wife?"

"No. I spoke of his daughter."

"She is a friend of yours, I am told," said Miss Verner, quietly.

Colonel Lynn started and reddened. He knew her keen eyes were searching his heart.

"Wont you tell me about her?" she asked.

"What should I tell you?" said Colonel Lynn, with sudden vehemence. "Can't you guess what her life must be? You will understand it when I tell you that her father is her only living friend; and yet it would be a thousand times better for her were he dead."

Something stirred uneasily behind the win-

dow drapery, but neither of them noticed it.

"Her only friend?" said Miss Verner, slowly and thoughtfully. Then swiftly, and catching her breath at the words. "And you? You must be a lover, since you are not her friend."

Colonel Lynn's face whitened, showing her that her rude question had gone home. Was it some sharp, bodily pain that made her face blanch so suddenly?

"You need not answer me," she said, in a breath. "You love her, but your pride keeps you from her. Now I should have thought—"

"What?" he asked, curiously.

"Only that Colonel Lynn would have been loyal to his better instincts. I beg your pardon for being wrong. You are all alike. But we are falling into absurd sentimentalities. May I trouble you to take me to Mrs. Montgomery? It is time I were saying good night," she said, in her languid, graceful way.

He took her across the room, and, having made his adieux, turned away; but looking back as he went, he caught one glance from the soft, bright eyes, saw the scorn die away, and the lovely blonde face grow tender.

"Taken to task and rebuked by a worldling," he muttered, as he made his way out into the still, snowy night.

"It would be a thousand times better if he were dead," said Guy Leslie, over and over again to himself. There was a whirl in his brain, a strange confusion that he could not understand all around him. For hours he had been wandering about in the storm; he had lost his way he believed, though of that he was not quite sure. He had been terribly cold, but he was growing quite warm and comfortable now. It would be very easy to die now, without any more sin or pain. It would be better for her, if he were dead. Whatever was doubtful or vague, that at least was clear and certain. Colonel Lynn had said it, and he loved the child—loved her with a selfish man's love. But he did love her, and he would make her his wife, if only her father were dead. The poor child would never know want any more; never droop under heavy tasks; never faint for love; never be sorrowful or lonely any more. Tenderness, caresses, luxury, ease, were all waiting for her—if only he might die. Poor little Margaret! A great wave of love rushed in on his heart and swept it clean of every selfishness.

It was only to sit quietly here. Around him the snow was white and deep; the crowding flakes falling fast and thick, falling faster

and thicker, would cover him from sight before dawn. Nobody would guess what foul thing lay hid under the pure white snow. The winds would sing his requiem. The cold, bright stars would look down all the long nights upon his lonely white grave. God would pardon, and little Margaret—she was always a tender-hearted little thing—would pity and forgive him; and it would be so much better for her if he were to die. Strange he had never guessed it before. But now he knew. And so he sat there quietly. The bitter, cruel, stinging, *friendly* cold was not so hard to bear now. But death was slow in coming. Was it easy to sit there quietly? Once he heard muffled footfalls through the snow, a horseman galloped past. He almost cried out; it was so natural to do so. "It is better for her that I should die," he murmured, sleepily.

And so sitting still, the snow, falling faster and thicker, hid him soon from sight, and only the stars shining down from their home in heaven knew where he lay.

Little Margaret at home was wearing out the long night with watching. A hundred times her white, tearless face was laid against the window-pane; a hundred times her dark, sorrowful eyes searched the darkness. She watched the city lights go out one by one; she heard the wind sweeping hoarsely through the little pine grove by the house; she counted the hours as the clock in the neighboring steeple told them slowly. Still he did not come, and Margaret's heart ached with alarm. She shivered to think how cold it was. Then cheating herself with the hope that it could not be long now, she put fresh wood on the fire and set a light in the window to guide him home. Still he did not come; and the girl walked the floor, crying, not knowing that he would never come any more; never guessing that her love, and shame, and care, and sorrow, were hid under the winter snow. A hand on the door startled her.

"He is come at last, thank God!" was her swift thought. But, no! The proud, straight figure that stood erect before her was not the one she had looked for so long. The cloak dropped from his shoulders, the slouching cap was thrown aside. "Margaret!"

She gave a little cry. "O, Bertram Lynn!"

He came a step nearer, caught both her hands in his, and looked at her a moment—noting the pallor of the lovely, childish face, the sorrowful drooping of the sweet mouth, the dimness of the dark eyes heavy with un-

shed tears. He dropped her hands with an impatient, anguished exclamation.

"O Margaret dear, can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" she said, as one bewildered.

"Forgive me, dear! I went away from you, without ever telling you that I loved you. But I come back to you humbly, so humbly, dear, praying only that my shameful pride may be forgiven," he said, brokenly.

She looked up at him, searching his face with her wistful eyes. A face with power in it—keenness and sagacity in the deep-set eyes, resolution in the straight, thinly-cut lips—not the face of a Sir Launcelot, or of any chivalrous knight who would give the world for love, counting it well lost. Only a man with grave faults, perhaps—a little hardened on the surface—but tender and true at the heart's core. Not one to give up pride and ambition without a sharp struggle; but such a man as, after all, women love best. And so Margaret, looking into the face dearest in the world to her, drooped at last to his arms, and sobbed out her love and joy upon his shoulder.

"Poor little girl!" he said, by-and-by, caressing her shining hair. "I shall make her life so bright that she will forget how dark and lonely the past has been. And I shall help her bear her burden so that it will be very light to her."

She looked up, her happy thankfulness shining in her eyes; not forgetting her father in her new-found joy, thinking how more tenderly than ever she would fold him in her love, and seek to win him back—never knowing that the winds were sighing around him, that the friendly snow was hastening tenderly to cover him from sight.

But the hours went, and he did not come. They lengthened into days, and then they were seeking him far and eagerly, Bertram Lynn never dreaming that his stinging words had cut so deeply, yet full of pity.

But when just at the close of a short wintry day they brought him home and laid him in the quaint room where was the grand piano, that had responded to his touch so many times, where the things he had loved in purer days lay all about him, Margaret stole in, calmed, softened, reconciled, in the mute, strange presence. Her burden and sorrow were safe in God's care; and for the first time in weary years she might lie down to sleep and not fear to wake and cry out in wild affright because of him. And the peaceful years were never marred by any dream of the sacrifice that had crowned his wasted life.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

BY MISS L. A. BEALE.

"Now, Ellie, do wrop yourself up. You are the carelessest creter I ever seen in my life, goin' on a five-mile ride such a night as this, without tyn' up your ears. Do speak to her, father. She'll get her death."

Poor Mrs. Lamb always appealed to the paternal head for any exercise of authority. She could do the coaxing and pleading, but she never presumed to issue a command.

"Here's a brick to put to your feet, and another for your hands. You'll freeze, I tell ye."

"Don't be so fussy, mother. I'm younger than you are, and don't mind the cold. It isn't very cold, is it, Paul?"

"Not very. And I wouldn't let her freeze, Mrs. Lamb—there's plenty of robes," said the young man, turning round, walking to the window and back again in an impatient manner, as if he could not wait to have the pretty, beautiful young girl close by his side in the old-fashioned sleigh.

"O, I ain't afraid but you'll take good keer of her, I wouldn't trust her with anybody else, Paul, she's such a fly-away."

The young man blushed a little with pleased modesty at this compliment, and stammered some indistinct reply, which was cut short by Ellen's "all ready, Paul."

He tucked in the robes with a proud dignity, about her, jumped in on the other side, and the bells jingled to those familiar rhymes of Poe, while Mrs. Lamb interposed a shrill solo, "Do wrop up warm when you come back, wont you?"

It was a clear, frosty night in January; the steel runners creaked over the smooth frozen track, a million stars looked down on them from the dark blue heaven, like the eyes of angels, and the aurora borealis shot up its phantom fires from the altars of departed heroes.

It was a fit and holy night for that love which was so newly born to these hearts. So silently it had come that they had not been aware of its footsteps, until its presence became manifest, amid these calm and beautiful scenes of nature's holy night.

It drew them closer, each to each, it thrilled their pulses to a warmer glow, and the eyes that looked into each other, in the twilight of

the stars and the aurora, were deeper and tenderer than ever before. There was no need of vows and explanations, for there was no deceit and coquetry. If he put his arm about her and drew her close to his heart, it was as if he said, "I love you above all others."

She knew he was true and noble, and this was what he meant. And when her lovely form yielded like the willows to his embrace, in a new and rapturous joy, it was to say, thus silently, "I give myself to you."

After a long, delicious silence, he murmured low, kissing her responsive lips:

"And you will some time be my wife, Ellie?"

"If you wish it, Paul."

"You know I do. O my darling!" He said it with that deep and thrilling tenderness which was the exhalation of a long-suppressed adoration, a solemn assumption of new and sweeter cares.

They never knew how the time sped, they thought it had been but a minute when they drove up to the small country school-house in the woods, where they had come to singing-school.

Coming into the bustle and turmoil of such a hubbub as can be got up nowhere in the world but at a country singing-school, all this strange new joy seemed like a dream to the wondering Ellen, until her lover came in from "putting up" his horse in the rude shed, and smiled upon her; then blushing rosily, and drooping her tender eyes, she knew it was all a living blessed reality. And the rat-tat-tat of the master's pencil on the desk, the subsiding behind tallow candles of rosy faces, the rustle of books, the harsh, discordant sounding of the scale, the awkward and excruciating efforts of beating time, all were bathed in a golden effulgence of paradise, and seemed touched with a heavenly halo to Ellen, while the harsh and discordant "do, re, mi," melted into seraphic harmonies.

She sang a little, but listened more for his voice, and answered the questions of her friends as though she heard them not.

When it was over, her heart beat wildly with fear and joy—for she knew how sweet would be that homeward ride, with his arm about her, as never before.

Alas! It was a lonely road, where a few farmers passed in the daytime with their grain and potatoes to market. They were alone now, and he could lay down the reins and fold both arms about his darling, "to keep her warm," of course laying his cheek against her fair brow, and now and then kissing the full crimson lips.

A fox sprang from the thicket and ran across the path. The horse was gentle and brave, but so unused to foxes that he took fright and, dashing against a stump, threw the lovers violently on the ground.

Paul Burns gave a groan, and crawled feebly to where Ellen was gathering herself up from the robes.

"Are you hurt, darling—are you hurt?"

"O no, Paul, but the horse is running away." She laughed. "We will have to walk home. Five miles."

"O my poor Ellie!" with a world of agony in his voice.

"What, Paul! Paul! What is it?"

"My leg is broken! The night is growing colder!"

"Paul!" What a shriek of agony, love and fear.

"And the horse is gone; O Paul, you will die!"

"Be brave, be patient and calm, my girl. Let us think a moment."

But the agony was too much for him, and he fainted on the snow, and the night was getting colder, and the northern fires leaped and danced like fiends in ecstasy.

Then the heroism of the woman came forth and made her strong. She drew the robes which had fallen out with them, to the unconscious sufferer, and wrapped them warmly about him, bathing his brow with snow, till he revived.

"There is but one thing to do, Paul. I must go for help."

"O, Heaven help us!" he prayed. "I dare not have you go; you will perish with cold. There are wolves, Ellie."

"They will devour you, rather than me." Her heart grew sick with fear again. "But you will die here. Good-by!" And pressing one agonizing kiss upon his lips she fled away like a deer.

Less than half an hour found her panting and quivering in her mother's arms, while her father and brother went to the rescue.

They heard the howl of the wolves, and drove their horse to a foam. But they found Paul Burns safely wrapped in the warm robes, unconscious of his troubles.

They took him to his own home, and summoned a surgeon who lived another five miles away, and by morning the fractured limb was duly splintered and bandaged.

Ellen went in the morning to see him. His mother did not leave him long enough for one low-breathed endearing word, and they could only read in each other's eyes the tenderness they might not speak.

The next day she wanted to go again.

"It don't look well, for a young girl like you to go every single day to see a young man. Folks will talk. Let Ed go."

"But, mother, he is so lonely. He will expect me. Indeed I ought to go."

The quick eye of the mother saw the new dignity of ripened womanhood in her daughter's crimsoned face. She saw that another love than hers had come into her life. She felt a jealous pang; but she thought of her own girlhood, and her voice grew tender.

"Well, Ellen, if ye think it's yer dooty, I haint got nothing to say, I don't want ter stand in the way of yer dooty. But if Paul has a right, of course it aint for me to interfere."

"I think I ought to go."

Every day she sat an hour beside him, reading or talking cheerfully. He was very long in getting well. The surgeon called in an older physician, who said he would come again.

Paul went about on crutches two or three weeks, but still the limb was painful. Again the two surgeons consulted together.

Very gently they broke it to him. There was no help. Crippled for life! He bore it well—like a hero. He only cared for Ellen.

She came in with her hands full of early violets, herself as bright and fresh and cheery as the spring morning.

"They are the very first that have blossomed, Paul. I went almost up to that dreadful place where we got our fall last winter. Aren't they delicious?" She was filling a little vase with her treasures, when his silence oppressed her, and looking up she saw he was in trouble.

"Are you ill, Paul? Don't be gloomy. You are almost well, dear. Lean on me, and go out of doors. The birds are singing so sweetly; they will cheer you up, if I can't."

"I am too sad to be comforted just now, Ellie."

"O, what is it, Paul?"

"What should you say if you knew I would

never walk again, Ellie? Only hobble about on these crutches?"

"O, don't be so desponding, dear Paul. I can see every day that you improve."

"It is too true, darling."

"O Paul! Poor Paul!"

"Of course, Ellie, I cannot be so base and cruel as to wish to link your lot with my misfortunes. In brighter days, you promised to be my wife. Now it can never be."

"What do you mean, Paul? Will you drive me from you?"

"No, sweet. Your pity keeps you by me. But by-and-by these ties will become irksome. Let me give you up now, while I can."

"Paul, I will never leave you. You shall not send me away. If I forsake you now, I should expect God to forsake me in the day of my trouble."

So it was settled. Paul went to his books, and soon went to college, where he wrote frequent and loving letters to his betrothed, at home in her father's gardens.

"Du tell now, father! Why, it sounds like a story book, don't it? Your sister Liza's husband been to California and got—how many thousand dollars?"

"Five hundred thousand, and living on Fifth Avenue!"

"Fifth Avenue! That's a great place, aint it? Goodness gracious! It's in London, aint it, father?"

"New York, New York, Betsy. You are so flustered you've forgot e'en a'most all you ever knew, haint you? The New York aristocracy live on Fifth Avenue, and think they are too nice for the rest of the world to look at. Cousin Josh Billings went to a ball or a sworry, one night, and he thought he was in heaven. You couldn't tech him with a forty foot pole for more'n two years arter. But I don't spose Liza's folks are any better than we be. They haint no better, nor no worse, mebbe."

This was a long speech for "father" Lamb to make.

"I don't spose they are any happier than we are, father, do you? Bad servants is nigh about as bad as spiled pickles, soft butter, sloppy soap, and what with dressin' and shoppin', and bein' up nights to the opery and all that. I don't believe they take any more comfort in the long run."

"But I haint told you all, mother. Liza wants us to send Ellie to be eddicated, she says. They haint got no children o' their

own, and she'll do well by her. How old is Ellie?"

"Sixteen!"

"Where is she?"

"Up stairs, writing to Paul."

"Poor Paul! It's hard for Ellie to be tied to him—hard for both on 'em. P'raps we better let her go—who knows."

And so the curse of gold cast its blighting shadow far into the peaceful home of content and love. Verily the love of it is the root of evil.

"I like geranium leaves the best for my hair, auntie?"

"No matter what you like, dear, you must consult fashion and taste. Wilson, make her curls very abundant, and put on this pearl coronet. Half the girls will die of envy over your hair, it is so plainly your own. And your arms and neck are superb for lace. I'm glad your dress is cut off from the shoulders."

"But I don't like it so very low, Aunt Eliza. Can I not keep on my opera cape?"

"Why, child! You wouldn't cover up such neck and arms! Don't think of it. I'm glad you waltz so well. And your complexion is so natural. No one could mistake it for rouge. Make the curls a little longer, Wilson, and leave one beside her face, Camberwell will be there to-night. He has just come from China, with a mint of money—here's the brooch—and is in pursuit of a wife. Who knows—"

She could not tell her fashionable aunt that she was betrothed to a poor country student—crippled for life. In the atmosphere of Fifth Avenue, all fresh sweet blossoms petrified. "The country" was an unknown waste inhabited by barbarians, with different language, customs, habits of life, senses and dress. A geographical idea, of no importance to the "world." The country was sneered at, satirized and caricatured, till poor Ellie would sooner dare to own she was of African descent, than that she came from the country.

Camberwell was charmed with her statuesque beauty, her fresh beauty of form and feature. What was it if his inner life was loathsome and corrupt, that his gaze was defilement to the pure woodland blossom—the outside of the sepulchre was whitened and polished, and garnished with a million of dollars!

He had amassed a fortune, and, wearied of his foreign life, came home to set up an establishment, and was now looking about

him for the most elegant and beautiful girl in the world, wherewith to adorn said establishment.

He was assiduous in his attentions to Ellie—dancing with her as often as etiquette would permit, taking her down to supper, and talking with her, to the envy and chagrin of all the plainer belles of the ball.

Ellie was ardent and enthusiastic, doted on dancing and music, and began to feel the need of all this luxury, and pleasure, and flattery. Home seemed plain and dull, and even Paul grew tiresome and stupid amid the glamour and excitement of wealth and fashion.

The season was nearly over, half a dozen had proposed to her, and finally Camberwell pompously laid himself at her feet—figuratively.

At this time, she received a letter from Paul, with such words as these:

"And now, my darling, I see your heart has found new pleasures and wants I cannot satisfy. You were too young to know your own wishes when we parted. Let no sense of duty bind you to me. Be free, as though we never met, for I could not take you unless you could find no happiness without me."

She replied:

"Dear Paul, I am all, all unworthy of you. Since I learned you were to be a minister, I have felt that I could not be such a wife as you should have. I am very wretched, but I would not make us both unhappy by giving you an unworthy companion for your labors. Forgive and forget me, dear Paul."

He knew what all this meant. He knew the frail heart better than she knew it herself. He grew grave and old, and applied himself to his studies. He was not surprised when Ellie became Mrs. Camberwell.

Ignorant of sin and baseness, she did not dream that her husband could be vile, and deceitful, and profligate. So in her innocent ignorance, she was for a while comparatively happy.

The bridal dresses, parties, visits, travelling, all were flattering to her impulsive nature. She was very gay. She could not bear quiet.

Alas! alas! when the young heart shrinks from quiet meditation.

It came upon her by degrees, when she was at last settled at the head of her Fifth Avenue mansion. At first she felt that she was cut off from her own home. It was a cruel wound to know that she could not visit her own parents, or have them come to her home. And very soon her husband began

to growl about bad management in household affairs, and demand that his house should be like others, and his wife, reared amid the rural scenes of nature, should not be wanting in all the arts of high-born city dames.

At last the final blow fell on her—worse than death! She woke to learn that to her husband marriage vows were only the social magnet around which to gather a wife and children, but no sacred and tender thoughts ever came into his life. She saw him smile on other women, as he once did on her, and once, hidden by the foliage of a luxuriant ivy, she heard him use passionate and endearing words to a pink and white blue-eyed creature, who readily consented to be at home on the next evening, and hoped his wife wouldn't think it was any harm—and she saw—ay, saw her folded in his vile embrace.

She had been weak and sinful, and this was her punishment. She went away in the night to her father's house, a faded, broken hearted thing.

When Camberwell read the note which told the cause of her flight, he started, with horrid imprecations, to follow her.

You remember the day—and it seems as though one must sometimes believe in instant retribution—the telegraph shuddered with news of a terrible railroad catastrophe. Camberwell was killed instantly.

Dead black were her widows weeds, but a heavier woe than bereavement was on the heart of Ellen Camberwell.

Three years passed away, but she rarely smiled. Her mother's hair grew gray with grieving for her grief. She sometimes walked in the garden, and sometimes went up to the rude church. She had wealth, but it purchased no peace.

On May-day she went out into the sunshine, and wandered on and on, until she sat down in the forest by the spot where she met her first sorrow on that happy and fearful night. Tears came to comfort her, and as she grew calm, and stooped to pluck a handful of wild flowers, she found a pocket diary half hidden in the grass. Opening it, no name appeared, but a folded bit of paper contained a ringlet of hair, and a few faded violets, and upon it was traced the name of "Ellen." It had not lain there long, for no rains had soiled it. Looking further, upon a late date was written.

"Ellen, Ellen! May God forgive this maddening idolatry—but O, it has its daily dread—

ful punishment. Earthly love is strong, and he will pity this passion. God bless her, and may she find the happiness I may never know."

She knew it was Paul's. She did not know he was at home. She had never seen him since her marriage; now she heard his halting step approaching. She did not move, but sat listlessly with the book in her hand.

He lifted his hat, and said, "I returned for my diary. You have found it—I thank you, madam."

His manner was gracious and subdued.

No wonder he did not recognize in this pale, wasted woman the rosy companion of his boyhood.

"Yes, Paul, I have found it." Her voice was dreary; she scarcely raised her eyes; but that voice—it woke all his torpid pulses. Human love was too strong for human resistance. One mutual impulse had brought them to this spot, and the old, old impulses woke to newness of joy, and some of the sweetness of that sleigh-ride was renewed again amid the incense of opening violets and silvery sunshine.

ALMOST A MARTYR.

A TALE OF THE ALBIGENSES.

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BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.  
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THE year 1224 was a memorable one for the South of France. The increase of the Albigenses, both in numbers and authority, had so alarmed the Romish Church, that stringent measures had been set on foot for the extirpation of the heresy. The pope had exerted himself to the utmost to stir up the great feudatories of Europe to a crusade against the recusants, and in the councils of the successor of St. Peter it was decreed that no mercy was to be shown to the Albigenses. It was declared the solemn duty of all "Christians," to lend their aid in exterminating not only heresy but heretics. The doomed race were pronounced enemies both of God and man, and whole communities were devoted to destruction. How well these tender injunctions of the Church of Rome were obeyed, the history of the fearful crusade under Simon de Montfort will show.

Among the measures provided for the searching out of heresy, were some which were very searching indeed. The clergy were authorized to require individuals, or even whole communities, to swear that they knew nothing of heresy or heretics, and that they would not screen any one so affected, by reason of relationship or affection, but would promptly reveal such persons to the inquisitors appointed for that purpose. Those who refused to take this oath were to be deemed guilty of heresy themselves, and punished accordingly. As may be supposed, this was a

severe test, and a sure means of detecting those who entertained the proper regard for an oath. The result of these harsh measures was that the persecuted people rebelled, but only to be crushed, as the pope arrayed against them the combined might of Europe. All the horrors of this unhappy struggle are not known, but the record, imperfect as it is, is sad and thrilling.

It was during the year 1223, that there came to the village of W—, not far from the borders of the county of Foix, a young orphan girl. She had just lost her only surviving parent, her father—her mother having died years before—and was now alone in the world. Her father had been a forester in the service of the old Count of Foix, and had been one of his most trusted vassals. Now, however, she had lost him, and she had come to W—, where a distant relative lived, to earn her living. This she was soon enabled to do, as no one in the village excelled her as a skillful needle-woman; and in those days it was by no means an unprofitable craft. She won many friends, not only by her beauty and grace, but also by her rare loveliness and sweetness of disposition. She was always cheerful and happy, and many were the kind and gentle deeds which she performed so quietly and modestly that but few knew of them. And so it came about that no one in the village was more universally beloved than Marie.

Yes, many loved her, but none with so much truth and sincerity as Gaston, the smith of the village. He was a large, brawny young fellow, with a hard, cold face, and by no means a beauty at that. Indeed he was not very much liked in the village. He was stern and silent, and rarely had much to say to any one. He worked early and late at his trade, and kept to himself almost entirely. He was not a very regular attendant upon mass, or any of the church services, and therefore did not stand in very good estimation with the clergy. But he was too good a workman for any one to think of getting him away from the village. The fame of his skill had spread far and near, and once the Count of Toulouse had even gone so far as to send his favorite horse to W—, to be shod by Gaston, as he had heard that no other man in France could do the work so well. And, after all, it was not their business if Gaston chose to be stern and cold, and to keep to himself. He had never harmed them, but on the contrary was scrupulously although coldly polite to every one. He was also very well to do in worldly matters, for by his frugal and steady habits he had managed to save a considerable portion of his large earnings. The truth was, that Gaston was a man far above his position. He had a strong and vigorous intellect, and had managed to secure, even in that dark day, a considerable share of knowledge. He was a proud man, and he chafed and fretted to be tied down to his humble smithy. But he knew that there was no way open to him by which he could rise higher, except the church, and rather than become a monk he would die. He had long ago determined to work steadily at his trade, and save as much as possible from his earnings, and when he had amassed a large sum, to leave W—, and go to some of the great cities of which he had heard, and there live more in accordance with his desires. But his plans seemed scattered by the winds when Marie crossed his path, illumining it with her wondrous beauty. From the first he loved her, and with a love such as no one but himself could feel. It was a deep, powerful passion, which seemed to absorb his very existence. Gaston had kept himself so apart from the little world in which he moved that he was but poorly informed in its ways and requirements. He did not know with what barriers and restraints young maidens were hemmed in, and how much wooing it required to win their stubborn hearts. He only knew that his love for Marie

was more powerful than any other emotion he had ever known; and he could not comprehend why there should be any possibility of her not loving him.

Marie was living with a distant relative, a cousin, on her mother's side. She was of great assistance to this relative, who was a widow, old and childless, and the earnings of her needle proved in the end the chief support of both of them. Gaston had been pointed out to her, by her relative, and described to her in no very complimentary terms, for old Elise had conceived a strong prejudice against the young man—I call him a young man, for he was only thirty. The coldness and sternness of Gaston seemed to Marie to confirm what she had heard of him, and while she did not dislike him, she had for him a feeling of dread. He seemed to her a man to be feared, rather than trusted. I cannot say what would have been her feelings had she known the deep and devoted love which Gaston bore her; but she was in utter ignorance of it, and he was the very last man in the village she would have thought of loving. When she had been in the village a few months she met him at a festival, and there had her first opportunity of seeing for herself if what she had heard of him was true. She was agreeably disappointed in some respects; but still could only regard him with a feeling of dread. She shrank from him when he approached her, and was restless and uneasy until he left her.

After this, Gaston went several times to the cottage to see her. He always met with a cold reception from old Elise, but he cared little for that. Marie was always polite and kind; yet there was a shrinking and restlessness in her manner, that was not slow in convincing him that she would be happier out of his sight. It was a hard thing for Gaston to learn this, for he had hoped that she loved him. Yet he could not deny himself the pleasure of being with her, of hearing her speak, and of gazing on her matchless beauty. In spite of his knowledge that she did not love him, this was a great happiness to him; so great, that when he left her presence it seemed to him as though the sun had stopped shining and all the world was wrapped in darkness.

One day, Marie had gone to the castle of the Lord of —, who was the chief dignitary in that section of the country. The castle was situated among a range of rocky hills that skirted the edge of the domain of the Count of Foix, and was distant from W—

about eight miles. It was a clear, pleasant day, and the air was mild and balmy. Marie had been given some fine needle-work to do for the Lady of —, and was now on her way to carry it home, having finished it. Though the way was long, she did not mind it, for her heart was joyful and her step light. She reached the castle in good time, delivered her work, received her wages and a compliment from the lady, and set out on her return. It was nearly dark when she came within a couple of miles of the village, and to her surprise and alarm she saw a man coming rapidly across the open country towards her. She quickened her pace, but he gained on her, and soon came up with her. To her relief she found that it was Gaston. Though she feared him, she was not sorry to see him, for she had supposed that the man was one of the retainers of the castle, who had perhaps followed her for the purpose of robbing her.

"Why do you always seek to shun me, Marie?" said Gaston, as he walked by her side, with his eyes cast down on the ground.

"Do I shun you?" asked Marie, without looking at him. "Do I not always see you when you come to the cottage?"

"Yes," said Gaston, "but when I am with you, you seem to wish me away. You seem afraid of me—I would not harm you—I would lay down my life to protect you from harm."

Marie looked at him in surprise, for his tone was sad. She turned crimson as she looked into his eyes, for she read there all the love that he wished to tell her of. She had never dreamed before that Gaston loved her; but now she could not doubt it, and the knowledge came so suddenly that it staggered her. She could only drop her eyes, and murmur gently:

"I am sorry if I have pained you, Gaston."

Somehow it seemed that she could not be afraid of him now. She felt that such love as she read in his eyes could be only a safeguard, a protection to her, and she believed that Gaston had spoken the truth when he said he would lay down his life to protect her from harm. Still she could not love him.

"You have pained me, Marie," he said, slowly, "and pained me more than you can imagine. You have no doubt shared the dislike which every one here bears for me."

"No, Gaston," she said, quickly, "I have never disliked you. I was simply afraid of you. You are so cold, so stern, that I had a feeling of dread for you."

"And now, Marie," said Gaston, eagerly, "do you fear me now?"

"No, I trust you now," she said, with a smile.

"I have tried not to be stern or cold with you," he said, hastily. "I cannot mingle with the people of the village; I know that I am above them, and I hold myself aloof from them; but with you I am different. I am a lonely man, Marie, and I have many trials. I have no home. There is not a soul in the world that cares for me, and until you came here, I cared for no one. When I saw you it seemed that a new life had opened to me, and that all that had hitherto been dark to me was bright and cheering. From the first time I saw you, I have loved you, and now my heart is so full of love for you that I cannot find words strong enough to tell you what I feel. Now I cannot keep silent any longer. I must know to-night what is in store for me. Will you tell me, Marie, if you love me, if you can ever love me?"

"No, Gaston," said Marie, sadly, "I do not love you. I have never seen you until now in your true character, and I do not love you."

"I was prepared for this," he said, calmly. "I did not dare to think that I could win your love; but if I might hope that at some future day you would love me."

"Do not hope it, Gaston," she exclaimed, quickly. "I cannot give you the least hope. We are not suited to each other, and you have given your love in vain. I wish it could be different, for it pains me, O so deeply, to tell you this; but I cannot love you as you deserve, and I cannot give you the least hope."

"Nevertheless," said Gaston, "I will hope. I feel that a love like mine, so strong, so pure, so lasting, must at sometime gain its reward. Until then, Marie, I will wait patiently. For the present let me be your friend, your true and devoted friend."

Marie's tears fell fast as they walked home through the gathering darkness, and in the gentle and tender man who walked silently by her side, no one would have recognized the proud and haughty Gaston of a few hours before. They parted at the cottage-gate. Gaston held her hand silently for a few moments, and then suddenly clasping her in his arms, pressed her to his bosom with a force that almost suffocated her, and then as suddenly released her, and hurried away.

After this, he came frequently to the cot-

tage, and Marie soon learned to look forward to his visits with pleasure. She no longer feared or dreaded him, for she had come to look upon him as her best friend. She saw how greatly she had misunderstood and wronged him, and her generous nature sought to make atonement by replacing her former aversion by a warmer feeling than was consistent with pure friendship. Still Marie thought she did not love him. She could not yet consent to be his wife; but now her reason was that she was not worthy of him—a very dangerous feeling for a young woman who is trying to keep from loving a man, for it almost always ends in an entire change of opinions. Had she looked more searchingly into her heart she would have found there a deep and true love—the very love for which Gaston longed so ardently; but as it was, she did not know the true state of her heart, and it only wanted something sufficiently powerful to show it to her—and this was not long delayed.

Six months had passed since Gaston had told her of his love for her, and one evening about twilight he chanced to meet her again, returning from the castle. She received him this time with a smile, and asked him where he had been.

"I have been down to look after a horse that fell to-day and broke his leg. I wish he had managed to break his rider's neck at the same time."

"Why, Gaston? What has he done to you?"

"Nothing, as yet," replied her companion; "but he may do much. It seems that our meddling priest, Father Lapierre, has taken it into his head that the village is affected with heresy, because of its nearness to the county of Foix. Sometime ago he sent to the bishop, at Toulouse, to know what he must do, and to-day a messenger came with orders to him to administer to all suspected parties, and if necessary to the whole village, the oath prescribed by the pope for such cases. It requires every one to swear that he or she is a faithful member of the Catholic church, and that he will do his best to expose all whom he may know to be affected with the heresy of the Albigenses."

"And if one refuses to take this oath, Gaston?" inquired Marie, who had grown very pale.

"Then one is to be treated as a heretic, and punished as such. The man who came down from Toulouse to-day has power to punish in

this matter. I fear he will be very severe. Are you prepared to take this oath, Marie?"

"No, Gaston," said Marie, in a low, trembling tone. "You know I came from the county of Foix. I am a heretic, as you call it. Is there no escape for me?"

"I thought as much," said Gaston, "for I have noticed your absence from the mass and veapers—more especially from confession. Father Lapierre has noticed it, too, I fear. The oath is to be administered to-morrow. If you could only be away from the village."

"That I can do," said Marie, quickly, "for as I left the castle the lady charged me to return early to-morrow. But what will you do?"

"I am a Catholic, you know," said Gaston, with a grim smile, "though from my heart I hate these cursed monks, and their shameful persecutions. I can take the first part of the oath, but to swear to expose any one whom I know to be one of the proscribed creed, would be to swear to betray you, and that I will never do. Never fear me. I will get out of the village in some way."

The next day Father Lapierre, who had charge of the village church, summoned all the people to the sacred edifice, and informed them that he had good reason to believe that there were heretics in their midst, and that he had received authority to proceed against them. He then administered the oath separately to each one, and noticed that all of the villagers were present save Gaston and Marie. Old Elise accounted for the absence of Marie, when questioned by the priest, by saying that she had been sent for by the lady of the castle, and had not heard of the intimation of the good father. The priest smiled grimly, and said he would see Marie, and administer the oath to her when she returned. No one could tell where Gaston had gone, and no one could account for his absence.

Father Lapierre was a coarse, brutal man, in spite of his sacred calling, and he hated the two young people with all the intensity of his nature. They never came to the mass, never to confession, and did not seem to pay him the respect and reverence he thought his due. A great deal of this was the result of his imagination, but, nevertheless, he believed it, and he hated them for it. His object in wishing to administer the test oath to the villagers was to try to bring Gaston and Marie into trouble, for he began to believe that they were tinctured with the Albigensian heresy. Their absence from the village only

served to confirm this suspicion, and he determined to give them no rest.

Late in the afternoon Gaston returned to the village, and on the way to his forge stopped to ask a neighbor the result of the swearing process in the morning. The man told him all that had happened, and added, "Father Lapierre was angry at your being absent, Gaston. Every one was present but you and Marie, and the good father said he would seek you both on your return, and administer the oath."

Gaston went on to his forge, thinking how he might save Marie the necessity of being required to take the dreaded oath. He knew she was too truthful to subscribe to it, and he feared for the result. He had not been in his forge ten minutes when Father Lapierre appeared. He carried with him a copy of the gospels, on which he asked Gaston to repeat the oath. This the young man positively refused to do, alleging that it mattered little to him who were heretics and who were not, as it was as much as he could do to secure his own salvation; and more than this, he would never swear to bring a fellow-creature into trouble.

"You know the penalty for refusing the oath, my son," said the priest, while his cold eyes glittered maliciously. "You will be accused of heresy yourself, and punished for it, if you refuse it."

"You have my answer, father," said Gaston, quietly.

"Then, in the name of the Holy Inquisition, I declare you my prisoner," exclaimed the priest, triumphantly; "and on pain of eternal damnation I command you not to stir from this spot until I return, when I will bring with me a force sufficient to take you into custody."

He moved towards the door of the forge, when Gaston stopped him.

"Father Lapierre," he said, sternly, "if you think I am foolish enough to place myself in your power you are mistaken. So far from being your prisoner, I have you in my power. Attempt to move one foot from here, or raise your voice to call for assistance, and by the heaven above us, I'll strike you dead with this hammer."

As he spoke, Gaston swung on high with his powerful arm, the huge sledge hammer with as much ease as if it had been a toy. The priest turned pale with fear, for with all his bigotry and cruelty Father Lapierre was a coward. "Now," continued Gaston, "re-

main where you are for an hour. Then you may go where you please. Attempt to stir before then, and you will see some of the horrors you are so fond of visiting upon others."

Gaston gave the hammer another whirl, and the terrified and astonished priest slunk away into a remote corner of the forge, and stood glaring at him in impotent rage. Casting a meaning glance at him, Gaston left the forge, and going to his dwelling secured his money and a few other valuables, and then mounting his horse, for he was fortunate enough to own one of the best in the neighborhood, rode rapidly out of the village, and took the road which led to the castle of the Count of Foix. The castle was distant about a day's journey, and the young man rode with speed. He knew that he had committed an unpardonable crime in resisting the priest's attempt to arrest him, but as he was going to the county of Foix, where the old count, who was a staunch and powerful leader of the Albigenses, would protect him, he did not fear either Father Lapierre or the whole power of the Inquisition, if he could once get safely among the mountains. He reached the castle in excellent time, thanks to the speed of his horse, and was at once shown into the presence of the count. What passed between him and the stern, gray-haired warrior no one knew, but at the close of the interview a retainer, mounted on one of his lord's best chargers, left the castle in haste, and rode rapidly in the direction from which Gaston had come. The next day he returned with his horse covered with foam, and immediately sought the presence of his chief. Then there was arming of men and saddling of steeds in the castle, such as was only seen when the old "Tiger" was bent on an errand which interested him.

When Marie returned to the village the next morning she found it in great commotion. Father Lapierre had told every one of his adventure with Gaston, and had added to it numerous embellishments of his own. Every one was loud in denouncing the audacious heretic, and the cottage and smithy had been destroyed as a token that they would visit upon him a similar fate should he ever venture into W—— again. She had not been long at home when Father Lapierre, accompanied by several of the principal villagers, arrived. The priest questioned her severely concerning her absence from the ceremony of the previous

day, and upon receiving her answer, stated that he would pass over her conduct upon that occasion if she would subscribe to the required oath now, and promise to do better in the future.

"I cannot take the oath, father," Marie said, firmly.

"Are you then a heretic?" asked the priest, sharply.

"I am a Christian," she answered, simply.

"I am one of those whom you persecute so severely."

This was enough, but Marie could have done no less. She could not have uttered a lie, even to save her life, and, as she knew the discovery of her faith must be made some day, she felt that it was as well that it should come now as at any other time. Her acknowledgment was all the priest wanted. She had confessed herself a heretic, and there was nothing to prevent him from consigning her to a heretic's doom. At his command those who had come with him bound her, and conveyed her to the church, where she was secured in a strong room. The next day Father Lapierre assembled the whole village in the church, and in their presence celebrated high mass. Then he commanded Marie to be brought before him.

The young girl was led amid the glare of candles and clouds of incense to the foot of the altar where the priest stood awaiting her. She was very pale, but was calm and firm. Her conductors paused before the altar, and Father Lapierre, approaching her with the Bible in his hands, said, solemnly:

"My daughter, you have still a means of escaping punishment. Confess your errors here, and ask pardon, and you will be once more received into the communion of our holy mother, the church."

"My father," said Marie, gently but firmly, "I have nothing to repent of. I am prepared for any fate. God will give me strength to endure it."

The priest urged her no more, but remanded her back to her prison, after sentencing her to be burned at the stake at noon the next day, and as soon as the people were dismissed, preparations for the execution were begun in the square in front of the church.

Left alone, Marie's thoughts went forth to Gaston. She was glad that he had gone, for she hoped he would thus escape the punishment that awaited her. She believed that he had gone away to avoid bringing her into

trouble, and in her prison, so near her end, the knowledge came to her that she loved him as purely, as deeply, as he could wish.

The crowd in the square where the stake had been erected were silent, but stern and unrelenting. They had no pity on the young girl now that she had declared herself one of the accursed Albigenes, and they waited in anxious silence for the execution of the sentence that had been passed upon her.

At length the "*De profundis*" rose mournfully from the church, and the heavy doors were thrown open, and Father Lapierre and the attendants and chorists passed down the steps and into the street, leading Marie, whose hands were tied with a stout thong. They paused at the stake, and Father Lapierre, approaching the young girl, said, coldly:

"Repent, miserable girl, and be saved."

"I have nothing to repent of, father," was the calm reply.

Taking her by the arm, and leading her to the stake, the priest, who had taken upon himself the office of executioner, was about to bind her to it, when a loud shout made him pause and turn his head. The sight which met his view caused him to turn pale. A band of armed men, at least forty in number, with swords drawn and visors closed, were charging furiously down the street right at the crowd that had gathered around the stake. The people broke and fled in confusion, and the priest and his victim were left alone at the stake.

In another moment Marie was torn from his grasp, and he himself was bound to the stake in her stead. Then lighting the fagots, and answering his frantic appeals for mercy with mocking laughter, the horsemen passed out of the town. They had bound him to the stake only with ropes, however, and these were soon burnt through and he was set at liberty, but not until he had been badly burned and scorched.

That night there was a gay wedding at the castle of Foix, and the old count himself gave away the bride.

"By my faith," he muttered to her in a low tone, "I had no idea that I could boast so fair a vassal, my beautiful Marie. Gaston, my man," he added, to the happy bridegroom, when the ceremony was over, "I almost envy you."

Gaston smiled and thanked him. He had found out now that Marie loved him, since she had just given him the best proof of it he could desire.

ROSES AND VIOLETS.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

"The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
With a smile for each and for all.

"As she glides up the sunlight!—You'd say she
was made

To loll back in a carriage all day, with a smile;
And at dusk, on the sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while.

"Could we find out her heart thro' that velvet
and lace!—

Can it beft without ruffling her sumptuous
dress?

She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her
face,

But what the heart's like, we must guess."

It was the opera of Martha, but it might have been anything else for aught I should have known, or cared. Woodville was absorbed in the music and intent upon the stage. The youth, beauty and fashion of the Empire City were present, but I only saw a pair of faces framed in the drapery of a crimson-curtained stage-box.

First, that of a young girl in demi-toilet, with some sort of a fleecy crimson scarf about her head, lending a glow to her pale face and losing itself amid the dark folds of her dress; a *petite*, graceful figure, nowise remarkable except for a pair of bewildering eyes. I noticed a single cluster of violets at her throat; besides this, there was no attempt at ornament.

The other, ah! how shall I describe her? She was in full dress; there were roses in her hair, and a cluster of their half-blown buds upon her corsage. The diamonds upon her fingers and at her wrist were princely in their magnificence. If her attire was noticeable for its splendor, her face was still more attractive by reason of its beauty. Its fair whiteness was set off by a delicate flush at the cheeks and a very vivid crimson at the lips. A lustreless robe of ruby-hued silk, and a cloak of snowy ermine with crimson facings, completed the picture.

I am vexed that my words seem so tame. I cannot convey to you, through them, anything of the feeling with which I was inspired while gazing upon this group. The statuesque pallor of the younger face was such a good foil for the brilliancy of the other that, had the

pair conspired to that end, they could not have made a more attractive picture. The flowers they wore were emblematic, I thought, of the wearers. The sparkling rose and the unassuming violet could not have been better typified.

Both ladies gave their undivided attention to the stage, and seemed unconscious of anything save Miss Kellogg's vocalization.

"Gia l' April . . fa ritorno
Cinto il crin . . d' erbe e fior!
Piu grutil . . ride il giorno,
Manda il sol . . piu splendor!
Covre il suol . . verde ammantato,
Ride il fior . . sul sue stel,
L' aignuol . . dolce canto
Tutt' amor . . manda al ciel."

The gay notes rang out clear and sweet, and I did not wonder they provoked the reply:

"Il so, la tua, parola
Seduce, ammalia, incanta,
Fascinatrice all 'e, ma insiem fatale!
Per chi l' ode e mortale."

The music swelled louder, the lights blazed, the audience held its breath in admiration, and through it all my eyes were fastened upon the two women whose appearance I have attempted to describe. Unconsciously they held my gaze, and exerted over me a subtle power which I did not stop to analyze, and whose intensity I did not yet realize.

"Enchanting!" murmured my friend, coming back to the earth from which the music had transported him.

"Beautiful as angels!" I responded, with eyes for no one but my two divinities.

"She has the voice of one, at least," referring to Miss Kellogg.

"I scarce know which to admire most, where both are so perfect in their way," I volunteered. The two women arose. "Come!" said I, impatiently; "we shall soon lose sight of them in this crowd. Let us hasten."

"They? Why, man, what ails you? I'm not going to risk myself in this jam."

"But they are going," I urged, impetuously.

"So much the better for us when we come to make our exits."

"I tell you, Woodville, I don't want to lose sight of them. Quick, man; they are ready to leave!"

"They! Who?"

"The two ladies in the opposite box,"

His glass was instantly levelled.

"Ah! *La belle* and *la plus belle*. I was quite unaware of their proximity."

"Hang your coolness," I muttered. "You know them, then?"

"I flatter myself that I have that honor." The ladies disappeared, leaving the hall by way of the private entrance. "They are Mrs. and Miss Livingston," he continued.

"Not mother and daughter?"

"By no means; but aunt and niece; and, by the way, they receive to-morrow night. You shall be presented." My brain reeled at the prospect, and I was profuse in my thanks for the prospective favor. "I don't know about the favor, old fellow; you may live to curse the luckless hour which brought you into contact with *la plus belle*, as Mrs. Livingston is called. She has a regiment of votaries who are ready to shoot each other any moment for the privilege of reigning unrivalled in her esteem; but so skillful is she in holding the *juste milieu*, that no one can accuse his neighbor of enjoying more of her favor than himself; so the slaughter is postponed from day to day. The niece is modest and winning as one of her own violets, and standing alone, would be quite the toast, but, overawed by the aunt, is by her quite out-dazzled and outshone."

Thus much, no more.

Woodville dropped me at my hotel, bidding me be ready to attend him on the following evening. I had not considered myself particularly susceptible to the influence of the gentler sex; at least, not of late years. There was a time—but that was long ago—when my heart bounded with all a boy's enthusiasm, and loved with all a boy's passionate idolatry. Ah! Kate, Kate Devereux; since you proved fickle and false, I cared little for the smiles of woman. The lesson you taught me I remembered well. When I heard of your marriage to another, I lost faith in the sex. Feeling thus, it is difficult to tell what was the subtle attraction which drew me towards Mrs. Livingston's mansion on the following evening.

"Fifth Avenue outdoes itself to-night. Look out, Ashcroft, that you are not smitten with blindness," said Woodville, as we entered one of the brilliantly lighted rooms.

"Do you refer to blindness physical, or moral?" I queried.

"I shouldn't wonder if the latter affliction were the most common in this locality," he

responded; "though, knowing my tastes as you do, you are not to suppose that I am about to set up as a contemner of wealth and its attendant luxuries. Ah! I see our hostess. Now for it, old fellow. I feel as if I were about to urge you to a leap in the dark."

Had I been a younger man, I should probably have felt considerable trepidation in approaching this brilliant woman, whose loveliness was still farther enhanced by the magnificence of her attire. She wore roses again, and I noticed that her bouquet was mainly composed of them. Giving a slight start, she favored me with a searching glance when my name was pronounced; then, in the silverest of accents, bade me welcome. Her voice seemed to remind me of something long since forgotten, and had the effect of some old and faintly remembered melody. Standing thus beside her, I was cool enough to be critical, and I judged that the woman was capable of the most heartless coquetry, that she cared little for the havoc she created, if only she might "away all moods." I bethought me of Cleopatra:

"Once, like the moon, I made

The ever-shifting currents of the blood

According to my humor ebb and flow."

Surely, here was a good embodiment of the fell spirit which possessed the "serpent of old Nile." I judged that not even the piteous lament which a certain poet has put into the lips of Mark Antony:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,

EBBS the crimson life-blood fast;"

would move her, provided there were still before her an unconquered and a conquerable Caesar!

She bent her eyes upon me intently.

"You are a stranger in the city, Mr. Ashcroft?"

"I fear I must confess myself such, having been abroad for many years. My youth was passed equally between the metropolis and my father's farm a few miles up the Hudson."

She laughed a little amused, silvery laugh.

"You have not brought home with you any of the old world prejudice of rank."

"I hope not, madam; but why the observation?"

"Else you would not have confessed to having spent your early days on a farm. The foolish pride of birth that we, as Americans, affect, is certainly ludicrous; yet it requires nerve to confess that one's ancestors did not count their wealth by millions and live in a brown stone front."

"Because we have kept the ancestral estate intact, and have added thereto as opportunity offered, why need we

'Be haughty, and put on airs
With insolent pride of station?'

The war is teaching us that the effete customs of Europe cannot be engrafted upon our republican institutions."

"Ah! the war! Is it not dreadful?" with a graceful motion of her jewelled hand, as if warding off some disagreeable topic. One hears of it on all sides. My niece grows crazy over it. *Mais que j'aurais oublié!* I must remember that I am hostess here." And she moved to a group of new-comers.

I watched her gliding like a queen among her guests, followed by the admiration of every man among them, then I strolled along a corridor, and unexpectedly came upon the entrance to a conservatory. A gale from Araby the blest seemed to have just shaken its wings in that dim-lighted place. I questioned if ever the gardens of Gul were sweeter. As I admired the rank luxuriance of some tropical plant, I repeated to myself Moore's words:

"Anemones and Seas of Gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;—
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is called the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away;—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades;—
And the white moon-flower, as it shows,
On Serendib's high crags, to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove trees in the gale;
In short, all flowers and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree,
That blesses heaven's inhabitants,
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil tuft that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves."

There were waxen camellias, pale as snow at heart, and just tipped with the shadow of a blush; orange trees bending beneath their golden fruitage, yet sprinkled all over with odorous blossoms; clusters of heliotrope, pale and wan as to color, yet with a breath "fiery and sweet as Greek wine;" mignonette sufficient to have supplied all Mahomedanism with incense to the end of time. A miniature bower, formed of, and shaded by, some sort of trailing vine, attracted my attention, and I

stepped forward to admire it, when, to my surprise, a female figure glided from its shadow.

In the dim light it was not possible to see her face, but I thought I recognized the form. In passing me, some portion of her drapery caught upon and overturned a magnificent cally. There was a sudden crash, and the pure petals were hopelessly crushed. I sprang forward too late to prevent the disaster, but in season to detach her dress from a fragment of the broken flower-pot. In a voice that was infinitely sweet and finely modulated, she thanked me.

"How very careless of me! Auntie will be so sorry, too, for it was her especial pet and favorite."

"I fear I must take all the blame upon myself," I said, "for it was my intrusion which caused the ruin of the beautiful plant."

"You are very kind," she replied; "but indeed I cannot allow any portion of the blame to fall upon you."

"You are Miss Livingston?"

"Yes," with a curious glance from those wondrous eyes that I had seen at the opera.

I gratified the curiosity, only too glad of the *contre-temps* which had given me the opportunity.

"I am Eugene Ashcroft, at your service. For further particulars I refer you to Woodville, who had the good sense to bring me here, though he did not warn me that these shadows were haunted by angelic visitants."

"Your metaphor doesn't apply. I am a poor substitute for an angel; just at present I keenly feel the misfortune of being of the earth, earthy. My plumage is shorn; in other words, don't you see that I have torn my dress?"

She laughed at my look of dismay.

"I shall not be able to return to the drawing-rooms to-night, and I am afraid I shall be wanted to play."

"Miss Livingston, I have a confession to make. Will you hear it?"

"Certainly! Go on, Sir Penitent."

"O, but I'm not penitent, as you shall see. It is this; I declare to you that I am not at all sorry for the injury either the cally or your dress may have sustained, provided you will remain here and give me permission to remain with you." Her eyes were on my face and my soul absorbed their light. It seemed to me that, above the mingled scents of the surrounding blossoms, I could detect the exquisite fragrance of the violets at her throat.

"As you will," she laughingly responded;

"but you cannot expect me to be very entertaining, with the consciousness of a torn dress weighing upon my mind. I have a distinct recollection of having done penance in a dark closet, on account of a rent of much smaller dimensions, in my childish days."

I don't know how long we chatted there in the cool twilight of that conservatory, but it probably was much longer than either of us was aware. We talked upon topics that lay near to the hearts of both; of our country, its defenders, the prospects of a speedy termination of the dread conflict.

I had entertained a vague determination to enter the army, ever since I set foot on my native soil and saw what need there was for energetic and concerted action; but had not, as yet, communicated my half-formed resolution to any one; now, however, I confessed it to Miss Livingston. I shall never forget the earnestness with which she replied:

"America has need of all her sons to-day."

"You can, then, wish me 'godspeed'?"

"Ay! And a brilliant career, together with a safe return."

"Remember that! I shall come to claim them ere long."

A blessing from her lips, I thought, would enable me to accomplish wonders in the way of subduing rebellion.

"*Viola! les perdus sont trouvez!*" called out a gay voice from the doorway. "*Qu'avez-vous?*" Is it possible you have not suspected the agonies of suspense and uncertainty we have suffered on your account? Mr. Woodville can tell you how frantically we have rushed from room to room in search of you. Why, Louise, I had no idea you knew Mr. Ashcroft!" the last in a stage whisper.

"Allow me," said I, "to explain. I strolled into this region of perpetual summer, and, meeting Flora in mortal guise, persuaded her to tarry for a while, and for this purpose called to my aid one of her own subjects, who, laying violent hands upon her goddess-ship's robe, pulled at it so energetically as to rend the gossamer-like fabric in twain."

"For which act of sacrilege," laughed Miss Livingston, "he has, I fear, paid a severe penalty."

"What upon earth are you two talking about?" cried Mrs. Livingston, in comic despair. "I can make nothing out of it. Mr. Woodville, can you interpret this remarkably lucid explanation, so that a person of my capacity can comprehend it?"

"In plain English," said Woodville, "Ash-

croft means that we shall understand that somebody's dress became entangled in something, and— Ah! I wonder if this will not help us some?" spying the broken fragments of pottery and the drooping flower.

Mrs. Livingston cried, "O!" with a sudden gleam of intelligence. Louise, with a dextrous sweep displayed her torn dress. "And I wanted you to play! *Ciel! comment Monsieur Duprez, il sera en desespoir!* He threatens to leave the house if you are not found and produced. I expect he'll commit suicide if—"

"O," cried Louise, in a tone of vexation, "how can you mention that odious man?" Then she said good night all round and was gone; and after that, although I returned to the parlors, and mingled with the guests, although Mrs. Livingston herself was constantly near me, and seemed disposed to monopolize all my attention, the light of the festal scene had departed, and when I made my adieux, it was with the consciousness that I was in love with Miss Livingston.

CHAPTER II.

"*There's the 'Ereid! Hextra hedition!* General Grant appointed commander-in-chief of the U. S. forces on the 12th instant! President Lincoln calls for 200,000 more men!"

I waylaid the boy who was vociferating this intelligence with all the strength of a good pair of lungs, devoured the "very latest," together with "the situation," took a sudden resolve to go up to head-quarters and offer my services to the government.

General Dix was bland and gentlemanly, as usual.

"You're just the man we want! There's a regiment encamped over here on Staten Island, whose adjutant took it into his head to fall sick and resign a few days since, and there isn't a man among them fit for the position who will accept its responsibility. Now if you wish active service, and don't enter the army just for the sake of sporting a pair of shoulder-straps—"

"Enough, general," said I; "make out my commission. I am proud to serve my country in any capacity."

"That's the right talk;" turning over the mass of papers upon his table. "The regiment is nearly full; good men and true, every one of them, I'll be bound. Drill splendidly, and declare they are 'spoiling for a fight' with the rebels."

So my commission was made out and forwarded for the governor's signature; meantime, I concluded to hazard a call upon Louise Livingston.

I sent up my card.

"The ladies were in." So I should have to encounter Mrs. Livingston. I followed the servant into a tasteful sitting-room. The lady of the house came forward with a profusion of smiles and kind greetings.

"How good of you to come and see me," she cried. "What with this March wind and rain, I've neither been out nor seen any one for two mortal days! If you'll stay and talk to me for a while, I shall be infinitely obliged."

"I shall be only too happy to contribute in the least to your entertainment. From the words of your servant, I was led to believe that Miss Livingston was likewise at home."

"Louise! No; she went out an hour since. Servants do make such blunders."

Then, for half an hour she strove to charm me with her wit, to throw into smile and glance all the witchery she had learned from long experience in angling for masculine hearts. And well she played her part. I give her the credit of being an adept in her art.

"Do you sing?" I asked, turning to an open piano.

"Sometimes."

"Will you sing for me?" She complied with the aria commencing:

"Chi puo dir dov' e la calma
Che vorrei ne so trovar!
Chi puo dir perche quest' alma
E dannata a sospirar!"

which brought back to me the night at the opera, and my first impression of her face.

"Using the past to give pathos to the little new song that she sings," I thought, as she threw into the piece all the expression it was possible to convey through the sad words. Her voice was rich and full, just the voice one would have expected from a glance at her face. When I arose to take my departure, I said:

"I hoped to have seen Miss Livingston, also; as it is, I must leave my adieux with you."

"You are going away," she faltered.

"Going to join the brave fellows who are organizing under General Grant for, I trust, a final and successful march to Richmond."

"I—that is—this is very sudden, Mr. Ashcroft." Then rallying, "Why, at this rate, we shall soon be left destitute of male guardians. Our city will be depopulated. Can you conceive it to be your duty to leave us at

the mercy of any stray privateersman who may take a fancy to sail into the harbor and burn us all up of a night? *Quand a dieu the war were over!*"

"Amen to that," said I; "and in order to effect that much-to-be-desired consummation, General Grant proposes to 'fight it out,' and I feel myself especially called upon to assist him. So good-by for the present. I hope to meet you in safety ere the expiration of many months."

"God grant it!" she murmured.

I took her hand. It was cold as ice. The red had faded out of her cheeks and her eyelids drooped. As she stood before me thus, with all the coquetry of her nature, for the moment, thrown aside, I was conscious of a sudden flash of olden memories; just as if one of the books in which was inscribed the record of my past opened, and, of a sudden, closed again.

Passing along the hall, I was so absorbed in my own reflections, that it was some time ere I became aware that a low voice was humming a sweet song, and a light footstep descending the stair. Looking upward, there stood Miss Livingston, book in hand, her finger inserted between its pages, as if she had grown weary of reading in the solitude of her room, and came now to seek companionship. I sprang forward eagerly. She smiled, and gave me a kindly greeting.

"I inquired for you and were told you had gone out."

"Impossible! I've not been out to-day."

"There is some mistake. Your aunt said, distinctly, that you were out. I wanted to bid you good-by. You remember I told you I should come for your parting benediction."

She caught the stair rail suddenly.

"You are going into the army?"

"In a few days. It is time I did something to assert my manhood and put my patriotism to the test. I am ashamed of my long inaction. I could wish to have remained in the city for a while longer, for the purpose of continuing the acquaintance so pleasantly begun, that I might persuade you to look upon me in the light of a friend, and might have claimed a friend's share in your remembrance."

"I shall not forget you, Mr. Ashcroft."

"Thank you; it is much to be assured of your remembrance."

"I shall pray that you may be returned in safety."

"You embolden me to ask a favor. Are you inclined to grant a parting request?"

"If I can."

"It is a bold one. I have neither mother nor sister to write to me; would you mind answering my letters if I send you one now and then?"

She colored, but replied, steadily:

"I will answer them."

"You are too good! I will not attempt to thank you, but be assured your kindness is appreciated." A little violet that had fallen from the cluster she seemed always to wear, here attracted my attention, and I slyly possessed myself of it. "And now, good-by!" She gave me her hand. I restrained my desire to kiss it. "God bless you!" she said, and turning, flew up the stairway.

CHAPTER III.

THE April sunshine fell upon our encampment in a pleasant Virginia valley.

Duels between our sharp-shooters and those of the enemy were of daily occurrence. We might be ordered to advance at any moment; meanwhile, the men were perfected in drill.

I shall not attempt a record of that spring campaign; its history is familiar to every one. Deeds of heroic valor were achieved, acts of true heroism accomplished, by men who, two months before, were working on their farms, calculating at their ledgers, perhaps weighing tea and coffee, or measuring silks, engaged in the thousand and one avocations of peaceful life.

So easily can God fit men for the accomplishment of his purposes. When "the fullness of time is come," Moses is ready to lead the way out of Egypt. When "the famine is sore in the land," Joseph is prepared, with his reserved stores, to feed the people. This was one characteristic of our conflict; it made heroes out of common-place individuals who had never before been accused of possessing the elements out of which the leaders of a great people are made. It was reserved for the American rebellion to metamorphose a tanner into the greatest general of the age. Were Ovid to revise his *Metamorphoses*, he would no doubt add this to his already long list.

I wrote and despatched a letter to Miss Livingston, and commenced counting the days that must intervene before I could reasonably expect a reply.

May dawned and found us prepared for the terrible scenes of the advance through the Wilderness.

A group of officers surrounded a rude table in the colonel's tent. Time, the early twilight.

"There's warm work in store for us on the morrow," said one.

"Let it come," responded another. "Our boys are in good spirits, and in condition to leave their mark upon twice their number of the rebels."

"Who knows," put in a thoughtful young captain, "how many of us may be left by this time to-morrow?"

"Pshaw! Lockwood," exclaimed a dashing lieutenant, "if you have the blues, don't communicate them. I've heard they are contagious. No use borrowing trouble. Besides, we're all safe, for I heard Uncle Jim praying behind a stump this afternoon, that this regiment might be under the especial charge of the angel Gabriel; and the old fellow wasted more bad grammar and groans over us poor devils, than the whole set of us are worth."

"I've read, somewhere," said Lockwood, "that 'rhetoric goes for little in the heavenly kingdom, while sincere groans have a kind of omnipotency.'"

The volatile lieutenant sobered.

"That's good, any way," he assented; "I'll think of it when next I hear the old man at his devotions. Ashcroft, what have you there? A souvenir? A lock of hair, or a glove; which is it?"

I had opened my journal, and was gazing intently upon the page upon which lay a withered violet.

"It is a souvenir," I confessed, "but neither glove nor lock of hair;" and the keepeeke was returned to its resting-place over my heart.

"Boys," said the colonel, "we have each of us some friend at home eagerly watching for news from us. For my own part, I have a little wife, whose thoughts, I well know, are turning southward to-night, and whose heart is troubled and anxious on my account. We cannot employ our time this evening to a better advantage than in writing to those whose prayers are daily ascending for our safety and continued well-being. What do you say to my proposal?"

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted one and another, as each sought his tent to put the colonel's suggestion into practice. I turned away with the rest, though I had no definite intention of writing to any one. My long residence abroad had induced a feeling of strangeness and isolation. Casual acquaintances I had, but no real friendship subsisted between my own heart and that of any other person. Miss Living-

ston had deigned me no reply; day after day had I waited and watched for the missive that never came; and as I sat there in the twilight, lonely and thoughtful, a sudden desire seized me to write to her again. My first letter might have been lost; a thousand things might have conspired to produce such an event. I wondered I had not thought of it before.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, I seized my pen and wrote, not words of cool formality, but those which came warm from my heart. Without confessing the love she had awakened, I was certain she would detect it; that she could not read the lines my eager hand had traced, without a consciousness of the passion which inspired them. To woo and win Louise Livingston seemed, next to my duty as a soldier, the highest ambition of my life. The violet she had once worn, I looked upon as a sacred amulet to ward off danger, and I remember kissing it ere I sought my couch to dream of impending battle until aroused by the *reveille*. Tents were struck, the drums beat, the line was formed and an advance commenced. Intelligence of the cold-blooded assassination of the garrison at Fort Pillow had fired the men, and each was eager to avenge the slaughtered dead.

Lee had commenced his retrograde movement, and Grant had made his world-renowned proposal to "fight it out on this line." Our men fought like tigers, for the enemy was stubborn, and disputed every inch of ground. I saw the bravest fall beside me; once, when spurring my horse through a piece of timber, to carry an order directing a flank movement, I received a bullet through my cap from the long-range rifle of some sharp shooter, but an omniscient hand seemed to guard and protect me from injury.

The events of that day were similar in character to those of many succeeding ones. We were steadily pressing the enemy back, and he was sturdily disputing our advance.

Events succeeded each other so rapidly as to bewilder the world, while the actors in those events pressed onward, thinking only of the goal to be won, paying little heed to the fact that they were compiling material for the most brilliant chapter in the history of our nation.

As the weeks passed, I looked more and more anxiously for a response to my letter. Alas! none came, and I began to despair. One or the other of my communications must have reached its destination, I argued; then why this silence? Could it be that Miss Living-

ston was not sufficiently interested in me to answer my letters, according to promise? I exhausted conjectures in vain attempts to solve the problem to my satisfaction.

In this state of mind I went on the field in which two armies were disputing about the possession of the Weldon Railroad, and in the glow of that glorious August sun I received my first wound. A fragment of shell tore my right arm frightfully, and, growing faint from loss of blood, I was carried to the rear, my hurt attended to and my comfort, as far as possible, secured. But that did not prevent a fever from setting in.

"It came near carrying you off," said the doctor, when I once more recovered consciousness; "but you're coming round now, and will be sent North as soon as you're able to endure the journey."

Northward, then, I went, and, better still, to New York, where I could at least breathe the same atmosphere inhaled by Miss Livingston.

CHAPTER IV.

THE hospital beds looked cool and inviting after the crowded transport. Experienced nurses moved with noiseless tread up and down the long wards, bringing to each feverish sufferer such relief as could be procured, or the necessities of the case demanded.

My wound was greatly aggravated by the journey, and it was with a sigh of inexpressible weariness and acute suffering, that I sank back on the rude cot allotted me. The thought that I was in my native city had not power to rouse me, and I relapsed into a semi-conscious state, from which I awakened only after the lapse of many hours. The usual hospital sights and sounds were around me; I need not attempt to depict them. Brave men bore intense suffering with unheard-of fortitude, and, in the midst of their weaknesses and infirmities, strove to keep up courage and comfort each other, breathing blessings on the old flag whose starry folds had led them on through untold perils, asking but the privilege of arising once more to follow its guidance.

Those who were able, gathered in a knot about the bed of some convalescent, and "fought their battles o'er." "I was at Fredericksburg," said one.

"And I at Antietam," said another.

"It was at Gettysburg that I received that," proudly put in a third, pointing to his scarred cheek, furrowed deep with a sabre cut.

It was my third day in the hospital; a warm September day. I lay dreaming with closed eyes, of the

"Solemn hush in the forest glade,
'Neath the autumn sun reposing,
And the breath of odor beneath the shade
Where the summer flowers were closing.
Of the golden mist in the balmy air,
From the depths of cloud-land sifted,
And a wondrous veil o'er the mountains, where
All the purple shades have drifted;"

when a rustle of silks caught my ear and a faint perfume of roses floated over me.

"*Helas! que la guerre sont mechant!*" and I looked up to see Mrs. Livingston standing beside me.

"You are hurt," she said, in the softest tones imaginable. "We saw it in the papers. Is it dangerous? Are you better? The nurse gave me permission to speak to you, or I shouldn't have presumed."

"Thank you for coming," said I. "I'm better, and believe I shall recover."

"That's nice! Are you well cared for here? Can I do anything? Louise had an engagement to ride, or she would have accompanied me."

I assured her I was well cared for and needed nothing. Miss Livingston's ride could not have been postponed, of course! An engagement of that sort must be kept though the heavens fall! She could neither reply to my letters, nor waste one of her precious minutes in inquiries after my welfare. Well, I had no claim upon her; I was nothing to her, though I had dreamed of being so much.

My replies to the brilliant woman who bent over me were brief, and I am afraid I was not as grateful for the solicitude she manifested as I should have been. When she left, it was with the promise of an early return.

"Your pulse is accelerated," said the nurse. "I shall not allow you any more visitors until you are stronger."

In my heart I thanked her.

Thereafter, the haughty woman who could ill brook such refusal, was denied admittance to the ward in which I was slowly convalescing, under the plea that I was worse.

But that did not prevent her sending a servant with delicacies which I made over for the benefit of my comrades, and bouquets of rare flowers, which were the wonder of such as cared to admire them. Beautiful as she was, I could not gaze upon her face without a feeling of vague pain, as if, in some previous state of existence, she had done me an irreparable

wrong. I shrank from her now, too, on account of her frequent mention of her niece, whom I felt I must forget as quickly as possible, if I would attain to even comparative peace of mind. Meantime my physical improvement went on rapidly.

"Halloo! old fellow," called out Woodville, the first time I made my appearance on the street; "you look deuced pale, but I'm glad to see you out at last. Was it the brevet that started you?"

"Brevet! I don't know what you mean."

"As if a man could be breveted brigadier general, and be sublimely unconscious of the fact! I congratulate you, 'pon my word I do. The city is full of your praise."

"Woodville," said I, "don't trifle with me. I am not strong yet, you will please remember. Now tell me what you mean."

"Are you in earnest? Why, I saw it in this morning's Tribune. Adjutant Frederick Ashcroft to be brigadier general by brevet. General Ashcroft don't sound so bad! And from all accounts, the honor is well earned."

The intelligence was correct, as I found upon my return to the hotel at which I had established myself, where the usual form of military order was awaiting me.

I was now only anxious to recover, that I might return to the army and prove myself worthy of the favor conferred.

The long days glided steadily by, their brightness clouded, for me, when I thought of the dream I had indulged. It was evident, I thought, that I was never to taste love's sweetness, that my life was to be a lonely one, uncheered by the music of a loving voice, unshared by the sympathy of a loving heart. I have told you how, in my youth, the first love dream I ever indulged was dispelled; and now, when I had reached mature manhood, and yearned for the comfort and solace which love brings, here was I balked in the outset of what had at first seemed to promise every earthly bliss. I railed at Fate; I was perverse enough to believe that my life was not going to be worth much, since it could not be shared with Louise Livingston, and in the very next breath decided to go down to Newport, that I might recuperate faster, get back to the army sooner, and more effectually cut off all chance of falling in with the lady in question.

The season was about over, but that made the project all the more attractive to me; so down I went on the evening boat, booked myself at the Ocean House, and was fully in for a course of sea-bathing.

There were very few guests at the *table d'hôte*, and after breakfast I sallied out for a walk on the beach.

I always feel tempted to go into ecstasies over the ocean, and this morning in particular, it was looking its best. The long waves came rolling in with that continuous, resounding noise which rings in one's ears for so long afterward. The billows looked treacherous and smiling, and one could not resist the wish to sail away on them forever and forever. But I spare you and cut short my ecphronesis.

The path was so smooth and the scene so enchanting that I walked further than I should, perhaps, and sat down in the shadow of an overhanging cliff to rest, ere retracing my footsteps.

Well, I sat there and looked off upon the sea, and got to feeling bitter, disconsolate, out of sorts with myself and with all the world, particularly so with Miss Livingston, when, just in the very height of my cogitations, there was a soft rustle as a feminine garment brushed against the side of the cliff, a shadow fell upon the white sand, and who should stand before me but the very subject of my thoughts!

At first, I felt as if caught in some mischievous, not to say disgraceful, act; then my dignity asserted itself, and I arose to meet her as coolly as if we were the merest acquaintances. On her side, she seemed considerably startled, flushed and faltered something about being "surprised" and "unexpected meeting," but, recovering soon, held out her hand (which I pretended not to see), and called me "General Ashcroft." What did I care for titles now!

"I was sorry to hear of your hurt. You are nearly well, I hope."

"Thank you," stiffly, "so much better that I shall return to service in another fortnight."

"I congratulate you upon your promotion. You deserved it."

I smiled grimly. "Thanks again. I tried to do my duty."

"You seem to have succeeded admirably." We were walking back to the hotel in company, she cordial and talkative, I constrained and silent.

Mrs. Livingston came from a group of promenaders.

"*Est il possible!* Louise, where did you pick him up? General Ashcroft, did the waves cast you upon this hospitable shore?"

"Something very like it," said I, just in the mood for badinage. "I conclude this is Ogyge, and that you are Calypso. Unfortunately, I have no sage Mentor with me to warn me

when danger threatens, therefore, O goddess, use your power mercifully, considering well my defenceless condition."

"O!" she cried, giving me the full benefit of her flashing eyes; "that's the way you men always talk, when the fact is, we are the defenceless party, and no one is better aware of it than you. Louise, the sun has burned your face dreadfully. Run in, dear, and bathe it."

Evidently the process was somewhat complicated and took time, for she appeared no more that day; but I had the aunt's company, and she managed to make her persiflage immensely entertaining.

The sound of music lulled me to sleep at night.

"It was the waltz of Weber
That the musicians played
For fairest feet to dance to"

During the two or three following days I saw but little of Miss Livingston. She seemed to shun me just in proportion that the aunt strove to make herself agreeable. I hope you don't think me a prig, but I certainly thought she took unnecessary pains to waylay me on the piazza, and to impress me into her service whenever I chanced to meet her on the beach.

I noticed, too, that she frequently managed to send Louise off on some errand; sometimes to her room, on a voyage of discovery after her fan, or something of equal importance; but I wasn't sure that the girl did not covet some such commission in order to get out of my way, since my company could have no great attraction for her. But no one could come into daily contact with her without learning to rate her higher than the fashion-worshippers who surrounded her, without discovering plainly that she was

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,"

without, in short, learning to love her whether she loved me in return or not; which was my situation exactly.

One day, by dint of the employment of tactics not given in either Casey's or Hardee's manual, I made sure that the aunt was deeply engrossed in a game of croquet, and then followed a path leading around the cliffs, which I had seen the niece take only a few moments before. She was strolling leisurely along, so I came up with her after a little quick walking.

"Would it be impertinent," said I, "for me to ask permission to walk beside you?"

"On the contrary, I shall be glad of your company, for I am dull to-day. I believe I am tiring of these gayeties, and shall be glad to

be once more at home. I don't see why aunt prolongs her stay; she intended leaving a week ago. It seems so heartless to be here idling, when brave men are enduring so much for our sakes."

"You are as mindful as ever, I see, of the claims of country."

"I hope I shall never cease to honor the men who are doing battle for her. We women can do so little, surely we should be ready to bestow our meed of praise," bowing low and giving me a smiling glance.

"Consider us duly grateful. There is, however, another way in which you might show that your sympathies were with us."

"And that is—"

"By writing such letters as only you ladies know how to indite."

"I haven't a single relative, not even a cousin, or a friend—except the most casual acquaintance—at present in the army; so that mode of exhibiting my patriotism is closed."

I took a sudden resolution. "Miss Livingston, why did you not answer *my* letters?"

She stopped in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yours? General Ashcroft?"

"I wrote you two!"

"I never received either of them!"

"Ah!" There was a world of relief in my exclamation, and I told her of the circumstances under which the letters were written.

"It is strange," she said. "Aunt's servants are trusty, I think; yet they may have lost your letters. Marie, the maid whom we have with us, usually attends to the postman. I will speak to her about it."

"I am relieved," I said, "to find you did not get those letters, because I have been so certain you received them and cared too little for their writer to answer them. This allows me to start fairly once more in the attempt to win your esteem."

She looked down and colored beneath my ardent gaze. Her evident confusion, added to my now fully-aroused determination to win her if possible, scattered prudence to the four winds, and I was in the midst of a declaration ere I was fully aware. I don't know what I said; doubtless I "made a mess of it," but that did not prevent the expression of a favorable response on her part. In the charmingest way imaginable, she confessed that she had loved me, as I had her, from the first; but that she had supposed me particularly attracted toward Mrs. Livingston.

"Aunt Kate was always a flirt. I've heard

that when she was Miss Devereux, she broke hearts by wholesale."

"Miss who?" cried I, catching at the name.

"Devereux was her maiden name."

And then out came the whole story of my boyish entanglement with the lady. I was infinitely relieved to find that Louise could smile at its narration. "I got over it, long since, you know; but it made me suspicious, and, until I saw you, no other woman ever awoke a thrill within my heart."

Well, to be sure, there was a breeze raised when the aunt found how matters stood between Louise and myself; and, would you believe? after confessing to her niece that she had herself suppressed my letters, the artful woman came down to congratulate me, crying out that she had known me from the first.

I suspect that the temptation of trying to renew her ancient power over me was too strong to be resisted; and that, when she found her plans would not work, she concluded it was best to yield with a good grace, to the force of circumstances beyond her control.

I went back to my post, but there was no more suppression of letters, and when the war ended, I came home and married Louise.

There were by that time plenty of shoulder-straps, and stars and eagles, too, for that matter, upon which Mrs. Livingston could practise her accustomed coquetties, so I never thought she missed me at all.

Among the treasures which I most sacredly preserve, is a dry and withered violet, and I will confess that I have not, to this day, any very decided partiality for the rose.

THE ORIGINAL MERMAID.

Professor Huxley, in a recent lecture, gave an interesting account of the order of Syrenia, taken as a type of the Dugong. The professor has no doubt that it was this queer animal that gave rise to the myth of mermaids. The dugong has a not unhuman face, its head and back are covered with hair something like bristles on a pig, and it comes to the surface of the water in the great Indian Ocean (to which it is confined) vertically, not unfrequently, if a female, holding to its breast, with a paw, its infant, the mammae being two in number, and large and rounded. The veritable mermaid, without doubt.

IDLENESS.—Idleness is no natural propensity of mankind, for when they are too young for being tainted by the example of the worthless they are all activity.

AT THE RAVINE.

BY LUCILLE HOWARD.

Down steep cliffs the torrent dashes
 Ever, with its restless spray
 Of emerald gleams and ruby flashes,
 From break till close of day.

From crag to crag are whispers dying,
 Trembling, fainting, far below;
 Rippling tones of azure, sighing
 Heavenward to flow.

On the rocks, gray-mosses sifting
 Amethyst, flecked o'er with gold;
 Dark circling mist of shadows, drifting
 Through the arches bold.

Silvery drops of music, falling
 Down the chasm, yawning wide,

Echoes in the distance, calling
 From the swelling tide.

The westering sun in crimson vivid
 Dips his royal amber light;
 Looming spectres, stark and livid,
 Guard the purple night.

See yonder lurid gleam a-breaking,
 Where the gorge in terror sweeps!
 A hunted stag, his death-flight taking,
 Through the silence leaps.

His mangled limbs with great throes quiver,
 Where the jagged rocks have slain;
 The water's curdling pulses shiver
 With the gory stain.

THE SPANISH SLAVER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

WHAT a horrible traffic! Little thought honest Jack Maynard that he would ever engage in it; but circumstances are stronger than the will of man. The sea tales of Cooper and Marryatt had fascinated his youthful mind, and his mania was—a ship! Long before he went to sea, he had looked lovingly at the towering masts, and regarded the blue-shirted old salts with a degree of veneration to which they had never considered themselves entitled. And now to our story.

Great guns! how it blew! The Gulf of Guinea was white as snow. The trading brig, the Madeline, heeled over more and more, until feeling that she was beaten, and not ashamed to own it, down she went on her beam ends. For hours in the dreary night, her men clung desperately to the rigging; and just as morning broke along the sky, a heavy roller carried both masts by the board. The captain and both mates were swept from the wreck. There remained only the six foremast hands and the cook, a stalwart black man. One of the number was our little friend, Jack Maynard. Poor Jack! his dream was more than realized. He was where he could not change his wet stockings for dry ones; and the world went ill with him.

Two days passed, and the third morning streaked the heavens. Was it the white cap of a wave that riveted Jack's attention? The life in his heart flamed up like the blaze of a refilled lamp, and a glad cry broke from his lips—he had made out a sail! Steadily the vessel came on; but she would pass miles from the wreck. O, the agony of that watching! The frantic sailors tore the shirts from their backs, and waved them in desperation.

The stranger, a large square-rigged brig, running before the wind, had at length nearly passed them. Suddenly the men upon the wreck stood still and gazed intently. Then there was a joyful hurrah.

"He sees us," cried one; "look at his studding-sails!"

The brig's studding-sails were being taken in—a necessary manœuvre before hauling by the wind.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed another; "there he braces up!"

The brig's two masts came in range with each other, and then steadily she neared. Our sailors presently saw the line of foam that surged up under her bows, as she pitched in the sea.

When taken on board the stranger, the famished tars were kindly cared for, and by evening were sufficiently recovered to take

note of things around them. The vessel had a numerous crew, mostly Spaniards. She mounted a long twenty-four pounder, on a pivot, and six long twelves.

About midnight Jack Maynard was aroused by a bustle among the crew. Looking out in the moonlight, he saw a dark object ahead. The brig was put about, and every sail set. Still the dark stranger kept in sight, and presently "boom" went a gun, as a signal for the brig to heave to. Of course, Capitano Don Carlos de San Luis de Castanos paid great attention to that signal! It became necessary for the pursuer to emphasize his demand; and a thirty-two pound ball skipped playfully along the water, but fell short of the brig. The latter was fast drawing away from the stranger, who soon faded from sight.

"Botheration to'm!" exclaimed an Irishman; "'tis the likes of him that would be taking the bread out of an honest b'y's mouth." His air of injured innocence was amusing.

"'Tis the Dale sloop-of-war," remarked a mean, sharp-looking Yankee.

"Dale, indade!" returned Pat; "and wout we give 'm a dale of trouble, too, before he catches us, I ax ye now?"

Then a Frenchman gesticulated, talking flippantly; an Italian swore savage oaths, and a Dutchman, with a face which expressed nothing at all, soberly remarked:

"I wish all der Yankee ships was sunk mit der sea on top of dere packs!"

On the day following, our tars were informed that they were on board the Spanish slaver, the *Rosa Vanzoza*; that immediately after leaving Cuba she had lost many of her crew by yellow fever, and was now in want of men for possible emergencies; that she had been chased out of the Bight of Benin by the Constitution frigate, and would go further down the coast; that her captain intended to buy slaves where he could, and take them by force where he could not buy them; that the six whites and the negro must share the fortunes of their preservers, or the first would be put ashore in the hideous wilds of Guinea, and the black cook retained as merchandize.

Reluctantly Jack put his name upon the slaver's papers. A refusal could not have benefited the doomed Africans; and he reasoned that in belonging to the vessel he might in some way be of service to the miserable victims.

The brig kept down the coast, with a man at each royal yard, looking out for cruisers.

They had in this way discovered the wreck of the *Madeline* when far distant, but had at first thought of leaving her crew to their fate.

Shortly after the affair with the *Dale*, it became evident that both officers and men were exercising unusual vigilance, and Jack learned that the vessel was standing for the land. The coast was soon plainly to be seen. Slowly the brig rounded a swampy-looking point; when a loud exclamation from the lookout at the fore-royal startled the crew. Instantly the helm was put hard up.

"Square the yards! Out with the studding-sails!" shouted Castanos.

A large topsail schooner shot past the point, fired a gun, hung out an English ensign and set her sails wing and wing.

The affair was serious. A strong flaw came suddenly from the land, filling the broad sails of the schooner, and sweeping her straight down upon the brig, now almost becalmed. There was but one chance for the slaver. Putting his helm to starboard, Castanos brought his larboard broadside to bear, and the roar of three long twelves and the twenty-four pounder echoed far along the coast. The thing was so hurriedly done that not a single shot touched the schooner. The latter returned the fire, dismounting the *Rosa's* pivot gun and killing seven of her men. The brig having changed her course, was now running with the wind abeam, and the schooner, in attempting to lay her on board, fell astern—her jibboom just grazing the slaver's quarter. A fresh breeze now piped in the *Rosa's* topsails, and she rapidly shot ahead, sailing three feet to the schooner's two. A chance shot carried away the latter's foretopsail halliard, and the yard ran down to the cap.

"We hash proke her foredopsail," said the imperturbable Dutchman, while his shipmates cheered lustily. The topsail went up with a new halliard in a marvellously short time, but the schooner fell fast astern, and the next morning was out of sight.

Away down on the coast of Loango the *Rosa* once more headed for the land; and just before dusk dropped anchor in an obscure river. The treetops were yet bright with the sunbeams, and as Jack gazed on the picturesque scene he saw that the stream but a little way above narrowed so much that the branches seemed almost to meet over the channel.

Presently the Spanish capitano ran into

the cabin, re-appearing with a rifle. He uttered a few words in Castilian, and the attention of his men became fixed upon an enormous tree, amid whose wilderness of green Jack detected ill defined spots of black and orange. Once or twice Castanos raised and lowered his weapon. At length the branches shook, the leaves rustled, and a gleaming head shot into plain view, rising, sinking, and glancing to and fro, like the spear of a giant. The Spanish captain instantly fired. The report of his rifle was answered by a hiss so loud and horrible that the crew stood aghast. The great branches were swayed like withes, and a snake, larger around than a man's body, lashed the tree till leaf and twig went whirling through the air. Down came the vast reptile into the water; disappearing for a moment, and then rearing his glittering crest twenty feet aloft! Next, writhing in blood and foam, he described a broad circle around the vessel: and again darting upward, he fell directly across the slaver's jibboom, making mast and deck tremble. He then drew himself in hideous coils around the spar, straining the jibstay by his weight, and making the foretopmast shake as if a dozen men were setting up the rigging with a capstan! Shot after shot was fired at him; yet all night he lay upon the boom; and even in the morning when the crew took off his skin, his contortions had not wholly ceased.

Castanos found that the slave factor up the river, a tan-colored Portuguese, had but few chattels on hand, though expecting a fresh supply. Dangerous as appeared the delay, the Spanish captain was constrained to wait.

On the day succeeding the *Rosa's* arrival, the slavers were surprised at seeing a boat enter the river. Supposing it a man-of-war's barge, they sprang to their arms; but it transpired that this boat had belonged to a Portuguese vessel burned at sea, and the pirates saw that one of its occupants was a woman. The lady was scarcely more than a child—perhaps fifteen. She was born of Portuguese parents in San Paulo de Loando, where after the death of her mother she embarked with her father in a vessel bound to Lisbon. Upon the destruction of this vessel they had made the coast at the first point that could be reached.

Castanos seized upon what treasure could be found in the boat, placed Senor Alverda, the young lady's father, under guard, to-

gether with the Portuguese captain, and induced the common hands to enlist on board the *Rosa*.

The situation of Carolina Alverda, the young girl, was distressing. Her extraordinary beauty inflamed the heart of the villainous Spaniard, and though he treated her respectfully, it was evident that his designs were evil. Very little Portuguese was at Jack's command, yet by his manner and the few words he had incidentally learned, he succeeded in making Carolina comprehend his sympathy for herself and her father.

It was Jack's opinion that Senor Alverda would finally be murdered for his money. His daughter would of course fall an easy sacrifice to these inhuman scoundrels. Anxiously our young tar revolved plans to thwart the designs of Castanos. Sympathy grew still more ardent, and Jack became deeply in love with the beautiful Portuguese, while the latter felt that he, among a host of ruffians, was her only friend. She knew that a face like his could never hide a soul like his associates; and her sweet glances of confidence inspired him with courage to brave all things for her sake. But to escape with her from the vessel, at the present moment, would be to land in a howling wilderness and to abandon her father. Jack was greatly perplexed.

Five hundred slaves were at length crowded on board, and as no more could be immediately procured at that place, Castanos suddenly stood to sea. At the distance of a day's sail up the coast, there was upon a river bank a negro village where he had once purchased slaves taken by the natives in war. He now resolved to proceed thither, and if no such slaves were to be bought, he would carry off the villagers themselves! With a wholesale breeze the *Rosa Vanzoza* went up the coast, and at daybreak anchored in the river; but on the passage Senor Alverda and the Portuguese captain had been taken ill. Both had died in a few hours. They were buried in the deep—Castanos pretending to believe that there was danger of contagion; but Jack knew that they had been poisoned.

The young girl was wild with grief, and would have leaped into the sea had she not been prevented by the murderous captain. She shrank from him with horror, and clinging to Jack who happened to stand near, poured forth lamentations in a voice so full of sweetness and of agony, that the young sailor was overwhelmed with sorrow. Castanos

assured her that she should not be injured—should be treated as his daughter—and finally she permitted Jack to lead her to the cabin. The Spanish captain then roughly commanded him to depart.

The negroes at the village had not a single captive for sale, and Castanos made arrangements for carrying out his design. His men, in several squads, were to encompass the village by night. Carolina Alverda was to be locked in her state-room, and a man stationed in the cabin, which was beneath a raised quarter deck, to see that she did not break out and leap from one of the windows.

The village was completely surprised. The natives, under the dread of levelled muskets, surrendered in crowds. Strange and cruel scenes were enacted. One little child Castanos himself tore from the arms of its mother, who being lame and therefore unmarketable, must be left behind. She hobbled into her hut and came forth with a piece of bread which she implored permission to give to the child before the little one should be taken from her forever. In another instance, an aged negress, clinging to her daughter, and refusing to loosen her hold, was struck to the earth by the sabre of the savage Spaniard.

Many escaped. A girl, tall and well-formed, with sprightly features, dashed past the sailors and fled to the woods. Castanos and one of his men pursued her, following the sound of her steps among the trees. A rustling in some thick cane attracted their attention. They started forward to grasp the fugitive, and stumbled upon a panther cub. But deeper in the thicket were two blazing eyes. With white jaws extended the spotted mother dashed upon the intruders. The companion of the captain fled, but Castanos was seen no more!

Meanwhile, Jack Maynard, separating from his companions, swam to the brig in search of Carolina. He would convey her to the shore opposite the village. They would flee inland; and as the young girl knew something of the native language, she would be able to make the negroes understand her position, and might win them to friendship.

Before going on shore, our hero had said a few words to Cato, his old negro shipmate and cook, and the answer had been—"Yes, Massa Jack, I knows it. Dey sell dis ole nigger, dat's all."

The young sailor, finding that most of the crew left on board had gathered at the star-

board rail, swam to the larboard side, caught the end of a clew-garnet which a dusky hand had dropped overboard, crept in at a port and lay down beside a gun—putting his hand at the same time on an iron marline-spike which had in no miraculous manner gotten to the place before him.

At this moment, a twelve pounder further forward exploded with a roar that sounded startling enough in that gloomy African night. The officer of the deck and the man stationed in the cabin rushed with the others to the gun, while Jack glided to the state-room door, which he instantly pried open with his marline-spike.

The Portuguese maiden, overwhelmed with wretchedness, had been moaning pitiously; but at the noise Jack made in entering, she sprang to her feet, assuming an attitude of defiance. The fiery spirit of her Latin race blazed forth in uncontrollable indignation. But her lamp shone full in the young sailor's face, and recognizing him, she stepped quickly forward with a glad exclamation.

Making a sign of silence, Jack whispered all the Portuguese he knew, and leading her to the after part of the cabin, put his head out of a window. In the water he beheld an object black as a pitch mop. It was the woolly caput of Cato.

"Is here, Massa Jack. Quick! for heben's sake! de boat am coming!"

Carolina dropped into the arms of the sable mariner, and Jack was instantly by her side. Supporting the young girl between them, the two men struck out for the shore.

"Didn't I make dat twelve pounder talk?" whispered Cato. "It waked all de owls!"

"Hush! Cato—they will hear you."

Unfortunately, at this very moment a bright flame shot up from a hut on the shore behind them. It had been kindled to light the operations of the slavers, and the broad glare fell upon our three fugitives just as one of the boats was pursuing a native in their direction. There were loud exclamations in Spanish; and the springing sound of the oars told Jack that escape was impossible. The position of the fugitives rendering them totally incapable of resistance, and the young American sailor being disabled by a heavy blow, they were all dragged into the boat.

Great was the surprise of the Spaniards to find that they had captured, instead of natives, a portion of their own crew. Jack and Cato, strongly ironed, were tumbled between

decks with the slaves; our hero being assured that he should go up to the yard-arm in the morning. Carolina Alverda was roughly thrust into her former place of confinement, to await the pleasure of Hernandez, now captain of the brig. That individual was at present on shore.

As to Jack, he thought little of his approaching doom; but the idea that he had been captured without any chance of fighting and selling his life bravely, filled him with mortification. He looked upon his failure to protect Carolina as in a manner disgraceful. "Yet what more could I have done?" he asked himself. "Had I been given a single chance to strike a blow, I might at least have died in her defence—but to fall without a struggle—it is shameful!"

The wretchedness around him presently diverted his mind from its own sorrow. There were terrible groans—there was low moaning—there were yells of anguish—there were curses of fury. The foul prison was dark as chaos; and here were men, women and children chained together in one horrid mass of misery.

"What power is here?" thought Jack. "I have heard of ships being blown to the sky by their own magazines; but here is a magazine more potent than gunpowder. O that it might burst forth in all its terrible strength!" A sudden hope possessed him.

"Cato," he exclaimed, "what became of the manacle key that you found under the topgallant forecandle?"

"Dunno, Massa Jack. I lose him somewhere. Golly! if we only had him now!"

"Are you sure? Search your clothes—for God's sake make sure whether you have it or not!"

"Can't get my hand in my pocket; and I know he aint dar, neider."

After fumbling in vain about Cato's clothes with their manacled hands, they gave up the search. But more than life was at stake, and Jack worked incessantly upon his irons. How the cold fetters mocked his puny strength! And this was the fate to which in putting his name upon the pirate's papers he had consented to assist in dooming a thousand human beings!

He heard new captives brought on board, and presently they were thrown down with the others. Hernandez himself was now on deck, and soon the sailor boy heard the slaver getting underway.

The Rosa Vanzoza stood towards the

river's mouth. The beams of morning began to light the forest and glitter far out upon the ocean. At a little distance Hernandez discovered the misty outlines of a vessel. A brief scrutiny assured him that it was his old acquaintance, the topsail schooner. His only hope of escape was in running the gauntlet under her fire.

Every stitch of canvas was crowded upon the Rosa, but when she had cleared the river, her enemy was within a cable's length of her. Once more the British captain failed by a hair's breadth in his attempt to board; but the fire that he poured upon the slaver was terrible. The Spaniards returned a few shots in their usual wild manner, hitting the schooner only by accident. But the Rosa passed her antagonist through all the storm of bullets, and went rolling and pitching in the swell, further and further from the pursuer. At length, by some inadvertency, a shot from the Briton fell short; and the slavers, supposing themselves out of range, rent the sky with their cheers. But the British gunner profited by his failure. Once more he glanced along the brass twenty-four pounder—the smoke rolled from its mouth—the Rosa's mainmast trembled like a great tree when the woodman gives his final stroke; then, crashing and thundering, down it came!

"All hands to clear the wreck!" cried the Spanish captain, and with surprising alacrity was the task performed. Reefing all sail on the foremast and putting the brig dead before the wind, Hernandez yet hoped to outsail his enemy. His topgallant-mast was soon shot away, and the schooner at length ranged alongside. The British captain laid the slaver on board, but just as the vessels came in collision a shot went entirely through the schooner's foremast. Fighting his way sturdily over the rail, the gallant Briton reached the brig's deck; but not more than half a dozen of his men had been able to follow, when the vessels parted, and the schooner's shattered foremast was carried away about ten feet above-board. The brave captain and his followers were instantly shot down by the desperate pirates.

The Rosa now took up a raking position, while the schooner's crew endeavored to rig a jury foremast—a most herculean task under a heavy fire and upon a deck swimming with blood. But the Anglo Saxons are a brave race. Nobly they worked at rope and spar, while the plunging shot came right into their midst. It seemed almost impossible for those

brave men to deliver themselves from the deplorable situation in which accident had placed them. If they could only board—O, if they could but board! But no—the cowardly slavers kept up their fire at a safe distance, and not a gun could the schooner bring to bear.

But the stout man-of-war's-men were not thus to be vanquished. With prodigious energy they lashed a spare topmast to the stump of the foremast, crossed a yard, rigged a sort of squaresail, carried a stay to the jibboom and hoisted a queer-looking jib. Their broadside was then brought to bear with such accuracy that the *Rosa* once more took to her heels. She had now, however, become so much disabled that the schooner held her own. The result of the race was doubtful—for it was an instance of one wreck chasing another!

Meanwhile our unhappy young sailor, among the miserable wretches between decks, had listened with unspeakable anxiety to the uproar of the battle. Cato, who showed more outward signs of grief than his shipmate, had been moaning and cursing by turns. Suddenly he ceased his lamentations, and exclaimed:

"Massa Jack! Massa Jack! I feel dat key! It has gone down trou' de hole in dis pocket, and got cotched in de big patch I sewed on de odder day."

The soul of Jack was thrilled as by a revelation from heaven. In a moment, his hands, locked closely together by the manacles, were upon the key. He applied it to the handcuffs of his companion—they dropped to the deck! Soon both men were free from their shackles and stood up together in the filthy prison. A few of the prisoners could speak a little English, and were soon made to comprehend the state of affairs. Jack, with that little instrument, more precious than all the gold that was ever sunk in the ocean, went from man to man—the fetters dropping at his touch!

We may imagine the feelings which burned in those African hearts—the joy for their deliverance—the thirst for vengeance—and above all, the resolution, come life or death, never to wear those terrible bonds again.

The grating over the *Rosa's* main hatchway had early in the battle been torn asunder by a cannon ball; and her men were now so much occupied in watching their pursuer, that Jack, Cato and three Africans had reached the deck ere an alarm was given. Then

Hernandez turned, and ghastly despair blanched his features.

"*Los negros! los negros! Tedo esta perdido!* (The blacks! the blacks! All is lost!)"

The crew were struck with astonishment and horror. Another and another sable head rose through the hatchway. Another and another stalwart form, black and fierce as death, started to the deck. Springing up from their awful Gehenna, they seemed like apparitions; but their silence once broken, they screamed and bellowed with unimaginable rage. The horrid uproar was echoed by the numbers yet below, each struggling to be first, till their dark forms almost choked the hatchway. It was a terrible sight—such as not more than one man in hundreds of millions has ever beheld.

The pirates sprang for their small arms—but they were too late! The howling multitude of negroes first hurled their iron fetters at the Spaniards, then sprang for muskets, pikes, cutlasses, handspikes and belaying pins. Cato, with a cannon ball raised in both hands above his head, bounded upon Hernandez and dashed him dead to the deck. Jack called to his old shipmates of the *Madeline* to run out on the jibboom. He had before leaving the hold given the natives to understand that the men to whom he should call must not be hurt, as they were friends.

In every direction the pirates fled from their appalling foe. They were pursued as by wild beasts, and almost torn limb from limb. Three men, who had once belonged to the *Madeline*, the other three having been killed in the fight with the schooner, were the only survivors.

The pursuing schooner was by this time alongside. Her captain, with his glass, had remarked the unusual commotion, and rightly guessing at its cause, had from the first ceased firing.

Jack's first care was for Carolina. Shuddering at the scenes of horror around her, yet filled with unutterable gratitude for her deliverance, the beautiful girl was conveyed on board the schooner. The vessels shortly reached the river whence the *Rosa* had last sailed; and no pen can describe the joy of the poor Africans upon once more beholding their home. The most horrid dream that can possess the human brain in sleep, is not worse than the reality from which they had escaped. Children are sometimes frightened with stories of great dragons that are to bear them with

scaly wings out of the windows of home to some vaguely-imagined region of horrors, but to the unhappy African tale like this is no fable—his Apollyon is ever at hand, pointing to the ghastly hold of a slaver.

The heart of our young sailor leaped for joy as he beheld the joy of others. What though they were savages? Had they no right to the glad sunbeam and the cooling shadows?—to enjoy the dews of evening and the glory of morning? O how happy they were! The chains of bondage were broken—the horrible nightmare dream had fled away forever. Friend met friend—father and son—mother and daughter—husband and wife, and all their little ones—how they rushed into each other's arms, and laughed and wept for joy!

The treasure of Senor Alverda, some forty thousand dollars, was found on board the *Rosa* and transferred to the British schooner, in which vessel Jack and Carolina shortly reached Cape Palmas. Here lay the Constitution frigate, which had chased the *Rosa Vanozza* out of the Bight of Benin. What a welcome sight to Jack was this noble ship, with the stars and stripes waving grandly from the spanker peak! He thought of the glorious old war—of the *Guerriere*, the *Java* and the *Cyane*.

The officers of the Yankee frigate so lionized our young foremast hand that he felt embarrassed upon finding himself so great a hero. But the beauty of Carolina Alverda so

completely bewitched the little "middies" of Old Ironsides as to keep Jack in a constant state of alarm. His anxiety, however, was without just foundation. Carolina's grief for the fate of a father torn from her by dastardly villains, rendered her ill at ease in the society of flippant admirers, while, at the same time, it attached her still more strongly to her preserver.

"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me," was the thought of her earnest young heart. The spirit of her father would smile upon her union with one whose strong and loving arm would become a shield to her forever. What need of delay? She yielded to Jack's proposal that the marriage should take place immediately.

On the quarter deck of the *Constitution*, in presence of five hundred men, the chaplain pronounced the ceremony. The shade of melancholy, resting yet upon the young girl's face, made her appear even more lovely than the most radiant joy could have done. It was a scene of intense interest. The officers formed a glittering row—the tars, cap in hand, in their neat blue uniform, looked silently on; while over all, the immense spars of the frigate shot to the sky, and the flag of freedom waved in glory.

A few days later, Jack Maynard sailed for the United States—bearing to a Puritan home the bird of paradise he had so strangely caught.

THE GOOD SHIP SHOOTING STAR.

"CAPTAIN RITSON, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Pennant, your new purser. Mr. Pennant, pray take a chair, while I have a little talk on business with Captain Ritson."

Mr. Blizzard, firm of David & Blizzard, 72, Limehouse street, Liverpool, continued:

"Captain Ritson, we want to make this first trip of the *Shooting Star* an auspicious trip; we want to have our vessel the first into Quebec this year. We save the dues; for they always return the dues to the first vessel that arrives from England; but it is not so much for the sake of the value of the dues, as the éclat of the thing we want. Our trade with Canada is large, and we want to get our name up. We do not, of course, want you to run any danger. No, that is by no means the wish of the firm; but we wish you to skirt the ice and run in on the very first opening. You will get off Labrador just in time for the frost to

have thawed, and, with care, there need be no risk whatever."

Mr. Blizzard said all this leaning against his railed desk, and nestled in among the files of invoices and bills of lading. He was a hearty, fresh-colored, portly man, very neat in his dress, and remarkable for a white waistcoat, that seemed as hard and stainless as enamel. He played with his watch-chain as he spoke, and eyed the captain, the purser, and the first mate, who sat in an uncomfortable half-circle. With his well polished boots planted on the immovable rock of a large capital, Mr. Blizzard seemed to look boldly seaward metaphorically, and consider wrecks and such casualties as mere well-devised fictions.

Captain Ritson was a big North-countryman, with a broad acreage of chest, clear gray eyes, and large red hands; a sturdy, honest, self-reliant man, without a fear in the world.

The mate, Mr. Cardew, by no means so pleasant to look on, being a little spare, thin-legged, cadaverous person, with yellowish eyes, sat in sullen subserviency on the very edge of his chair just behind the captain. The purser, a brisk, cheery, stout young fellow, sat deprecatingly (as if he thought he ought to stand) a trifle further back still.

"Right it is, Mister Blizzard," said the captain, buttoning his pilot coat across his chest, as if preparing for an immediate gale, and about to order everything to be battened down. "Right it is, and a better vessel than the Shooting Star I don't hope to see. She's sound, Mr. Blizzard, I do believe, from main truck to keel; sound, if I may use the expression, as a pious man's conscience. The only thing that vexes me, howsoever, is that, having been sent for to my native place, down Allonby way, on very sad business" (here the captain held up sorrowfully an enormous hat covered with black crape), "I couldn't see to the lading of this 'ere vessel as I generally likes to do with vessels I am called upon to command."

"That is of no consequence at all, Captain Ritson," said Mr. Blizzard, pouring out three glasses of sherry all in a row from a decanter on an inkymantelpiece near him. "I have been away at Manchester, and my partner, Mr. David, has been ill with a touch of the pleurisy, but our first mate here, Mr. Cardew, has seen to it all."

The mate nodded assent.

"And the cargo is—?"

"Agricultural implements, machinery, and cloth goods."

Mr. Blizzard referred to a ledger for this information, as he spoke, as if he scarcely knew, in his multiplicity of business, whether the Shooting Star might not be laden with frankincense, pearls, gold-dust, and poll-parrots—but he would see. Having ascertained the fact, Mr. Blizzard carefully replaced the ledger, and, turning his back on the company, poked the fire, and consulted a large sheet almanac over the mantelpiece, as a sign the interview was over.

"We sail to-morrow morning, Sunday," said Captain Ritson, who was a Wesleyan, to the purser, as they left the office of Messrs. David & Blizzard; "I likes to hear the blessed Sabbath bells calling to one another as I go out of the Mersey, and the men like it; and what's more, it's lucky. It's like the land taking leave of us, as I always say, giving a sort of blessing on the ship; at least, I'm a plain man,

and that's how I take it. It's the day I always start, Sunday is."

The purser expressed his hope that he should succeed in doing his duty, and pleasing the captain and all his employers.

"O, you'll do, young man, I can see; don't you be afraid. Wont he, Mr. Cardew? Clear, straightforward eyes, and all aboveboard."

Mr. Cardew thought he would do, but he did not look on the purser at all. His mind was running on very different things.

"Joe," said the purser's wife, when Pennant returned to his little cottage at Birkenhead, and announced his new appointment, "I don't know how it is, but I've got a strong presentiment, and I wish you wouldn't go in this ship. I never did like ships with those sort of names. The best run you ever had was in the Jane Parker, and the worst one in the Morning Star. Stick to the plain names. Besides, it's too early in the season. Now, do oblige me, Joe, and give it up. Stay for a fortnight later; get an Australian ship. It's too early for Canada. It is, indeed. Mrs. Thompson says so."

"Jenny, my love, you're a silly little woman. A pretty sailor's wife you make! Come, pack up my kit, for I'm going, that is the long and the short of it. Nonsense about sentiments. And who is Mrs. Thompson, I should like to know? Who wants her poking her nose here? Why did she drive her husband away with her nagging, and temper, and botheration? Tell her to mind her own business. Pretty thing, indeed! Come, dear, no nonsense; pack up my kit."

"But, Joe dear, there was your photograph fell off the nail on Tuesday—that night I saw a shooting star fall close to the docks, and it wasn't sent for nothing. Don't go, Joe; don't go."

"Go I must, Jenny dear, and go I shall, so don't make it painful, there's a good little woman. Come, I'll go up with you now, and kiss George and Lizzy. I wont wake them; then we'll go and look out the shirts and things for the chest. Keep a good heart; you know I shall soon be back. I've got a nice captain, and a smart first mate."

"Why, Captain Thompson, who ever thought to have found you here, and only quartermaster?" said the purser, as he stood at the gangway of the Shooting Star, watching the fresh provisions brought in. "Well, I am sorry to see you so reduced, sir, I am indeed. How was it?"

The quartermaster drew him on one side with a rueful look. He was a purple, jolly, sottish-looking man, with swollen features.

"It was the grog, Joe, as did it—all the infernal grog," he said. "I lost my last ship, the Red Star, and then everything went wrong; but I've struck off drinking now, Joe; I wasn't fit to have a ship, that's about it—lost myself, too, Joe; and here I am with my hands in the tar-bucket again, trying to do my dooty in that station of life, as the Catechism used to say."

"And how do you like our captain and crew, sir?" Pennant said, under his breath.

"Captain's as good a man as ever trod in shoe-leather—upright man, though he will have the work done, but the crew aint much, between ourselves. Four of them first class, the rest loafers and skulkers, wanting to emigrate, picked up on the quays, half thieves, half deserters, not worth their salt. They'll all run when they get to Quebec. Then there's the first mate, he's a nice nigger-driver, he is—bound for a bad port, I think. I wouldn't trust him with a ship, that's all I can say, unless it was a pirate ship, that he might get on with, but he is smooth enough before the captain—he takes care of that—curse him."

Just at that moment there came a shrill voice screaming curses from the shore.

"Look alive, you sulkers there," it cried—it was the mate's voice—"or I'll let you know. We shan't be ready by Tuesday, if you don't hurry. Not a drop of grog before the work's done, mind that. I'll have no infernal grumbling while I'm mate; and what are you doing there, quartermaster, idling? Mr. Purser, see at once if the stores are all in, and hand in the bills to me to give to Captain Ritson."

The men, ragged, sullen fellows, worked harder but cursed in an under breath.

The moment the captain came on board the mate's manner entirely altered. He crouched and whispered, and asked for orders, and spoke to the men with punctilious quietude.

Cardew had some strange hold over the captain, as the purser soon discovered; some money matters; some threat, which he held over Ritson's head, about his father's farm in Cumberland; some power that the captain dreaded, though he tried to appear cheerful, trusting, and indifferent. At first tyrannical to the men, Cardew had now begun to conciliate them in every possible way, especially when Captain Ritson was not on deck.

The purser was in the cabin, the twentieth

day after the Shooting Star had started. He was head down at his accounts, and the luminous green shade over the lamp threw a golden light upon rows of figures and the red lines that divided them. He was working silently, honest zealous fellow that he was, when a low tap came at the cabin door; it was old Thompeon, the quartermaster, who shut it after him with a suspicious care.

"Well, Thompeon," said the purser, looking up with an overworked and troubled expression, "what is it?"

The quartermaster sat down with a hand on either knee. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Pennant, between you and me there's mischief brewing."

"Thompeon, you've been at the rum again," said the amazed purser, in a reproachful voice.

"No, Mr. Pennant, I haven't; no, I am sober as the day I was born. Never you mind how I learned what I am going to tell you. There was a time when no one dared accuse Jack Thompeon of eavesdropping, without getting an answer straight between the eyes, and quick too; but now I'm a poor rascal no one cares for; only fit to mend old rope and patch sails, and I can stoop now to do things I should have been ashamed of once, even if I had done them, as I did this, for good."

There came at this moment a pert rap at the door, and Harrison, the ship's boy, thrust in his head.

"Well, what do you want?" said the purser, in his sharp, honest way.

"If you please, sir, there's an ice-fog coming on, and Mr. Cardew says the men are to have an extra glass of grog round, as there will be extra watches."

"Did Captain Ritson himself give the order?"

"No sir; Mr. Cardew, Captain's been up all night, and is gone to lie down."

"Tell Mr. Cardew, with my compliments, that the captain told me yesterday never to serve out rum without his special orders."

"Yes sir." The boy left.

"Now, Mr. Quartermaster, let me know the worst. I think—I suspect—it is something about our first mate. This is going to be an unlucky voyage, I can see. Let me hear the worst, quick, that we may do something to stop the leak."

The quartermaster, a stolid man of Dutch temperament, and by no means to be hurried, proceeded as calmly as if he were spinning a yarn over the galley fire. "What I heard the first mate and the carpenter talk about only

two hours ago was this. The ice-fog's come on, and the men (a bad lot in any weather, all but Davis and two or three more) are beginning to think we're running dangerously near the ice, and that we shall get nipped. The mate, when the captain is away, encourages them in this idea, and the worst of them talk now of forcing the captain to steer more southward, so as to keep clear of the ice-packs off Labrador."

The purser started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"Belay there, Mr. Pennant," said the quartermaster, forcing his sou'-wester firmer on his head to express hatred for the mate; "that was only the first entry in their log. Then they went on to propose sinking the ship, lashing down the captain and those who wouldn't join them, destroying all evidence, and taking to the boats as soon as there was a sight of land."

"But what for?"

"What for? Why for this. The first mate, as he let out, has had the lading of the vessel. Well, what did he do, with the help of some scoundrel friend of his, a shipping-agent, but remove two-thirds of the machinery from the cases, unknown, of course, to Mr. Blizzard, and pile them up with old iron, unknown to the captain, who was away because his father was dying, and now they want to sink the vessel, and then to go home and sell the plunder. That's about the size of it."

"Come this moment and tell the captain of this scoundrel," said the purser, leaping up and locking his desk resolutely.

"Now, avast heaving there, not just yet, Mr. Purser, by your leave; let the thing ripen a little; let me pick up what I can in the so'kaal; they don't mind a poor old beast like me."

"What's all this?" cried a shrill, spiteful voice, as the door was thrust violently open. "Where is this purser fellow? Who is it dares to disobey my orders? What do you mean, purser, by not serving out this rum? No sulking here. Thompson, go on deck, see all made taut for the night, and the fog-bell rigged, or we shall be run down in this cursed fog." Thompson slunk out of the cabin.

The purser did not flinch; he took his cap quietly from its peg. "Mr. Cardew," he said, "I only obeyed the captain's orders, and I shall continue to do so till you take command of the vessel. I'm going on deck for a smoke before I turn in. Good night, sir."

The mate's eyes became all at once blood-shot and phosphorescent with a cruel light.

"I tell you what it is, Pennant," he said; "if I *was* your captain, I'd maroon you on an iceberg before you were five hours older, and I'd let you know first, with a good bit of pickled rope, what it was to disobey your superior officer."

"Good night, sir; threatened men live long. And perhaps you will allow me to lock up my cabin? Thank you."

It was Sunday morning, and the ice-fog had lifted. The vessel had met with mere pancake ice, loose sheets thin as tinsel, but nothing more: the wind blew intensely cold as if from ice-fields of enormous size, but no bergs had been seen, and the captain, judging from the ship's reckoning, hoped still to make a swift and successful voyage, and to be the first to reach Quebec that season.

The men were mustered for prayers in the state cabin. It was a pleasant sight to see them file in, two and two, so trim, with their blue shirts turned back from their big brown necks, their jaunty knotted black silk neckerchiefs and their snowy white trousers; the petty officers in their best blue jackets, and all so decorous and disciplined, as they took their prescribed seats.

Pleasant, too, it was to see the hardy captain in that wild and remote sea so calmly and gravely reading the chapter from the Bible relating to Paul's voyage, with an unconscious commanding-officer air. If the ship-boy dared to cough, that stern gray eye nailed him to his seat; if the boatswain shuffled his feet, there was a reproving pause between the verses; if even the spray broke over the hatchway, the captain was down upon it.

The purser was the last to leave the cabin when the service was over. As he collected the Bibles, the captain touched him on the shoulder.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Pennant," he said, sitting sorrowfully down at the table with his hand on his telescope, and his large prayer-book still open before him. "You are an honest, faithful fellow, and I want to ask you a simple question. Have you seen or heard anything lately that makes you think the first mate is playing double, and exciting the men to mutiny? Yes or no?"

"Yes, captain."

The captain did not lift his eyes from the table at this answer, but giving a slight half disdainful sigh, poured out a glass of water and drank it, then rose, shook the purser by the hand, and looked steadily in his face.

"Come up with me, purser, on deck," he

said, "and we will settle this matter at once. Some one has been altering the vessel's course, I feel sure, since the morning. If it is the mate, I will put him in irons. If it costs me my right arm, I'll keep him in irons. I'm a fool not to have seen it all before. I was warned about that man in Liverpool."

When the captain stood upon the deck, the chill white ice-fog was again bearing down fast on the Shooting Star. It was bearing down with a spectral gloom that was depressing in a sea known to be still half blocked with ice-packs. A Sabbath calm reigned over the vessel. The men were lying down by the trim rope coils, some reading, some conversing; not a plank but was clean as a pink; not a bolt-head or brass but shone as well as anything could shine in that lurid light. The mate and carpenter were sitting near the wheel, looking at the advancing fog; at the entrance to the fo'ksal were some men stretched out half asleep.

The captain said not a word, but walked straight up to the man at the wheel, and looked at the compass.

"Why, you're steering south," he said, quietly, "and I told you nor'-nor'-west an hour ago."

"I am steering as the first mate told me," said the fellow, sullenly. "I can't steer as every one wants me. If it was my way, I'd steer home."

The first mate, as the man said this, came up and took the wheel from him insolently, as in defiance of the captain.

"Jackson's steering right," he said.

"Right you call it," said the captain, storming. "I'm a plain man, and I like plain dealing. Mr. Cardew, I've had enough of your lying tricks; let go the wheel, sir, and go to your cabin. Consider yourself under arrest for mutinous conduct. Purser, you are witness; take this man down."

Cardew still refused to let go the wheel. With the quickness of thought, the captain felled him with a blow; in a moment the deck seemed alive with shouting and leaping men. Five sailors threw themselves on the captain, three on the purser. The mutiny had broken out at last. A cruel yell rang from stem to stern. All who favored the captain were in a moment, with curses and cruel threats, overpowered and bound to the mast and rigging.

"Now, Captain Ritson," said Cardew, as he rose with a yellow face, down which the blood streamed, and advanced to where the captain stood bound and pale with rage, "you see I am

stronger than you thought. If I chose, I could at once let you overboard with a rope and freeze you to death; I could have you pelted with bottles, or put an end to in some other agreeable way; but I shall spare you now, to pay you off better for that blow and other indignities. Last night you refused to join me in my sensible scheme for baffling the rascals who expose us to danger and then underpay us. Now I will not accept your partnership. O, you're a rash, violent man, though you are so pious; where's your Providence now? Come, my boys, leave these fools, and get out the wine; we'll have a spree to-night, for to-morrow we shall be on shore, and, perhaps, starting again for England. Come, get out this man's brandy. We'll have a night of it. It's cold enough for these fellows, aint it? But it'll make them warm seeing us drinking."

That night, as the liquor went round, and the songs circulated among the mutineers to the doleful accompaniment of the monotonous, and funeral fog-bell, the captain and seven friends lying bound against the frozen shrouds, the vapor lifted for a moment eastward and disclosed an aurora borealis, that lit up all the horizon with a majestic fan of crimson and phosphorescent light that darted upward its keen rays, and throbbed and quivered with almost supernatural splendor. The electric lustre lit the pale faces of the captain and his fellow-prisoners.

"Why, here are the merry dancers," said the first mate, now somewhat excited by drinking, as he walked up to the captain, and waved a smoking hot glass of grog before his face. "Why, I'll be hanged if they aint the blessed angels dancing for joy because you and your brother saints will so soon join them. What do you think of Providence by this time, Ritson, eh?"

The mutineers put their glasses together, and laughed hideously at this.

"Just as I always did. God watches us at sea as well as by land," was the captain's calm reply. "I'd rather even now be bound here, than change my conscience with yours, Cardew. I'm a plain man, and I mean it when I say that it's no worse dying here than at home in a feather-bed. It is less hard to part with the world here."

"O, if you're satisfied, I am. Here, glasses round to drink to the pious captain. All his gang are here but that boy, that little devil, Harrison; search for him everywhere, men; he mustn't be left; if he is in the hold, smoke him out with brimstone; never mind if he

doesn't come out, he'll have his gruel if you keep the hatches well down."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply, with a brutal and disgusting laugh; and away the men went on their search, eager as boys for a rat hunt.

An hour after, all but the watch to toll the fog-bell, the mutineers on board the Shooting Star were sunk into a drunken and wallowing sleep. That night, from time to time, Captain Ritson kept his men's hearts up with cheerful words; the cold was hard to bear, but they survived it. When day broke, they all united in prayer that God would allow them to die soon and together. They had sunk into a torpid semi-sleep, when the sound of a gun through the fog, in the distance, aroused them. At the same moment, the loud taunting voice of the mate awoke the bound men to a sense of their misery and despair.

"Good morning, Captain Ritson," said the mate. "Lord, lads, how chopfallen that smart fellow the purser is, and look at those A. B. sailors, who used to sneer at you, and call you sulkers, and loafers, and Liverpool dregs. How our fat friend the quartermaster must miss his grog; hard, isn't it? Captain Ritson, it is my painful duty to inform you (lower the two boats there, quick, men, and stave the third) that we are about to leave this ship, which will sink, as I am informed by my excellent friend the carpenter here, almost exactly three hours after our departure. A more pliant disposition and a more graceful concession to those business arrangements, in which I solicited your co-operation, would have led to very different results; gentlemen, that gun is from a vessel lying off the ice-field which we are now skirting; that vessel will take us up. How about that blow now? We have money enough to pay for our passage. Farewell. Lower the boats there. Captain Ritson, I have the honor of wishing you a pleasant voyage to heaven."

Captain Ritson made no answer till the boats were lowered. "God will avenge us, if it seemeth good to him," was the only malediction he uttered. "Men, I thank God that I still trust in his mercy, and, worst come to the worst I am ready to die."

"So am I," said the purser, "if I could only first look up and see that yellow rascal dangling at the yard-arm."

"It's all up with us," said the quartermaster. "I only wish the black villains had given us one noggin round before they left."

An hour passed, the last sound of the receding boats had died away. The sailors began

to groan and lament their sad and hapless fate.

"Have you any hope left, Captain Ritson, now?" said the purser, in a melancholy voice. "O, Jenny, Jenny, my dear wife, I shall never see you again."

"As for my wife," said the quartermaster, "it's no great loss. I'm thinking more of myself. O, those villains."

"I have no hope," said the captain, bravely, "but I am ready to die. I trust in the mercy of God. He will do the best for us, and he will guard my poor children."

Just, then, like a direct answer from Heaven, the fog grew thinner and thinner, and the sun shone through with a cold yellow lustre, showing the line of land for miles; alas! it was not land, but ice-pack, miles of it, rising into mountainous bergs, green as emerald, blue as sapphire, golden as crysolite, and stretching away into snow-plains and valleys. The nearest cliffs were semi-transparent, and glistened with prismatic colors, but in the distance they merged again into cold clinging fog. The nearest ice was about two miles off.

The captain looked at his companions, and they at him, but they did not speak, their hearts were so full, for the water could be now heard gurgling and bubbling upward in the hold.

"We have two hours more to live, and let us spend it," said the captain, bravely, "in preparing for death. After all, it is better than dying of cold and hunger, and it is only the death we sailors have been taught to expect at any moment."

"I shouldn't care if it was not for my poor old mother," said one of the sailors, "but now she'll have to go on the parish. O, it's hard, bitter hard."

"Fie, man," said the captain, with his unquenchable courage, "have I not my children, and the purser his wife. What must be, must be—bear it like a man."

At that moment a shrewd boyish face showed itself round the corner of the cabin stairs, and the next instant up leaped and danced Harrison, the ship's boy, with a sharp carving-knife in his hand. He capered for joy round the captain, and was hailed with a tremendous shout of delight and welcome as he released the men one by one, beginning with his master.

"They thought I was in the hold," he said, "didn't they? but I was hiding under the captain's sofa all the time, and there I lay till I was sure they were gone. The vessel's filling fast, Captain Ritson; there is no time to lose. Hurrah!"

"It is quite true," said the purser, as he returned from below with the captain. "We have one hour, no more, to rig a raft in, so to it, my lads, with a will. The leak's too far gone, and we've not hands enough to make the pumps tell on it."

The men were shaking hands all round, intoxicated with joy at their escape.

"Come men, enough of that. I'm a plain man, and what I say I mean," said the captain, already himself. "We're not out of the wood yet, so don't holler. Come, set to at the raft, and get all the biscuits and junk those villains have left. I shall be the last man to leave the vessel, I shan't leave her at all till she begins to settle down. Purser, get some sails for tents. Quartermaster, you look to the grub. Harrison, you collect the spars for the men; Davis, you see the work is strong and sure. It isn't the coast I should choose to land on; but any port in a storm, you know; and, purser, you get two or three muskets and some powder and shot. We may have to live on sea-birds for a day or two, till God sends us deliverance, death, or a ship; that is our alternative. Come, to work."

The raft was made in no time. But the stores proved scanty. The scoundrel mate had thrown overboard, spoiled, or carried off, all but three days' provision of meat, biscuit and rum. The captain had almost to be forced from the vessel. They had not got half a mile away when the great ice-pack closed upon it, just as she was sinking. As the Shooting Star slowly settled down, Captain Ritson took off his cap and stood for a moment bareheaded.

"There," said he, "goes as good a vessel as ever passed the Mersey lights; as long as she floated she'd have done Messrs. David & Blizzard credit."

"Good-by, old Shooting Star," said the men. "If ever a man deserved the gallows, it's that first mate of ours."

The raft reached the shore safely.

"I take possession of this 'ere floating pack," said the captain, good-humoredly, to keep up the men's spirits, as he leaped on the ice, "in the name of her blessed majesty, and I beg to christen it Ritson's Island, if it is an island; but if it is joined on to the mainland, we'll wait and see what the mainland is. I wonder if there are many bears, or puffins, or white foxes, on it. And now let's rig the tents, and then we'll measure out the food."

The next day brought no hope. The pack proved to be of enormous size, and a deep ice-fog prevented its complete exploration. The

food was fast decreasing. The few penguins on the pack would not come within shot. Once they saw a white bear, but it dived, and appeared no more. The men's hearts began to sink; half the spars had been used up for the fires; one day more and the fuel would be gone; the rum gone; the meat gone. Frost and starvation awaited them. There were now murmurs. Once the captain came on two of the sailors who were crying like children; another time he observed the men's fierce and hungry looks, as they watched the quartermaster cowering under the tent, and he knew too well what those savage fires in their hollow eyes indicated.

"It must come to the casting of lots for one of us," he heard them whisper. "Every hour we can pull on gets us more chance of a ship."

The next day the purser shot two penguins, and ate greedily of the nauseous flesh. The fourth day the provisions were exhausted, at the first meal. Then Captain Ritson stood up, his musket in his hand, for he had all this time kept watch at night like the other men, and shared every labor and privation. The quartermaster was lamenting his fate.

"If this voyage had only turned out well," he said, "I might have got a ship again; for the firm promised me a ship again if I only kept from drink and did my duty; and this time I have done it by them, and I should have saved the vessel if it hadn't been for this mutiny."

Captain Ritson began:

"Mr. Quartermaster, silence. This is no time for crying over spilt milk. I don't wish to hurt your feelings, for you're an honest man, though you sometimes rather overdid the grog. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say, and what I say is this—here we are, and we don't know whether it is berg or mainland, and no food left—not a crumb. Now, what is to be done? We hear the bear growl, and the fox yelp; but if we can't shoot them, that won't help us much. We must spend all to-day in trying for the mainland; if we find the sea to the eastward, we must then turn back, commit ourselves to God, who directs all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath (you all heard me read that on Sunday, and I needn't repeat it), and take to the raft, whatever may happen. But there's one thing I have to say, as a plain man, and that is—if any coward here dares even whisper the word 'cannibalism,' I'll shoot him dead with this gun I hold in my hand,

and mean to hold day and night. We are Christian men, mind; and no misery shall make wild beasts of us, while I am a live captain—so mind that.”

The exploration destroyed the men's last hope. The mile's painful march only served to prove the wild tracts of sea, full of shaking ice, lay between the pack and the shore.

“I see something ahead, like a man's body,” said the purser, who had volunteered to climb an eminence and report if any vessel could be discerned. “It is partly covered with snow, and it lies on the edge of a deep hole in the ice.”

The party instantly made for it. Harrison, being light of foot, was the first to reach it, and to shout:

“O, captain! captain! come here; it's Phillips, the carpenter, that went away with the mate.”

And so it was. They all recognized the hard bad face. An empty bottle lay by the body.

“I see it all,” said the captain. “He got drunk, he lagged behind, and they lost him in the fog. Some vessel has taken them off.”

“I wish it had been the mate,” said the purser.

As he spoke, a huge black head emerged for a moment from the water, and all the men fell back, and cried it was the devil come for the carpenter.

“Nonsense, you flock of geese,” said the captain; “it was only a black seal. I only wish he'd show again, and we'd have a shot at him; he'd keep us for two days. Now then, push on; for we must get on the raft and into the open sea before dark, and the Lord guide and help us.”

Slowly and silently the melancholy band, with only two sound-hearted men left among them, the captain and the purser, ascended the last snow hill leading to the shore, where the raft and tents had been left six hours before. The sun, a globe of crimson fire, was setting behind banks of gray and ominous mist. Two of the men were now frost-bitten in the cheeks, and lay down to be rubbed in the snow by their companions.

The captain strode forward alone to the top of the hill to reconnoitre. He was seen by them all striding forward till he reached the summit, but slowly now, for that giant of a man was faint with hunger and fatigue. The men sat down waiting for him to return, and rubbing themselves with snow. He returned slower than he had ascended, feeble and

silent. He did not look his companions straight in the face, but wrung his hands, pulled his sou'-wester over his eyes, and sat down by the tired men. Then he rose gravely, with his old impregnable courage, and said:

“Men, I bring you bad news; but bear it like Christians. It's all sent for a good purpose. Our raft has been carried off by a flow of drift ice. We have only a few hours to live. I'm a plain man, and mean what I say. Let us die with a good heart, and without repining. It is not our own fault as to this.”

Two of the men uttered yells of despair, and threw themselves on the ground; the rest seemed to actually grow smaller, and shrink together in their hopeless despair. The purser rocked to and fro, holding his head between his hands. The quartermaster shook with the cold, and turned purple with fear. The boy burst into an agony of tears.

“Come, men, let us light a fire,” said Captain Ritson. “We are not women. Let us collect any remaining wood, and, having prayed together, and committed ourselves into God's hands (the captain took off his hat and looked upwards), let us sleep, and in that sleep, if it is his will, death will take us.”

But nobody could rouse them now. The purser, and the purser only, had strength enough left to collect the few pieces of drift-wood outside the tents. It was like digging one's own grave, as the night began to fall, and shut out the white cliffs and desolate tracts of ice.

“Light it, Pennant,” said the captain, “while we kneel round and commit ourselves to Him who never leaves the helm, though he may seem to sometimes when the storm hides him.”

The fire cracked and spluttered; then it rose in a thin wavering flame.

“Before this is burnt out, messmates, we shall have started on another voyage, and pray God we get safely to port. Now, then, load all the muskets, and fire them at the third signal I give. If there is any vessel within two miles off the pack, they may perhaps hear us. One, two, three.”

The discharge of the five guns broke the ghastly stillness with a crashing explosion, which seemed to rebound and spread from cliff to cliff till it faded away in the solitudes, where death only reigned in eternal silence, and amid eternal snow.

“There goes our last hope,” said the captain; “but I am thankful I can still say, His

will be done; and I trust my children to his mercy."

"My wife don't need much praying for," said the quartermaster. "She'll fight her way, I bet."

Just then the purser, who had been staring at the horizon, trying to pierce the gloom to the right, leaping on his feet, shouted, screamed, cried, embraced the captain, and danced and flung up his hat. Every one turned round and looked where he was looking. There they saw a light sparkle, and then a red light blaze up, and then a rocket mount in a long tail of fire till it discharged a nosegay of colored stars. It was a ship answering their light. Then came the booming sound of a ship's gun. It was a vessel lying off the pack, and they were saved.

An hour's walk (they were all strong enough now) brought the captain and his men to the vessel's side. The ship was only three miles off along the shore, but the fog had hidden it from them when they returned to lie down and die. As honest rough hands pressed theirs and helped them up the vessel's side, and honest brown faces smiled welcome, and food was held out, and thirty sailors at once broke into a cheer that scared the wolves on the opposite shore, Captain Ritson said:

"Thank God, friends, for this kindness. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say: but my heart's too full now to tell you all I feel. Purser, I did lose hope just now, when I saw the raft carried away."

One autumn afternoon, four months later, three men entered Mr. Blizzard's office and inquired for that gentleman.

"He is engaged just now," said a new clerk (the rest had left), and pointing to an inner glass door that stood ajar. "Engaged with Captain Cardew, of the Morning Star; he sails to-morrow for Belize. Take seats."

The muffled-up sailor-looking men took seats near the half-open door, through which came low words of talk.

"Ritson was too reckless," said a disagreeable voice, "and quite lost his head in danger."

"No doubt," said another voice. "Take another glass of sherry, captain. Do you like a dry wine?"

"The purser, too, was not very honest, I fear, and very careless about the stores. By-the-by, did I ever tell you about that drunken quartermaster, Thompson, losing that ship of yours, the Red Star, off the Malabar coast.

He had just returned from Quebec, so Pen-nant told me, who sailed with him. He had been sitting at Quebec, and, when the vessel was ready to start, he said he wouldn't go. They found him obstinate drunk. Will you believe it, he remained drunk the whole voyage till they came and told him he was near Glasgow? Then he leaped up, shaved himself, and put on his best coat and a white tie, and went on shore to see our agents, old Falconer and Johnson, fresh as paint. Ha! ha!"

The other voice laughed too. It was Mr. Blizzard, from his throne of large capital; he was probably about to replace a ledger, and consult the almanac, as he had done that afternoon four months before.

"You must make a better voyage with the Morning Star than Captain Ritson did with his unfortunate vessel," said Mr. Blizzard. "Don't be afraid of the sherry."

But Cardew never drank that glass of sherry, for the door just then bursting open, dashed the glass to pieces in his hand, and Captain Ritson seized him by the throat.

"I am a plain man, Mr. Blizzard, sir," he said, "and I mean what I say; but if ever there was a mutinous, thieving, lying, false, shark-hearted scoundrel, it is this man who sunk the Shooting Star, and left me and the purser, and six more of us, to die off Labrador on the ice-pack. Purser! bring in that policeman, and we'll have justice done."

At the next assizes, Cardew was sentenced to nine years' transportation for frauds on the house of David & Blizzard, and for conspiring to sink the Shooting Star and part of her crew off the coast of Labrador. A Liverpool paper, a few months ago, mentioned that a bushranger of the same name had been shot in an encounter with the mounted police. As the name is not a common one, the bushranger and the mate were probably the same persons.

The firm tried the quartermaster with another vessel, and he acquitted himself well; and as for Ritson, he is the most respected captain in their service.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.—We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end of them.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

They did some queer things in New England, a century and a half ago, and, looking back now, one can hardly realise that the staid, sober old Puritan Fathers could have been so keenly up to the shifts and quibbles of that world whose wickedness they condemned so heartily. Yet we have indisputable evidence that the old worthies, whom a late fashion has striven to picture as monuments of human perfection, were, like the rest of the world, only mortals, and consequently afflicted with the weaknesses and infirmities of the flesh.

A letter, written from Salem, in September, 1713, has recently come to our notice, and we present to our readers such passages from it as we deem worthy of their attention. The letter was written by a member of the ordinary council at the settlement of the first pastor over the Old South Society of Danvers, Massachusetts. We preserve the quaint old English style. After describing the ordination, the writer proceeds to speak of the congregation, as follows:

"There was an immense concourse of people in ye house, so that every part of ye house was crowded. Some were on ye beams, over ye heads of ye congregation. Ye Governor was in ye house, and her Majesty's Commissioner of ye Customs, and they sat together on a high seat by ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appeared very decent and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy, and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists, but is a strong opposer of ye Papists. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, red waistcoat, bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches, with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings."

The good people were much annoyed by the inevitable contraband (though whether it was the ancestor of the "*intelligent contraband*," who recently figured so largely in military matters, we cannot say), as appears from the following:

"There was a disturbance in ye gallery, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes, and Indians, and a negro called Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth, and placed in ye broad aisle, where he was reproved with great awfulness and solemnity. He was then placed in ye deacons' seat, between two deacons, in view of ye whole congregation, but ye sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortions of countenance (giving great scandal to ye grave deacons), and put him in ye lobby under ye stairs. Some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter."

We are not surprised that the "grave deacons" should have been scandalized. The only wonder is that they did not utterly forget their dignity, and give vent to the most uncontrollable mirth at Pomp's contortions of countenance. After the ordination, came a feast, which the letter goes on to mention:

"When ye services at ye house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on ye hill near by, and we had a bountiful table, with bear's meat and venison, the last of which was from a buck shot in ye woods near by. Ye bear was killed in Lynn woods, near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Gerrish, of Wentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day, by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth, like Ananias of old. Ye council thereupon refused to eat ye venison, but it was afterwards decided that Pequot should receive 40 stripes save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes a cut of ye deer, and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye Heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye points of venison."

Verily, these old worthies were adepts in the art of splitting hairs. The stomach was stronger than the conscience, and the temptation too great to be resisted. A scapegoat was at hand, and in the "forty stripes save one," which were ordered for poor Pequot, the sin of eating the tempting delicacy, which had at first so appalled them, was gracefully shifted from their shoulders to the back of a poor savage creature, to whom their Christian perfection must have seemed rather questionable. Mark it well, ye frequenters of Sunday eating-houses. Find some way of punishing the cook, and bless your baked beans strongly, and the bluest descendant of the bluest Pilgrim cannot censure you.

FURS.

Our lady readers will be interested in the following facts, which we cull from a mass before us, concerning one of their favorite and most beautiful ornaments.

The habit of wearing furs for the purpose of ornamenting and imparting warmth to the person, has existed from time immemorial among savage, and for many centuries among civilized nations. Among the latter, however, it was restricted occasionally to the sovereign and the higher classes of the nobility. For instance the ermine, called *minever* in heraldry, has long been the royal fur for several European nations. Edward III. restricted its use to the royal family of England, but at the present day it may be worn by any one. On occasions of state, however, the modes of ornamenting it distinguish the rank of the persons wearing it. Only the robes of the royal family can be trimmed with ermine, thickly spotted with the black paws of the Astrakhan lamb. In Austria it is even now restricted to the imperial family.

The fur of the ermine is commonly of a dingy brown hue, which in winter changes to a beautiful white, while the lower part of the tail is of a shining black

hue. The tail is used as an ornament to the fur, but the black paws of the Astrakhan lamb are frequently substituted for it. A large amount of the fur now sold as ermine is in reality that of the Polish rabbit, which frequently defies the efforts of good judges to detect the difference.

Sables are very popular with all nations, and command very high prices. The best and most valuable is that known as the Russian or crown sable, and which in Russia is monopolised by the imperial family and the nobility. It is very costly, the lining of a robe of state costing usually about six thousand dollars in gold. The best skins are obtained in Yakootsk, Kamtchatka and Russian Lapland. Only about twenty-five thousand of them are annually produced, and but few of them are ever offered for sale outside of the Russian market. In 1855, during the Crimean war, the Russian government shipped a choice lot of these furs to New York. They commanded enormous prices. The highest prized were those almost black, and a full-sized cape of these cost about a thousand dollars. The mink, which is found in the largest quantities in North America, furnishes an excellent fur, which is often sold as genuine Russian sable.

GUNBOATS.

Until within a very few years past, the term gunboat was applied to armed schooners and light draft brigs. Since the Russian war, however, gunboats have been changed in their character, and are now small men-of-war of light draft, armed with a few very heavy guns, and propelled by steam. They are designed chiefly for service in shallow waters, and for coast duty, where large vessels cannot be used, or where they would be inconvenient or expensive.

The first gunboat of this kind was built by Great Britain, with a view to its use in the attack on Cronstadt. It gave such satisfaction that the British government promptly determined to make such vessels a feature in its naval service. It has now about one hundred and seventy-five of them, all of which are propellers, and of which about one hundred are in commission.

The attention of the American government was soon called to them, and in 1859 our first gunboat, the *Iroquois*, was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She was followed by others in quick succession. During the rebellion this class of vessels was used to great advantage in the shallow bays and rivers of the South.

Iron-clads are so rapidly taking the place of all other kinds of war vessels, that it is difficult to say how long it will be to the advantage of any government to employ gunboats, except in times of peace, when by their use they save the expense of larger craft.

A SIMPLE AMUSEMENT.

In these days of high winds and strong gales, a cheap and beautiful amusement is within the reach of all. A little trouble is all that is necessary to enable one to enjoy the delightful music of the *Æolian Harp*. The following is an excellent method of constructing the instrument: Take a box of thin board, five inches deep, six inches wide, and the length of the window in which it is to be used; place on the top at each end a little strip of wood a

quarter of an inch thick and half an inch high, glue these pieces on as bridges for strings. Fasten across each end inside a piece of hard wood an inch square for holding the pegs. Into one of these fix as many pegs as there are to be strings, and into the other as many small brass pins. The instrument is then to be strung with small catgut, one end of which is attached to the brass pins, and the other wound around the pegs. The strings should not be drawn tight, but must be tuned in unison. A thin board should then be placed over the strings, about three inches above the sounding board. Then place the box in the window, partly open, so that the draft of air shall play upon the strings. On a moderately windy day the most delightful and fairy-like sounds will be given off by the strings.

CUSTOM.

The miseries of human life, says the philosopher, are few indeed which laws can cause or cure; but he does not venture to include Custom. The necessity of doing the usual thing—that is, of following the precedents laid down by the great mass of society, who unhappily are neither wise nor witty—adds very much to those evils to which flesh is heir. The dull man makes a great point of fully attiring himself in black broadcloth, in order to dine with fourteen other dull men upon a midsummer night; the sixteenth man, whom (taking a generous average) we will suppose to be a sensible person, has to do the like. It takes a man of genius resolutely to refuse to put himself to this inconvenience, even where only men are concerned.

WORKINGMEN'S DINING-HALL.—A workmen's dining-hall has been established in Dublin, on the principle of supplying wholesome food at cost prices. It accommodates nearly two thousand persons daily, and the price of a good dinner of soup, beef, potatoes and pudding is only four and a half pence. The waiters and dish-washers are ladies of rank and wealth, who have volunteered to give their services to the institution until it becomes self-supporting.

THE BAY OF FUNDY.—One of the curiosities of nature is the area of the Atlantic Ocean lying between the British provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and known as the Bay of Fundy. It is one hundred and eighty miles long, and from thirty to fifty miles wide. It is deep, but difficult of navigation. It is remarkable for the sudden and extraordinary rise of its tides. They rush up from the ocean with such rapidity as often to overtake animals feeding on its shores, and sometimes to cut off the escape of persons venturing below high water mark. They rise in some parts of the bay to the great height of sixty feet.

BEER AND ALE.—The national beverage of all Teutonic nations is ale, or beer. In some countries the government does not think it beneath its dignity to engage in the manufacture of it, and accordingly derives large profits from it. In Bavaria, the people once considered a rise of a few cents in the price of their beer as good cause for an attempt at revolution. In England, one brewer employs six hundred men, keeps one hundred and twenty horses, and brews annually upward of one million and a half bushels of malt.

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute,
 Bring flowers—the bride is near;
 Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell.
 Bring flowers to strew the bier!—MISS LONDON.

Balcony Garden.

The most suitable plants for balconies are those of low growth; and as, from their exposed situation, they are liable to great and sudden changes, with regard to temperature, winds and moisture, they ought to be naturally tolerably hardy. To prevent the soil in the pots from becoming overdried, from the pot being constantly exposed to the wind, one pot ought to be placed within another, with a little sand or moss between, and this sand or moss ought to be kept constantly moist. The pots may be set in saucers, provided a little gravel be placed in the bottom of each saucer, so as to allow the free escape of water from the hole in the bottom of the pot; for if this water stagnates in the pot, it soon swells the soil so as to close up the hole in the bottom, and to prevent the free escape of water; in which case the soil in the pot is sure to become sodden. When there is no gravel in the saucers, the plants should be well and frequently watered; but the water that runs through the earth in the pot into the saucers, should be poured out immediately and thrown away. A very good mode of growing plants in balconies is, to set the pots in wooden boxes or troughs, painted stone color, with a little gravel at the bottom, for the pots to stand on, and with the interstices filled in with moss, which may also cover the rims and surface of the pots; so as to make the plants appear to be growing out of moss. Mignonette and trailing plants are best grown entirely in wooden boxes, without the intervention of pots.

Buddles.

Deciduous or evergreen shrubs, natives of India or South America, of which one species, *B. globosa*, is worth culture in the shrubbery. It has fine golden yellow, ball-like flowers, growing in any common soil, and is tolerably hardy, though it is sometimes killed by very severe frost. It is readily increased by cuttings under a handglass.

Baptisia.

Herbaceous North American pea-flowered plants, of vigorous growth and rather elegant appearance; of which one species, *B. australis*, well deserves a place in collections. They may be grown in the open air in common soil, and may be propagated by division of the root.

The American Aloe.

The American Aloe requires a rich loamy soil, and is increased by suckers. It was formerly supposed that it produced its candelabra-like blossoms only once in a hundred years; but this is a vulgar error, as it sometimes produces its flowers, in hot countries, in ten years, the period varying to twenty, fifty, or

even seventy years, according to the climate, and the care bestowed on the plant by the gardener. The flower-stem is frequently forty feet high, and the plant dies as soon as it is done flowering. The aloe is a native of Mexico, and the other tropical parts of America; but it has been almost naturalized in the south of Europe. In its native countries, a strong spirit is distilled from its sap; the fibres of its leaves are used for thread, and the feculent matter contained in its stem for soap.

Monkshood and Wolfsbane.

Herbaceous perennials, generally tall-growing and handsome plants, producing abundance of dark blue, purple, or yellow flowers. They will all grow freely in any common garden soil, and are readily increased by division of the roots, which are generally tuberous, or by seeds. All the species are more or less poisonous, the poison being strongest in the roots. Like all plants which grow with tall erect stems, and produce their flowers in terminal spikes, they are only suitable for growing in borders in large gardens, or for clumps on a lawn. The species may be divided into two kinds—those with the helmet like a monk's cowl, which are called Monkshood; and those which have an elongated conical helmet, and are called Wolfsbane.

Acanthus.

Perennial plants, natives of the warm parts of Europe, two of which, *A. mollis* and *A. spinosus*, deserve a place in every collection, from their stately appearance, and from the legend of their leaves having given the first idea of the capital of the Corinthian order of architecture. All the kinds of acanthus require a sandy soil, and a great deal of room; and they are all readily increased by division of the root, and by seeds.

Idly of the Valley.

A well-known and very fragrant little flower, said to be found wild in some parts of England. It requires rather a moist soil, which should be tolerably light. The plant is increased by dividing the roots, which are very numerous; and though it is generally supposed to like the shade, it will not flower well unless it has plenty of light.

Ploughman's Spikenard.

Shrubs generally with white flowers, and natives of America, growing in any common garden soil.

Calcareous Soils.

Soils containing a considerable portion of lime or chalk, mixed with sand or loam, and decaying vegetable and animal matter. Calcareous soils are generally productive; and when manured, they retain and give out slowly the nourishing parts of the manure longer than any other kind of soil.

The Housewife.

Clam Chowder.

Wash the clams; put them into a large pan; turn boiling water over them; cover them tight; let them stand ten or fifteen minutes; take out all the clams; cut off the black heads; flour, and season them well with a little nutmeg, mace, pepper and salt. Take three quarts of the liquor, and put it into a saucepan to boil; to half a pound of butter braid in three table-spoonful of flour; stir into the liquor; put in the clams; let it boil fifteen minutes. If you like, add a pint of cream or milk.

Boiled Cod.

The head and shoulders are considered the best to boil. Lay them into cold water, with a handful of salt, and let them remain one hour; then scrape and wash them clean, rub a little salt and cayenne pepper into the body, flour a cloth, pin the fish up tight, and put into boiling water; after it begins to boil, let it boil thirty minutes, or according to the size of the fish; serve it with drawn butter or oyster-sauce.

To broil a Blue Fish.

Split it in the back; set the skin side to the fire first; when done, turn the other side; a fish weighing three pounds requires half an hour to broil; when dished, rub over a little fresh butter, and very little pepper and salt.

Blue Fish, boiled.

A fish weighing seven pounds requires three-quarters of an hour to boil it. Serve it with drawn butter and eggs, or lemon fish-sauce, or parsley and butter.

Hels.

After they are skinned, turn boiling water over them, and let them remain about half an hour. To fry them, cut them up in pieces about six inches long.

Fried Salmon.

Cut the salmon into slices half an inch thick, shake some flour over them, and fry them in butter, or in sweet oil, or with egg and crumbs, as smelts.

Boiled Mackerel.

Draw the inwards out at the vent, and then put the mackerel, if two, into separate cloths; boil them twenty minutes, and serve them with drawn butter.

Broiled Salmon.

It may be either cut in slices, as fried salmon, or split to the tail; broil it very quick, and when it is dished rub some butter over it.

Curry Lobster.

Cut a lobster in pieces, or leave it as whole as you can; take a cup of hot water, a piece of butter, two spoonful of flour, one of curry powder, a little pepper and salt, and the soft portion of the lobster. Stir

this all together; add a cup of cream; give it one boil. Put it on to the lobster, and let it simmer two minutes.

Squash Pudding.

Take a crooked-neck or marrow squash weighing about four pounds; peel it and cut it into pieces about an inch square; put them into a saucepan with a very little water, and let it stew gently three or four hours. Be careful to keep some water with it to prevent its burning. When it is very soft, rub it through a sieve, and add a little salt; beat up six eggs with a pound of sugar, and a spoonful of mace or cinnamon; warm a quarter of a pound of butter so that it will stir in; add a quart of good milk or cream, and bake it in deep plates lined with paste, and a thick rim. Cut a rim of paper to put over the crust to prevent its burning. Bake it half an hour.

Cocoanut Pudding.

Break the cocoanut, and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanut very fine. Take the same weight of cocoanut, fine white sugar, and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well beaten, one cup of cream, the milk of the cocoanut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with a rich paste; put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with paper, if necessary.

Almond Pudding.

Take half a pound of blanched almonds, and pound them in a mortar until they are quite fine. Beat up eight eggs; mix a pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream; stir in the almonds, then the eggs, a little rose-water, and a pint of cream. Bake it in a deep plate, or pudding-dish, with a rim of puff paste. Bake it three-quarters of an hour.

Lemon Pudding.

Beat eight eggs very well; add eight ounces of white sugar, the rind of two lemons being rubbed with some lumps of sugar to take out the essence; then peel and beat them in a mortar, with the juice of the lemon, and mix all with six ounces of butter warmed; line the dish with a rich paste crust; turn the pudding in, and bake it about an hour.

Pineapple Pudding.

Peel the pineapple, taking care to get all the specks out, and grate it; take its weight in sugar, and half its weight in butter; rub these to a cream, and stir them into the apple; then add five eggs and a cup of cream. It may be baked with or without the paste crust.

Fried Oysters.

Take large oysters, wash them clean out of the liquor, and wipe them dry; dip them in eggs, and then in crumbs, and fry them in hot fat.

Curious Matters.

Great Profits from Chemical Refuse.

Mr. Joseph Jones of Widnes, writes to the Mining Journal as follows:—"Vat and black ash waste, owing to its large quantities, has caused chemical masters to incur expense to remove it from their premises, for want of room to put it in. It is composed of sulphide of calcium, sulphate of lime, etc., with about 10 per cent. of sulphur. The sulphur is precipitated by muriatic acid, aided by an oxidizing process, such as 'steam,' by the action of the sun, etc. There is no doubt of the fertilizing effect of sulphur upon the soil. The remaining part of the waste is further decomposed by acid of nitre (nitrate of soda). There are other fertilizing effects of muriatic acid upon black ash waste; 600 tons of muriatic acid are thrown away weekly from some chemical works, which manufacture salt cake, etc.

A Statue weeping by Steam.

A singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of St. Magdalen, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved, in order to facilitate repairs for the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up into the head and was there condensed. The water thus made its way, by a couple of pipes, to the eyes, and trickled down upon the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed.

Ink for preventing Fraudulent Alterations.

Mr. Balldon has recently patented an ink or writing fluid for preventing fraudulent alterations in writing documents, to be used in combination with a peculiarly prepared paper, the color in which is discharged, and the texture changed, by the action of the ink. The writing fluid is composed of diluted sulphuric acid, colored with indigo, and the paper is ordinary writing paper, tinted with ultramarine, or any other suitable color which is capable of being discharged by the acid. By this means the texture of the paper in the parts affected by the acid will be so changed and weakened as to prevent the possibility of alteration or erasure, and the ink or writing fluid, by penetrating through the paper, will be seen on both its sides. We learn from the French Journals that a vegetable ink has been discovered by M. Plessis, which is not only unalterable in color, but also in limpidity.

Chinese Curiosities.

Two remarkable specimens of Chinese art were lately received in Paris. They consist of two marble statues of animals, each about nine feet high, which have long been known throughout the Celestial Empire as the "Lions of Kiang-Sou." They present the head of a lion beautifully sculptured, the body of a chimera, with the wings and feet of the five-clawed dragon—the national and religious emblem of the

Chinese. They come from the ruins of the pagoda of Kaomine, on the banks of the river Yangtse-Kiang, and bear an inscription dated some centuries back, recording their origin.

Japanese Matches.

Dr. Hoffmann has exhibited to the London Chemical Society some small paper matches, which were lately given to him, and said to have been brought home from Japan. He lighted several of these matches, which burned with a small, scarcely luminous flame, a red-hot ball of glowing saline matter accumulating as the combustion proceeded. When about one-half of the match had been consumed, the glowing head began to send forth a succession of splendid sparks. The phenomenon gradually assumed the character of a brilliant scintillation, very similar to that observed in burning a steel spring in oxygen, only much more delicate, the individual sparks branching out in beautiful dendritic ramifications. His first idea, Dr. Hoffmann continued, had been to look for a finely divided metal in the mixture. But when examined in his laboratory, it had been found quite free from metallic constituents, and to contain carbon, sulphur and nitre only. These constituents were present in the following proportions:—carbon, 17.32; sulphur, 29.14; nitre, 53.54. Each match contained about forty milligrammes of the mixture, which was folded up in fine paper. There had been no difficulty in imitating these matches.

Adulterating Green Tea.

In coloring, or rather adulterating, green tea, a mixture compounded of gypsum and Prussian blue is laid on the leaves during the last process of roasting. This adulteration the Chinese do not hesitate to carry out on a systematic plan, and on a most extensive scale. Half a pound of paint or coloring material is mixed with each hundred pounds of green tea. The Chinese readily acknowledge the superiority of green tea uncolored, but plead in excuse for their adulterations the willful preference of the foreigner, by whom alone these teas are consumed.

Parchment.

Vegetable parchment is made by dipping ordinary paper for a few seconds into sulphuric acid containing one part water to six sulphuric acid; then washing it carefully, to remove every trace of acid. The result very closely resembles real parchment, and is extremely cheap.

Gun Cotton.

Gun cotton can be exploded with the utmost certainty by dropping a fragment of sodium upon it; it is not necessary that any moisture should be present. The phenomenon has been attributed to the peculiar chemical action or influence known as catalysis.

Facts and Fancies.

CURED OF A FOOLISH WHIM.

A CERTAIN great dandy—we will call his name Adonis Sweetcent—who lisped a great deal of soft nonsense, and imagined he was very sharp-witted, got recently decidedly sold, while quizzing a chap in the parlor of one of the most fashionable hotels at the "Hub," whom he took for a "backwoods' greeny."

Adonis had a singular habit, peculiarly original with him, of frequently repeating the *last word of his sentences* in conversation. For illustration; speaking of a young lady to whom he was introduced at a millitary levee a short time since, he remarked:

"Say, Fwed, such an angel as I saw there, nevaw, 'pon honaw, blessed me eyes before! Aw, she was celestial, celestial!"

Sauntering in the vicinity of the R— House, the other afternoon, he thought he saw the divinity just alluded to, smiling down on him from one of the windows of the ladies' saloon, and made bold to enter that edifice, and seek for a few moments, on some fabulous plea, sweet words from her adorable lips.

Mounting the broad staircase, he gained the apartment and entered, to find he had been mistaken in the person; though the lady whom he imagined had smiled upon him was "very fair to look upon." To his intense dissatisfaction, however, a man was sitting by her side, conversing, who, to all appearances, in the mind of Adonis, had just "come down."

Feeling sure that his elegant physique and faultless attire had attracted and charmed the lovely damsel from the casement, he paced slowly several times the length of the room, edging quite close to the alcove where she sat, every time. He wondered how the accomplished-looking miss could for a moment deign to speak to such a "countrified lout" as was then basking in the light of her beautiful eyes, and consoled himself with the thought that he must be some distant relative, on a short visit to the city, who had intruded into her unwilling presence on the strength of the "kindred tie," having somehow learned she was boarding at this public house. Every time he neared her seat he ogled at the sweet unknown in a style he considered quite irresistible, at the same time hurling a glance upon her companion that he intended should speak volumes of concentrated scorn, and mutely yet powerfully suggest of "pistols or broadswords for two."

At length, his uncommon manner actually attracted the notice of the two strangers—brother and sister, as they happened to be—and they began to wonder what ailed the evidently seriously distressed or weak-headed young man, who looked at them so peculiarly as he passed. Finally, the very kind-hearted Vermonter resolved to speak to Adonis, and learn, as he strongly suspected, if he had lost anything, and suspicioned *him* of being concerned in the loss; for the dark looks cast upon him began to be very unwelcome, to say the least. So the next time "city-bred" drew near he opened the way by rising and asking:

"Sir, is there anything peculiarly distasteful or suspicious about me? or pray why should you favor me with such ominous frowns?"

Considering himself basely insulted, by being thus openly addressed by a yeoman from the "rural districts," Mr. Sweetcent at first thought he would not even condescend a word in response; but on second consideration decided to favor the questioner with a most scathing satirical sally, that would no doubt annihilate the "flat," and establish himself at once in the good graces of the handsome maid, who he felt sure belonged to the *elite* circles of Boston, and considered the fellow a 'denced bore.'

So straightening himself up to the loftiest altitude his high-heeled boots would allow, and jingling the costly seals attached to his showy watch-chain with the ring-covered fingers of one of his fair, effeminate hands, at the same time bestowing a "killing glance" at the fair one, he disdainfully and ironically replied:

"Well, Mr. What's-your-name, from Ruralville, I opine, aw, to tell the truth, I'm suffering from a veraw bad headache, and having heard that the stuff called catnip up your way, was good for it, I was just on the point of asking you if your marm put any in your pocket, thinking your bewilderment on reaching Boston might bring on an attack of headache; because if she did, I should like a little for my landlady to make me some *tea-tea*."

Having delivered himself of this smart and "hitting" piece of humor, he cast significant looks around the room, to witness the approving smiles of those assembled. But his triumph was only momentary; for the young man thus addressed was as "keen as they make um," and not easily disconcerted, and instantly replied, with the greatest composure:

"I neglected to take anything of the kind with me you desire, Mr. Swell, but really think I could insure an excellent specific for your case. One of Squire Jones's best heifers calved last week, but her offspring proved a weak, puny thing, and didn't live but two days; and now if you will accompany me back to 'Ruralville,' I will guarantee that *cow shall supply you with all the TE-TE you would require*."

The effect of this "shot" was magical. Many laughed outright, and none louder and heartier than the lovely maiden upon whom Sweetcent had cast such beneficent and languishing glances. The wilted dandy, without any parley, rushed from the room and hotel. He was completely cured of repeating the last word of any of his sentences.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A story-teller relates the following, to show how fond people were of play, during the flush times on the Mississippi, before the war. He says:

I had been down in Arkansas, and during my stay in that country became acquainted with one of her citizens, concerning whom a very good story was told. He had been to Congress, and was noted for the great care he took of his personal appearance. The two dealers on the Mississippi River boats were wont to carry the peculiar implements of their profession in small mahogany boxes.

Our representative friend, upon a certain time,

having occasion to go up the river, took with him, for state-room convenience, a toilet box, which for a few minutes after getting on the boat he carried in his hand. His advent was very cheering to the souls of two or three Kentuckians on board, who had been all day itching to jump at a "tiger," thinking, from his foppish appearance and from the box he carried in his hand, that he was a member of the sporting fraternity. After consultation among themselves, one of the Kentuckians advanced toward Mr. —, and in a most affable tone bade him good evening. The salutation was returned courteously, and thus encouraged, Kentucky proceeded to interrogate:

"When you going to open up, stranger?"

"What did you observe, sir?" said the honorable member, not precisely understanding the drift of the remark.

"O! open up, you know; when are you going to give us a show agin the animil?"

"I don't understand your allusion, sir, in the least. I am entirely in the dark regarding your meaning in asking such questions, sir," was answered with dignity.

"O! a-playing the 'possum game are you? Maybe you think we aint game for your gun," said Kentucky, and as his companions came up, he exhibited a large roll of bills, and added, "Thar ar three such bundles in this crowd, stranger, and Kentucky boys arn't afraid to risk *their* money. Wont you open up this evening, stranger?"

Mr. — was growing angry; the passengers were beginning to press around; and in a voice bursting with wrath, he asked:

"For whom do you take me, sir, and what do you suppose is my business?"

"Take you for? What should we take you for? Aint that a fero box? Maybe you mean to say you are not a sporting gentleman, and never heard of sich a thing as a tiger!"

A light began to break upon the mind of the astonished gentleman from Arkansas. Anxious to correct a misapprehension which he saw extended to the passengers, he nervously unlocked his toilet box, and displayed to the vision of the Kentuckians his complement of combs and brushes, and other adjuncts of the toilet in triumph.

Silence was observed for a moment on both sides. Then the Kentuckians, with an air of disgust, turned away simultaneously, as one of them muttered:

"Stranger, we thought you war a sporting GENTLEMAN! But if we had a knowed you war a barber, we wouldn't have spoken to you."

A BOASTER FLANKED.

A country fellow was one day boasting about the swiftness of his horse, and declared that he could outrun anything which went upon four legs. A neighbor of his disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule!" said the boaster. "I'll bet you a hundred dollars to that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying down a hundred dollars.

The boaster began to be frightened at this. He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his owner

wouldn't plank a hundred dollars to run him against his horse. He began to hitch about uneasily. He put his hand in his pocket; he pulled it out again, and at last said:

"I don't know, I swow, about that tarnal mule; he may be the devil and all to run, for what I know."

"Do you back out, then?"

"Yes, I back out and treat."

So saying, he called in the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat anything which went upon four legs, except the mule.

"Why," said the other, "I've got a jackass that will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" said the other.

And "Done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down the hundred dollars.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster; "so I will, plaguy quick," taking out his pocket-book.

"Well, cover it if you dare, and I'll put another hundred on top of it. Why do you hesitate? Down with your dust, I say."

"I don't know, faith. I never saw that jackass of yours run," said the boaster, beginning to hesitate; "he may be the devil and all upon a race, for what I know."

"Do you flunk out, then?"

"Yes, flummux this time; but, by jingo, there is nothing else you can bring, except the jackass and the mule, but what my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so, faith."

"Why, if you're not quite certain, I'll bet you something I've got a negro that will outrun him."

"A nigger!"

"Yes; my nigger Tom will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that—there aint no nigger that ever breathed that can beat my horse."

"Very well—cover that."

As he said this, the man once more put down the hundred dollars.

"Now, plank your money, if you please."

"Plank it? So I will—don't you fear that."

Saying this, he once more took out his pocket-book, and began to fumble for the money.

"Come, man, down with your dust," said the other, taking out more money; "for I'm ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars—or two hundred, if you like it. Come! why do you hesitate? Here's three hundred dollars I'm ready to stake."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed the boaster, starting like a stuck pig; "three hundred dollars upon a nigger! I don't know, I swan."

"What, man—you are not going to get frightened again?"

"Frightened! O—no—O—no—it's no easy matter to frighten me; but really—"

"You mean to back out?"

"I declare, neighbor, I don't know what to think about it. It's a kind o' risky business."

"You forfeit the ten dollars, then?"

"Why, yes, s'pose I must," said the boaster, hanging over the money with an air of great mortification. "Better to lose this than more; for there's no knowing how fast these blamed niggers will run. But anything else you can bring, except the mule, the jackass and the nigger, I'm ready to run against."

PICTURES FROM REAL LIFE.



The tragedian at night, in a favorite character, at the Fleece'em Theatre.



The tragedian in the morning, after reading some criticisms in the daily papers.



The belle at night,



And in the morning.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Jacob and his brethren.



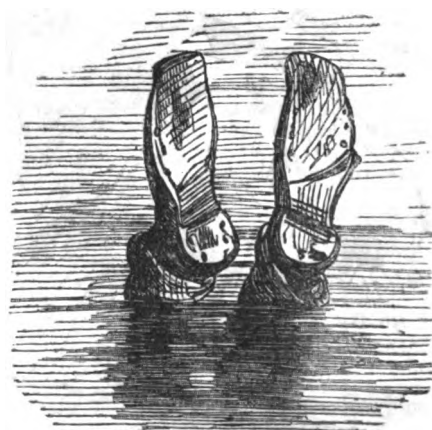
A hasty voyage around the world.



The convivial and spirited kiss



The Flying Dutchman.



An effort to save soles not worth saving.

BALLOU'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXIV.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1866.



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BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 1.....JULY, 1866.....WHOLE No. 139.  
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THE RHONE RIVER AND VALLEY.



VIESCH, AT THE FOOT OF THE EAGGISCHORN.

With the July number of our Magazine a new volume commences—the twenty-fourth. We do not propose to bore our readers with a long and statistical article, showing how much we have improved mankind by the publication of our serial, or to inform the public how many thousand copies have been issued since the Magazine made its first appearance, twelve years ago; but we will state, in a brief manner, that the circulation of BALLOU'S MONTHLY is larger now than ever before, that it meets with a ready sale from the counters of the periodical dealers, that subscribers still show their love for the publication by renewing their subscriptions, and that dozens of

letters reach us each week from mothers and fathers, from every section of the country, commending us for placing so attractive an intellectual feast before the community at so low a price, and expressing wonder how it can be done.

While returning thanks for the compliments received from the hands of patrons and the press, we would state that the past year has been one of anxiety and perplexity, on account of the high price and the scarcity of white paper. We did not, however, lose sight of our patrons' interest, and have put more expense in the Magazine than ever before, hoping that our reward would ultimately come along with

the decline in the price of paper, and the removal of the onerous United States tax on information.

With these few words to our patrons, we will now turn our attention to the illustration on the first page, a view of Vlesch, a picturesque and noted little village at the foot of the Eaggischorn, in the valley of the Rhone. It is well known to tourists that the Rhone is one of the most wonderful and interesting rivers in Europe. Rising in the Swiss Canton of Valais, not far from the sources of the Rhine, it pursues a circuitous but generally westward and southward course, towards the Gulf of Lyons in the Mediterranean Sea. Its length is about five hundred and eighty miles. Three hundred and fifty miles of it lie in France, and the remainder in one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of Switzerland. Plunging into the Lake of Geneva, its muddy waters emerge from it with a deep blue tint, but are soon made murky again by their union with the Arve. Its course is in many places through the most rugged mountain passes, and at the point where it enters France the scenery is inexpressibly grand.

In the engraving is a scene in the mountainous region through which the Rhone passes. It represents a rude hamlet, situated at the foot of the Eaggischorn. The hospice occupies a conspicuous place in the picture, as it does in the view itself, while on either hand tower the gigantic mountains covered with eternal snow.

The inhabitants of the country through which the Rhone passes are simple and honest. They are hardy and healthy, and exceedingly industrious. Their attachment to their country is one of their most conspicuous traits. They prefer to maintain the most wretched existence in their native land, rather than seek more lucrative employment beyond its limits. Their pursuits are simple, being chiefly agricultural. Basket-making, and such light work, is carried on to a considerable extent.

In the second engraving accompanying this subject, we present a scene illustrative of peasant life in this region. Hard work and poor fare is the lot of the peasants, but we have no doubt they are happier than many a rich city resident, troubled with sleepless nights and indigestion, dreams of poverty, and a prey to sharpeners. Some of our Boston citizens are now rambling along the Rhone, and they write home enthusiastic letters.

ANIMAL FLOWERS.

On the next page we present to the reader another beautiful collection of flower-shaped Polyps, or animal flowers of the ocean. Figure 1 in the engraving is a Serpent-Haired Anemone; so called because it seems to be shrouded in a shower of serpent-like hair, falling from its mouth. These projections are its tentacles by means of which its food is seized and conveyed to its mouth, which is seen in the centre of the mass. Figure 2 is a glassy Sea-Cucumber. This is regarded as one of the most perfect of all these wonders



of nature. The body is covered with a soft, leathery skin, sometimes furnished with calcareous plates or granules without spines. Along the sides are rows of feet or suckers, by means of which the motion of the animal is obtained. The mouth is surrounded by a row of branching and retractile tentacles, supported on an osseous ring which forms the rudiment of an internal skeleton. The sexes are distinct; some multiply by fission, but most by means of eggs. Figure 3 is a Sea-Urchin. This animal inhabits a globular case, with a flat base, formed of calcareous plates accurately fitted together in rows of larger alternating with smaller plates, the former covered upon the outside with movable spines like coarse bristles. These spines give to the animal the means of moving about. With them it also seizes upon its prey, and passes it along to its mouth, which is in the centre

portion of the shell. This being furnished with a powerful arrangement of teeth, small shell fish and crabs are easily devoured. Figure 4 is a Many-Fingered Alyconium. Each finger-like cell contains a Polyp, with tentacles like a Floret. All of these Polyps are vitally

day, trusting in the meantime that our brief mention of these wonderful objects may induce some of our readers to investigate the matter for themselves. They will find the study not only pleasant but profitable and no one who searches for cause and effect will regret the



ANIMAL FLOWERS.

attached to a central spine, which binds the entire group into one compound animal resembling a compound flower. There are numerous mouths to this animal, each leading to a separate stomach and by means of them food and nourishment are conveyed to it.

We shall resume this subject at some future

time or the small sum expended in producing such brilliant results. An aquarium is a never-ceasing source of pleasure. By its aid the first lessons can be taken, as profitably as those learned in a school-house, and may serve to yield much enjoyment to the children in the home circle.

IN-DOOR PLAY FOR CHILDREN.

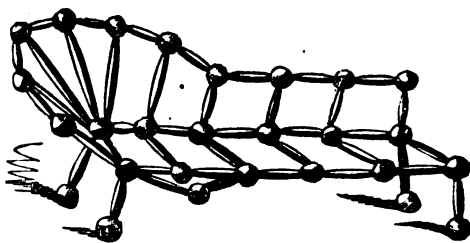
During the summer months there are many days when children cannot play out of doors on account of the heat and rain. After they are tired of reading or studying, they must have some amusement to keep them out of mischief. This article, and the illustrations, will show parents and the little folks how a complete set of furniture can be made out of a common article, simple and inexpensive, consisting of yellow peas, a sharp penknife, and some slight pieces of stick, like those used for the round lucifer-matches. Twelve hours before intending to commence work, place about half a cupful of the whole yellow peas in a basin of cold water, and allow them to remain in it, that they may soften and swell by the time they are required for use. Then strain the water off. Rub the peas slightly with a soft towel, to keep them from being so wet as to damp the fingers of the worker, or soften the points of the sticks. When thus soaked and rubbed, they will be solid, yet sufficiently soft to admit the pointed ends of the round sticks being fixed into them. Take one of the long round sticks, break four pieces off from it, all of one size, and about an inch in length. The four sticks can be longer or shorter than an inch, but it must be borne in mind that all the other pieces of stick afterwards broken off must be in relative proportion for that one figure.

Take a penknife, and carefully point both ends of each of the four sticks severed from the long one. Then select from the plate before you four nice peas, as nearly as possible of one size. Take one of the four pointed sticks in the right hand, and one of the peas in the left, and carefully holding them between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, gently press the pointed end of the stick far enough into the softened pea to make it hold firmly. Then take another pea, and fix it on the same way to the opposite point of the stick.

Take another of the four sticks and fasten it into the last-used pea, so that it may form a right angle with the stick already in it; the object being to make a square. Take another pea, press it on the point of the last-used stick then take a third stick, and fix the point of it into this pea—thus having two right angles or three sides of a square. A pea stuck on the opposite point of this stick, and the fourth stick stuck one point in the first and the opposite one in the last pea used, completes the square.

This square will be firm and straight, or uneven and rickety, exactly inasmuch as the four pointed sticks used are of one length, and have been gently and firmly stuck into the peas. On these two contingences alone will depend the success or failure of the worker, and hence too great care cannot be taken on these two points.

Premising that our square is complete in form and strength, take one of the long sticks, measure the length required to pass from one corner to the opposite one of the square, break it off the length considered sufficient, and also another stick the same length. Then break these two sticks exactly in half so that there are four short sticks of equal length. Point both ends of each of these four short sticks. Take one nice yellow pea, not too large, from the plate before you; and having the four short sticks ready



pointed, take one and press the point into one side of the pea. Now take another short stick, and fix the point of it in the same pea, but directly opposite the last stick, so that it shall look, indeed, as though it were one straight stick running through the centre of the pea. Take another short stick, push it into the same pea, but at an equal distance from each of the last two; then take the remaining short stick, and fix it in the same pea opposite the last one. It will now have the appearance of two sticks running through the pea, and crossing each other in the centre.

Now fasten these four sticks, with the pea in the centre, to the inside of the square first made, and for which it was measured. To do this will require a little care by the young beginner as carelessness and haste will inevitably cause some of the peas to split, and then fresh ones will have to be inserted in their place, and hence the work in a measure done over again. But with very little care this vexation may be avoided, as the pointed ends

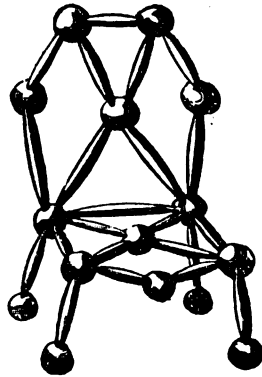
of the four short sticks should be pressed into the peas forming the corners of the square just half-way between the two sticks already in them, and, as the centre-piece is to lie flat, as nearly on a level with the square as possible. This square with the centre filled, forms, in the present instance, the bottom of a small square basket.

Now cut and point four sticks, half as long again as those used for the sides of the square, and stick them into the four peas which form the corners of the square. These sticks are to form the sides of the basket, and hence must not be quite perpendicular to the square, but oblique or wider apart at the top than at the bottom. Fix four peas on the upright points of these sticks. Then take a long piece of stick. Measure the distance between two of the sticks on which the peas were last stuck. Break it off, and then break the same stick into two equal lengths; break six more sticks the same length as these two, and point both ends of the eight carefully. This done, take one of the eight pointed sticks, fix it into the side of one of the peas on the stick standing up from the corner of the square; then put another pea on the opposite end of the stick last used. Take another of the eight sticks, fix one point of it in the last pea, and the opposite point in the pea already on the stick standing up from the next corner of the square. Repeat this on the three other sides with the remaining six sticks. The top part of the basket will now be a square about double the size of the bottom, and with a pea in the centre of each side, as well as at the corners of the square.

Next take a long stick, and measure the length that will be required to go from the pea at the corner of the first or small square at the bottom of the basket, to the pea in the centre of the side of the large square at the top. Break off eight sticks of this length; and point the ends of each. Then fix them in the places for which they were measured. This will require a little patience; but if care be taken not to hold any part of the basket except the one stick at the moment in use, and the peas into which the points are to be stuck, it may be easily and safely accomplished.

Our simple basket is now complete, with the exception of a handle; and to make that, five, six, seven, or eight pointed sticks, as the size of the basket may require, or the worker's taste may suggest, may be used, with peas between to make a half circle, the ends of the sticks on each side of it being fastened into

the peas in the sides of the top of the basket. Round baskets can also be made. They are much prettier, and at the same time more difficult and complicated for an amateur. To make a circular basket, eight pointed sticks, of equal length, should be stuck into one pea, to make a circle. Peas should be stuck on the eight standing-out points of these sticks, then short sticks fastened between them to make the circle firm and complete. Eight more sticks must be used to stand up in these peas for the side of the basket; eight peas stuck on their top points, and eight sticks between them, as at the outside of the circle. The handle for the round basket can be either single or double.



The double handle is made with two half-circles of peas and sticks of equal length and number; then some short sticks are stuck each end into opposite peas of the two single handles or half-circles. It is thus made wide and strong, and the two sticks at each end are stuck into peas at opposite sides of the basket.

The only difficulty in constructing this round basket is in making it firm, and keeping the pea which forms the centre of the circle at the bottom from splitting. But as circles made in this manner are requisite for wheels of carriages, perambulators, omnibuses, the tops of tables, and, indeed, for dozens of things that can be made with this pea-work, of great ingenuity and beauty, the little practice and patience which makes perfect is amply repaid by the result.

To make a small drawing-room chair—or rather the model of one—with this work, cut and point four stick about half an inch in length. Fix these four sticks into one pea, to look like two sticks passing through the pea,

as described for the bottom of the square basket. Then press four peas on the four unoccupied points of those sticks. Take two more sticks about the length of those just used, point the ends, and stick each of them between two of the four peas. These sticks must be opposite one another; and, as will be seen, we have no intention of making an absolutely square seat. Now measure the length required for a stick to pass from one pea to the other on a side where the two small ones had not filled up the space; cut off the stick, point and fix it in the space for which it was measured. For the front part of the seat, cut and point two sticks the slightest degree shorter than any yet used in the chair; fix both of them in a pea, so as to form an obtuse angle; then stick the other ends into the two peas between which a space still remains.

For the back of the chair, cut and point four sticks about three-quarters of an inch in length. Stick two of them, almost perpendicularly, one into each pea, between which runs the longest stick in the seat of the chair, and press a pea on each of the two upright points. Now take the two remaining sticks, and fix them into a pea, so that they form an angle. Then cut and point two shorter than these, and push them in the same pea on the opposite side, so that they also, though shorter, form an angle. Now fix the ends of the two longer sticks in the same pea as the first two upright sticks for the back were stuck, and this, being for the centre of the back, must be equally perpendicular to the seat as the two first were. Press two peas on the upright points of the two short sticks, the other ends of which are in the centre pea of the back. Then cut and point three sticks about the length of the two short ones; fix one of these sticks between the pea on the top of the perpendicular stick at the right side of the back, and the pea on the point of the short stick nearest to it. Take another stick, and fix it between the two centre peas at the top of the back. The third stick, if fastened between this pea on the other side and the pea at the point of the perpendicular stick at the left side of the back completes this part of the chair.

For the legs of the chair, cut and point four short sticks about half an inch in length; put peas on one end of each of these four sticks; and fix the other ends into the four peas which form the corners of the seat; the chair will then be complete. When the pieces

of pea-work are finished, they should be allowed to stand on a plain surface and dry. The peas soon shrink to their original size, retaining, however, the shapened points of the sticks in them, and thus render it firmer, and less liable to break.

Very elaborate forms, which are required to keep without breaking for some length of time, can be rendered still more secure by dipping the chair, carriage, whatever it may be, in a weak solution of gum as soon as it is finished, and before the peas have time to dry. If the piece of work that is wished to be strengthened is too large to be dipped in a bowl of gum, the peas can be painted over with a camel-hair brush, dipped in the mucilage.

This sort of play may be rendered very amusing, and the more ingenious those are who are engaged in it, the more satisfaction will be derived from its pursuit.

THE ARCH ROCK.

The engraving on page 11 is an excellent view of the famous Arch Rock at Mackinaw, in Lake Huron. The island on which this curiosity is situated, lies at the entrance to the Straits of Mackinaw, which connect Lakes Huron and Michigan. The rock has been hollowed out into a cavern by the action of the water on the sand stone. The opening faces the lake to the north, and the arch is one of the most perfect specimens of natural architecture extant. The interior forms a large cavern, and is, among other things, noted for its powerful reverberation of sounds. It is frequently visited by tourists, who are charmed with this wonderful *chef-d'œuvre* of Nature. The crown of the arch is about forty feet above the ground, and one hundred and forty feet above the lake. The view from the top is magnificent.

The town of Mackinaw, near which the Arch is situated, was early celebrated as a fur trading-post. It is now a town with a population of about two thousand, and has a flourishing trade. It is the site of a military post of the United States—Fort Mackinaw—which is built on a rocky eminence, one hundred and fifty feet high, and commands the town.

Mackinaw is also a noted watering-place and fashionable resort for the people of the Western States and Canada. It is admirably situated for this purpose, and is thronged with visitors every season. To the tourist it is one of the most attractive spots in the



THE ARCH ROCK.

world, and it is a shame that its beauties are not more appreciated. It seems to be the firm conviction of the people of this country that America does not possess sufficient attractions for them, and they rush off to Eu-

rope before they have seen anything of their own land. Now we would not be understood as condemning any one for wishing to see the wonders of the Old World; we simply say it shows a lack of common sense not to inform



THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

one's self about one's own country before seeking foreign lands. This great continent, from Baffin's Bay to Cape Horn, has just as many attractions to the traveller as Europe, if indeed it has not more—the difference being that in Europe one may witness the triumphs of human skill and art, and here the

triumphs of Nature and Nature's God. In its bold mountains, broad rivers, great lakes, and all the charms which make natural scenery attractive, America stands without a peer. What a pity, then, that the Americans as a class seem to care so little for their country.

SUMMER IN THE WOODS.

BY EARL MARBLE.

O, the blessed solitude
Of the deep, majestic wood,
In the fervent July days,
Sheltered from the sun's fierce rays
Safe from dusty, burning street,
In this tranquil, cool retreat!

Many years ago, when I
Sauntered through life's hot July,
When the fragrant breath of June
Cooled the air of manhood's noon,
Here I walked with Mabel Clare,
Safe from passion's scorching air.

Ah, the love she gave to me!
Soft and gentle, rich and free,
Like the breath of apple-blooms,
Stealing through the heart's dull rooms,
As the luscious winds of May
Melt the winter's chill away.

How she lavished on my soul
That rich love that was our goal!
How each summer afternoon
Waned until the evening moon
Jewelled with her silver light
Elae the sable robe of Night!

How we cherished those bright hours,
Carpeted with wildwood flowers,
Lengthening into blissful days,
Sweetened by the wild-bird's lays,
As the magic days flew by
To sweet Mabel Clare and I!

Ah! we thought that sorrow ne'er
Had in store a sigh or tear
For the future days which should
Settle o'er our sylvan wood:
Bright and happy, fair and clear,
Looked the future to us here.

But the angel Death one day
Came relentlessly our way;
Came, and bore my Mabel Clare
Up to heaven's purer air;
Leaving our majestic wood
Deeper still in solitude.

Ah, the sad and lonely ways,
That were bright in other days!
Ah, the whispered, fervent vow,
Which but dreams can bring me now!
Ah, the perfect bliss of yore!
Ne'er shall earth-life view it more.



But when Death again shall come,
To add up life's earthly sum,
And I leave the shades of earth
To dwell where sweet Love had birth,
I know who will meet me there,—
My own darling Mabel Clare.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

This is the name given to a remarkable group of islands belonging to Great Britain, lying in the South Atlantic, between the fifty-first and fifty-third degrees of south latitude, and the fifty-seventh and sixty-second degrees of longitude west from Greenwich. They consist altogether of about two hundred islands, large and small, only two of which—East and West Falkland—are of any considerable size. The former occupies an area of three thousand square miles, and the latter of two thousand square miles. The others vary in size, from islands sixteen miles in length, and eight in breadth, to mere islets of half a mile diameter. The whole group is indented in a remarkable manner by numerous bays and harbors, which afford fine anchorages for vessels. The population is small, being not over eight hundred. The only town is an English settlement, called Stanley, at the head of Port William, an inlet on the northeast coast. It is a free port, is easily entered, is well protected, and affords a safe anchorage. It is a favorite resort for vessels in those waters, as they may there obtain fresh beef, fowls, vegetables and fresh water in abundance, and at very moderate charges.

The south coast is so low and flat, that it cannot be seen from the deck of a vessel five miles distant, but on the north, the shore is very high and abrupt, and further inland the hills attain a height of twenty-two hundred feet. Parts of the islands are very rocky, and a curious geological spectacle may be witnessed on the hills, in the form of streams of stones which appear to flow down their rocky sides. These streams are generally from twenty to thirty feet wide, but in some places extend to a width of over a quarter of a mile. Viewed from the heights, the islands present a strikingly bleak and desolate appearance. The surface is generally covered with a long, coarse grass, which is most luxuriant in those places where it is washed by the spray of the sea. There are no trees, but in November and December the islands are literally covered with a variety of sweet-scented wild flowers. The climate is not changeable, and is remarkably salubrious, there being no extremes of either heat or cold. The ordinary range of the thermometer is between thirty and fifty degrees in the winter, and between forty and sixty-five degrees in the summer. So far as yet tried, all kinds of vegetables produced in England have been found to

thrive here, but fruit and bread-stuffs cannot be raised.

The principal occupation of the inhabitants consists in raising wild cattle. Originally a few animals were landed by the settlers from Buenos Ayres, and the natural increase of these has been so great, that they now number fully one hundred thousand, or more. They grow to a large size, and are very fat. The wild horses of the islands are especially noted for their excellence.

Seals and wild fowl are found to a great extent. The engraving on page 12 represents a cliff on the coast, covered with birds, who deposit large quantities of eggs along the shore. The penguins, albatrosses and others, have worn difficult paths in the sides of the cliffs by walking to and fro between their nests and the water. The whalers engaged in these waters, some years ago, used frequently to run into some of the numerous inlets and anchor, and await the approach of the whales which come into the bays in search of food, where they could secure them. The sailors would ascend the heights by the paths made by the birds, and obtain regular supplies of fresh eggs, and fowls. Wild geese were so numerous, and so easily killed, that in the course of a long cruise, the men made a common practice of gathering supplies of fine feathers, which they either took home for beds, or sold after the voyage was ended.

It is not likely that the islands will ever be of much use, save as a station for supplying vessels with fresh water and provisions.

TOWER ROCK, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On page 15 we give a view of this famous landmark. It is nearly equi-distant from St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, on the west side. It is a column about fifty feet in diameter, rising fifty feet in height above the ordinary surface of the water, and crowned with a luxuriant growth of stunted trees and shrubbery. Higher up, on the Illinois shore of the river, is a mass of rock, nearly sixty feet high, which, from its peculiar shape, and from an aperture in the southern side, has obtained the appellation of "The Devil's Bake Oven." This latter appears to have been, by some violent means separated from the adjacent cliff that overhangs it. In descending the Mississippi, on approaching Tower Rock, there will be noticed in its neighborhood several other masses of rock resembling columns and towers; these, however, are not isolated, but

are connected with the shore, whereas the tower stands alone in the river, in the centre of a deep channel, breasting a current that is

here stronger than anywhere else on the river, below the "Rapids." In the vicinaga, on both shores, are several other curiously



TOWER ROCK, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

formed rocks, which have obtained fanciful appellations, as the "Devil's Pulpit," "Devil's Grave," etc. A few miles further up, on the Missouri shore, are the "Cornice Rocks," so called from the appearance of their tops, which look as if regularly wrought into a cornice. These rocks extend to the height of one hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly above the surface of the river. They form a solid wall, rising out of the water, and stretching along its margin for a considerable distance, marked the whole way by the cornice, which seems to have been produced by the abrasion of a mighty current that formerly



QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

swept near the top of the rocks. The "Cornice Rocks," "Tower Rock," etc., on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, form what may be termed the spur of the Merrimack hills, a line of highlands that extend northwardly to the Gasconade River. The "Devil's Bake Oven," diagonally opposite the "Tower Rock," is the abrupt termination of the "Illinois Bluffs," those stupendous cliffs, averaging one hundred and fifty feet in height, which enclose the "American Bottom," and extend semi circularly from above the mouth of the Missouri to this point, having all the way the same cornice, or water-marks, which characterize the "Cornice Rocks."

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

The engraving on this page is different from the usual portraits of this unfortunate lady. It is taken from a rare print by Hollar, after Holbein, and is believed to be one of the best likenesses of Anne in existence. The events of her brief and romantic life are so well known to the general reader, that we shall simply offer here a mere outline of her history.

She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, and at the age of fifteen went to France as maid of honor to the Princess Mary of England, betrothed to Louis XII., but did not return to England with her mistress, who was left a widow three years later. She was attached to the household of the Queen of Francis I., and after the death of that lady entered the service of the Duchess of Alençon, the sister of the French king. Finally she returned to England, and became maid of honor to Queen Catharine, the wife of Henry VIII.

While at the French court, she was noted for the liveliness and indecency of her conversation, as well as for her beauty and accomplishments; but on her return to England, she became "the very pink of propriety," in all things. She attracted the attention of the king, who was not slow to avow his passion for her; but she refused to listen to his advances, although she declared her love for him. She told him that as there could be no marriage between them, he having a wife already, she had engaged to marry Lord Percy of Northumberland. The king, however, was not to be put off in this way, so he set to work to get rid of his wife, which undertaking was accomplished in a manner too familiar to all to require repetition here. Queen Catharine was divorced, and the king privately married Anne Boleyn, first creating her Marchioness of Pembroke. The Reformation was now in progress, and its political events greatly aided the unscrupulous monarch in carrying out his plans. The new queen was crowned on the 1st of June, 1533, and three months later gave birth to a daughter, destined to become the great Queen Elizabeth.

Anne Boleyn's happiness was now at its height, but was not of long duration. The affections of the king were finally alienated from her by one of her own maids of honor, Jane Seymour; and Henry, taking advantage of her thoughtless conduct, brought her to trial upon grave charges affecting her honor as a wife, and her loyalty as a subject. The trial was conducted with unnecessary harsh-

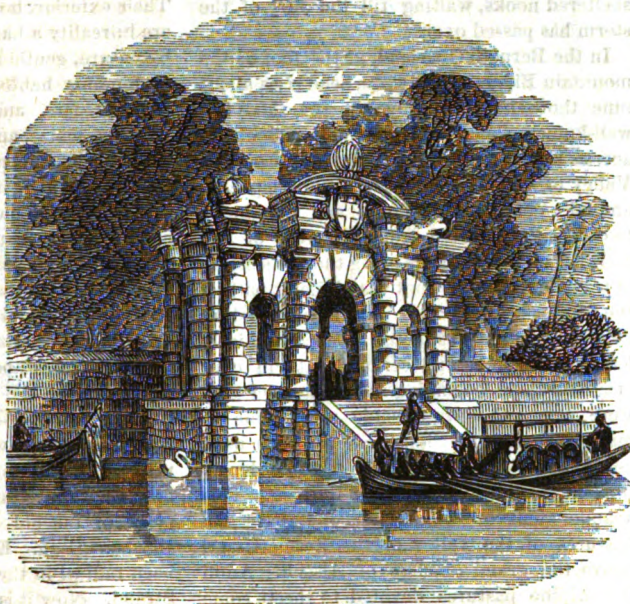
ness on the king's part, and resulted in her conviction. The sentence of death was pronounced upon her, and she was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 26th of May, 1536.

Her character is one concerning which it is extremely difficult for the impartial student of history to form a decided opinion. She lived during one of the most momentous periods of the world's progress, and was concerned actively in its events. Being the friend of the Reformers, she has been as injudiciously prized by them, as she has been denounced by the Roman Catholics, each party seeming to think that the question of her individual reputation can affect the great principles at issue between them. The latest light that has been shed upon the subject is from the history of Mr. Froude, who defends the character of Henry in a masterly manner, and yet he has not proved what he undertakes to prove; for no earthly power can conceal from the world the selfish and corrupt character of Henry. He repudiated the Catholic religion because the Pope would not grant him a divorce from Catharine; yet no one supposes that he would have done so if his requests had been complied with. And even after Henry had renounced the authority of the Pope, he lived and died a Catholic; yet without Henry's aid it is extremely probable that England would not have become Protestant for many years, even if he had joined the Reformers at all. No amount of fine writing can excuse the murder of Anne. She was young and thoughtless, and Henry was hot-headed and impatient. He wanted a change of wives, and succeeded in carrying his point as often as such change was desirable. No one but Mr. Froude ever undertook to make a saint out of the king; and we think that he will find it difficult to accomplish the part he has chosen.

A WAGGISH REMARK.—A friend has a dog so very serious that even his tail has not the least bit of a wag about it.

SWITZERLAND SHEEP-PASTURES.

Above the mountain-ranges appropriated to the cows as their summer domain, rise another tier of heights, which are only reached by such rugged and impracticable paths, that the horned cattle, accustomed as they are to climb the mountain-sides, dare not attempt their ascent. Jagged peaks, steep precipices, tiers of naked rocks, overhanging unfathomable depths, are the principal features they exhibit. Yet even amid this wild heterogeneous array of nature, the earth is not entirely barren; firs and other hardy shrubs ornament the steep slopes, and fringe the edges of the



YORK HOUSE GATEWAY, LONDON.

summits. These acclivities are recognized as the Schaf Alpen; and here, regardless of fear, the sheep and goats make paths for themselves across the slippery rocks, and browse upon such stunted vegetation as they may find there. For at least nine months in the year, these Alps are not available for either sheep or goats, being entirely carpeted with snow; and it is only in the beginning of July that it melts in those parts most exposed to the sun, and the shepherds are able to mount with their flocks. Even then, the verdure is very weak and straggling, and the plants quickly run to seed, concentrating all their strength in the roots, which sink deeply into the moist earth. The different species found

in these elevations are represented by dwarf varieties; even some of the trees, which are also found in the peat-grounds of Lapland, hardly attaining the height of a few inches. The only habitations found on these solitudes are the slanting-roofed chalets, constructed for the use of the shepherds; and these are so far apart, that it often happens a peasant will go up for the summer with the sheep committed to his care, and remain at his post for weeks without seeing any human being. There is no shelter provided for the sheep, except that which nature affords; and in bad weather they may be seen crouching together under overhanging rocks, and in crevices or sheltered nooks, waiting till the fury of the storm has passed over.

In the Bernese Oberland, at the foot of the mountain Elger, whose white head rises about nine thousand feet above the sea, there is a well-known sheep Alpage, very difficult of access, and lying at a great distance from the Valley of Grindelwald. Here the shepherds annually conduct their flocks, and remain for two months isolated from the rest of the world, their only visitors being those occasional travellers who attempt the difficult path of the Straleck, which lies over the surrounding glaciers. In some spots the sheep are entirely left to themselves, and scramble at will over crag and slope, becoming as wild as ever they were before they were made serviceable to man; the only provision made for their need being a supply of salt, which some hardy peasant periodically carries up to them. This abandonment of the flocks happens in the pastures of the valley of the Zermatt, and above the grand glaciers of Alsech. Amid the Alpine pastures devoted to sheep, some are so extensive that several thousands of these animals find nourishment on their heights. An excellent idea of the value and size of these sheep Alpages may be had by taking the Guallschafberg, in L'Urtenenthal, as a specimen. Here a large revenue is gained from the tax on the flocks sent to graze there.

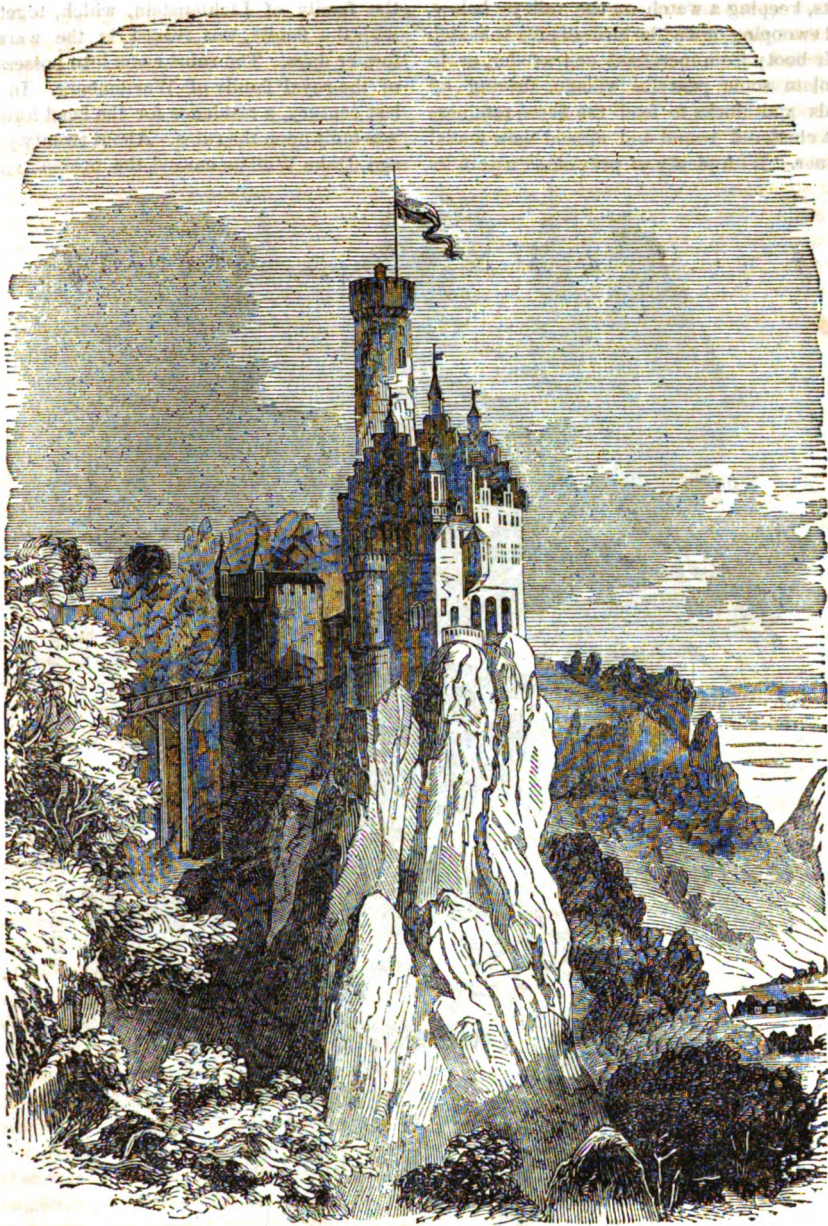
Although sheep form one of the sources of profit to Switzerland, feeding as they do off almost inaccessible vegetation, and furnishing in return both butcher-meat and coarse wool, which fetches a fair market-price, they are not made the subject of much special care by agriculturists, and consequently their race presents nothing remarkable in fineness or beauty of breed. There has latterly been an attempt to improve the breed by crossing it with that of other countries; but the rigorous

lives and unsheltered weather to which these animals are exposed on the heights, and the little attention they can receive when there, prevents much success.

The men who inhabit the Italian side of the Alps are in appearance a dark, scowling race, with long black hair, hanging in tangled curls around their necks; their faces, bronzed by the sun, appear under their large flapping hats, wild and fierce; their dress is a rough, brown, home-spun cloth; and over their shoulders they carry a white blanket. To judge by appearances, one might set them down as Sicilian robbers, transported for some offence to the centre glaciers of the north. Their exterior, however, belies them, for they are in reality a hardy and honest race of men; by nature, gentle and peaceful; of extremely abstemious habits, being contented with the simplest fare, and indeed living on water, pollenta, maize, and cheese of their own making. Their sheep, which they drive before them, have as little claim to beauty as themselves; lean and meagre, after a toilsome march and winter's scanty fare, with long hanging ears, they linger at every blade of herbage or vestige of food that crosses their path. Thus they may be seen in July, winding through the ascents and slopes of the valley of Engadine to the pastures above.

. YORK GATE.

The traveller who visits London at the present day can form but a faint idea of what it was not quite three centuries ago. In the place of the old London of that day, a new city has arisen. Especially have the changes been radical in the great street known as the Strand. Now it is a busy, bustling place of trade, containing many of the largest book-stores and publishing houses in the city; then it was the head-quarters of the aristocracy. From London Bridge to Whitehall, the banks of the Thames were studded with the dwellings of some of the proudest and richest of the English nobility, their broad and tasteful gardens reaching to the river, and ornamented with magnificent water stairs and gateways. One of the most famous of these was the gateway to York House, which is represented in the engraving on page 17. At that time the principal means of travelling through the city was by water, each gentleman having his private barge, those of the nobility being often constructed on a scale of great magnificence. The only relic of the old times now existing is the gardens of the Temple. All else has



CASTLE OF LICHTENSTEIN.

given place to the ruthless hand of modern enterprise. In those old days the Thames was constantly covered with a fleet of private and public wherries, bearing freights of beautiful women and gay gentlemen, passing from garden stair to garden stair, or to other points of the city, and gliding gracefully among the flocks of swans sailing upon the river.

CASTLE OF LICHTENSTEIN.

The castle of Lichtenstein, Wurtemberg, of which we publish an excellent engraving, is one of the most striking buildings in Germany. Though of modern construction, it imitates accurately the style of the feudal fortresses in which the robber-chiefs of former days ensconced themselves like the eagles in their

nests, keeping a watch on the valleys below, and swooping down like birds of prey to snatch their booty from merchant or traveller, or to desolate some peaceful village, driving off herds and flocks to feed the fierce retainers that clustered round and upheld their feudal banner. With plenty of provisions within its

the family of Lichtenstein, which, together with the family, was ruined in the wars of former days. The ruins came into possession of the royal family of Wurtemberg. In the last century, a residence for the head forester was built upon the ruins. About twenty years ago, Duke William caused the present struc-



RUDE RIAN AND THE CHIEFTAIN.—(See page 24.)

walls, such a fortress laughs at besiegers. A few men could hold out such a position against an enemy before the days of artillery. On the summit of the rock delineated in our picture, which rises perpendicularly to a height of seven hundred feet from the valley of Echatzthal, in Wurtemberg, stood in ancient time, a "Ritterburg," or baronial castle, belonging to

ture to be built, and has thereby added another feature to the picturesque beauty of the spot, and restored the halls where his ancestor, Duke Ulrich, retired from the cares and troubles of the world. The present castle is from the design of Herr Heidelhoff, and the sketch was sent us by an American gentleman, now travelling in Europe.

PE-TI-O-KI-MA.

A STORY OF INDIAN GRATITUDE.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER I.

A SEA OF FLAME!

"THEN you will not go back with us, Rube?" said the captain of a band of amateur hunters who had resolved to return home, as the game had been driven away by the Indians (among whom hostilities had broken out), and the chance of sport would but little compensate for the danger.

"Me go back? Do yer think I am er coward? I haint travelled these ar perarers nigh onto er dozen years ter be skeart now, I kin tell yer."

"But you would be a fool to remain alone. What can you gain by staying? You only put your scalp in jeopardy."

"I don't rightly know what that ar thing is, but I do know that I aint ter be turned back by er pack of stories erbout ther Injuns. As fer bein' all alone, I'll be ther safer. I started ter have er roast buffeller hump, and I am er goin' ter do it."

"Well, well, a willful man will have his way. We would like to have your company very much. In fact, we are not contented to leave you where you are in certain danger of being killed."

"I'll take good keer of myself, never fear, and only hope that you will live as long."

"Then nothing will induce you to alter your decision? Come, go with us—that's a good fellow."

"Do yer see that ar rifle? With that and plenty of powder and lead I aint erfeared ter face er hull tribe of red-skins. But thar's no use in our havin' any perlaiver erbout it. I aint er goin' ter be turned from ther trail any more than the big bull the Pawnees tell on, that shook the red bolts of lightning from his head. No, no, I'm er goin' on. Yer kin do jest as yer have a mind ter."

"Then we might as well part here. I am sorry that it should be so. Some of us have wives and families that are waiting anxiously for our return."

"Wal, I s'pose it's natural that you should do so. You live in cities like the perarer dogs, and I'm used ter being erlone. Yes, we mought as well part here as anywhere, ef it's

ter be so. Ther trail is so plain that er blind man could find it in ther dark, or I'd go back with yer. It shan't never be said that I led any man into danger and then deserted him. I'd lose my own life fust."

A hasty dinner had been eaten while the conversation was going on, and after trying every means to change the decision of their guide, the party packed up their scanty camp furniture and started again for civilization. To them it was a matter of regret to leave one who had been their companion for days, and who had gained both their love and respect by his sterling honesty and courage, thus alone in the most lonely of all other places in the world—an almost limitless prairie. But it was not so with him. His home was wherever the night overtook him. He had no ties to bind him to civilization, and he loved the solitude far better than the smoke and noise of crowded cities.

A cordial and hearty shake of the hand and they separated, he remaining standing still and motionless as a statue, leaning upon his long rifle until a swell in the prairie concealed them from his sight. Then he carefully extinguished the fire, mounted his horse and rode slowly westward.

Very few men were as well qualified to perform the task of penetrating into the very heart of the Indian country, and that, too, in a time of war, as Rube Rian. He had been born and reared amid the hostile scenes of the far western frontier, and like the lion's whelp had drank in courage and strength with his mother's milk. In a company of athletes he would have been a marked man, for he was much above the usual height, long of limb, and muscled like an ox. Thirty years had only matured his form and strung his nerves with iron, and as he sat upon his horse with his long, black hair streaming down upon his shoulders from beneath his wolf-skin cap, his buckskin hunting-shirt glittering with quill and bead work, and his leggins decorated with crimson fringe—his weather-bronzed face lighted with a smile—his eyes flashing as subtle and keen as those of a lynx, and his lip curling in scorn at the fears of those he had just parted from, he looked the very person-

ification of recklessness and daring—a man who was perfectly self-reliant—whom nothing could daunt, and to whom the sternest trials and privations of a wild prairie life would be but pastime. And he looked what he really was, for few names were as well known as his from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.

"Come, old feller," he said, patting the neck of his dappled chestnut horse, whose mane and tale floated in silver waves. "Come, old feller, we ar all erlone now, but it aint the fust time, by er long shot. Manyer weary and er dangerous ride we've had since ther day I fust caught yer, and ef yer only understood, you'd give er regular hoss-laugh at them city chaps. Thar aint as much courage in the hull lot on 'em as thar is in your foretop." And he whistled cheerily and urged him forward into a long gallop, sitting as easily as if he had been motionless, and seeming as much a part of the noble quadruped as if the fabled Centaur had been a living reality.

It was noon when he parted from his companions, and he paused not for rest until the night-birds were upon the wing, and the darkness was almost palpable around, for the storm clouds velled both moon and stars. Not a landmark was in sight. All was a waste of wilderness—a trackless, treeless, almost shrubless prairie around him. But all times and all situations were alike to him, and after unsaddling and securing his horse, eating his rude supper of jerked venison and smoking his pipe, he wrapped his blanket around him and "laid down to pleasant dreams," with as much feeling of security as if he was one of a camp of hundreds, coralled and fortified, and with many an armed man upon the watch.

But prairie calms are ever treacherous, not alone from the elements, but from the savage dwellers thereon, who come swift as the lightning and silent as death. From his first dream he was awakened by the snorting of his horse, and looking up, saw him trembling with terror, and straining wildly at the hair rope that held him from freedom.

"What is ther matter with yer?" he exclaimed, as he rubbed his eyes. "Some starved devil of er wolf bin er prowlin' eround, or—great kingdom! it can't be mornin' already?" And he sprang to his feet and looked anxiously around.

No, it was not morning—and yet the sky was far more red than he had ever seen it at sunrise. One glance told him all. The prairie was on fire—the long, dry grass was blazing on every side—he was completely sur-

rounded by the hissing, leaping flames! The red men had kindled the fire to drive away all of game, and clear for themselves a path by which to ride the more rapidly to victory or to death!

"By ther great heavings!" he exclaimed, as he threw the saddle upon his startled horse, unfastened him and sprang upon his back. "By ther great heavings! the cussed red-skins have set ther perarer on fire, and I am hemmed in ter er dead sartinty. But we wont give it up so, old feller;" and he urged his horse forward.

Decision was forced upon him in the instant—there was no time for thought. Every beat of his heart brought the flames nearer—and the thick, black smoke—the dark billows of suffocation, were already beginning to roll in his face. All his nerve was needed now. In another moment he would be in the midst of the surging sea of flame, and there was nothing left for him to do *but to attempt to pass through it!* Leaping to the ground, he tore his blanket from beneath the saddle, cut it into pieces, blindfolded his horse, velled his own face with the same coarse material, and mounting again, dashed onward.

Hotter and yet more hot grew the air, and denser the smoke, and his heels were driven into the throbbing flanks, and the noble steed sped onward, as if running a race. Then the red flames, scathing and furious as if bursting from the open furnaces of a volcano, struck both horse and man. Their hair crisped—their flesh blistered, and the iron arm and merciless spur could scarcely drive the frantic steed forward. It was brute force and unflinching courage—mind and matter against the most terrible of all the elements, and unless there was speedy relief the former must bow to the conqueror.

On! still on! And now the flames appeared to be less terrible—the air cooler—the blood to boil less fiercely, and hope began to spring up again in the breast of the scout. One effort more and they would be safe. The gallant steed responds to the call of the rider. There is a matchless burst of speed, and then he reels, totters and falls to the ground never to rise again.

"Thank God!" dropped from the lips of the man, as he tore away the covering from his face. "May the good Lord be thanked. I am safe."

Safe? Yes—but horseless. The mane and tail that but an hour before waved like silver streamers are gone, and the dappled chestnut

skin is a scarred and crisped mass of deformity. Now, indeed, he is alone in the wilderness, and the strong man looks upon the swollen wreck of the prairie hunter's best friend—his horse—at once his pride and his safety, and weeps like a child.

CHAPTER II.

THE FREEMASONRY OF THE PRAIRIES.

THERE can scarcely be conceived a more terrible situation than that in which Rube Rian found himself. The ground was glowing beneath his feet—his lungs were filled with the noxious smoke—his blood seemed boiling within him—his hair was scorched—his skin blistered, and a terrible thirst had fastened upon him.

Water! water! or death!

But where should he turn for it? Almost as well look amid the burning sands of Sahara. To search was a hopeless task; but with all the complicated terrors around him he never for a single moment thought of giving way—never allowed despair to enter his mind. His rifle and his knife were safe, and why should he not be? But the parched and blackened earth swam around him as he struggled, faint and dizzy, onward. His limbs almost failed him. The terrible ordeal through which he has just passed would have been certain death to any but such a man. Madness would have turned his brain and he have wandered on purposeless or died then and there.

But his strained eyes suddenly fasten upon a sight that thrills him to the very heart, and gives him strength again. There is a little circle of grass still standing and he knows that it surrounds a pool. It may be stagnant, but it is still water, and soon he is drinking his fill, and laving his parched hands and face. Then, when satisfied, he flung himself down amid the long grass, thanking Heaven in his rude and unlettered way, and gave himself up to rest until the morning light shall come again.

But that light, instead of giving him safety, placed him in a still more dangerous situation. Now the Indians would be upon the war-path—would be watchful, and could see him for a very long distance. He had nothing but his own strength to trust to—his noble, faithful steed was food for the ravenous wolf and the croaking buzzard.

"Ef I only had my horse now," he mutter-

ed from between his parched and swollen lips, as he arose refreshed and brushed away the tangled locks from his face. "Ef I only had my poor chestnut now, I'd soon be out of their way of their red devils, fer thar wasn't one that could keep within even hallin' distance of him in anything like er fair race. But I've got ter trust ontirely ter my legs. Poor, old feller! He desarved er better fate;" and after this tribute to his dead steed, he began thinking seriously of how he should extricate himself from the dilemma in which his own obstinacy had placed him.

That the red men would pause at the little pool to rest and refresh their horses he was confident—experience had taught him that—and the sooner he was away the better. If he could only gain some belt of timber, he would be comparatively safe, and find plenty of game and water; but turn whichever way he would, he could discover nothing—all was one flat, black, deserted waste. Yet he had started westward and would not turn back. He needed no better compass than the red-browed sun that was now shining above him, and after satisfying both his hunger and thirst, he filled his flask with the brackish water of the pool and started.

For hours he journeyed on, though with but little of his accustomed vigor. But he knew that his strength would return after a time, and though his progress was slow, he was satisfied as long as he remained unmolested. With the coming of noon, however, he saw signs that disturbed him and made him travel more cautiously. Far away, and directly between him and the long-wished-for belt of timber that he was nearing, a volume of black dust was rising. It was crescent-shaped and completely cut off his path. The fire of the previous night had driven away the game, so it could not be buffalo, and there was nothing else save a band of roving Indians that would come in such numbers and raise such a cloud. To fly would be simply useless. Their keen eyes would quickly detect any moving object. Strategy must take the place of daring, and he threw himself upon the ground, determined to remain hidden until the very last moment, and then sell his life as dearly as possible.

From the little hollow in which he lay, after having gathered all the remnants of blackened weeds that he could find to screen himself, the scout waited anxiously with his weapons ready for instant use. Often before had he been placed in dangerous situations, but then

he could act. Now he was forced, though very much against his will, to remain perfectly passive. After an hour of this terrible suspense, he could plainly hear the tramping of their horses' feet and feel the earth tremble as they thundered along. Then he screened his head as well as the rest of his body, for he was far too cunning not to be aware that more than one ambushed warrior had been discovered by the sparkling of his eyes.

But might they not ride directly over him? Might he not be trampled to death beneath the hundreds of sharp hoofs? It was a fearful thought, and yet he desperately resolved to remain. There might be a hope of escape thus, and if he discovered himself certain death would follow. But short the time, however, that was given him for thought. Swift and wild as the antelope came the dark Arabs of the prairie. A cloud of dust heralded their approach. They were upon him—he held his breath, and when he was forced to draw it again they had passed over him—so rapid was their course. Over him, and he was safe, though more than one horse's foot had brushed him in passing.

With a sense of relief as if a millstone had been lifted from his breast, the trapper raised his head cautiously from its concealment and looked anxiously around. Far to the eastward the Indians were urging their wild steeds: From them he was safe. He knew that the crafty red men never came back by the way they went, unless absolutely obliged to do so, and it was policy for him to travel as swiftly as possible the trail they had come.

Determined upon this course, he threw off his covering and sprang to his feet. Great, however, was his astonishment when he saw an Indian chieftain seated upon his black horse at a little distance and intently watching his every motion. Now there was nothing left for him to do but to fight, and in an instant his rifle was at his shoulder and his finger upon the spring that would send the bullet upon its fatal errand. Still he hesitated, as he had never done before, for the red warrior remained motionless with his "fire-weapon" resting across the pommel of the saddle, and his hand unseeking knife or tomahawk.

Familiar as the scout was with the character of the red men, this puzzled him. Did he seek to detain him by a show of friendship until some of his comrades should return, and so take him alive for a death of torture? It was a natural conclusion, and without paying

the least regard to the gesturing pantomime of the Indian, he fired. The swift-winged lead whistled as it cut the air, and passed within an inch of the head of the red warrior, and yet he remained without stirring, while the white man began hastily to reload.

"I'll try ernuther shot," he muttered. "It aint very often that I miss er mark ther fust time, and I never war known ter do so ther second."

Before, however, he could accomplish his purpose, the chieftain raised his rifle and fired it into the air. Then he drew from his belt his knife and tomahawk, and threw them almost at the feet of the astonished scout.

"I never see ther like of that in all my life," he exclaimed, and raising his voice he continued:

"Who ar yer and what do yer want?"

"Let the pale-face look," was the answer, and the mysterious movements of the fingers were repeated.

"Then may the Lord forgive me fer shoot-in' at yer;" and in a moment their hands were clasped in friendship. The Freemasonry of the prairies had accomplished its end, and henceforward they were brothers.

Not that it was such a society as is known in our midst by that name, but one running through many of the tribes, and to which white hunters and trappers were admitted on rare occasions for some kind act or generous deed done to the Indians. But in effect it was the same, and these two men, of different race, relied as firmly upon the faith of the other as if the same blood ran in their veins.

"The life of my pale brother," said the Indian, as he again raised himself in the saddle and pointed in the direction taken by his tribe, "is in danger."

"I know it," responded the scout, and for the first time he closely examined his new-found friend.

Very beautiful was the tableau that the fast sinking sun shone upon. The Indian (seated upon his horse, black and glossy as the raven's plumage, and who stood impatiently pawing the earth), decorated with all the barbaric splendor of his race—with rifle resting across the front of his saddle—with knife and hatchet replaced in his wampum belt, and his long buffalo-bone bow swung athwart his back—with silver crescents glittering upon his broad breast, and gaudy feathers twined amid his scalp-lock, and the manly scout, with his rifle resting upon the ground, his sinewy form statueque in attitude,

and every feature betraying the most perfect confidence. Indeed, it would have been next to impossible to have found two more perfect specimens of the different races.

"I know it," repeated the scout. "But who ar yer that tells me on it? Yer face seems kinder natural, but fer ther life of me I can't tell whar I have seen it berfore."

"I am Pe-ti-o-ki-ma!" replied the Indian, proudly, as he laid his hand upon his brawny chest.

"Hard-Fish! The friend of the white man! The hunting-chief of the Pawnee-Loups!" And again he sprang forward and wrung the bronzed hand of the chief.

CHAPTER III.

A RACE FOR LIFE!

THE stern features of the Indian relaxed into a smile at the impulsiveness of his companion, although he returned the friendly grasp. Then, after a moment's pause, during which he had raised himself in the stirrups and scanned the prairie on every side, he continued:

"My pale brother remembers now?"

"Remember yer? I oughter be shot fer not doing so ther very minit I clapped my eyes on yer, but it is kinder strange that yer hadn't forgotten me."

"The red man never forgets either a friend or an enemy! The pale-face gave him the means of freedom when his enemies were thick around, and the death-song was trembling on his lips."

"Wal, if I did, you saved my life arterwards, and—"

"Will do so again! But the eyes of the red men are sharp. They can see from afar like the eagle. The leaves are very thick upon the trees."

Rube Rian understood the hint, and in silence they pressed forward until they had reached the friendly shelter. Then the chieftain dismounted, filled his pipe, blew the fragrant smoke from mouth and nostrils in a dense cloud, and handed it to the scout. And thus it passed from hand to hand until nothing but ashes remained. Then, again, Hard-Fish resumed the conversation.

"The children of the red man are out upon the war-path. The bow has been restrung—the fire-weapon loaded—the hatchet dug up; and the blood of their hearts is very black. The hands of a pale-face, whom they took for a

friend, are red with the blood of the son of a chieftain. He murdered him and escaped from their midst when a black blanket was hung over the moon and stars. He has hid himself among the cowardly Cheyennes."

"And they will not give him up?"

"They are dogs! They laughed when my brothers asked him at their hands that he might die."

"So!" whistled the scout. "Then ef they catch me I will be put ter ther torture in his place. I understand yer law."

"Even the brothers of the mystic wigwam could not save him—if they would."

"Wal, ef I only had my horse I'd give them er long chase berfore they got thar fingers on my scalp."

"Why is my pale brother leaving the print of his moccasins on the prairie?"

"Wal, ther reason is jest this. I got surprised by ther fire last night when I was er nappin' in ther place of watchin' as I oughter have bin—and in ridin' through it saved my own life and killed my hoss. He war a noble brute, Hard-Fish. You remember him, don't yer? Er dappled chestnut, with mane and tail white as the driven snow."

"Yes. He was once a swift runner of the prairies. But my brother must not linger."

"That ar er fact. Good-by." And the scout arose from his resting-place upon a fallen tree.

"Which way is the face of my pale brother turning?"

"Towards the risin' sun. I reckon it'll be erbout as well fer me ter keep kinder shady until this ar scrimmage is settled."

"The trail is long. It is watched at every point. The horses will be swift that will follow."

"I know it, and will have ter take, my chance. Yes, I'll be follered ter er moral sartinty; fer as soon as they come ercross ther carcasses of my poor chestnut they'll track me like hounds. Wal, I kin only die but once. Good-by, Hard-Fish. Fergive me fer shootin' at yer when I thought you war an enemy, and ef I happen ter lose my scalp may we both git safe ter heaven."

"There is one that will outran them all!" said the Indian, as he laid the bridle of his horse in the hand of the white man and stepped a few paces backwards.

"What, take your hoss!" demanded the astonished scout, completely overcome by the generosity of his red friend.

"I have given him to you," was the answer.

"But I can't take him. It is altogether too much ter think on."

"Then he will roam free again over the prairies. Pe-ti-o-ki-ma will never lay his hand upon his bridle-rein—never sit upon his back again. The red man never takes back what he has once given."

"You mean you're no Injun giver, as we say. Wal, I'll try and take keer of him until I kin return him, and—"

"Hark!" interrupted the chieftain, prostrating himself and placing his ear to the ground. "My brothers have found the trail. Like wolves they are following it in quest of blood. Come!" And before the scout was aware of his intention he sprang forward, lifted him as if he had been a child upon the horse, and led him rapidly away.

Keeping within the cover of the woods Hard-Fish led the way with rapid steps for a mile. Then he turned into the open prairie, took off his pouch containing pemmican and parched corn, threw the strap around the neck of the white man, and almost whispered, as he pointed first to the swiftly coming Indians, who were now plainly visible, and to the east:

"There come those who are thirsting for your heart's blood. There lies your trail. Go, and the blessing of the mystic wigwam and the Great Spirit be upon you."

"God bless yer!" was all that the scout had time to reply, for the wild shouts that rang like thunder upon his ears told that he had been discovered. "God bless yer!" And he drove his spurs, rowl deep, into the sides of his steed, who sprang forward like an arrow from a bowstring—like a trained steed at the coming in of a race. And a race it was, and the prize was far more valuable than jewelled cup or purse of shining gold. It was a human life!

The eagle eyes of the Pawnees had immediately detected the white man, though they could not account for his being again mounted, except upon the hypothesis that he had slain and robbed one of their number, and with frantic yells they followed.

A short trial satisfied Rube Rian that he was mounted far better than the great majority, if not all of his pursuers, and keeping his horse well in hand and his rifle ready for instant use, he dashed along. And this, too, appeared to be their opinion—for one by one they gave up the chase until but two remained. They were mounted upon horses nearly equal to his own for speed and endurance, and

he resolved to lessen the chances against him in case it should result in an encounter, and wheeling rapidly he raised his rifle and fired. It was a cowardly shot, and he both knew and felt it; but after the kindness of Hard-Fish he could not bring himself to take the life of one of his tribe—it might be his own brother or son—except as a last resort. He had aimed at the horse and not the rider, and the brute fell headlong.

Now it was but one to one—the chances were equal: and again he dashed rapidly forward and found that the chieftain had spoken the truth. He had given him a horse that would outrun them all. Outrun them as long as nothing happened to diminish his speed. But if it did, then his long race had been for nothing. And that accident came both suddenly and unexpectedly. Even when going the fleetest the noble horse trod upon a rolling stone—attempts to gain his footing—reeled and fell heavily.

In a moment the Indian was upon him and strove to pin him to the earth with his spear. The sharp iron pierced through his buckskin hunting-shirt as if it had been silk, and with a terrible groan the scout threw his arms over his head and rolled his eyes in agony. Like a flash the Indian leaped from his horse, knife in hand, and glorying in the prospective scalp. Imagine then his surprise when he found his throat clasped in the iron hands of the white man, and himself thrown and held to the ground. Held until he could resist no more. Then Rube tore out the spear that had utterly failed in its mission of death, secured both horses, and rode rapidly away.

"Maybe yer'll know what playin' possum means arter this," he said, with a low laugh. "Wal, er leetle chokin' wont hurt yer any thing serious. You'll soon come round ergin and kin keep yer companion company home." And he hastened towards the nearest settlement.

And so it proved, for a year afterwards all was peace, and Rube Rian restored the horses and was covered with honors—adopted into the tribe of the Pawnee-Loups as a chieftain, and christened by the euphonious title of "Ta-ha-yer-qualp," or Horse-Back.

HUMAN WILL.—Man owes his growth chiefly to that active stirring of the will, that encounter with difficulty which we call effort; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible.

IN THE STARLIGHT.

BY ABBIE WHEELER.

In the starlight sat I thinking
 Of the days long since gone by,
 With their soft light o'er me streaming,
 Crowning me with ecstasy!
 "Heart," quoth I, "keep still thy beating,
 Hear I music in the air;
 Angels bright are now repeating,
 Soft and sweet, their evening prayer."

For a moment heard I music
 Quivering through the balmy air:
 "Heart, keep still!" I softly whispered,
 "'Tis a being strangely fair

Stands before me in the starlight—
 Being bright of heavenly mien,
 Clothed in beauty all celestial:
 What a brilliant radiant scene?"

From my vein it slowly passes,
 Leaving me alone again,
 As in the starlight I am sitting,
 Talking to my heart in vain.
 Transient as the dews of morning,
 Lovely as the things of light,
 Are the visions that are dawning
 On my weary heart to-night.

MY CHARITABLE DEED.

BY CATHARINE EARNshaw.

I WAS at the play of "Leah." Miss Bateman was looking very handsome, and her hair very magnificent. I think the authoress of "The Mill on the Floss," when she is so enthusiastic about a woman's arm, must have had in her mind some such a lovely-curved arm as gleamed among the folds of Leah's drapery. The blue eyes of the Jewess were flashing maledictions as she heaped curses on the head of her weak-hearted lover; the voice, discordant and powerful, echoed through the theatre. I was thinking that the tragedienne truly had the power of tragedy in her, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and the usher who had shown me to my seat, and who knew me, whispered in my ear:

"There is some one waiting for you."

My face was blank with wonder. I rose and followed him. He pointed to one of the waiting-rooms, and I walked along the passage. Looking in at the door of one of the ladies' rooms, I saw there no one for me, only standing by one of the tables was a girl, slight and pale, and poorly dressed. I just glanced at her, then turned to another room, where was the rustle of one or two dresses.

The girl took a timid step forward, and asked:

"Is this Mr. Harvard?"

"Yes. Were you waiting for me?"

I looked at her face, and saw how large and gray were her eyes, how soft her hair, how pale and tired she was. What could this girl want of me?

"I am Mrs. Emery's seamstress," she said. "I came from your mother."

"What is the matter?" I asked, earnestly and fearfully. "Let us go."

I gave her my arm and we descended the stairs.

"Your mother is suddenly very ill," said the girl. "Mrs. Emery and her husband were away, and the two servants gone. I happened to be at the house sewing for Mrs. Emery, when Mrs. Harvard was taken ill. She would have me go for you instead of for the doctor. She told me to inquire for Mr. —, the usher whom you knew, and to return directly."

We walked fast. I stopped for a physician, who said he would follow us directly.

"It was very disagreeable for you," I said; "you were very good."

"It would have been strange to refuse."

I wanted to ask if my mother was very ill, but I hardly dared. The girl divined my thoughts, for she said just as we reached the door:

"Expect to find her suffering."

In the hall I murmured a hurried "thank you," hurrying on to the stairs, and springing

up with the haste that belongs alike to fear and joy, reached my mother's room just as I heard the physician's ring at the door.

She was not suffering. The pain of the attack had left her. She lay quiet on the bed, waiting hopefully for my coming—my last coming to her. We both knew that as we looked in each other's faces; we needed not the physician's despairing look.

"Death makes many things clear," she whispered. "I do not urge your marriage with Rose. Marry her whom you shall love."

I blessed her for those words, and thanked Heaven that I had not impetuously opposed her wishes; that, with an unrepublishing conscience, I might release myself from that engagement made by our parents.

The morning dawned upon me sitting by the dead form of my mother—the only parent whom God had spared to my manhood. No other love had entered my heart; for this best friend of my years I wept as men do not weep many times.

With head bowed on my hands, I sat quiet and stricken. How does the world go on when we feel thus? I heard a sweep of garments across the floor—heard without heeding. At last a tremulous voice said:

"I am sorry, Mr. Harvard."

The words were followed by a quick sob. I raised my head and saw the little figure of the girl who had come for me the night before. She looked very childish, and yet as if she had a woman's work to do.

"Weep only for your own griefs," I said; "many will come upon you."

Did I speak coldly? I did not feel thus.

"Mrs. Emery sent me here to beg of you to come down awhile," said the girl, in an apologetic tone, her mournful eyes fixed on my face as a child might have looked. That gaze soothed me; I liked to feel it.

"I would rather you stayed here," I said; "you do not pity me—you sympathize. But I will not keep you here."

She turned slowly to go out. I wished she would stay. I could not surely tell whether it was bashfulness or a dislike of remaining. She was not pretty, but she made me think of some little brown birds I have seen—innocent and pure as they—and almost as untamed. She looked so sad, so disappointed, that I rose and came to the door.

"I did not wish you to come down, but Mrs. Emery insisted upon my asking you."

The combination of extreme timidity and boldness affected me. It was as if a child had

risen up to comfort me. I took her hand and we walked slowly down the hall.

"You are very young, I think," I said; "and yet I think you know what sorrow is."

"It is not six months since my mother died," she answered.

"And your father?"

"I can only just remember him. You are very kind, sir."

A sudden impulse possessed me. God willing, I would be kind to her.

"Kind?" I exclaimed, "it is you, my child, who are good. I could not have borne a word from any one else."

She glanced up as if grateful for my toleration. At the parlor door she left me and went up stairs, to work, I was sure, for her thumb was on her tiny finger.

Mrs. Emery kindly, but without the least tact, thought it her duty to say something to me concerning my sorrow. How like a ragged knife edge did her words wound! I listened in silence. When she ceased speaking I asked:

"Who is that little girl who sews for you?"

"Millicent Ridgely," in some surprise at my question.

"That is her name, is it? But who is she?"

"I do not know; only that before her mother died she supported herself and her mother by sewing for people, and working about twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. Now she has only herself to care for. She is a good little thing."

"Where does she live?"

"In — court, No. 20, up in the attic. I wish the child had a home of her own."

There was no more said about the little seamstress, and I did not see her again. At night the door-bell rang, and Mrs. Emery ushered into the room where I was, a tall lady whose presence and sweeping rich drapery seemed to make the modest parlor a luxurious drawing-room.

It was Rose Ellingwood, the only cousin I had in the world. Her proud, dark face was softened, more beautiful than ever. She glided up to me, took both my hands, and murmured sweetly:

"My dear Guy!"

This was the woman of whom my mother had spoken. Richer than I, higher in station, consequently, it were policy to marry her, if she did not say me nay.

"You have come soon," I said, holding her hands, looking at the handsome brown eyes which should have had more power over me—I who so loved anything beautiful.

"I have travelled ever since I received your despatch last night," she replied. "You expected me?"

"Yes, but hardly before to-morrow."

"You should have known that I would start immediately," she said, withdrawing her hand and sitting down on the sofa, her shawl falling back, revealing the erect, graceful shoulders, the white throat curving with characteristic beauty and pride. Leaning on the sofa-arm close to her, softened by sorrow and by the unwonted tenderness in her face, I bent suddenly over her, touched my lips to her forehead while I whispered:

"My cousin! I am glad of you! There is no kin left to me now but you."

The bright flush that colored her cheek, the droop of eyelids, thrilled me with the power of a beautiful woman. Was it fated for me one day to love her? I had never believed it.

A week after that day, I accompanied Rose to her home in a western city. I had not forgotten little Millicent, but I waited until my return to Boston before I sought her. There had a small property reverted to me at my mother's death; my profession as attorney had just begun to promise me success, if I was willing to work hard.

I came back to Boston filled with the prospect of work, and mindful of my inward resolve to find and help Mrs. Emery's seamstress. With unusual reticence I had not mentioned Millicent to my cousin; I did not know why, unless I sensitively dreaded that she would laugh at my odd ideas concerning the child.

It was a dismal, foggy day, when I hunted up the locality Mrs. Emery had mentioned. I had expected to find a wretched place, but the poverty and the filth of the place disgusted me. I hurried through, wondering how Millicent kept such pure eyes in such a place.

"She shall not stay here," I said to myself. "I will do one good action in my life."

I did not realize that it was because this child had some way pleased my fastidious tastes, that I wished to help her—that many more, equally miserably situated, might have suffered on, and I not thought of assisting them.

I carefully mounted the broken stairs. As I tolled up I thought of some one else who tells of climbing such steps:

"I passed

And pushed

A little side-door hanging on a hinge,
And plunged into the dark, and groped and climbed
The long, steep, narrow stairs 'twixt broken rail

And mildewed wall that let the plaster drop
To startle me in the darkness

I paused at last

Before a low door in the roof, and knocked."

I waited impatiently in the silence after my knock. I heard a little rustle, a light step, and the door opened and Millicent's face showed itself, startled as she saw who it was.

She held the door open for me to come in; I saw that she had expected it was some one of her employers. There was an unfinished dress lying on a chair close by a little stool. She took up the dress, hung it on a nail, and placed the chair for me. That stool and chair, a wooden, unstuffed settee, which I imagined answered for a bed, the tiniest of cylinder stoves—these were all there was in the apartment—absolutely all of furniture. Millicent's shabby shawl and hood hung on a peg by the rich folds of the dress she had been making.

I could hardly restrain my indignation that she should be obliged to be in such a place.

"Do you live here?" I asked, staring round the apartment.

"I stay here," with a little subdued sadness in her tone. "You will excuse me if I keep on working." She took a sleeve of the dress, and began to stitch with that incredible rapidity of motion which some of these girls acquire. I saw how pinched her face was, how hollow-eyed she looked. The brown hair was combed smoothly, the decent dress was garnished by a bit of a collar.

"You come from Mrs. Emery, I suppose?" she said, undoubtingly.

"Yes," was my answer. Think not that I was lying. It was true. I had just been with the lady, and had engaged that some arrangements should be made in her name.

"She has more work for me then; when shall I come?"

"I wish you to return with me."

"But I have this dress to finish; she will have to wait until to-morrow."

"But I can't wait," rising impatiently. I wanted to get her out of this place.

"You cannot wait?" she asked, in surprise, still sewing in that rapid way that made my heart ache.

"I mean that Mrs. Emery is very urgent. I suspect from what she said, that it is some good she wishes to do you. You know she has no daughter—do you like to hear good news?"

"I can't tell from the past—but I am quite sure I *should* like it." She was looking up eagerly now, her brown eyes wide and bright.

"Mrs. Emery spoke of adopting you into her family—she likes you very much, and she is very benevolent, you know."

"She has always been very kind to me," Millicent said, with rather of an incredulous face as regarded my story of the adoption.

"She will tell you better herself. It is hardly fair in me to forestall that pleasure. Come, get ready."

"But I told you I had this dress to finish. Really I cannot come now."

I could not be hindered an instant by so paltry a thing as a dress.

"Take it with you, then. Somebody shall finish it." I mentally added, "you shall not."

I thanked her inwardly for her unhesitating belief in my words—as indeed why should she not believe me? Only I was conscious of a small deception—but I did not think it incumbent upon me to tell her for whom Mrs. Emery was acting.

She made her work into a compact bundle. I strolled to the window and looked out upon the repulsive walls of the surrounding buildings. On the window shelf was a little book which I had not noticed before. I took it up, and from the leaves there fluttered three cards. I took them up, casting a glance to see if Millicent was looking. I was going to return them directly, but I could not help examining them, and I saw that it was not wrong to do so. Two of them were sketches in pencil of country scenes, the other was a water color painting—a short beach and the waves rolling in. It was an ignorant hand, but it was a master hand which had sketched these.

"Did you do this?" I asked, holding up the sea picture.

She was tying on her hood—haphazard; without any glass—a thing I never saw any woman do, before nor since.

She blushed and said "yes."

"And both these?"

"Yes sir."

"And you sew for a living!" I cried, angrily.

"Or rather you *did* sew. That is a thing of the past."

"But I should have starved before I could have got started with those," she said.

I knew that probably she spoke the truth; people do not usually pay what a thing is worth when they can get it for one tenth that sum.

"Is it asking too much to ask for these?" I inquired, hesitatingly.

"O no. You may have them. I am ready now, sir."

There she stood, her bundle in her arms, the little courageous thing, looking so shabby and so independent, and still so very child-like and dependent. And her heart shone from her eyes as sweet and unclouded as the first arbutus.

I took the bundle, and we picked our way down stairs and finally into a clean street.

"Is it really true, what you told me about Mrs. Emery?" she asked.

I was glad in my heart that Millicent did not appear afraid of me, though she was naturally very shy.

"She will soon tell you. I would not trifle with you thus; that would be too cruel."

We reached Mrs. Emery's door, and I left her alone with the seamstress.

This happened five years ago. The child whom I had taken from her unhappy life had been at school, learning with the avidity natural to an intelligent girl who has been deprived of all educational advantages.

That which she loved with enthusiasm, to which she applied herself with intensity and application, was drawing and painting. Not now the studies in water colors, but the wealth and beauty of oils and canvas. With that quiet but immovable resolution which was a part of her character, she had worked hard at painting, and now, one year after she left school, she earned a fair income, supported herself, and could spare something for those luxuries in surroundings which are so dear to lovers of the beautiful.

I often heard her name in galleries of art, spoken in tones of criticism or praise, as groups stood before some sketch of hers. My heart bounded with exultation, with hope and fear. This girl would yet be famous and wealthy. I, too, had worked hard, and been partially successful; none of us gain the victory we most deeply hope for; or gained, it is so different that we hardly recognize it.

I had seen Millicent only once since she entered school. Those few hours with her then I could never forget. The fancy that had attracted me towards her as a child, which might have been as ephemeral as such fancies usually are, changed then into the deep, strong attraction which one woman has for one man. Sitting by this elegantly dressed girl, listening to the low cadences of her voice, knowing intuitively how pure and real was her heart, feeling the soft splendor of eyes no longer dimmed by poverty, I felt with the strength of my being that this was the woman whom my love would make my wife.

Then she believed that it was Mrs. Emery who had been so kind to her; that it was she who had furnished the money for her education. And that belief Mrs. Emery was forbidden to disturb.

Millicent had now the power to return some of those kindnesses, and the kind-hearted Mrs. Emery was slightly remorseful about the gratitude of her ward.

"If you do not approve of young Mayhew, Guy, just give me authority to say something," said Mrs. Emery, the evening before we were expecting Millicent home from the South, where she had been spending the winter with some friends.

I looked up from my work.

"Mayhew?" said I, "he's a good fellow, I expect. What do you speak of him for?"

"Why, didn't you know he's been dangling round Millie this ever so long? and now he's followed her down South, and will be back with her, I presume. If you have anything against him, I am almost afraid it's too late to say anything."

I felt fierce and cold.

"How should I know anything about what has been happening here within the last two years? You know I've only been home from England a month. You didn't mention anything about him to me. Mayhew's a fine man—I've known of him for several years."

"Then you have no objection to him?"

"Certainly not—if Millicent loves him."

I knew that Mrs. Emery's eyes looked uncommonly sharp at me, but I hope she discovered nothing. She could not see that between my eyes and the book was a haze that prevented my seeing a word; she could not know what agonising apprehension held my heart.

The next afternoon Mrs. Emery was indisposed, and could not go to the wharf with me to meet Millicent. I made my way through the carriages and the bustling people, down to the very edge of the wharf. There I waited with what patience I might for the steamer to come in sight. What if she had not come? What if Mayhew were with her? What if the dream I had cherished so long was to be only a dream? Well, other men had borne such things, I suppose I could.

"Are you waiting for the Cuban steamer, sir?" asked a man near me. "You have a glass—I imagine I see the smoke in that direction."

"Yes, she is coming on rapidly. How soon will she be here?" I asked.

"Within an hour I should say; but she won't come up to the wharf to-night. The orders are to remain out in the harbor till to-morrow."

"But the passengers can come ashore, of course," I said, irritated by this new delay.

"If they urgently wish it, but they usually remain until morning. You see it's near sunset now."

It was quite sunset when the steamer anchored off in the harbor. A boat went out after the mail. I was looking about me for a boat, when, thanks to the moonlight, I saw a dark spot shoot from the side of the steamer, and gradually grow into the shape and size of a boat. I waited to see who it was. At last I saw there were a man and woman, besides the sailor who rowed. They came nearer. I saw the lady rest her head on her hand, her face bent as if she were looking at the water; then in a moment, as they came still nearer, she raised her head erect, and looked long and eagerly at the shore, at those on the wharf. This I saw with my glass, and I recognized Millicent Ridgely—and the man was Mr. Mayhew, of whom Mrs. Emery had spoken. He sat, and had his cloak held round him so that I could not help thinking him ill, or hurt. Millicent turned and spoke to him, extending her hand to the shore. Then I lowered my glass, and waited until, in this brilliant, slanting moonlight, she should be near enough to recognize me.

Soon she met my glance, and her face brightened in that way I so well remembered. The boatman seemed to me to be acting strangely, and I became convinced he was intoxicated. Mayhew bent forward to speak to him, and several on the wharf cried out:

"Look out there! Don't you see that schooner? You'll capsize!"

The boatman, carelessly and blindly, got in the way of a schooner that was coming up to her place on the wharf. Before the stupid fellow could right himself, the boat was under, the schooner sailed on, and there was a bubbling swirl of foam behind her, a foam not caused by her wake.

"Save the man!" I cried, to a boatman who stood near me. As for me, I could not wait the motions of those who pulled the boat to the wharf. I trusted in my skill in swimming, and threw off coat and hat, and leaped in. The moonlight gleamed on the place where they went down. How I prayed for a sight of that face with its clear eyes! That face of a true woman.

A few yards from me I saw the shining tresses of brown hair come to the surface. A moment after, I held her on my arm, keeping myself afloat, while I saw them coming towards us in the boat. It seemed long to me before they reached us, but finally we were taken aboard. I held Millicent, white and senseless, while they searched for the two men. They found the boatman, but Mayhew could not be saved. We learned afterward that he was suffering from an accidental wound, and could not help himself in the least, that they had tried to persuade him on the steamer not to come ashore that night. But he knew Millicent's desire to land, and that no one else would come with her.

Millicent opened her eyes at last, to meet my intense gaze fixed upon her.

"Mr. Harvard!" she murmured, "you are always good."

"It is no credit to me that I am good to you," I said, controlling the feeling that seemed almost too strong to be controlled.

She sat up to look for Mr. Mayhew.

"We could not save him," I whispered, fearing and hoping too much to have said one word more.

She looked shocked, pained inexpressibly. She covered her face with her hands, and was silent and quiet. She was never noisy. I interpreted her face then to mean that Mayhew was not loved, only liked, esteemed—and I interpreted rightly.

Truly, if ever man was grateful for his happiness, I am. Millicent loved me long, even as I loved her. Goethe is right when he says such "attractions are always mutual." Let us hope that it is "always," not "almost" always. Millicent Ridgely never knew who took her from that dirty court in Boston, but one day I told Millicent Harvard. She thinks I am a benevolent man.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

The letters which the Lord Mayor receives are frequently calculated to take away his appetite for breakfast. For example, when he came into the breakfast-room the other morning to snatch a hasty meal, he brought with him, by way of something pleasant to communicate to his family, a letter addressed *outside* to the "Dishonorable the Lord Mayor," and containing, *inside*, the agreeable and appetising intimation that he would be shot next Friday morning. I expected his family to go off into hysterics in a body, and I was quite prepared to join in the chorus; but I found

they took it coolly. It is quite an every-day occurrence. There is always somebody threatening to shoot the Lord Mayor. Turn again, Whittington, do turn; it is so pleasant to go about in the momentary expectation of having a bullet through your head. Letters pour in upon the Lord Mayor of London in cart-loads. They are from all classes of persons, upon every kind of business and idle folly, and come from all quarters of the world. Frenchmen write to him in the idea that he is autocrat of all London and prime minister of the sovereign; mad Germans send him cramped screeds of besotted political philosophy; indigent Irishmen claim him as a son of Erin, and beg a trifle in the name of their common country; schoolboys who are not happy at home ask him for situations in the city. This morning he received a long letter from a German, giving him a history of his own career. According to his correspondent's account, he, the Lord Mayor, was born in Hamburg, of German parents, and was brought up as a tailor.

There is no kind of lunacy under the sun, which does not vent itself in a letter to the Lord Mayor of London. Of course the cart-load of communications is well sifted by his secretary, but there is always a large residuum which demands his personal attention. He is asked to patronize charities, to take the chair at dinners, to open exhibitions, to be present—whatever his creed and denomination—at Church of England sermons, to lay foundation-stones, and generally to give up the whole of his time, and spend a good deal more than the whole of his fortune, for the benefit of the human race. The Lord Mayor does not wear a smooth brow when he comes in to breakfast of a morning. Care vaults upon his shoulders the moment he is out of bed. How shall he answer all these applicants? To which shall he say "Yes," and to which "No?"

THE DIAMOND.

Contrary to the usual opinion, that the diamond has been produced by the action of intense heat on carbon, Herr Goeppert asserts that this jewel owes its origin to aqueous agencies. His argument is based upon the fact that the diamond becomes black when exposed to a very high temperature. He considers that its Neptunian origin is proved by the fact that it has often on the surface impressions of grains of sand, and sometimes of crystals, showing that it has once been soft.

NUMBER TWENTY.

BY H. P. DARLING.

ONE month ago I was night clerk in the B— House, a hotel conducted upon the European plan, and situated in a certain city which I don't choose to name. I had been employed there for nearly six years, and during that time I had—yes, gentle reader—I had madly loved the daughter of August Carter, who lived next door to the hotel.

Yes, upon the first day that I sat foot in the B— House I had caught just a glimpse of the charming Nellie Carter, and immediately my heart had gone out to her, and for the whole six years after I continued to love her, my passion growing stronger and stronger every day.

My name is James Ringle. You, of course, remember that name, as it belongs to one of the most respectable families in the State. It is only necessary for you to pronounce that name here, and you can get credit for any amount, for the Ringles have all been honest, ever since Sir Walter Ringle first landed on the distant shores of Cape Cod, where the raging billows of the Atlantic play every day—when the weather is fine—with golden sands and clam shells.

I am a young man of "prepossessing appearance and good address," as they say in matrimonial advertisements. I am twenty-eight years of age, and formerly wore beautiful curls of a golden hue; and my eyes are the color of the sky above us—I mean on fair days; my nose is finely formed, and straight as an arrow—yes, several arrows; and my mouth with its "rich, pouting lips," through which the pearls gleam, reminds me when I glance in the mirror, of the mouths of the angels I see in my dreams. You've seen such, probably.

Of course with this form, and this face, and these waving curls, gleaming like a golden-dusted "waterfall," as I bore the unspotted name of Ringle, I was well received by the father and mother of sweet Nellie.

She was one of those beautiful creatures that you see but once in a life-time. You hear of them, read of them, and poets fancy them and embody them in their rhymes.

"Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well."

As I don't know of any gazelles in this immediate vicinity, I think your fancy will have to go unassisted. Besides those eyes, she had—

"A brow like a midsummer lake,
Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within."

And besides that brow she had several other beauties too numerous to mention. In fact, she undoubtedly was—

"—A dashing girl
As ever revolved in the waltz's whirl,
Or twinkled a foot in the polka's twirl,
By the glare of spermaceti."

But though, as I said before, I was well received by the paternal and maternal Carter, the beautiful Nellie whom I wished to inspire with an undying love for the whole Ringle family, and the dashing James in particular, was not to be inspired so easily. She had seen other specimens of masculine humanity before I made my appearance; and though I would have said at one time, that no tender-hearted woman could look into these azure eyes, dwell upon the beauties of these golden curls, gaze upon this pale ethereal nose, and these luscious lips, and not love, still I am obliged to admit that Miss Nellie looked upon all my ravishing charms unmoved.

However, as I remarked before, I paid her the most assiduous attention for six years, and did all that a tender-hearted, loving young man could do to awaken a love in her cold, cold bosom for me; but 'twas all in vain.

"No one will ever love you half so well as I, Nellie, dear," I said, in heart-rending accents, throwing myself upon my elegant knees.

"Well, I don't want any one to. There is, sometimes, I've heard, too much of a good thing. You overdo the matter, Mr. Ringle," she replied, in a harsh, cold voice.

"O, my darling Nellie! If there was a window in my bosom—"

"Ugh! I shouldn't want to look in."

"How canst thou be so cruel?" I asked, clasping my hands, while this lovely counte-

nance assumed such an agonized expression as would have melted the heart of a stone. "Relent, dearest—say thou wilt be mine, and the devotion of a whole life shall repay thee. Your father and mother both favor my suit. Say thou wilt be mine—name the happy day, and believe me, darling, thou shalt never have cause to repent. Every word and act of mine shall be but to please thee."

"I can't see it, Mr. Ringle," she answered, in such chilling tones that they froze the water that had fallen in dewy tears from my wild and imploring eyes, and submerged my agonized countenance like a spring freshet.

"Do not speak so coldly. Do not call me Mr. Ringle, but say James—thine own dear James. Call me pet names—call me thy bird."

"I'm sure you're a very pretty bird, Mr. Ringle"—I thought she was about to relent—"and if Mr. Barnum only had you in a cage, what a fortune he'd make! He might announce that it was a specimen of the South American ostrich, with—its feathers washed away!"

I uttered one despairing cry and fell fainting upon the floor, and was afterwards carried to my hotel in small pieces.

But I did not despair, for all the cruel treatment she gave me. Her father told her that she should never wed any one but me, and although there were several young men who were as badly smitten as myself, they were all forbidden to enter her house, and there seemed no alternative for Nellie, but to marry me or become an old maid.

At last—it was about two months ago—I perceived a change in the sweet creature's manner toward me. Hope whispered that I should at last succeed; and one evening shortly after, being rather unwell, and so excused from duty at the hotel, as I was sitting beside her, she spoke—

"James,"—her voice was like the music of several silver bells—"I have changed my mind in regard to you—"

"Bless you, darling!" I exclaimed, shooting volumes of never-dying love from out my azure optics, while my sunny curls bristled with pleasurable emotions. "But go on, darling."

"Well, as I said before, I have changed my mind, and now I think I—yes, I think I—could—love—you."

"Darling! my own Nellie—kiss me," cried I, pressing her to my bosom and allowing the angelic creature to sip the sweets from these

lips—the sweets that the bees have longed for, but never tasted.

"And when shall I call thee my wife, dear?"

"Just one month from to-day, James," she answered, while a smile of inexpressible sweetness lay—spread thickly—all over her charming countenance.

That intelligence was so exceedingly pleasing to me that I allowed her once more to taste the sweets of these luscious lips, and then, as Mr. Carter was passing the parlor door, I called him in and told him the glad news, and he told his wife, and Nellie blushing confirmed it.

Reader, have you a very extensive imagination? If so, you can imagine faintly how happy I was that night. I would undertake to describe my feelings—the emotions of my heart at that time—but for this, it would take four hundred sheets of foolscap and a pen of great power (I shall order one to be made especially for the purpose) to do my exquisitely pleasurable emotions justice; and so I forbear.

The next evening, as I sat behind the desk in the office of the B— House, whistling in soft, soothing tones that fell upon the enraptured ear like the distant echoes of a silvery fish-horn, the rather antiquated air of—

"Nellie was a lady,

Last night she died—she did,"

I was aroused from my blissful musings by the entrance of a stranger. He seemed to be a man of about my own age, and wore an extraordinary quantity of raven-black hair; had very brilliant black eyes, sallow complexion, and wore a moustache (of very fierce order,) large and extensive enough to have made two good-sized "waterfalls" certainly, and probably there would have been enough left over to have made a hair mattress—I thought of saying three "waterfalls," but I don't think it would have made more than two and the mattress.

He was tall and slim, dressed fashionably, and had a very gentlemanly air about him; but for all that, I felt a thrill of horror creeping through my frame as I gazed upon him. Just such a thrill as you would feel probably, to find yourself in some warm feather bed enjoying the society of four rattle-snakes and a boa-constrictor.

"Have you any rooms to let in the third story, on the east side of the house?" asked the stranger, advancing to the desk and taking off his gloves. It was a very singular

question to ask, and I wondered much in my own mind why he was so particular about his room being in the third story and on the east side; but I said nothing at first, and began looking over the register, while the stranger beat time impatiently, with his fingers upon the desk.

"Yes sir, we have one spare room on the third floor," I answered, after making the examination.

"East side?"

"Yes sir."

"Then I'll take it. I shall probably stop here several weeks," he said, signing his name in the register.

"Your name is Ringle, is it not?" he asked, pulling on his gloves.

"Yes sir."

"Ah, I've heard of you," and with that he turned on his heel and walked out of the office.

I turned the register and looked for his name when he had gone. It was written with a flowing hand and quite a number of flourishes—

"Theophilus Fleuhiski, New York."

My reader will allow that it was a very high-sounding name. I made up my mind at once that he was some eminent character—probably a Polish exile. The name seemed to warrant such a supposition.

But whatever he was, he kept out of my way pretty well after. He was never at the house during the day, and did not come in at night till a very late hour; and at last as the weeks passed away, he was so unobtrusive that I almost forgot that there was such a person except when he came to pay for his room, which he did regularly every Saturday night.

Besides, you remember, I had something else to occupy my thoughts at that time—my wedding day was fast approaching. We were to be married on Wednesday, and it was now Tuesday afternoon and I was sitting in Mr. Carter's parlor, beside that flower of woman-kind—sweet Nellie Carter.

"To-morrow, love, we shall be one," I murmured, through my pearls and rubies.

"Yes, my sweet cat-bird," answered Nellie, who, you perceive, had lately become fond of calling me pet names.

"You shall never regret your choice, sweet one," said I, throwing my finely-rounded alabaster arm around her swan-like neck, while I placed a kiss of untold sweetness upon her lips.

"O, James, my sheep, my little puppy, my darling poodle, if you only knew how I loved you!" she answered, letting her beautiful head with its wealth of hair (imported from Paris) fall upon my swelling bosom.

We remained in that delightful situation for just two hours and a half; and then the declining sun informed me (confidentially) that it was time to tear myself away from the dear maiden so soon to be my bride; and with tears in my eyes and a throbbing bosom, I did so.

It was now Tuesday night. The beautiful moon shone bright over the noisy city, the stars glistened and the gas lamps twinkled. It was to be my last night at the hotel, for some time, for Nellie and I were going to Washington on our wedding tour, and would not probably return for a fortnight at least.

The clock had just struck twelve, as I sat in the office by the fire, joyously whistling "Thy bright smile haunts me still," when the night porter suddenly rushed into the office. His bright, intellectual face was almost as pale as ground charcoal, and there was an expression of terror painted upon the pupil of either eye.

"Mr. Ringle!" he gasped.

"What? speak, wretch!" I cried, rising to my utmost height.

"*Number Twenty!*" he faltered forth, sinking into a trance and calling for paper—for he was a "writing medium."

A terrible fear came into my heart at that moment, and with the agility of fourteen maniacs, two monkeys and a baboon, I sprang up the stairs—up, up like the daring eagle—ever upward, till I reached the third story and Number Twenty, the door of which I found wide open.

I sprang through the door, but found nothing there to cause such alarm as the porter had exhibited. The gas was burning, and looking around the room, I saw that the bed had not been touched. Why had the porter been so frightened?

Ha! the window was open. Perhaps Mr. Fleuhiski had flung himself out in a fit of despair, or—in his best clothes. I rushed to the open window. Alas! I saw it all now. A board had been thrust out and across the narrow passage into a window of one of the chambers of Mr. Carter's house.

As I stood there, for one moment spell-bound, Mr. Carter appeared at the opposite window, his dark eyes gleaming with all the brightness and fury of a kerosene lamp.

"Monster! where is my daughter?" he shrieked, tearing his hair with the assistance of his wife, who was assisted by the chamber-maid.

"Fleuhiski!" I shrieked, in agony.

"Flew sky high, you villain! Tell me where you have carried my daughter?—or by heavens, I'll—" and he sprang into the window of Number Twenty, and seized me by the throat.

Mrs. Carter and the maid followed, and endeavored to calm him, and at last succeeded, when I related all I knew about the affair. When I came to describe Mr. Theophilus Fleuhiski, Mr. Carter raised his hand to stop me.

"Enough—'tis he! 'tis he!" groaned the paternal Carter.

"Yes, I know 'twas he, my dear sir. In fact, I never supposed he was a female," I remarked, with a savage laugh.

"Yes, 'tis he—Jenkins, the conductor on the horse-car. 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" he gasped.

"They're married ere this," remarked Mrs. Carter.

"Married!" I yelled; "married! No, no, I tell ye she is mine! ay, mine! Ha! laugh, ye fiends! Bring on your torments! Ha! ha! ha!"

Perhaps it is needless to remark that I was removed to the Lunatic Asylum at once, where I still remain, though I have been quite sane for the last week, and the doctor, thinking it might amuse me, kindly furnished the paper upon which I have written this true account of the wreck of the brain of James Ringle.

GEORGE IV. AND LORD ALVANLEY.

Captain Gronow's last literary legacy is only a book of anecdotes, some of which are of venerable age, though they be new to the young of the present generation, and certainly worth their knowing. All the personages here are performers on a stage which has been rebuilt for an entirely new class of actors. We have no longer lordly and drunken individuals driving a tilbury, with an apple-stall hooked on to it, full gallop down the Haymarket pavement at midnight. The well-born and ill-bred ruffians who used to knock down old watchmen, maim turnpike-men who objected to be cheated of their toll, and threaten with the whip all weaker men who denounced their proceedings, would now be expelled

from decent society. With some of this quality, Captain Gronow came in contact; but when he notices the fact, he does not conceal his contempt for them. His book, however, does not so much reflect all classes as it does all phases of the upper classes. There is that immortal "First Gentleman of Europe," the Prince Regent, wishing himself all sorts of things if the maid-servants at Carlton House dared to look at him as he passed near them. Louis XIV. used to raise his hat to the women-servants at Versailles, who saluted him as he passed. Archbishop Sumner glides before us, and we are told that he owed his rise in the Church to the good offices of the men whom (with great foresight) he had declined to flog when they were boys at Eton. Then, proud, fast, and gentleman-like as the prince, Lord Alvanley, first of dandies, with wit to dignify him, gleams through these pages. Coldly and cruelly selfish seems this very first of his class. He inherited an estate of £8000 a year; but he was so faithless to his trust, that his brother and successor found three-fourths of the revenue squandered. Alvanley once made out a list of his debts, but forgot one little item of £50,000. He bought at any price, and could well afford it, considering his careless economy. "How much did you give for that mare?" asked Johnny Armstrong of him. "Well," said my lord, in his pleasant off-hand way, "I owe Miller three hundred guineas for her!" Jack Talbot, Alvanley's best friend, was wont to take a bottle of sherry at breakfast, because he was always drunk over night, and it did him good; and, naturally, Jack was at death's door while he was yet but a young fellow. His doctor told Alvanley that he must use the lancet. "You'd better tap him, doctor," said Alvanley; "Jack has less blood in him than claret." But Alvanley could say better things. When Nield, at the head of his own table, kept his guests hungry while he directed attention to the gilt cornices of his dining-room, Alvanley remarked, "We have had enough of your gilding, let us now have some of your carving."

GOING TO BE BURIED.—A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. "A man was going to be buried." "O," he replied, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

GONE.

BY MOSS NEVILLE.

Life's gleam with her is over—
The bright, brief aspect past;
And on our pathway sunny
A shadow's length is cast.

Two waxen hands are folded
Upon a pulseless breast;
An aching head no longer
Is subject to unrest;

Her tiny feet that pattered
Along the oaken hall;
Her flute-like voice that answered
The wood-dove's gentle call;

The cherub form that fitted
'Mong roses by the door;

The glance, the smile of gladness—
Are gone forevermore.

We've laid our hearts' lost treasure
Beneath the cold, cold sod;
We know she wakes an angel
In heaven above, with God.

We know 'tis wrong to murmur,
But lonely—ah! so lone,
So poor seems our existence,
Since Nell from earth has flown.

In giving, so in taking,
Father of mercies still!
We kiss the rod of chastening,
We own thy righteous will.

THE FOUNDLING OF WYOMING.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

THE Marysville stage was just in. The four powerful-looking black horses were white with dust, and looked worn and jaded. It had been a warm day, and it was a good thirty-five miles to Weston, the present terminus of the railroad.

"Whoa! there, whoa!" called out the driver, making a great show of holding in his horses, when in reality they were only too glad to stop.

"Well, gentlemen, here we are at the 'Wyoming,' at last. Warm work, sirs, driving four-in-hand such horses as them ere;" which he emphasized by taking off his hat and mopping his forehead vigorously with an enormous bandanna.

The outside passengers—some four or five in number—sprang to the ground, yawned, shook a perfect cloud of dust from their clothing, and adjourned to the bar-room—probably to book their names! There were but two inside passengers—a very pretty young woman, and a little child not more than a year and a half old.

"Stop at the 'Wyoming,' mum?" said John, coming round and opening the coach door.

"Where, sir?" And a pair of startled brown eyes were lifted to the questioner.

"At the 'Wyoming,' mum. It's the name

of this ere hotel, and," he added, confidently "it's a crack place, and no mistake."

"Thank you, yes. I do wish to stop here," she said, handing out the child, and preparing to follow.

"Pretty as a pictur," said John, sententially, looking into the sweet, childish face, with its sunny blue eyes and apple-blossomy complexion.

"Any baggage, mum?"

She inclined her head slightly towards a small valise lying on the coach floor.

"No trunks, nor nothing?"

"No; that is all."

"All right; walk this way, if you please," as, with valise in hand, and still carrying the child, he preceded her up the broad, stone steps, to where, on a long, airy piazza, some half dozen idlers were lounging. She hastily drew down her veil as she felt, rather than saw, six pairs of eyes levelled at her; for, like their brethren in other localities, the Marysville gentlemen always made it a point to stare every lady out of countenance, that was obliged to run the gauntlet of their eyes.

It was a cool, pleasant sitting-room into which she was ushered, and Mrs. Benson, the landlady, a fair, sunshiny little woman of thirty or thereabouts, came forward and took the

little girl from the arms of the perspiring driver, and quietly proceeded to lay off its little dainty sack of pale blue silk.

The child was extremely pretty, with pale amber curls, falling like summer sunshine over the plump, dimpled shoulders.

There were two other children in the room, at play. One, Alice Benson, the landlady's little girl; and the other Arnold Bruce, the son of a neighbor. The boy was probably seven or eight years old, and dark-eyed and dark-haired, with a faint dash of red burning through the dusky cheek. He gave promise of a splendid-looking man, with his rich, dark beauty.

With the usual sociability of children, they had already coaxed the little stranger to them, and Arnie clapped his hands with delight when she laid her little white hand in his, which was tanned as brown as a berry.

"O Alice, isn't she pretty? What is your name, little Snow-flake?"

"Her name is Minnie," said the lady, smiling at his childish enthusiasm.

"I'll tell you what, Allie, she looks just like one of your blush roses when it's just opening," declared the delighted boy, walking round her and lifting one of the soft, flossy curls admiringly.

While this little childish acquaintance was in progress, the traveller had laid aside her outer garments, and stood looking out of the window in a dreamy, absent manner.

There was a grieved, sorrowful look in the brown eyes, that told of grief or disappointment. It was a very pretty picture upon which she gazed, but she did not seem to see. Looking from the slight elevation which the Wyoming occupied, you saw at the front and right of you the main portion of the village, with its broad, even streets and pretty shade-trees. At the left wound away the St. Mary's, a broad, rapid river, navigable to Clayton (another but smaller village, ten miles above), for light-draught vessels. A long toll-bridge stretched away in the direction of Weston, and down the river a short distance three or four huge chimneys were vomiting smoke and flame, and the steady clang of machinery was borne back on the summer air.

Marysville was a driving, bustling little town. It had several large, flourishing cotton mills, besides extensive iron and copper works. It was but five miles from the sea-board, and the tide and cool sea-breeze came up there almost as strongly as on its native beach. Altogether, it was a delightful as well as

thriving village, with its white cottages and pretty, attractive villas.

"O, there's papa. I must go now. Good-by, little rose-leaf," stooping and kissing the sweet baby mouth. And Arnie Bruce ran down the steps and joined a gentleman walking leisurely down the street. The young woman grew suddenly pale, reaching out blindly for a chair.

"Are you ill? pray sit down," said Mrs. Benson, coming forward, alarmed at the ghastly pallor of her guest.

"No—that is—I am better," she stammered, with her eyes still fastened on the face that, alas! she knew too well.

"Some friend of yours?" noticing the strange look on her face.

"No," she said, faintly, shivering as in an ague chill.

"Poor child!" said the sympathizing little woman, "you're all tired out riding in that horrid old coach this hot day."

The gentleman had turned and stood facing that way, in conversation with some one. Through the open window she heard his voice—the voice that had been the sweetest music of her life. With a strong effort she controlled herself to say:

"The gentleman looked like some one I used to know."

"O! well, that is Mr. Bruce—Mr. Edward Bruce, the owner of the copper works, where you see that tallest stack, there, a little to the right of the others. He is one of our richest men, and stands very high in town. That was his little boy in here, all the child he has."

"He has a wife?" Mrs. Benson looked up quickly, the voice had such a strange, unnatural sound in it; but the face she looked into was cold and impassible.

"O yes, he has a wife; a cold, haughty woman, that few like. She doesn't make his home very happy, I fear; indeed, it wasn't much of a love-match on either side. She married him to spite a faithless lover, as she thought, but who, it afterwards appeared, was not so. But it was then too late, for she was already married to Bruce. I suppose her great wealth and position dazzled him, and perhaps he fancied she loved him—I don't know; but he has prospered in business wonderfully, as if to make up for lack of heart-wealth. Two or three years ago he went up to Lake Superior—I believe it was, where there are great copper mines, and stayed all of one summer. Some people thought he would never come back, and few, perhaps,

would have blamed him, knowing his loveless life; but he came back in the autumn, and applied himself to business more closely than ever, scarcely going into society at all; though he is one of the most agreeable men, and the best conversationalist I ever met.

The slight figure still stood immovable in the window, and Minnie, clinging to her skirts, began to cry in a little, frightened voice. This evidently recalled her, and stooping she lifted the child in her arms, and requested to be shown to her room. She gave the name of Margaret Stein, and desired that her supper should be sent to her room.

Boarders, going to and fro to their rooms, heard a low, stifled sobbing; but they did not hear a wild, despairing voice saying over and over again:

"It was true—he did love me—me only," hugging that one sweet thought to her aching heart, as if it might in part atone for the cruel wrong he had done her.

"He said I was the 'only woman he had ever loved.' Thank God, he did not tell me false in that! O Edward, Edward! my love, my life!"

The wind blew up, cool from the northeast, and black, squally clouds drifted across the sky. The young moon, well down in the west, was nearly obscured, and only a red, sullen glare from the dusky chimneys down the river lighted the gloomy shadows. The tide was coming in, and beat with a sullen surge against the shore. Across, on the opposite bank, in a bush-hemlock swamp, a solitary owl kept up a dismal 'too-hoo.'

One after another the boarders and guests of the Wyoming passed up the broad staircase to their rooms, but none saw—or did not notice if they did—a slight, muffled figure that stole silently down, and passed out into the gloom and darkness. Only the old toll-keeper, sitting on his door-steps and smoking his coarse clay pipe, saw, or fancied he saw, something white pacing back and forth on the long bridge. Sometimes it seemed to fade entirely away in the dusky shadows, and then it floated in sight again. He watched it with his dim, bleared eyes, as it fluttered softly back and forth.

"Wife!" he called out, so suddenly that the good woman sprang half out of her chair, dropping a needle-full of stitches right in the "narrowings."

"Reuben, what do you want to fright a body's life out, for?"

"Come here, Elsie; your eyes are younger

and sharper than mine. There," he added, as she stood in the doorway, "do you see that?"

"What? I don't see anything."

"There! It's coming this way now. It is something dressed in light, and—there! Elsie, didn't you hear a splash in the water?"

"Pooh! Reuben, it's nothing but the tide against the piers. I do believe you're moon-struck."

She was evidently a little nettled at being disturbed in her "toeing-off" process.

Old Reuben Granger strained his dull eyes, but the white figure, whatever it was, flitted no more up and down the long bridge; and the young moon went down behind the hills, and the shadows grew denser and denser, and he arose and went in to where his wife sat picking up her stitches by a tallow dip.

"Elsie," he said, thoughtfully, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "I don't know but it is a warning of something that's to happen. I'd been watching it a long time before I spoke to you. It kept moving about like something in pain; flitting like, back and forth. Perhaps it was a wraith."

"The smoke from your pipe, more like!" was the unsympathizing rejoinder.

Some of the earlier risers at the Wyoming heard, as they passed through the hall, the low, frightened sobbing of a child in one of the rooms; but thought nothing unusual of it. But after the breakfast bell had been twice rung, and the strange lady did not make her appearance, Mrs. Benson, fearing she was too ill to come down, went up to the room. The child was still crying in little, short, gasping sobs, as if it had cried long and was exhausted. The key was on the outside, and turned in the lock. A little startled, she rapped softly, speaking at the same time. There was no answer, only an increased sobbing. She hesitated a moment, then turned the key and went in. Nestled down close beside the door, the little rosy face pressed against the carpet, the blue eyes swimming in tears, and the coral lips grieved and tremulous, was little Minnie. Two little bare, pink feet peeped from under the snowy nightdress, and the tangled curls fell like a pale, golden cloud over the half-uncovered shoulders.

Mrs. Benson cast a quick look about the room. The valise lay open in a chair; it did not seem to contain much. The pretty blue silk hat, with the drooping lilacs-of-the-valley and forget-me-nots, which she had thought yesterday so becoming to the fair young face, lay on the table. But the light summer shawl

she wore was gone. She went to the bed and turned down the clothes; only the impress of a wee baby form hollowed the soft, downy bed. Thoroughly alarmed, she caught up the child and ran swiftly down to the sitting-room, where her husband was walking to and fro somewhat impatiently, waiting for his breakfast.

"O John!" she exclaimed, white with terror, "the lady I spoke to you about—the one that came in in the Weston stage—is not in her room. And see, this poor little thing has cried herself most to death."

The child had nestled her head down on the landlady's shoulder. The tears had ceased to flow, but the long eyelashes were yet wet, and now and then long, convulsive sobs shook the little frame.

"Pshaw! Martha, you alarm yourself needlessly. It's a fine morning, and she has doubtless gone out for a walk, thinking the child would sleep until her return."

"No, John; I tell you that is not it. The bed has not been slept in to-night, only by this little one. Do go out and raise an alarm. O, I am sure something dreadful has happened."

John Benson started towards the door, but before he reached it a servant girl opened it and looked in, with a white face, and wild, horrified eyes.

"O ma'am! there is a woman drowned in the river just below the toll-bridge. Old Reuben Granger has just picked up the body, and more than half the town is down there."

Mrs. Benson grasped the arm of her husband and broke into hysterical sobbing.

"O John! I told you I knew something was wrong with her last night, she looked so heart-broken."

Her husband calmed her all he could, and started for the shore. Half-way there he met Edward Bruce and Joe Gartney the stage-driver, bringing up the poor drowned girl.

"Shall we carry her up to the house, sir?" asked Joe, in a husky voice. Mr. Benson bowed, and turned back.

They carried her into the pleasant sitting-room, the water dripping from her garments, and her long brown hair unbound, and clinging about her fair shoulders. Only last night, full of fresh young life, Joe Gartney had shown her into that same room. Death looked strangely out of place there in that great, busy, bustling hotel, running over with strong, vigorous life. One unconsciously thinks of death in quiet homes, with dear home faces by, and loving eyes to weep.

But there was no kith nor kin to weep for the poor unknown, yet there was not wanting tears to fall upon her pale, upturned face. Little Mrs. Benson cried as if her heart would break, and the rosy, jovial face of Joe Gartney was white and set and stern, as ever and anon he wiped his eyes furtively on his coat-sleeve. Women, too, boarders at the house, came in, and tenderly binding up the long, tangled hair, dropped silent tears on the fair, girlish face; and some said, pitifully, under their breath, "one more unfortunate."

"I knew," said Mrs. Benson, "when I found the child locked in the room, and sobbing so piteously, that something terrible had happened."

"The child!" ejaculated Edward Bruce, starting suddenly from the mantel, against which he was leaning. Mrs. Benson looked up at him, and started back aghast at the ashy pallor and anguished look on his face.

"Why, Mr. Bruce!" she exclaimed, "your face is whiter than the poor drowned girl herself."

"Such a sight is enough to take the color out of a man," he said, turning and walking to the window. There was a look of hopeless, unutterable woe on the face that looked out on the softly rippling river, glinting in the morning sunshine. Standing there, he heard them talking over the strangeness of the affair, and speculating upon whether she sought her own death, or whether she walked off the side of the bridge in the darkness. It was concluded that the child must of course have been hers, although no one heard her say; indeed, she said but little, and little indeed it was they knew of her—only that her name was Margaret Stein, and the child's Minnie—Minnie Stein, they supposed.

Edward Bruce turned from the window and went out. It was a white, impassible face that his men saw as he walked through his great manufacturing rooms. "See," said one of his workmen, "what 'tis to have plenty of money; one can wear broadcloth and have white hands, and lord it over us, poor fellows."

"I don't think Bruce lords it over his men, Jim. I'd never ask for a better employer."

"Well, he's so-so. But I get savage sometimes, thinking how I slave and sweat here from dawn till dark, and get barely enough to fill the half dozen little mouths at home. No luxuries and few comforts is it we ever get; while he has everything to make him happy."

"Money doesn't make happiness, Jim. I tell you, man, I wouldn't give up my little

cot, with Jennie's sweet face watching for me at the window, for all the fine things at the big house, and that cold, haughty woman along."

"O bosh! Ned; just give me the shiners, and I'd risk the happiness. Money'll buy friends; leastwise, a man always has plenty of friends as long as he has enough money."

It was a sad day at the Wyoming; the usual cheerful bustle gave place to an awed, hushed undertone of step and voice. Gentle hands had robed the fair young form in saintly white, and in one of the dim, silent parlors she lay in dreamless sleep. In the early dusk Mr. Bruce came in, as many others had done, and asked to go in a moment. Mrs. Benson asked if she should go in with him. "No, she need not mind," he said, and so he went in alone, and none saw the burning tears that fell on the sweet, pure face, so lovely even in death; and no one heard the anguished cry, "O Margaret, my darling! my darling! That I, who loved you so, should have killed you!"

It was quite dark when he came out, and no one saw the white, hopeless face he wore.

"Agnes, you will go to the funeral?" he said to his wife that night.

"I? pray why should I go? It is nothing to me," disdainfully.

"But I told Mr. Benson that we would come; and we thought, as there was no one else to, that a few of us would go out to Elmwood as mourners."

"Very well, Mr. Bruce. If you choose the society of inn-keepers and other low people, it is no reason why I should."

"It is not a question of 'society' at all, only of common humanity. I wish you would go, Agnes."

"Indeed, I will *not*. Doubtless it was some low creature; some shameless—"

"Stop! Agnes, for the love of Heaven; have you no touch of womanly feeling or pity about you?"

A fiery red came into her cheek, but she was silent. After a long pause she said:

"I suppose it will be sent to the almshouse?"

"Who?" absently.

"Why, that—that person's child."

"No, it will not! I will take it myself first."

"Not till after I am dead, Edward Bruce! If you wish to associate with low people—which it's very natural you should—you will have to wait till then."

And so in the little procession of kind-hearted villagers, Edward Bruce rode foremost, and beside him sat honest Joe Gartney, his kindly

eyes dim with tears. But Agnes Bruce did not go.

The most careful inquiries were made, notices giving a minute description of the lady and child were inserted in all the papers, but nothing was elicited, save that a young woman answering to the description came into the Weston post-office that day and inquired of the postmaster for "Edward Allen."

"There was no such man in Weston," he had told her. She grew white, and turned to go. Then she came back and asked, "had he ever noticed a letter mailed from his office to Margaret Stein?"

The man did remember the name, as it was not a common one.

"Did he know who brought the letter?"

"No, he had not minded; in fact, he believed they were sent up from Marysville."

But beyond this nothing could be traced. It was supposed, however, that she came in the cars from Bolton, some fifty miles beyond Weston.

Mrs. Benson was not willing to part with the pretty little child so strangely thrown upon her care, though there were many who would gladly have taken her; and Joe Gartney begged hard to take her to his childless home.

"I know I'm a rough fellow to train up such a pretty little snow-drop," he said, "but the winds should never blow upon her, if I could help it. She should never lack for love, at any rate."

But Mrs. Benson did not like to give her up; besides, she said some one might come to claim her any day. But the days grew into months, and the months into years, and still no one came.

She grew prettier, and more lovable, and more into their hearts, through them all. She was the general pet of boarders and guests, but being one of the very few children who could bear petting, she was not spoiled. She had half a score of pet names, but Arnie Bruce still called her "Snow-flake," and Uncle Gartney—as she called him—as persistently called her "Sunbeam;" but among the towns-people she was mostly called the "Foundling of Wyoming." Uncle Gartney was her prime favorite. She would leave her choicest toys to climb in his lap and examine the mysteries of the ponderous "bull's eye" he carried, though she had seen it a hundred times. And when it grew towards night she would watch for the big cloud of dust that heralded his coming, and never was she so supremely hap-

py as when lifted to his lap, on the top of the great lumbering stage, with her white, dimpled arms about his neck, and her soft, flossy curls falling against his shaggy beard.

Neither had Arnold Bruce forgotten his early penchant for the pretty child, but would gladly have stayed at the Wyoming half the time. Mr. Bruce also came often, but his lady wife did not. She had a superb disdain of "common people." But one day there came a visitor to her—a very common visitor—common alike in palace and hovel. At first she treated his advances with scorn and indifference; but when he grew more importunate she tried to bribe him with gold; but with no avail. And so the curtains were drawn, and the fires put out, and Agnes Bruce went out with him on a long, long journey, where there is no regard of caste, or respect for wealth.

And now Mr. Bruce besought Mrs. Benson to let him have Minnie. It was very lonely for Arnie, he said. He did not speak of himself; but every one knows that it is always lonely in a house where death has been, whether the voice that is silent made music or discord in our hearts. And Mrs. Benson, pitying his loneliness, consented; knowing, also, the greater advantages to the child.

And so, on her ninth birthday, Minnie Stein went to live with Mr. Bruce as his adopted daughter. She had always the comforts of life—she had now its choicest luxuries. Everything that the most thoughtful love could suggest, was done for her happiness. Mr. Bruce would not send her to the schools, but the best of teachers were provided for her at home.

In this atmosphere of affluence and love Minnie grew to womanhood, yet never losing her pretty, loving ways, or changing one whit towards her old friends. Indeed, I think she was never happier than when, in the summer twilight, she sat in the humble cottage door of Joe Gartney. She was rightly named Sunbeam, Joe said, for she shone alike in the rich man's home, and by his humble hearth. In his partial eyes, not all the queens or princes of fairyland were ever one half so good or beautiful, as "Sunbeam."

Arnold Bruce, a bright, handsome fellow of twenty, was about entering on a collegiate course at Bolton. His father was very proud of him, as he had reason to be; but all the pent-up tenderness of his nature was lavished on Minnie. He had been very happy these few last years. He had, as he thought, buried the old dead past, so full of tender pain, be-

yond a thought of resurrection. He had tried to atone to the living for his wrong to the dead, and Heaven had, he fancied, accepted the sacrifice. But there came a painful revelation of his own short-sightedness one night. It was the night before Arnold was to leave for college. He had been walking in the garden, and as he came out by the grape arbor, he was the witness of an unmistakably lovers' parting between Arnold and Minnie. He started back horrified. Strange that he had never thought of the possibility of such a thing! but he had not.

The very chains his own hands had riveted, his own hands must force asunder. All night he tossed on his sleepless couch; since that terrible day, fifteen years ago, he had not known such bitter anguish. He shrank from the thought of revealing to them the secret sin of his life, not knowing which had greater cause to upbraid him, the child of his acknowledged but unloved wife, or hers whom he had loved with all the fiery intensity of his nature, but who had never borne his rightful name.

But they were both young, he reasoned, and he would put it off—something might happen. You see, this man was very weak.

So Arnold was sent for. His father was sitting at the table, with his face turned partly away.

"Arnold," and his voice sounded hollow and strange, "I was unwittingly the witness of an interview between you and Minnie last night, that pained me exceedingly. My boy, you must never think of her in that way—it can never be."

"Never be! father. I thought you loved Minnie like an own child."

"I do, Arnold, I do. But there are certain reasons—"

"If you mean the possibility of her low birth," he broke in, hotly, "I tell you, father, I would marry her if her parents were the poorest and lowest in the land. She is beautiful and pure; that is enough for me."

"It is not that. Boy, do not force me to tell you what will only make you miserable. But once for all, I tell you it can never be."

"Then why did you bring her here and throw us together continually?"

"Because I was blind and a fool—yet how could I do less?" he added, sadly. "Believe me, child, that until last night the thought never entered my mind of the possibility of your loving her other than as a sister. Even now, Arnie, you may be mistaken; it may be, after all, a mere childish fancy, that will fade

away when you go out into the world, and grow older."

"Father," and the handsome, boyish face was very grave, "since the day when Joe Gartney brought her, a little sunny-haired child, into the parlor of the Wyoming, there has never been a time when I would not freely have given my life to save her a pang. Do you call that a mere childish fancy?"

"O my God!" he groaned, burying his face in his hands.

Arnold came over and stood beside him. "Father," he said, "had you not better tell me all?"

"Don't, boy, don't," pleadingly. "You are both so young," he said, after a little pause; "there is time enough to talk of this by-and-by. You are to go to college, and there try little by little to put this thought out of your heart."

"But Minnie?"

"I will attend to that. I can tell her you are both too young to enter into any such engagements, when you are both liable to change with more years and wider experience."

And so the evil day was put off, and Arnold Bruce went to college with a heavy heart. But youth is elastic, and he was an ardent student, and the first sharp pain wore off in the absorption of study. Not that he ever forgot Minnie; her fair face, in its frame-work of sunny curls, looked up at him from Greek lexicons and German text-books. Despite all his father had told him, he still hoped some day in the far future to call her wife.

At home, Mr. Bruce threw open his house to company, exerting himself to introduce Minnie into society. Men, young, handsome and talented, were invited to his house, and Minnie certainly did not lack for admirers. But though pleased and interested, her heart was untouched.

And so two years passed away and Arnold's college days were nearly over. The constant worry and excitement wore upon Mr. Bruce, hastening a disease that had long lain latent in his system. Indeed, his physician intimated that it would be well for him to keep his affairs well arranged, as, though in apparent health, and with perhaps many years before him, it would be a hasty summons at last.

And so, one day, a hasty telegram summoned Arnold Bruce home just in time to receive his father's last kiss and blessing.

"Promise me that you will think of me as leniently as you can, when you know all, my

children," he said, brokenly. "God knows how well I have loved you. Among my private papers is a sealed package directed to you. I have written out what I had not the courage to tell. In my will I have divided my property equally between you." He spoke with difficulty, holding a hand of each. "Kiss me, my children," and as they bent over him, the pale lips moved, and "Margaret! at last! at last!" came with the parting breath.

Marysville mourned for one of her best citizens; a man of kindly heart, and strict integrity, a man missed and lamented more than most men.

But to Arnold and Minnie it came with crushing force. They were so completely overwhelmed with grief, that for the first week they forgot entirely the sealed package of which he had spoken. And then they waited several days, dreading to face the fateful secret. But at last they sat down, resolved to know the worst. Arnold broke the seal and a picture fell out. It was worn and faded with time, but a sweet, earnest face, with brown eyes and hair, showed that it must once have been very lovely. A bit of paper pasted on the back had "Margaret Stein" written in delicate characters upon it.

The letter was long, and closely written, and as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN:—It is with a heavy heart that I sit down to write what will blight the sweetest hopes of your young lives. I had thought to tell you, but alas! I am a sad coward, and I could not live and know that you despised me, as I feel that you will when you know the carefully guarded secret of my life. It is nearly twenty years ago, since, in the course of my business, it became necessary that some one should visit the mining regions of Lake Superior, from which we had the greater portion of our copper ore. I had always a desire to behold the wild, rough scenery of that region, and decided to go myself. It was a small mining town where I stopped, made up mainly of rude miners. But there were a few families of culture and refinement, with one of which I took board. I had taken the whim to drop my last name; and so was known only by that of Edward Allen.

"This family into which I came consisted of but three persons,—Mr. Colman and his wife, and Margaret Stein, a sister of Mrs. Colman.

"Mr. Colman was a wild, adventurous spirit, drawn hither from an eastern city by stories of fabulous wealth. But Margaret Stein—even now, after all I have suffered, my pen lingers lovingly over the dear name.

"Arnold, it is a hard thing for a man to tell his child that he did not love his dead mother. But alas! ours was a loveless marriage. I was young and ambitious, and was, I think, dazed with the evident and open preference of the haughty young heiress. I did not know until long after, that, angry at some fancied slight from the man she loved, she thus recklessly shipwrecked three lives. But I knew at last; she told me herself, in less than a week after we were married, that all little endearments or caresses between us would be superfluous; and when I upbraided her with her deception she turned upon me, asking coolly, "did you think, silly boy, that I ever loved you?" I tell you this that you may see how very naturally, when thrown into the society of one so good and beautiful as Margaret Stein, I fell madly, passionately in love. I forgot home, honor, everything but my great love for her, and one day, standing in the little parish church of M——, I, who had already a wife and child, was united by the venerable priest to this pure, confiding woman. I have wondered since that the lightnings did not strike me dead for my perjury. But Heaven had a more exquisite torture in store for me. Two happy months went by, and then I awoke from my sweet dream of bliss. I had resolved never to return to Marysville, to the wife who I knew was only too glad of my absence. But a message came, saying that affairs at home were in a very critical condition, and urging my immediate return. Then came the agony of separation, and I returned to my work and my home. I do not think I realized the enormity of my crime until after I came back. I wrote to Margaret often, sending her liberal sums of money. My business prospered, and I was only waiting to arrange a few more of the details, before I left Marysville forever, and went back to her presence, who was more than life or heaven to me. I was scrupulously exact that every penny I had ever received from my rich wife should be returned with interest. I wished, also, to have something to start in life with, when I began the new life I looked forward to, with Margaret. I was, as I have said, nearly ready, when the sea washed up to my appalled vision the dead face of my peerless love. What I

endured is beyond words to tell—for O, I loved her so!

"I had never known about you, Minnie; it was very strange that she never mentioned the existence of a child, in her letters. You know now, my children, the terrible sin of my life. But Heaven is very pitiful, and I feel that I am forgiven; and I wait, with an unwilling heart, the happy hour when I shall meet my lost love, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Remembering all the years of tender love we have lived together, try to think tenderly of my errors. Forgive me, O my darlings, as you hope to be forgiven in your own weaknesses and follies, Your loving father,

"EDWARD ALLEN BRUCE."

They sat silent, with white, anguished faces. Minnie was the first to speak:

"O Arnold, how he suffered! I wish he knew how much I pity and love him still!"

"You don't seem to remember what this is to us; how it makes blight and shipwreck of our lives."

"Don't I, Arnie?" He looked up into a face whiter than the muslin dress she wore.

"Forgive me, Minnie. I am not as good as you. I cannot—O my pretty Snow-flake, how can I give you up!" he cried, wringing her hand till she was faint with pain. "I must go away," he said, after a little pause. "I cannot bear it yet. After a while, when I can look upon you as a sister, I will return. But O Minnie, not yet, not yet."

That night Minnie resolved that he should not go away on her account; she would go herself.

It seemed her mother had a sister; she would go to her for a little while, at least, until this first fierce sorrow was dulled. So she packed a little trunk with a few necessary articles of wearing apparel, and in the early dawn, before any one was astir, tapped at the window of Joe Gartney. She only told him that for certain reasons she wished to go to Boston for a while, and did not want any one at the house to know. Would he come up softly and get her trunk? As if he would not have undertaken a pilgrimage to Jerusalem if she had asked him!

No one was yet astir at the house, and she crept softly up to her room again. She knew Arnold had business in another direction that day, which would keep him till late at night. He was to start quite early, some time before the Weston stage, and would not

know of her absence that day. It was his own home, his lawfully; he should not leave it for her. And besides, she knew that he ought not to leave his business, as the care of all his father's extensive manufactories now, of necessity, devolved on him. After a while, she said to herself, when they had got accustomed to this new relation she would come back, and they would be the dearest brother and sister in the world. So she wrote a little note to Arnold, telling why she had gone, and begging him not to search for her, as she could not come back just yet. But by-and-by she should certainly come.

She did not go down, she did not feel strong enough to risk meeting him; but through the half-closed blinds she saw him mount, and ride away. How handsome he was that morning! and how her heart ached, as she pressed the lids close over her eyes to keep back the tears.

She told the housekeeper she was going to Weston, and might be gone some time, and so when Joe Gartney drove up for her, no one wondered.

Going over the long bridge, she thought of the day when her mother came over it; and then of that terrible night, when, wrestling with her great agony and despair, she had walked up and down, and at last off it! She shuddered, and grew pale beneath her veil, and her own sorrow grew light beside it. And so it was with a very brave and hopeful heart that she alighted at Weston that night. Joe Gartney took her to the hotel, and after getting her the best room the house afforded, the faithful fellow drew a settee beside the door and, like a big shaggy Newfoundland, lay there all night. To be sure it made his old bones ache, but he didn't mind that. He didn't sleep much, but toward morning he fell into a light drowse in which pirates, brigands and kidnappers were all mixed up in admirable confusion, from which he suddenly awoke to find himself sprawling upon the floor. He picked himself up, and as it was quite light, he crept down stairs, and Minnie never knew how faithfully he had watched, lest any shadow of harm should come to her.

As to the object of her going, he already suspected that it had something to do with Arnold, for, though Mr. Bruce had not foreseen it, to Joe it had always been plain that they were lovers.

The train for Bolton went quite early, and Minnie, providing herself with a "railway

guide," stood in the little station waiting to start on her unknown journey. She felt a little timid, but tried to keep up a show of bravery before Joe.

Minnie's little trunk was on the platform, and Joe stood a little way off, keeping a sort of dumb guard over both it and Minnie. Presently a gentleman came out and began pacing up and down the platform. He was a slight but compactly built man of perhaps forty-five. He walked with a quick, elastic tread, and as he lifted his hat, one noticed that the short black hair stood erect on his head. His skin was dark but clear, and his nose was slightly Roman; but his eyes were the most wonderful; they were a clear, cool gray in color, but when they looked at a thing—no matter if it were a "millstone," you felt intuitively that they saw through it! By-and-by these wonderful eyes happened to glance at the label on which was written "Minnie Stein." He started violently, and his eyes fairly emitted sparks; but he turned and walked back as if nothing had happened. When he arrived at the other end of the platform, he took a bit of folded paper from his pocket, and read, under his breath, "fair complexion, golden-brown hair, inclined to curl, seventeen or eighteen years of age." "Yes, yes," to himself; then he walked up by the little trunk, and, without appearing to, read it over again. Then he turned away again, and this time he drew out a little picture and gazed long on it, and as he gazed, the sharp look faded out of the lynx eyes, and something very like a tear dimmed them for an instant.

Then he returned both paper and picture to his pocket, and sauntered leisurely in where some half-dozen were waiting for the train.

It was a careless glance he cast about the room, yet his eye took in each face. There was an old lady in a black poke-bonnet, and a scant pongee dress, with an enormous black bag on her arm, from which protruded a set of knitting-needles, and one of the strings of her "best cap." Then there was a tall female of uncertain age, with two or three long attenuated curls of very light brown, dangling against her sallow cheek, and eyes of about the color of skimmed milk. Then there was a large matronly woman, with two children, that were amusing themselves by climbing over chair-backs, to the infinite risk of breaking their own. But looking beyond these, his keen eye rested on a trim little figure in a

brown travelling dress looking intently out of the window. He could not see her face, but a heavy mass of golden-brown curls fell over her shoulders. He took several turns across the floor, but she did not move. He looked at his watch—the car would be due in fifteen minutes. Then he walked to the table, took up a paper or two, and finally a book. He must have handled it awkwardly, for it fell to the floor with a heavy crash. It had answered his purpose—the little figure in the window faced suddenly round.

He caught his breath quickly, and his eyes seemed to emit little sparks of lambent flame. But he walked very quietly over to the window, and looked out an instant on the busy street of the busy little town.

"Quite a smart little place," he said, pleasantly.

"Yes," was the timid answer.

"Do you think it pretty?"

"I think some of the views lovely."

"Ah, one's birthplace is always charming to them."

"But it's not my birthplace; I came from Marysville."

"Ah! Then Marysville is your native place?"

"No," growing pale with apprehension lest he should ask her where it was. But just then Joe Gartney came in with two tickets, handing her one. She looked at the other questioningly.

"I am going up to Bolton, too," he said.

"Why, Uncle Gartney, you didn't tell me."

"No; but I've been thinking of going up, and so concluded to go to-day."

Poor Joe! he had watched this strange man until he was fairly nervous. He had heard of wolves going about in sheep's clothing, and he was firmly persuaded that this man was some dreadful wolf, all ready to pounce upon and devour his one pet lamb. So, though half an hour ago he had no more thought of going to Bolton than he had to Africa, he persuaded himself that it was a long premeditated thing.

The stranger, looking in his face, read the whole story as plain as if it had been printed there, and an amused smile crept into his face.

"But, Uncle Gartney," persisted Minnie, "who will go back with the stage?"

"O, I've got a man."

"Permit me to ask," said the stranger, politely, "if you are in *reality* this young lady's uncle?"

"I don't know as it makes any difference whether I am or not," gruffly.

"O, don't be offended, my good fellow. I only asked for information."

"And I hope you may get it!"

"Precisely. That is my intention. And I don't mind giving a little. You first saw this young lady when she was about a year and a half old."

"How did you know?" looking startled.

"And there was a young woman, with a fair, pale face, and brown eyes, who had her in charge."

"Yes," said Joe, forgetting his assumed bravado.

"Well, where is that young woman now?"

"Why! don't you know that? She's drowned, poor thing."

"Drowned? how long since?"

"The very night she came, sir—sixteen years ago."

"Well, you just put that little trunk out there, on your stage. I think we will all go back to Marysville."

"But I—" said Minnie, nervously. "I cannot, indeed I cannot go back."

"But, my dear young lady, I have come several hundred miles to find you, and I don't see, really, how I can let you run away now." Then to Joe. "When does your coach leave?"

"Upon the arrival of the train."

"Couldn't your passengers wait half an hour?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, leave it with some one, and come with me. Perhaps I had better explain before asking more of you."

Stepping into a hotel across the road, a private room was at once procured, and after carefully closing the door the stranger resumed:

"Was the young woman of whom we were speaking *accidentally* drowned?"

"Well, we never knew; though some thought not. She seemed in some kind of trouble."

"Did she give any name?"

"Yes sir. Margaret Stein."

The stranger took a little picture from his pocket and handed it to him.

"Why, this looks like Sunbeam, here."

"Yes. It is her mother."

"No, stranger, no, it isn't. I never shall forget *her* face, to my dying day."

"The woman who was drowned was not her mother."

"Not her mother! who was she then?"

"Her mother's sister."

"And who then am I?" said Minnie, in a frightened voice. "Am I not Minnie Stein?"

"You are Minnie Stein Colman. Your mother was Alline Stein before her marriage. Your father, Frederic Colman, left his family in M——, and went to California when the gold fever first broke out. You were but a few weeks old when he went. He bought extensive claims, there, but was unfortunate in them, as no ore of any amount was ever found. He was soon after attacked with a fever from which he never recovered. When you were a little over a year old, your mother died, also, leaving you with your Aunt Margaret. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned that she had been married nigh two years. The man she married was a stranger in M——. He came out on some business connected with the mines. He staid one summer, and left with the understanding that he would soon return, but he never came. Margaret was very reticent, and no one knew, but there were all sorts of surmises afloat. After the death of her sister she suddenly disappeared, taking the child with her. Inquiries were made, to be sure; but she had no near kin, and after a while the matter dropped; people inferring that she had gone to her husband.

"And now comes the strangest part of it. Two weeks ago letters came to M——, for the heirs of Frederic Colman. It seems the tract of land which Colman bought, although worthless for mining purposes, proved to be one of the richest and most fertile gardens, in that garden of the world. It chanced to be immediately adjacent to one of those mushroom towns that have grown as it were in a night. The property is valued at something like one hundred thousand dollars; at least the heir, or heirs, of said Colman are offered that for it without further trouble on their part. Of course full and direct proofs will be required, but I think we are prepared to furnish them, don't you?"

Joe Gartney was completely dumfounded. In his boyhood he had read the "Arabian Nights," but alas! they faded into utter insignificance beside this strange man's stranger story.

Minnie was overwhelmed by these revelations, only fully realizing one thing—and that was—that she was not Arnold's sister, after all!

Waiting for the stage to come up, Minnie said, laying her hand timidly on the arm of the stranger:

"How came you, sir, a stranger, to take an interest in this matter?"

"Well, little one," he said, smiling pleasantly; "in the first place, it is rather in my line. I believe I have not introduced myself yet. Well, then, I am John Follet, attorney at law. Of course, I expected to get paid for my trouble if I succeeded in finding you, and if I did not, it was my own risk. All I had for clue was the fact that Margaret had been in the habit of receiving letters bearing the Weston postmark. But fate, or Providence, threw you directly in my way. Your name on the trunk, and afterward your own face—so like your mother's—convinced me that I was on the right track."

"You knew her then—my mother—?" said Minnie, softly.

"Yes, she was a very dear friend of mine once," he said, turning abruptly away.

He did not say, though, that Alline Stein was once his promised wife, but was won from him by the gay, dashing Fred Colman. The people of M—— said that that was why John Follet had never married, and perhaps it was, but he was the last man one would have founded a romance on. He was clear-headed, and quick-witted, a cool, shrewd, sagacious lawyer. If he had had his little romance, he had also kept his own counsel.

Arnold Bruce, standing in the doorway, was thinking with a heavy heart of the little "snow-flake" that had drifted out of home, when the Weston stage came rumbling down the road. To his surprise it turned up the drive, and Joe, with a great flourish, drew in his horses. Opening the door a strange gentleman alighted, followed—could he believe his eyes!—by little Minnie herself.

"O Arnold," she managed to whisper, as he held her a moment to his heart. "I am not your sister, after all. It was all a strange mistake."

Afterwards, all was explained, and Arnold Bruce told his father's story; the paper he left proving one of the strongest corroborative evidences of the girl's identity. Indeed, so important did John Follet consider it, that he begged to take it back with him as proof, pledging strict secrecy, however, for they who had loved him so well were unwilling that any stain should be cast upon his memory. And so Marysville never knew how the man who had lived so long among them, and

whom they had loved and honored, had sinned and suffered.

The proofs were amply sufficient to establish Minnie's claim to her father's property, and in less than three months John Follet had the gratification of paying it over to her. But he demurred at the munificent fee she pressed upon his acceptance; saying in a slow, unsteady voice, and with a far-away look in his eyes:

"It wasn't for the money, child; it was for your mother's sake." And touching his lips to her forehead, he walked rapidly away.

It was the week before Christmas, and in the pleasant drawing-room of the Bruces, that the following conversation took place:

"Arnold?"

"Well, little wife."

"I want some money."

"The extravagant child! is all that one hundred thousand gone?"

"But that is all yours, now," with a charming little blush. "But I want five thousand dollars—can I have it?"

"Certainly—twice that if you wish."

"To do just what I am a mind to with?"

"Yes, Snow-flake."

"Well, you know the 'river farm,' it's for sale. Now I heard Uncle Gartney telling Mrs. Benson that if he could buy that little farm he should be the happiest man in Marysville. It would be so pleasant to see the fire-light streaming out over the long bridge, when he came in sight on dark stormy nights. He said he had hoped to be able to lay by enough to buy a little home somewhere, for himself and Janet when they were past labor, but it was slow work. Now the price asked for the river farm is two thousand dollars, and I want you to buy it, and have the deed made out to Uncle Gartney, and then the other three thousand I want you to put in the bank for him—all very privately, you know, and then I want the deed, and the certificate of deposit, for a Christmas present to Uncle Gartney."

"What a little financier! that scheming would do honor to John Follet himself," was the laughing rejoinder; but he set about the business very willingly. After it was all completed Minnie carried over the papers in a close little package, and with many injunctions of secrecy, delivered them to Aunt Janet.

Christmas dawned clear and crisp, and Minnie, flushed and excited, was flitting

from one thing to another, when suddenly looking up, she saw Joe Gartney coming up the walk.

"O Arnold! do you think he will suspect me—do you really?"

"I really do."

The door opened and Joe came into the room holding some papers tightly in his grasp. He walked with an unsteady step and groped blindly about him. Then sinking into a seat he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"O Sunbeam!" he sobbed, "that ever you should have done this for an old miserable fellow, like me. I know'd it was you—I said, it's no use, old woman, to try to fool me, there's but one Sunbeam in the world! But she was as much surprised as I, when she found what 'twas; and I left her crying as if her old heart would break."

"Now, Uncle Gartney," said Minnie, going and kneeling beside him, and looking regretfully in his face, "you wouldn't think I was a cool, premeditated, selfish little schemer—now, would you, Uncle Gartney?"

"O Pretty—" shaking his head remonstratingly.

"But I am, uncle, I'm a perfect little monster. You see, ever since I was a little bit of a thing, and you used to carry me up to the river farm in your arms—you remember, Uncle Gartney?—I have coveted that orchard, with its long winrows of summer-sweetings, and golden russets, and seek-no-further. Now I intend to quarter myself on you and Aunt Janet, until you are so tired of me that you'll wish you had never seen the river farm."

"Little one," he said, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, "ever since I carried you, a little, wee, toddling thing, into the Wyoming, sixteen years ago, every day of every one of those years, you have been the sunshine of my life. And what a poor, unworthy old creature as I am ever done to deserve such a blessing, the dear Lord only knows."

"Arnold," he said, rising slowly, and looking wistfully at Minnie, "would you care if such an old, homely, rough fellow as I am kissed your little rose-leaf, here?"

"Not half as much as if a young, handsome one did."

The old man raised his hand reverently to heaven, and with streaming eyes, and a choking voice, said, as he touched his lips to the fair, upturned forehead, "for what you

have done this day may God forever bless and keep you."

He was turning away, but Minnie threw her soft white arms about his neck, her bright sunshiny curls falling over his gray, shaggy beard, and the clear blue eyes swimming in tears, and taking the bronzed, weather-beaten face between her little pink palms, kissed him over and over again.

"Arnold," she said, as they stood in the bay-window and watched the beaming face of the old man, as he walked away, "I have had everything I wanted—everything that money would buy, all my life, but never until this morning did I know its worth."

"That is because you are the dearest, best, most unselfish—"

A little hand was pressed closely over his mouth, and there was a sound of something marvellously like suppressed kisses;—but it might not have been; it might have been the crackling of coals in the grate.

OUR AUNTS.

What would become of half of us if we had no aunts? I don't know precisely what would have become of a score of persons upon whom my mind's eye now rests; but generally, I am sure that but for their aunts they would have been in the race of life, by this time, nowhere. They would have fallen out of the course long ago and gone to the deuce, or died in ditches, as their other relatives figuratively predicted.

It is mercifully ordered in the great scheme of existence that nearly every person should have an aunt who is willing to grow into an old maid, and to sacrifice her life to the good of others—those others being generally her nephews and nieces. Aunts are the fairy good god-mothers of society, the supplementary mothers who are often more kind and indulgent to the children than their parents are. We sometimes hear of children who never knew father nor mother; but where is the child who never knew an aunt? When the father and mother disappear and leave the poor infant to the mercy of the world, who is it that takes the little walf in, and feeds and clothes it, and sends it to school? Who? The aunt. The good kind tender-hearted soul, who, perhaps, has been passed over in life, who has toiled hard, who has suffered much, who, at any rate, has never tasted the joys of maternity, who has certainly never incurred its vexations. It is really wonderful, under such circumstances, that these women should retain so much humanity, that

the fire of love should not have been quenched in their lonely hearts, that the milk of human kindness should not have dried up in their breasts long ago.

These dear, good aunts of ours, so lovable in their brown fronts, in their plain prim caps and cloak-cases of black silk, are not of that order of Samaritans who wait till their Christian duties are forced upon them. They meet the troubles of their nephews and nieces more than half way. They are interested in us before we come into the world, and when we do make our debut, they are the first to applaud us. They are also the first to be troubled with us. Our mothers have all the honor and glory of presenting us to the world. We are the finest children that ever were seen, and our parents have all the credit; but we are, mayhap, the most fractious that ever were born, and aunty has all the trouble of hushing us to sleep and sitting up half the night to pat us on the back and give us corrective waters. It is she who stands godmother, and presents us with the silver spoon or the silver smug. It is she who, when we are too many, pays for our schooling; it is she who invites us to pass the holidays with her, when our loving parents are glad to be rid of us, and takes that opportunity of rigging us out with a new suit of clothes. It is she who stands between us and many a well-deserved whipping, and it is the same good soul who takes the trouble to sing old ballads to us, and tell us old-world legends, which often have a great share in refining our tastes and forming our characters. If it had not been for a dear old aunt, the name of Walter Scott might not now be a household word throughout the world.

Why should she take all this interest in us, and put herself to all this trouble on our behalf? We are not hers; we shall not be mentioned as being the very image of *her*, or as doing *her* credit. It is more than likely, too, that our mother, by getting a husband, while aunty has been condemned to lonely celibacy, has given her cause for jealousy; that, on the wedding-day, while the bride was being arrayed in orange-blossom and white lace, the destined aunty was down in the kitchen tying up fowls with white ribbon for the breakfast. Why does she forgive and forget all this and love us so tenderly and so unselfishly? I believe that women are never *naturally* vain, heartless, and unloving. They are made so. Let a woman alone with her own heart, and in most cases it will grow greener and warmer with age.

A PANE-FUL DISCOVERY.

I prayed one night, in deep unrest,
That mighty Jove would deign
To fix into my neighbor's breast
A good-sized window-pane;
I wanted much to see his heart,
For Jones and I were friends,
And vowed that death alone should part
Our common ends and aims.

Our families were tall and stout,
Our homes were in one street;
Whenever Mr. Jones went out,
My wife was there to greet;
Our daughters shopped and joined their store—
Their change was never right;
Our boys played cricket, sneered at law,
Had now and then a fight.

Great Jove was kind, and heard my prayer—
Next day, on meeting Jones,
I saw right through him, clear as air—
Through muscle, flesh and bones.
A wondrous peep-show truly that,
As Jones unconscious stood,
And, volunteer-like, touched his hat,
And hoped my health was good;

And asked so tenderly and kind
About my girls and boys,
And said I must make up my mind
To come and "have some noise"—

Drop in quite neighborly to dine
Some day, and stop to tea,
When disengaged, and weather fine,
With all my family?

I said, "with pleasure"—but reserve
Just then my curious look:
Perhaps I've scarce sufficient nerve
To scan his mental book;
So pause, and add, "To-day I find
There's nothing much to do,
I take your invitation kind,
And will be there by two."

"That's right," says Jones, with sweetest smile,
And fondly pressed my hand;
Hopeful, I snatched a glance the while,
To see how lay the land.
Up flashed a thought—"Confound the dunce!"
I read with deepest sorrow:
"Fancy the whole lot here at once—
We'll have the hare to-morrow!"

"O Jove, take back the fatal gift!"
Jove heard my inward moans;
Filled up at once the gaping rift,
And left me nought but Jones.
No more to read my friends I pray:
They're there—and so's the steeple;
I vowed forever from that day
To hate transparent people!

HANS MORRITZ'S REWARD.

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BY JAMES DABNEY.  
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WHEN Frederick the Great fought the Seven Years' War that has made his name immortal, he did not always conduct himself in such a manner as to secure the personal affection of his subjects. He could be at times as hard and stern as the father from whom he received his name and kingdom; and there are some of his acts, which, viewed in the light of the present day, one cannot help calling brutal. Then, and sometimes by the most rapid and unexpected change, he would deport himself with the greatest tenderness and generosity, that never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of his people to the highest pitch. We purpose to relate one of these incidents which illustrate his best traits.

Upon one occasion a soldier was captured in the act of deserting, not to the enemy,

however, and brought before the king. As a general rule, Frederick was inflexible in enforcing discipline; and knowing this, the man gave himself up as lost, but determined to meet his fate bravely. He was a good soldier, and the martial heart of the great commander was pained to see him in such a plight.

"What made thee, desert?" asked the king, sternly.

"Alas, your majesty," replied the man, "we were got so down in the world, and had such a time of it."

The king paused for a moment, and then said, quietly:

"Well, try it one day more, and if we cannot mend matters, thou and I will both desert."

Then came the march to Silesia. The

grenadier who had been so generously spared, fought well and bravely; but it was his last campaign. He fell at Leuthen, and his last sigh was for victory, and the king.

The time wears on, and the circumstance faded from the king's mind in the midst of other more important events. But the memory of the deed does not die. Throughout the army it is told from man to man, by the bivouac fires, on the long marches, and in the tedious winter-quarters, and it is noticed by the king that there is less desertion than usual. And not alone is the good deed treasured up in the minds of the soldiers. In a quiet home in Germany, the mourning for a son and brother is mingled with a prayer for the good "*Vater Fritz*," who was so kind to him that has gone.

The time passed on and on, and at last the bloody field day of Kunersdorf came. It was hard fighting, and the Russians swept the king's army before them as though they had been children, and only their carelessness in the pursuit saved the latter from total annihilation.

There was sorrow in the village when the enemy took possession of it, and though it was over a hundred years ago, the people still cherish bitter memories of the brutalities to which their fathers were subjected.

One of the best-to-do villagers was Hans Morritz, an old man. He had managed to lay up a small share of worldly goods, with which to sustain his old age, and his house was one of the best in the place. This was unfortunate for him in the end. After the battle his house was made the head-quarters of a Russian general, and his family and himself were subjected to the greatest oppression and insult.

On the day of the departure of the enemy from that place, Hans Morritz was summoned before the general, who commanded him to abjure his allegiance to King Frederick and swear fealty to the Russian empress.

"That I cannot do, my lord," said the old man, firmly. "I love our good king too well to abandon him in his misfortunes."

The general stormed and threatened, but Hans Morritz was firm. At length the brutal monster declared that if he would not forsake the king he should never do him any service, and with one blow of his sword he struck off the old man's right hand. The Russians left the village that day, and after a trying season the wound, so cruelly made, healed up.

Later in the war, the army of King Fred-

erick passed through the village again, and an officer, accompanied by two aids, stopped at the house of Hans Morritz, to ask refreshments. The old man joyfully spread before them his choicest stores, and begged that they would take what they wished, as he was only too glad to see the king's troops once more.

The officer smiled, and pointing to the handless arm of the old man, said:

"You have been unfortunate?"

Hans Morritz held up the maimed arm, and said, with pride:

"Yes, general, that was given for the king."

"Ah! then you have been a soldier?"

"Yes; but not under our present king—I am too old."

"How, then, did you lose your hand?" asked the officer, in surprise.

"I will tell you, general. When the king called for troops at the opening of this long war, I was too old to go, so I sent my only boy—the pride and prop of my old age. The poor lad was at length worn down with his hard life, and in a moment of weakness he attempted to desert—but not to the enemy, general, not to the enemy. He was captured, and taken before the king—"

"And shot, of course," interrupted the officer.

"He had merited death," said the old man, "but it pleased his majesty to spare his life. My boy died bravely at Leuthen, but we at home have never ceased to pray Heaven to bless the king. Well! general, the fight at this place was a sad day for me. After our troops had retreated, the enemy occupied the village, and one of their generals was quartered in my house. He was a cruel man, and used me very harshly. As they were departing, this general summoned me into his presence, and commanded me to abjure my allegiance to King Frederick."

"Which you did, having no choice of your own?" exclaimed the officer, sharply.

"No, general, no," answered Hans Morritz, proudly. "I could never abandon my sovereign in the hour of his distress; still less could I forsake the preserver of my boy's life. I refused to take the oath required of me, and with a blow of his sword the Russian general struck off my hand, swearing that I should never be fit to serve my master again."

The officer's hard face grew gentle, and there were even tears in his eyes, as he rose and stood before the old man.

"Hans Morritz," he said, "I have not deserved this. I have tried to be a good king

to my people, but you have more than repaid me."

The old man fell on his knees, in confusion.

"Pardon, your majesty," he stammered.

"I did not know to whom I was speaking."

"Stand up, Hans Morritz," said the king.

"I spared your son's life because I knew him to be a good soldier. For that you owe me nothing. But such devotion as yours makes me your debtor, and shall not go unrewarded.

It shall be my care to see that your remaining years are passed in ease and comfort. Ah! gentlemen," he added, turning to his aids, "is it not worth something to be such a man's king?"

Frederick kept his word. A pension was settled on Hans Morritz which enabled him to see his children honestly provided for, and to pass his last days in peace.

DESERTED.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

I loved thee once, and on thy words
In silent ecstasy I hung,
No music could for me surpass
The silvery accents of thy tongue;
And in thy blue eyes' azure depths
My all of heaven on earth I found;
I asked for no diviner joys,
While with thy love my life was crowned.

I loved and lost thee! O rare eyes,
That mirrored heaven's unfading blue
When sweetly smile the summer skies—
I dreamed not ye could prove untrue!
O curved lips and tender smile!
O dusky rings of silken hair!
Sweet face! O, never thought of guile
Had seemed to cast a shadow there.

I loved, and deemed thee kind and true;
Awake, each fleeting thought was thine;
And sleep presented to my view
An image of thy face divine.
Days came and went; my heart was aye
As true as needle to the pole;
Still unto thee my thoughts would fly,
Thine image still possessed my soul.

Thou knowest with what cruel skill
My eyes were blinded to the truth,
And how I smiled unconscious till
My heart was pierced with sudden ruth.
There is no need that I should tell
The olden story o'er again,
The unexpected blow that fell,
And turned life's gladness into pain.

Thy heart was false, thy love had fled,
Another basked thy smile beneath;
While in my bosom Hope lay dead,
Entwined with many a cypress wreath.
Cold was thy glance, but colder still
The icy fetter round my heart;
If anguish had the power to kill,
O, why did I not then depart?

'Tis o'er—the blessed dream is past;
Love wakens not for me again;
Life's sweetness I behind me cast,
And steel my heart to bear its pain.
The hollow smile that decks my face,
The mocking laugh that rings so clear,
I only wear them in the place
Of sorrow's sign, the bitter tear.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

O no! Gloria Reggio didn't look like you, nor any of your cronies, nor even like pretty Janie Smith, who lives round the corner, and who has such laughing eyes and rosy cheeks. She, Gloria, I mean, had a dusky brown skin, and dusky brown eyes fringed with eyelashes as black as ink, and a slender foot, shaped so that a stream of water—a small stream, of course—could run underneath the hollow of it, and not wet the skin a bit. Gloria lived

high up in the world; that is, she lived at the top of a tall tenement-house, and she took care of her mother.

When they first came there, Mrs. Grady, who hired the flat below, peeped through the crack of her door and saw them going up stairs.

"Bless me sowl!" said she, looking at Gloria's mother, "what kind of hands do ye call thim? Sure, they'd not be able to wring the neck of a mouse, let alone blanketings and quilts."

You see Mrs. Grady took in washing for a living, and had a pair of big red fists of her own, about the size of sledge-hammers.

After Mrs. Grady thought the new-comers had "got to rights," she went up to make a call. It was Gloria that opened the door, with her finger on her lips.

"How are ye, honey!" cried Mrs. Grady, with a voice like a watchman's rattle. "Mab-be ye didn't know I was yer next door neighbor."

She said this with a smirk, expecting Gloria to invite her in, but no, little Gloria, with her pale face and heavy eyes, did not quit her hold upon the door, nor did she make any motion for Mrs. Grady to enter. She only whispered, gravely, "What do you want?"

"What on earth do you suppose I want?" racketed Mrs. Grady, rather taken aback. "I aint come a-begging. I've come up to see your mother."

"Mother isn't to be seen," said the child, still guarding the door.

"Is she sick?" inquired Mrs. Grady, without budging.

"Gloria!"

At the faint call, the stanch little doorkeeper darted away, and Mrs. Grady was free to walk in; and walk in she did with a heavy tread and her head held high. But after the first few steps she stopped with a stare.

In front of her, spread loosely over the rough boards, was a small square of carpeting, the like of which Mrs. Grady had never seen in all her life before. Such beautiful colors as there were in it! Yellow, that looked like melted sunshine; red and green, like rubies and emeralds!

Upon this bit of carpet, cushions were piled, and among these, half-sitting, half-lying, Mrs. Grady saw a lady, with white lips and bright scarlet cheeks. But the lady, Gloria's mother, didn't see Mrs. Grady, for her eyes were closed, and Gloria who was bathing busily her mother's head, seemed to have forgotten all about her, too. Mrs. Grady began to feel out of place, and her eyes turned to the window.

There was an enormous china flower-pot standing there, with awkward handles, that lopped down and hung over on either side, just like a pair of giant's ears. And out of this odd vase, grew an odd plant, that shot up high its long, thick, ragged leaves, and straggled them out, all spiked with little bunches of sharp thorns.

Then Gloria, still kneeling on the floor,

began talking softly and rapidly, and once in a while, her mother, still with her eyes closed, would say a few words: The words that they talked, seemed to Mrs. Grady to be twisted and doubled out of all manner of shape; indeed, she could not understand one of them. So Mrs. Grady, more and more astonished, and tongue-tied for the minute, tip-toed herself softly away. And as nobody knew she had come in, so nobody knew when she went out.

"Well, mother, did you see them?" asked Nancy, curiously, as Mrs. Grady made her appearance in her own domains.

"Such outlandish furriners!" exclaimed her mother, throwing her apron over her head, and sitting down with both hands on both knees.

"Germans?" asked Kate, who was the oldest of the young Gradys, and who was wiring a bonnet frame.

"Turks, more like," said Mrs. Grady, "for they don't know how to lie in beds nor sit in chairs."

"Turks?" said Mary; "what do they talk like?"

"Like turkeys, to be sure," cried little lame Jim.

Then the baby, who was in the cradle just about taking a nap, grew wide awake, and lisped, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

There was a shout at this, from all the children, that is, from all but Kate, who said "how silly," and turned to her mother again.

"What are their names?" asked she.

"The little girl's name is 'Gloria,' leastwise; that's what her mother called her, and that's the only word, out of all their lingo, I could make out head or tail of."

"And how does it look up there?" asked Kate, putting down her work, and making a regular business of asking questions.

"Haythenish!" replied Mrs. Grady, with a jerk of her head. "There's the ugliest parcel of thorns and weeds a-growing in the window, as ever you set yer two eyes on, and the flower-pot they're in, is made of crockery all colors like Castile soap, and as big, besides, as a wash-tub."

Here the baby, getting tired of saying "Gobble, gobble," to amuse its brothers and sisters, set up a scream, and Mrs. Grady let alone "the outlandish furriners," and rocked the cradle, while she sung "Kathleen Mayourneen," which was a favorite of baby's.

Sometime after Mrs. Grady had taken her departure, Mrs. Reggio opened her eyes. Her faithful little nurse was still beside her.

"Mamma," said Gloria, "when will you get well?"

"I do not know," was the answer.

"When you get a letter?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, when you go home where you used to live, where you say it is so bright and warm, *that* will make you well, sure, wont it?" said Gloria, who loved her mother more even, than little girls generally do.

"It seems so," said Mrs. Reggio, with a sigh. "Ah! the dear old home in Spain. I am afraid I shall never see it again; and you, what will become of you, here, if I die?"

"You will break my heart, if you talk so," cried Gloria; "and you are not going to die, and I know the letter will come soon, with money enough to take us to Spain and back again a hundred times, and *our* wallet is not empty yet, by any manner of means."

Gloria talked more bravely than she felt, but she was determined to look on the bright side of things. She went over and looked at the straggly plant in the china vase.

"Mamma," said she, laughing, "I am getting lazy. I am tired of tending this prickly, cross thing, that has never blossomed since I can remember. What do you keep it for?"

"My dear child," said her mother, "I would part with anything rather than that. When your father and I were ready to sail, uncle brought it to us. 'It is a century plant,' said he, 'and may not blossom for scores of years. But keep it, keep it always; it will blossom sometime, and perhaps before that, you will learn how rare and precious it is.'"

"And that is why you love it so?" asked Gloria.

"Yes, dear, on account of the giver. I can see him, now, as he stood waving his hand, when we sailed away. If I go back, it will be sad to think he is dead."

"Mamma," said Gloria, suddenly, bending closer over the plant, "here is a bud."

"I guess not," was the answer. "I have thought a good many times that it had budded, but I always found myself mistaken."

"Don't they ever blossom but once in a hundred years?"

"Never," said her mother.

Gloria saw that she looked tired, and she said no more, but she thought to herself:

"I don't see anything rare or precious in this century plant. I wont ever tell her, but I think my Spanish great-uncle might have given us something better. The idea of having to wait a hundred years for one single flower!"

The days and weeks went by, and there came no letter, and the money in the leather wallet melted like smoke. Little Gloria grieved deeply, but she hid it from her mother.

"If only papa had not died so suddenly," she would say to herself; "or if mamma had not been sick, or if the letter would come."

One day behold her in her turn knocking at Mrs. Grady's door.

Said Mrs. Grady in her turn, "What do you want?"

And for answer Gloria pitched forward and would have fallen headlong, had not Mrs. Grady caught her in her strong arms.

"A pretty how-do-you-do!" muttered Mrs. Grady, carrying her into the room, and noting how thin and pinched her face was.

Peggy, and Jim, and Tommy, and Mary, and Nancy, and Kate, gathered round, while the baby dropped his bread and butter, and ate his fingers instead.

This was the way Gloria found it when she came to herself, and she took courage at Mrs. Grady's kind face and voice.

"Poor chick!" said that lady.

"Yes ma'am," said Gloria, not quite understanding. "I want to find some work to do. Our money is most gone."

"You're not big enough to work," said Mrs. Grady.

"I am not big, ma'am, but O, so strong," said Gloria, trying to stand up.

"Mother," cried half a dozen hungry voices, it was early in the morning, "the taters is cooling."

"Bless me, so they is," said Mrs. Grady. "I had forgotten all about breakfast. We'll have it right away now."

"I'll come in some other time," said Gloria.

Before she was half way to the door, Mrs. Grady had caught hold of her; and before there was time for a word, she was seated at the table among the little Grady's, with a piping-hot potato, in front of her, with a dab of butter crowning the top.

"Here," said Kate, dealing out to every one their share, "do eat and stop your mouths."

So after a broad smile all round at Gloria, the business of breakfast commenced.

"Hooray!" shouted Tommy, pushing his chair back with a bang, "I've got through first, and I'm off."

He snatched his hat from a nail in the wall, and as he went out of the door ducked his head back to say to Gloria:

"I only leads the hosses to drink now, but

when I get to be boss, I'll take you to ride with a four-in-hand."

"Heigh-ho!" said Nancy. "I'll be stirring my stumps, I guess. There's piles of band-boxes to carry to-day," and she nodded to Gloria, and was gone.

Then Peggy and Mary with baskets on their heads danced round for a minute, crying "shaveens, shaveens," and finally disappeared, after telling Gloria to wait till they came back.

"I must go to the shop after more bonnet-frames," said Kate, tugging on her hood. "Good-by, little lady," she said to Gloria, and she went off with a big bundle.

Lame Jim, too, had gone somewhere.

Mrs. Grady answered Gloria's questioning look, "Yes, they all work," said she, "but you could not leave your mother, and you are not old enough to wire bonnet-frames, like Kate."

"No," said Gloria, sadly, and she thought "what will become of me?"

And now she caught sight of Jim, in the corner. He was busy over a pile of something that looked like old ropes.

"Even Jim there earns his salt," said Mrs. Grady; "he picks oakum."

"Couldn't I do that?" asked Gloria, eagerly. "It is dirty work."

"I shouldn't care, if it would only buy mother grapes and jellies."

"Law!" cried Mrs. Grady. "It wouldn't buy her mush, let alone them illegances. I only have Jim do it just to keep him busy, and get him into industrious habits."

"She can't live without them," said Gloria, firmly.

Mrs. Grady shook her head.

"It's a hard case," said she, "but I'll be thinking over what can be done."

Gloria went up stairs with a heavy heart. Her mother was still sleeping, and she went and took a look at the leather wallet. It had shrunk and shivelled up sorrowily; there was nothing in it. Only a very little jelly in the dish, just a few grapes in the plate.

"What will mamma do, when these are gone!" said she, and then thought how kind it was of Mrs. Grady to give her a breakfast.

"That was the reason I fainted," said she, "because I was hungry." Indeed the poor child had pinched herself for some time as much as possible, so as to get things for her mother.

The tears dropped from her eyes, as she went slowly across the room.

"I hope," said she, "that mamma will sleep

till late, for I must tell her how the last cent is gone."

The sun streamed in at the window, but it wasn't that that blinded her. There were some pigeons cooing outside. Could they have startled her?

Not at all. Something pink and gold was swinging above her. Was it the bud that had blossomed? Yes, just that. The ragged century plant had flowered!

At first, Gloria felt nothing but delight, and then she thought:

"Dear, dear, after all, it is no good. It is neither victuals nor drink. If it was only a gold dollar, or even a silver quarter hanging there, it would be better."

However, she drew up a chair, and standing on it pulled down the sweet-scented flower to a level with her nose.

"It is better than cologne," said she. "I wish I could get it over by mother, so the minute she wakes she could see it, and have a sniff."

Then she measured the size of the flower-pot with her eye.

"I mean to try it," said she.

She could just clasp the two clumsy handles. She tugged away at it. It was pretty heavy, but, thanks to the big, buttered potato she had eaten, she managed to lift it.

Then a slip, and away it went!

The crash woke her mother, who started up to see the great vase broken in two upon the floor, and Gloria on her feet crying.

"Do you see, mother? The bud has blossomed. Look at the pink flower and the river of gold."

Gold, gold, gold, it tumbled and rolled from the great crack in the vase. It chinked and clinked, and made merry music I think. At any rate Gloria and her mother thought so.

"We are happy now. We will not need to wait for a letter. It is no matter though the brown wallet is empty," said Gloria, heaping up the dollars in her hands.

"O, my dear, good uncle!" cried Mrs. Reggio, with clasped hands. "Now I know why you so charged me to keep this, your last gift. O, that you could only see the despair you have saved us from."

Not long after, all the Gradys stood on the doorstep, for Gloria and her mother had just bidden them good-by. They walked away up the street, and a man wheeled the century plant in a wheelbarrow by the side of them.

"It's the end ov 'em," says Mrs. Grady.

And so it is, to the Gradys, and to America, and to us.

A FATHER'S CONFESSION.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

If ever father loved his child, I loved little Sallie. Had I cared no more for her than for any one of the other children of the neighborhood, I should yet, I am sure, have remarked her as the most beautiful among them—with her perfectly transparent skin, fair wavy hair, and large, full blue eyes, which would fix themselves upon your face so truthfully and earnestly, that strangers were always awed and as it were entranced by their expression. Do not suppose I am led to speak of her thus from any feeling of vanity; had little Sallie been the plainest child in the land, but with her own sweet temper and affectionate heart, she would have been no less dear to me; I simply wished to give you a faint picture of what she was before—O, my God!—before that day—her birthday—when that angel child was sent out of this sad world by the hand of her drunken father.

Till Sallie was about six, I owned a snug property, consisting of a house and grounds as pretty as any the village afforded, and about a thousand dollars at interest, which gave me a position among influential men of the town. I say it was property gave me position, for after that took wing, I never held the same place in the public estimation; nor, I confess, did I long deserve it. My wife was a lady, and besides what the term *may* imply, a thoroughly sensible, earnest, true-hearted woman; while our only child had a good prospect of being tenderly and carefully reared, to fit her for happiness and usefulness in the future.

I will not pause to detail how the change was brought about—enough that I suddenly awoke from a dream in which I fancied myself gathering up gold in a fabulous amount, to find that I was the dupe of a reckless speculator, to my utter ruin.

Till then we had never known how proud we were. You hear people speak of pride and poverty; it is the poverty which brings the pride into notice, as the fleshless condition of a horse allows you to count his ribs. I confess it was partly our own fault, that my loss created so wide a breach between us and the society to which we had been accustomed. And then little Sallie was a link, drawing to us still, in our poverty, the friends we had so

prized before our downfall, who had loved and petted her ever since she was born—yet she was not the least spoiled.

Several of these friends came to see us in the course of the first summer in that wretched hovel, with its unpainted walls, leaky roof, and crumbling chimney—that home which, poor as it was, I was not able to own—but our mortification was so extreme at receiving these fashionable people into our uncarpeted rooms, destitute of almost every comfort, we could but treat them with reserve which warned them for the sake of all concerned, to keep at a distance. Not unfrequently, after some had come and gone, my poor wife and I would talk to each other in bitterness of feeling, of the visit having been made from curiosity, and to spy out our poverty; though all the while we must have known that it was not so, that these friends were true, and truly pitied us. Their pity, however, was what we could not bear. Some of them might perhaps have aided us, had not our pride forbidden. When the squire's wife and daughter drove up one day, my wife who had not seen the carriage till it was nearly at the old tumble-down gate, suddenly shut and locked the door, refusing to admit them, while she sat with stern, tearless eyes and rigid lips, the impersonation of despair, defeat, and hatred of the world.

Alas! that in those bitter days I should have exerted myself so little to cheer her with new beams of hope.

It was a raw autumn night; I had attended a caucus at the village, a great excitement in politics having had power to rouse me to that extent out of my habitual indifference and *ennui*. Outside the hall where the meeting was held, liquor was freely distributed—nay, was urged upon every one having the right of suffrage at the approaching election. For the first time in my life, I drank to excess. Only slightly so, but yet to excess. I was not so much carried away by the spouting and hurrahing, but that I knew perfectly what I was doing, when I swallowed a second and a third glass; it was done in sheer recklessness of plain consequences. I even remember to have coveted the sensations I thought I should experience when the spirit devils

began their pranks in my brain. Clearly, at that time and place, Beelzebub, the prince of devils, entered into me.

So soon, however, as I felt my head turn giddy and my limbs becoming unsteady, a deep sense of shame drove me away, out of the sight of my fellow-men; and while the great majority of those present at the caucus departed in a body, cheering vociferously as they went, for the residence of the party candidate to inform him of the nomination they had honored him with, I took the opposite direction, towards home. Hearing voices behind me in leaving the village, I clambered over the wall to avoid company on the road in the shameful condition I was in, and made my solitary way over the windy hill, among clumps of barberry bushes, out of which a myriad of red, flaming eyes appeared to stare at me as I went.

It must have been fully eleven o'clock when I crossed a patch of ploughed sward directly in the rear of my home. My somewhat toilsome walk amid the bleak air, had not had the effect of sobering me; on the contrary, as the last drink I had taken began to operate on brain and nerves already excited to the utmost they could bear, my mind became more confused, and it was with difficulty I could keep my feet. In passing around the house, I reeled despite myself against the wall; and finding its support was what I needed, remained leaning there a moment to recover.

I had noticed a light shining through the window, indicating to my disappointment, that my wife was not yet in bed. She had never sat up for me before when I had stayed out late, as I had a few times recently. I could not appear in her presence in this state, and the out-door air was excessively chilly and uncomfortable. Had I been in possession of a cow-shed and a bundle of hay, I should at once have known where to stow myself.

Considering there as well as I was able, I presently heard a slight rustling near by, not caused by the wind. The night was cloudy and my vision none of the clearest, but it could be no other than the form of little Sallie, out here in the dreary darkness. A single heavy sob broke from her lips as she passed, almost brushing against her father, yet without seeing me. I could trace her by her bare white neck and arms; her raised hands appeared to have something clasped between them—what, I could not tell. At the fence

just beyond me she crouched, thrusting her small hands between the boards; then something was heard to drop among the sere weeds which had grown there in a rank, luxurious bed all the summer. Like a shadow my child flitted past me again, re-entering the house noiselessly as she had come forth.

I quite forgot myself in wondering what this could mean. My gait was much improved when I attempted to walk, and went to search out the secret of what Sallie had hidden among the weeds. Reaching through the fence where I had seen her, I brought up a flask—a flask partly filled with whiskey!

The bottle dropped from my hand and went to pieces on the gravel. Never so bewildered in my life, and with a vague horror creeping over me till it stung the root of each separate hair upon my head, I went straight to the door and entered. It admitted directly to the kitchen. Let me get through the scene before me there, in the fewest possible words. What I saw was only comprehended by degrees. My wife lay stretched along the floor, haggard, insensible. At first, I imagined she had fallen in a fit—was dying. I rushed to her, and lifted her head on my knee. Then the dreadful truth came to me; I understood what that bottle had had to do in the house, and little Sallie's anxiety to put it away. O, demons of intemperance!—not content with turning men into brutes, must ye further pluck our guiding stars from the skies, and extinguish their light in the black abyss of hell!

I pass over the next few months—months that only deepened the woe which had settled around our dwelling. Is it because woman is lifted higher, that she falls, when she does fall, faster and lower than man? Of course I was weak and wicked enough to avail myself of any excuse for yielding to the habit that was beginning to enslave me; and I forthwith said to myself distinctly that I would make no resistance to my fate—that it was useless for me to attempt to struggle upward, where she had failed.

Little Sallie was all I cared for now, and her I loved as tenderly as ever. By the way, how ignoble seems the quality of love in a heart which can consent to bring untold suffering on its object, for the sake of a low self-gratification. No love not grounded in a love of goodness, can be of real value to any concerned. Poor child! such as it was, my love was all she seemed to have—all she dared seek.

I saw our child utterly neglected in mind and person; and when conscience would upbraid me, as it often did, for overshadowing her young life so, I would break down and weep like a child. Then my beautiful darling would clasp my neck, and with cheek pressed to mine, beseech me so lovingly, that many a time I almost—but not quite—promised never to taste strong drink again.

Through all, I clung to a presentiment that that dear child would yet be the saving of her miserable father. It has proved true, but O! little did I foresee the sacrifice she would have to make of her sweet life for our redemption. Her parents rose out of the depths to find themselves childless.

It was the evening before the first of May. That May-day was to be Sallie's eighth birthday. I had worked hard all day for a farmer, planting, and had drunk nothing stronger than cider. At dusk the man paid me my wages, and I started for home. I wish I could say I did not stop at the red store; I did stop there, but drank only once and though strongly tempted to spend the evening with the loafing crowd, went immediately out.

There was one other call to be made in the village, and it was one I had no need to be ashamed of. I stepped into a milliner's, and bought a fifty cent doll, for a birthday gift to my little girl. She had had none on her last birthday—poor thing!—and would expect none now; so it would give her all the more pleasure, I thought. The toy was one of those round-eyed, rosy-cheeked specimens to be seen by the score at any fancy-goods dealer's; but in little Sallie's eyes it would be as rich and rare as if there was no other like it in the wide world. It had on a pretty dress, if I could judge—white muslin with rows of puffings round the skirt, pink sash, a string of tiny beads on its neck, and on its plump arms bracelets, which might have been cut out of gilt paper, but they looked very fine, for all that. I slipped the box containing the doll into my pocket and went on homeward with feelings of pride, such as I had not had for many a day. Sallie must know nothing of the matter to-night, I said; but to-morrow morning she should have her present, and I knew it would give her one little hour of perfect delight.

At home no supper awaited me; there was no fire in the house, and no light, save what the moon threw in at one small window, bathing little Sallie crouched before the sill, looking like a silver-robed angel weary with long flying.

At my entrance the child had sprung towards me, but upon my bursting out in sudden anger, asking where was her mother, she drew back into the cold moonlight again, dropped her forehead upon the window-sill, and I heard her sobbing, sobbing.

"On the bed," had been her answer to my question of where her mother was; well I knew what that meant. The pleasant feelings I had indulged in on my way home, were turned to bitterness in a moment. Grumbling, swearing, unwilling to see that I myself was guilty of having brought about the state of things which so disgusted and enraged me, I went to a closet and fumbled among a few plates and teacups, for any stray bit of candle, or a crust that would partly satisfy a hungry stomach.

Neither was to be found, for neither was there; but the fiend to whom I had bargained myself away, guided my hand to a whiskey-jug in a remote corner of an upper shelf, out of the way of a meddlesome child. I put the jug to my lips and drank of the fiery contents till my heart seemed seething within me. I turned from the closet and sank into a chair. Opposite me was the child, not sobbing now, but crying out as if in sharp pain. Her grief was a bitter, burning accusation, that I could not bear.

"What's all this fuss about?" I demanded. Till that hour I had never given Sallie a cross word.

"O father!" was all she could say.

At that moment, I fancied a hundred hideous faces were grinning down at me from the low ceiling. I found too that my arms and head jerked involuntarily, while my feet, though I tried my best to keep them still, danced before the chair on which I sat. I recognized the symptoms of delirium tremens. It seemed that to do some desperate deed would well befit me.

"Stop that noise!" I cried fiercely, and the demons hovering about the ceiling repeated it after me with variations, wailing sepulchral echoes.

"I'm so hungry," moaned the child—it was the first and last complaint she ever uttered to the father whom rum made pitiless as a fiend. "And my arm has a lump swelled up ever so big; and it aches, where mother struck me."

"Well, I'll strike you too if you don't hold your tongue and stop that bawling."

No wonder the poor little thing was frightened. I well remember the feeling of aston-

ment I had at having spoken so. The hideous masks let themselves down from the ceiling, dancing around my head to a chorus of loud laughter. I thought it was their noise drowned the sobbing of my poor child; but when shortly the infernal jig ended with the participants scurrying through the floor one after another, no little figure drooped there in the patch of moonlight below the window-sill. Save the heavy breathing of the sleeper in the bedroom, all was still as the grave.

It might have been some unreal vision of what happened that other night, when I came home from the caucus, which made me fear little Sallie had gone out of the house. Staggering to my feet I made my way to the door, and was relieved to find it fastened by its wooden button on the inside. Doubtless then the child had crept into bed. The bedroom door which dragged and would not shut at any time, stood ajar, as I could see by the dim moonlight beyond; supporting myself by the partition, I gradually moved along till I could look within.

O! why did not the sight melt my hard heart. Kneeling before her low little cot, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, Sallie was whispering a prayer. Think of that child—no orphan—both parents so near—yet with none to lay a hand tenderly on her young head and hear her evening prayers. None but Jesus. Where she learned to pray I do not know; if through any human agency, it must have been at the Sunday school, more than two years before, for since our misfortune befell, she had never been permitted to attend.

Letting myself down as quietly as possible, I stretched my abused body upon the floor, which is the last I remember until break of day.

My first sensation, as I recall it—indeed, but for the sting of conscience I should probably have slept on the whole forenoon—was one of self-reproach and shame, for my cruelty to little Sallie the night before. The child would never forgive me, never love her unworthy father again as she had done—and how could I bear it! I had not the courage to meet that puny thing, and resolved to get away before she woke.

It was as much as I could do to crawl up or stand upon my feet, and my head was full of fierce pains and noises like the snarling of tigers at one another. I took down the whiskey-jug and drained it, which helped me a little. Next I peeped into the bedroom. Sallie lay asleep in her trundle-bed, her arms

tossed above her head; I saw with a feeling of remorse that the little face was very pale, and the arms looked slenderer than they had done a year ago. You that take your occasional glass, scouting the idea of danger, do you envy my state of body and mind, that morning, to the extent that you will go on and experience the like?

On the larger bed, in an aspect of wretchedness indescribable, lay Sallie's mother, outside the quilt, in her clothes, just as she had cast herself down sometime the day previous. Enough—I went out of the house. My step was a great way from firm and elastic as I passed down the road. The early air was clear and fresh, the neighboring grove was vocal with songs of birds; but nothing gave me pleasure, and there was no beauty and no music for my senses.

However, I soon began to feel better, then I began to think. A farmer who had seen me at work the day before, wishing I presume to encourage me to go on, asked me to come and thresh some rye for him, which had been lying by on account of the sickness of his hired man; if I would do the job, he said, I should be well paid in any necessities for my family, such as his granary, cellar or dairy-room could supply.

I had not engaged to do the work, and had not intended to commence to-day, if ever; but now, although labor appeared a terrible burden, yet sooner than let my wife and child starve utterly, I concluded to try whether I could not do something. So far, my walk had been aimless and had not led me in the right direction; but by leaving the road and striking across the fields, I soon came in sight of the fine, commodious buildings of my neighbor, and I may say landlord, for it was his old house had sheltered us these two years, yet he had never exacted a dollar for rent.

There appeared to be no one stirring, and I felt glad not to have to go to the door; knowing as I did, that my looks must prove to any one the deplorable condition I had lately been in. I knew the barn, and could go about the job without further directions. So I threw open the great doors, swept the barn floor, and spread upon it, head to head, a double row of the bundles to be threshed. So much by fits and snatches, while scarce feeling able to lift a pound by a steady effort; my joints seemed not to have any strength, and my eyes felt almost too bloodshot and bleary to see at all. Often my motions were unexpected and in no wise produced by my

own will. From the crown of my head to the sole of my foot racking pains in every variety assailed me; I could easily have believed myself tormented by a Salem witch of old, with grippings, and pinchings, and prickings, and blows.

When with incredible effort this small beginning had been made, it was perfectly apparent that for the life of me I could not do a day's work that day, nor the half of it. My idea was to work a short time, then when the sound of my flail should bring the farmer to see me, try to obtain some provisions for my family's breakfast, go home at once, and there remain until I felt better.

Up to the time of crossing the field, whence I had observed a party of young people skipping merrily away toward a grove sloping southward and thus favorable to early violets and arbutus, I had not remembered that it was May-day and the birthday of little Sallie—the poor little frost-bitten flower! It no longer afforded me any pleasure that in my pocket was a gift for my child; nothing could ever do away my harsh treatment of her last evening. Gladly I would have gone down on my knees to her; but it was useless to expect she would forgive me; she never could—no, never. She must hate me, and what was to become of her wretched sot of a father now?

Having rested a moment, I drew down one of several flails which hung from a beam, and took a position with my back toward the door to begin my task. I saw no shadow, heard no footstep, I thought not that any one was so near, till a plaintive, beseeching voice uttered the words:

"Dear father, let's make up."

An involuntary step backward, my hands that grasped the flail flew up, I felt through all my frame the side-blow inflicted on the temple of the darling standing behind me. The instrument dropped from my hands. I wheeled in time to see the little arms uplifted so imploringly, slowly sink, and to catch the dear form as it was falling lifeless to the ground.

I was not helpless any more, not dull or dreamy, or alive to bodily suffering. I caught up my darling and rushed for help. I drew water from the well and laved her waxen face, which grew only colder, colder, beneath the touch. The family joined in efforts to recover her; a physician was speedily brought; he told us at a glance that she was dead. Even after that I refused to believe, till the purple blood settled around the fatal spot in

the temple—the wound looked so comparatively slight.

God is just. He is likewise merciful. Over the grave of little Sallie we made a pledge against intoxicating liquors which His grace has enabled us to keep, and will, we trust, until we clasp our gentle, forgiving child in realms of bliss, forever beyond the reach of sin and temptation which beset the present life.

THE CITY OF INVERNESS.

Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, over the hills and far away from the accepted centres of civilization, is a town well calculated to astonish the minds of those excursionists who approach Scotland with misgivings lest they should not find food fit to eat, a bed fit to lie in, or a roof capable of keeping out the weather. There is a street as fine as Regent street, with plate-glass windows a story high; there are banks so architecturally splendid, that we are sure they would, in that respect, disdain to call the Old Lady in Threadneedle street their thirteenth cousin; there is a tannan warehouse, which combines the extensiveness of Cannon street with the gorgeousness of Stamboul; there are hotels nearly as big as the Grosvenor and the Langham, but infinitely superior, inasmuch as their accommodation is of a lower class, and their charges are higher.

ANCIENT AND MODERN JUSTICE.

The institutions of the present differ from those of the past, just precisely in proportion to the difference which separates the spirit of the present from that of the past. Perhaps this difference is shown in nothing so remarkably as in the administration of justice then and now. In the ancient criminal law, the fact that a person was charged with a crime was considered strong evidence of his guilt, and upon him fell the burden of proving the falsity of the charge, as he was held guilty until he showed his innocence. In the modern law the charge is brought in the name of the State, and the accused is held innocent until his guilt is proved, the burden of the proof resting upon the accuser. The patient investigation of charges which characterizes our system, was unknown to the ancients, and the death penalty, which is now so rare, was then so common, that, in the language of Gibbon, the life and death of a citizen was "determined with less caution and delay than the most ordinary question of covenant or inheritance."

THE BRIGHT DAY.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

It was the 3d of April, in this our present year of 1866, and it was the ninetieth birthday of a venerable gentleman, by name the Reverend Morrill Allen. In 1801, Mr. Allen, then a young man with a young wife, accepted the invitation of the First (and only) Unitarian Parish of Pembroke, Mass., to come and be ordained its minister.

He came, was settled, bought himself a farm, built a house, the very house where he lives to-day, and entered upon his service. Of the details of that service and of the life of the faithful servant, we cannot speak to-day, or of the process of events and reasoning which induced him forty years from the date of his ordination to preach a service of farewell to the congregation now made up in great measure of the children of those who had listened to the first service.

The farewell was both affectionate and dignified, and having seen it unwillingly accepted, the venerable clergyman returned to spend the evening of his days in the quiet old parsonage among the fields of his well-tilled farm. But, instead of evening, it proved that the kindly old man had hardly more than reached the afternoon of life, for that farewell sermon was preached twenty-five years ago, just as long a time, you will perceive, as had been given to the young minister's preparation for service, and so, after ninety years we come to the Bright Day, when those who love and honor him met to celebrate the anniversary of his birth.

When a husband and wife have been married fifty years they may hold their golden wedding, and when a man has lived an upright, pure and useful life for ninety years, his birthday may well be called a golden one; for it is bright, not only with the peaceful sunshine of the years he leaves behind, but must, perforce, catch some gleams from within the Beautiful Gate, already held open for his entrance.

And so in the soft April morning the old parsonage, seated among its pleasant fields and budding trees, opened wide its arms and called to the children who had been born and bred within its walls, and had gone out thence to fight the battle of life, to come home once more, and bring their children, to sit about the familiar hearth, and listen to the

familiar tones, and look, perhaps for the last time, upon the gracious face and bowed form of him who had cherished and guarded their youth, nor spared sage counsel and warning to their maturity.

All heard the call, one in his home a thousand miles away, one fifty, and others nearer, and all obeyed it joyfully, so that when the ancient man of God, standing with his wife beside him at the head of the long dinner table, implored his Master's blessing upon it, at either hand were ranged his children, sons, all men now past middle life, and two daughters, each heads of families of their own. Next came the grandchildren, and the cousins, and more distant relations, so distant, perhaps, that the kinship is more of love than blood, but all round the circle ran the bright chain of sympathy linking each to all in a common fellowship.

The blessing asked, all sat down to a rich and abundant feast, made merry especially at the younger end of the table by plenty of fun, and some good-natured compliments to the young gentleman, who, assuming apron and napkin, performed the duties of waiter in a highly commendable manner.

But the hospitable old parsonage had not only bidden her children home, she had also summoned those who in former years had looked to the aged pastor as guide, father, and friend, and who both then and since had loved to come to him for comfort and advice both spiritual and temporal. These, and theirs were also bidden to come, and early in the afternoon the far-stretching roads began to be dotted with comfortable country wagons, drawn by slow-moulded horses, who remarked to each other as they met, that this mild weather was sadly suggestive of the plough, and whinnied their regrets over the departed ease of winter.

Arrived at the parsonage, the drowsy nags were left to chat together with their heads over the palings, while their masters and mistresses trooped into the doors standing wide to welcome all with the old-fashioned hospitality framed into its oaken timbers, and glowing upon its generous hearth.

Old and young they came, little children not yet conscious enough of youth to wonder at age, young people turning from the joy

and glory of their own morning, to admire the evening calm as yet so far away from them, and old people glad to look once more upon the face of him who had been young when they were young, had shared with them the heat and toll of middle life, and now stood ready to lead with steadfast faith the way through the dark valley all must pass.

And yet not one of all these aged people was old enough to remember the day when the man they honored had come to take his place as their spiritual guide and counsellor; not one of all that congregation who witnessed the young minister's ordination was present in the flesh at this his birthday festival; and it was, perhaps, no idle fancy that saw the doorways thronged with the shadowy forms and misty faces of those who so often had entered them, and now perhaps returned to keep solemn holiday on earth once more. Nor could one fail to wonder, as the venerable host looked slowly round the circle, if his greeting was not meant for those as well as these; if those trembling hands did not feel the clasp of invisible fingers, and his eyes meet the glances of those other eyes so long since closed upon earthly sights and tolls.

So, standing in their midst, the old man spoke. His words were brief and simple, at once a greeting and a farewell, glancing back at the long period of his ministry, looking steadfastly forward into the assured future. Pleasant words of thanks, too, for the gifts of child and friend, although of the handsome watch presented by his son he said that it seemed but little worth while to give a time-piece to one so soon to exchange time for eternity. Then followed earnest and kindly counsel to those who should remain behind when he was gone, and as each sentence fell, it sank into the hearts of those who heard with a strange and solemn meaning, seeming almost like words vouchsafed from within the bright veil hiding the gates of eternity.

Next followed a prayer from the clergyman who has succeeded to Mr. Allen's pulpit, and then a poem composed for the occasion, the service closing with a hymn, written by one of the daughters of the house, and sung by members of the family. The first verse is:

"Welcome home! this time-worn shepherd,
Waiting on the hither shore,
Kindred, friends, the true and faithful,
Gathers to his fold once more."

After this, an hour or two of social intercourse, then trays heaped with all sorts of

dainties, and the good-by, until in the twilight the last guest departed, and the family gathered quietly about their own hearth, heaped high with resinous logs, until the flames flashed in fantastic banners up the broad, black chimney, and flooded the room with such a light as never gas, or lamp, or candle gave; for it touched each face with so nice a finger that the young eyes, watching for oak-leaves in the blaze, glanced brighter and more joyously; and the placid countenances of those who looking at them remembered their own youth, grew yet more indulgent, and a peaceful benediction seemed to linger upon the silver hairs of the patriarch seated in the midst, his eyes dreamy with the memories stirring at his heart, his head bowed, and a smile upon his lips telling more of hope than of regret.

And so, in the beautiful evening of the Bright Day let us leave him, knowing that though the night was stealing on, and the old parsonage must presently be wrapped in darkness and silence, another morning shall surely dawn, another day shall surely come, brighter for the old man so calmly waiting, than even this the Bright Day we have loved to chronicle.

THE TWO VOICES.

When Guttenburg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the old Monastery of St. Aborsgut, he tells us he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist: told him the power his invention would put in the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Guttenburg with what he heard, that he took a hammer, and broke to pieces the types he had so laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on, and to rejoice in his work; that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Guttenburg: the one calling us to work, with all the powers of our mind and body, God's work, while it is called to-day—to try and leave this world better than we found it; and the other tempting us to get over, and take our ease—to leave the plough in mid-furrow, and the rest on our oars when we should be pulling against the stream.

MOLLIE'S AMENDMENT.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY EMMA MORTIMER BABSON.

WHEN Mollie Fay was eight years old she was called very passionate and bad-tempered. She had two little twin sisters four years old, Rose and Effie. They were gay little girls, with dancing feet, and tossing curls, and merriness, winsome ways. Everybody found them very charming and lovable but Mollie—she was always complaining how much trouble they were. Very often she would be required to take care of them; for her mother kept but one servant, and the children were so active they needed to be looked after nearly all the time to see that they did not get into mischief or danger. If Mrs. Fay said, "Mollie, dear, will you bring your book into mother's chamber, and take care of the children while I go down into the kitchen to make some pies?" Mollie would scowl, and exclaim:

"O dear! I don't see why they cannot take care of themselves."

"I cannot leave them alone, Mollie; I am afraid they will get afire from the stove, and if you do not obey me and go up stairs immediately, I shall punish you."

Then Mollie would fling down her book and run up stairs, and be so cross to the children that in a little while they would both be crying.

If they touched her books or doll she would fly into a passion, and run complaining to her mother. She said they teased her life out.

But one summer day both these little sisters of Mollie fell sick with a contagious fever. The doctor came, and the house was hushed, and the father and mother bent over the sick bed day and night. While the little children were the most ill, Mollie took the fever and fell sick also, and knew nothing but feverish dreams for a fortnight. While she lay unconscious, poor little Rose died. The next day Effie died, and the morning following they were both buried in one grave.

When Mollie became conscious, and saw her mother's face bending over her, it was so thin and white that she hardly knew it.

"O mother!" said she.

"My dear Mollie," said her mother, "you have been very sick. Lie still; you must not talk."

Mollie was very weak, so she lay silent and looked at the darkened windows, and at the

table covered with medicine phials, and at her mother lying on a lounge beside the bed. Every little while she would get up to give her medicine or gruel, and Mollie slept, or lay awake, weak but painless and comfortable. The next morning the doctor came and pronounced her out of danger. Mrs. Fay dropped her face down in the pillow beside Mollie's, and cried for joy that one child was to be spared to her.

When Mollie got about the house again, there were no little sisters to trouble her. She was the only child in the house. Her uncle came and took her out to ride, and everybody was very kind and tender to her. It took her a long time to become as strong as she had been, and her mother took the most anxious care of her. She brought her little bed into her room, and dressed her, herself, every morning. She took her to walk every day, and every night when her father came home, he brought her a little gift of a book, or a pretty garment, or a toy. At table the daintiest dishes were prepared expressly for her. She wished for nothing that was not given her if it was possible to get it, and before the summer had passed she was rosy and strong again, and now she was always happy and good-natured.

"Mother," said she, one day, "how cross I used to be. Do you remember?"

"Yes, Mollie, I am afraid you were," answered her mother.

"If little Effie and Rose were only back, I don't think I should ever get angry at them again," said Mollie, regretfully.

"We will believe not, Mollie."

"Mother?" after a little while.

"What, dear?"

"Don't you think I am a better girl than I used to be?"

"You seem to have changed very much, my child."

Mollie went on hemming her doll's silk wrapper with a great deal of satisfaction. She felt perfectly happy. She had not an unpleasant thought, and felt kindly towards everybody. It had been so long since she had been in a passion, that she could hardly remember it.

"Yes, I am a great deal better than I used to be," thought Mollie.

It was only a few days later that God sent Mollie another little sister—a tiny, helpless mite, with little pink hands always clenched tight, and bright specks of eyes, and a pitiful, wailing voice. It quivered, and nestled, and struggled in a small way, lying in a nest of blankets in its nurse's lap, when Mollie went in to see it, and Mollie heard the doctor say that he was afraid it wouldn't live. Her mother was very ill, so ill that when she had smiled on Mollie and spoken to her in a faint voice, the nurse told her she must go down stairs, and she went down, sitting in her father's lap all the long, lonely evening, and feeling very sad and strange.

Her bed had been moved into a chamber by itself, and the next morning her mother was not there to dress her. Mollie was full nine years old, and could have dressed herself, but she wanted somebody to come and dress her. So she slipped on her stockings and ran to the head of the stairs, and called Ellen, the domestic.

"Ellen! Ellen! Come and dress me!"

A door below opened, and Ellen came running up stairs on tiptoe.

"Hush! hush, Miss Mollie," said she. "You must not make such a noise."

"I want you to dress me," answered Mollie.

"I can't dress you," replied Ellen; "I must stay in the kitchen; I am steeping some drink for your mother. You will have to dress yourself this morning, Miss Mollie."

"I shan't do any such thing," said Mollie. "Just stay here and dress me, Ellen."

But Ellen ran down stairs again, as fast as she could, and Mollie stood alone in the entry for a minute, the red, angry blood of her heart surging up in her face and making it crimson. Then she turned and went into her chamber, slamming the door. The window had been pushed up but not fastened, and the jar of the slamming door made it fall. It came down with a terrible smash, shivering the glass into a thousand atoms. The noise seemed to jar the whole house. Mollie was terribly frightened. The next moment her father and Ellen came into the room.

"Mollie!" exclaimed her father, "what has happened?"

"I shut the door and the window fell down," answered Mollie, hanging her head.

"God forgive the child, but she's given her mother her death!" said Ellen.

Her father looked very pale and grave, and Mollie began to cry. Her father and Ellen went down stairs again, and Mollie stood alone there listening to the sounds about the house, her heart full of dread. She heard voices in her mother's chamber underneath, and hurried steps passing to and fro in the halls, and at last the doctor's creaking boots coming up the stairs. She might have stood there an hour full of dreadful remorse and fear. No one minded her.

At last she slipped on her clothes and went softly down stairs. She listened at her mother's door a moment, but all was still in there. Then she went into the breakfast room. Her father had drunk some coffee, but his plate was quite unsold. At last Ellen came into the room.

"Your mother is worse, Miss Mollie," said she. "You had better keep as quiet as you can."

O, the wretched week that passed! Mollie was not allowed in the sick chamber, but she knew that her mother was very ill, and there was great danger that she would not live. Her father hardly noticed her. Every night he watched in her mother's room, and he grew very pale and wretched-looking. At last, one morning the doctor came into the breakfast room. Mr. Fay sprang up from the table.

"How is she, doctor?" he asked, quickly.

"O, she is mending. She will get up now, slowly with good care. Good morning."

When the doctor had gone, Mr. Fay stood still a moment in the centre of the room. Mollie wondered what made him tremble so. Suddenly he put his hands over his face, and Mollie saw great tears come trickling through his fingers. She ran and flung her arms around him.

"O father!" she cried, "can you forgive me? O, I have been wicked; but I have been so wretched! Won't you forgive me?"

He stooped down and kissed her.

"Poor child!" he said, "you have been very near to becoming motherless. Let this help you to control your temper and amend your faults."

But it was many days before Mrs. Fay could talk to her little daughter, and understand that Mollie was working hard to be really a better girl. It was no seeming improvement; it was a real one; and the long months that she waited on her mother and little sister, cheerful, patient and untiring, proved that Mollie had at last made an amendment.

WILL FARNSWORTH'S REVENGE.

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 BY KATE PUTNAM.  
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In all Singleton there was not a prettier girl than Bessie Wells. With the moderation of this statement her many admirers would doubtless quarrel; but, since the fact of their being admirers exposes them to a suspicion of partiality, the first limited claim shall suffice. Very pretty she was, then, and endowed by nature with an inexhaustible fund of gayety, forever welling up, from the light heart, to sparkle in the sunny, hazel eyes, and dimple about the ripe, red lips.

But, beside all this—partly, perhaps, in consequence of it—Miss Bessie was a flirt. Unfortunately, there can be no question upon the subject. Never a city belle has been more thoroughly versed in wiles and witcheries, than was this village beauty, who counted her victims by the score, and whose rustic coqueties were so many meshes for the hearts of the unwary. Yet the girl was not cruel, nor even deliberate, in her mischief. It was constitutional; instinctive; like the sport of the kitten with her mouse. This impulse of fascination seemed as natural, and often as unconscious, as the drawing of her breath. If harm came of it, she was ready to shed pitiful tears, and be everlastingly sorry—for five minutes—after which the smile came out once more, and she began to weave fresh snares. So it was, and so it was like to be until her own heart should be held in the bonds of a strong, real love: the only lasting spell of such a nature.

Among Bessie's suitors, Will Farnsworth undoubtedly had the advantage, if resolute persistence could avail to win the prize. Energetic and determined, he had no thought of yielding to despair until such a resignation became absolutely necessary—which certainly was not yet. For, if a negative hope be worth anything, Will's case was far from hopeless, since his sweetheart at least afforded little encouragement to his rivals. Wherefore he kept up a stout heart, under the conviction that, as long as her liking belonged to no other, there was a chance of its some day becoming his own.

Such was the young man's theory, from which, hitherto, he had derived a good deal of comfort. But, in the summer about to be recorded, he seemed in danger of witnessing its

inverse demonstration after a fashion not at all to his taste. That Bessie Wells had at length found her match the young men and maidens of Singleton all agreed; so did the elder village gossips, whose time and tongues might have been more usefully employed; and, last but not least, in view of its vital importance to his own happiness, so did poor Will himself. And it certainly did look very much as if the little coquette had surrendered to Alfred Gaines, the young city gentleman who occupied the "parlor chamber" in the Widow Wells's pleasant, white cottage. Not only had he become her constant attendant at all the rustic merrymakings, but, day after day, the two might be seen, strolling, throughout the sunny, dewy mornings, over meadow and woodland, with smiles on their lips and flowers in their hands, or passing away the long and lovely twilights among the woodbine and climbing roses that twined around the pillars, and swung from the roof, of the cosey cottage-porch. And, all the while, people talked and speculated; the girls envied Miss Bessie; the boys hated Mr. Gaines—and Will Farnsworth was miserable.

For a time, he kept away from the house, but, finally, absence grew too heavy a burden for endurance, and, at the risk of increasing his unhappiness, he resolved to see her. For once she was not in the porch, nor yet within, where he sought her, unsuccessfully, until directed by Mrs. Wells to the garden. Turning his steps thither, he presently came upon a picture which, however charming from an artistic point of view, was anything but pleasing to the unappreciative gaze at that moment bent upon it. Standing beside Bessie, Alfred Gaines held her in the swing with one arm, while the other was stretched upward in the endeavor to gain something which, with both hands, she held away from him. Both were laughing, but not too heartily to hear the rustle made by the intruder, as, in turning quickly his hand hit and shook a low-drooping apple-bough that fell across the path. Recognizing him in the clear moonlight, Bessie started so violently as to throw her head against Mr. Gaines's shoulder, but for which, and the encircling arm, she would have fallen to the ground. Immediately re-

covering herself, however, she drew away from him, into a patch of shadow near by, leaving Will no choice but to advance, with a very hot and uncomfortable sense of false position, indicated by his first words.

"Good evening," he began, doubtfully, addressing no one in particular—"I hope I'm not intruding?"

Beyond a corresponding salutation Bessie made no reply, but her companion was not so reticent.

"On the contrary," he said, with a mischievous laugh, glancing towards the girl—"you are extremely welcome—to me, at least. I have quite worn myself out with swinging Miss Bessie—whose weight is really something surprising!—and shall be glad to find so able a substitute."

But, with a saucy retort, Bessie declared herself tired of the sport, and the party sought the porch. Here, however, it was no better. A spell of mischief seemed to hold Bessie, who could not or would not talk, but sat silently weaving a wreath of rosebuds with the ivy that entwined one of the rustic pillars. Chilled with this cold welcome, Will very soon rose to go, but, making one last effort, he said, hurriedly:

"Bessie, wont you walk down to the gate with me? I've a message for you."

Slowly and reluctantly the girl complied, stopping short at the gate, and asking, coldly:

"Well, what's your message? I shall be taking cold here."

Now Will's message was some unimportant trifle which might as well have been reserved for another time, and having heard it, she tossed her head, saying:

"O, is that all! I'll go back, then. Good-night."

"Well, go back!" said Will, fiercely, as she turned away—"go back to *him*, if you want to, but I swear—"

"What do you mean?" she cried, half frightened by the savage whisper, the abrupt stop, seeming to mask some terrible meaning, and the desperate, passionate face revealed by the moonlight—"What were you saying—please, Will?"

She took a step toward him, just touching his arm with her hand, but he shook it off, and muttering—"No matter—I'll not keep you here," pulled open the gate, and walked down the lane without a single backward glance. Bessie, after watching him out of sight, returned with a rather troubled face.

Will's intention had been to solicit Bessie's

company for a sail which was to come off the next day, on Brant pond, but the coldness of her reception had checked his purpose. Nevertheless, she was there; all life and gaiety as usual, and, as usual, also, accompanied by Alfred Gaines. Will was there, too, for, as the best sailor, his skillful management could not be spared from the boat. But, silent and busy, he had very little to do with Bessie, who, in the other end of the boat, laughing and chattering, amused herself by unsuccessful snatches after floating water-lilies. Presently Mr. Gaines volunteered his assistance, reached far out, lost his balance and fell, just as Will Farnsworth, perceiving his peril, gave a shout of warning.

"And he cannot swim!" cried Bessie, in trembling dismay. Before the words were spoken, Will had made ready for the rescue.

"O Will!" sobbed Bessie, in a tone that betrayed her heart, as she saw his purpose. He gave her one look, and plunged in. Gaines had sunk twice, before aid could reach him, and was just going down for the last time, when a strong hand caught him, held him, and bore him in safety to the boat. His exhaustion was complete, and, when somewhat revived, he was placed in one of the smaller boats, rowed ashore and carried home by Will Farnsworth, who quietly carried on all the preparations without a word or look for Bessie, pale and silent in her seat.

Worn out as he was, Alfred Gaines was quite able to talk, and, during their solitary ride to the Widow Wells's cottage, he manifested his gratitude towards his preserver, as best he might, by certain statements to the effect that he was engaged to a cousin of Bessie's; that he had known the latter—Bessie—from her childhood; and that, on his establishment in the household, he had entered into a playful compact to shield her by an apparent devotion, from the unwelcome attentions of others. Adding his own private conviction that the girl was fonder of Will than she would like to admit, and, girl-like, sought to freeze him into an unconsciousness of a feeling that frightened herself. To all of which the young man listened rather silently, promising compliance, however, when his companion entreated, as a personal favor, that he would come to the cottage that evening, when he himself should be more fully recovered. The result of which strategy was that Will did come, to find on the porch, not Alfred Gaines, but Bessie Wells, who, greeting him shyly but sweetly, murmured:

"How kind it was, Will! how noble to risk your life for him—when you were—"

She stopped, blushing. The young man filled up the pause—

"When I was jealous of him? Yes, that I was, wickedly jealous—But, Bessie, must I be so, after this, of him or anybody? Tell me,

Bessie darling!" And he took her hand.

"O Will! you are a great deal too good for me," she said. The tears were in her eyes, but she did not take away her hand, although feeling herself drawn closer and closer. I do not think that Will Farnsworth has ever regretted his revenge.

MARK BERESFORD'S GOVERNESS.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

MARK BERESFORD was the most genial, kind-hearted man that ever helped to make this earth a paradise; he had some uncommon, and a great deal of common sense, keen perceptions of the noble and the beautiful, as much refinement and as delicate sensibilities as are worth one's while in this angular, exasperating world of ours. If his sensations were not profound, they were at least vivid; I doubt if he would have been immovably constant to a baffled or a disappointed affection, but his love was earnest, and tender, and true; he was impulsive and enthusiastic, capable of rapture or indignation; not slow to anger but quick to forgive; sympathetic and soft-hearted as a child, or as some women; a man whom dull people, and slow people, and heavy, bookish people stigmatized as superficial, but whom generous, bright-witted people loved and fraternized with at once.

Because this hero of mine is a favorite I grieve to confess that he had his faults; that unlike most men he was not absolutely perfect. *Entre nous*, I don't think I like him any the less for this. I have always found your faultless people intolerably stupid; just a little imperfection gives a piquancy and zest to a character, keeps you on the lookout for charming surprises, and excuses one's own foibles.

One of Mr. Beresford's faults was a too evident appreciation of Mr. Beresford. He had the utmost confidence in that gentleman's opinions, sagacity and general meritoriousness. But this, you will perceive, was a venial fault, for was not the confidence shared by a great many other persons? For that matter, everybody is egotistical, but some people have the art of concealing it. Mr. Beresford had none of this valuable and deceptive reticence.

Between Mr. Beresford's self-appreciation, and the complimentary regard of all the ladies of his acquaintance, of which he was unavoid-

ably aware, it is not strange that when he proposed to Mrs. Beresford he had no doubts, or misgivings, or irresolutions, only the most unlimited confidence that he should be accepted.

He was not, of course, disappointed. Lu blushed and smiled through her tears, and admitted that she loved him dearly, thinking all the time how very fortunate she was in securing such a husband. She admired his fine figure, and bright face, and handsome black beard, and she thought how nice it would be to live in a swell-front brick house, and have servants and all manner of material comforts; for hitherto her own pretty white fingers had won for her a livelihood. Mrs. Irwin's third story back parlor, where Mark had done his wooing, suddenly became very mean and insignificant, and the shabby three-ply grew yet more shabby in contrast with imaginary Brussels and velvets. Before Mark had fairly begun to realize the bliss of the situation, she had decided upon her *trousseau*. It was to be as elegant as became her future position, if it took every dollar she had laid by.

Mr. Beresford congratulated himself, and everybody else congratulated him. She was an angel. There was no doubt whatever about that.

Such ecstasies might have been forgiven a cooler lover than Mark Beresford. She was so pretty that anything might have been supposed of her. The soft blue eyes would have justified you in taking for granted all possible depths of thought and feeling. It was easy to fancy wings growing from her round, white shoulders. She had such a pretty mouth that you never knew which was the sweeter, her smiles or her kisses. One or two persons who saw some promise in Mr. Beresford, ventured to wonder whether there was anything besides

the lovely pink and white face, and smiling graciously.

"Is Mrs. Beresford intellectual?"

"O no! What in the world does Mark want of an intellectual wife? She is a true woman," was the reply.

A true woman! Is not that a charming definition? But what does it mean, pray?

And so Mark took his angel home. I think the wings soon began to disappear, and before a twelvemonth came around, they had become invisible to the naked eye.

But by that time Mark had settled quietly down into the homely, jog-trot ways of model husbands. His love was not now ecstatic, but it was honest and true. If the flame ever flickered for a moment, a smile or a caress would fan it into brightness again.

And so over the Beresford house a decade of years dropped their sweetness and pain. Mr. Beresford grew rich and grew old; grew wiser with his years, as every man with any capacity for growth must; constantly with men, in active sympathy with the great, busy world outside, his mind expanded, his crude sentiments grew ripe, and gained in beauty and power; his taste was refined, his imagination stimulated, his horizon constantly enlarged.

And Mrs. Beresford? She did not grow at all. She was a true woman! She took care of the children, attended to the household, made calls, went to parties and the opera—she hated music, but the opera was fashionable and excused a grand toilet—and went through a round of similar small offices, that are usually called duties. She led the same life that ten thousand other women lead, if not positively bad, only negatively good.

I am anxious to do Mrs. Beresford full justice. She had no ideas, no discrimination, no broad, generous sympathies, no understanding or appreciation of what is great, and noble, and beautiful; none of those fine intuitive perceptions—that vein of delicate poetic sensibility that ennobles coarse natures and makes feeble ones strong. But she was amiable and affectionate, had a general intention to do right, petted her children, was fond of her husband, generous towards her friends, and indulgent to her servants.

I don't think Mr. Beresford ever discovered the limitations of his wife's nature. If he found any deficiencies he accounted for them by the theory of feminine incapacity; having, in common with a good many masculine philosophers, an idea that women are the exponents of the affections, and are not expected

to be intellectual or reasonable, any more than kittens, or birds, or any of the inferior animals.

A decade of years, and then Lu suddenly died, leaving her husband overwhelmed with grief and consternation, her children desolate. Everybody mourned—or perhaps we should say regretted—her loss, if we would not use too strong a word to characterize so mild a feeling; Lu had bright, pleasant, sunshiny ways with her, and her set missed her as one misses the sunshine. A great many beautiful and true things were said at the funeral, and Mr. Beresford went back to his empty home, feeling it very desolate and lonesome indeed. He did not know, and he would have been shocked and indignant if he had known, that some of his sympathizing friends were already speculating about a future Mrs. Beresford. What can we hope? In this day of fast living, of swift, evanescent sensations, the dead can be but lightly and not long lamented.

The waves of common, daily life soon closed over the gap her death had made. The sorrow grew old. Mr. Beresford's sister came to keep house. She made the calls, mended the linen, disciplined the children just as Lu had done. Externally the household wore its old look. Yet Mark in the depths of his heart felt a void that tortured him. He wanted to be petted and made much of, and called odious names in fun, and talked nonsense to when he was tired and sleepy.

The children were not old enough to be very companionable. There were three of them—May, a rosy blonde, like her mother, with her mother's amiable, easy-going nature; Aleck, a noisy, roystering youngster, pervading the house like a spirit of mischief, rushing into all sorts of follies, and playing the maddest pranks, driving you to your wits' end one moment, and the next atoning for everything by the exhibition of so much generosity, and tenderness, and chivalric sensibility, as goes to your heart and sends you into a fit of hasty repentance for having wished in your vexation that boys were abolished; and lastly Mabel, the sweetest and latest bud on the family tree, a winsome nestling of three years old, with eyes that were like forget-me-nots, and lips that were a perpetual temptation to kisses.

Mr. Beresford had always been rather a domestic man, but somehow, after Lu's death he fell into the habit of going more into society, of being tempted away to mass meetings, and caucuses, and the club.

Mrs. Conway was not indeed particularly entertaining; remarks as to the price of coal,

and the prospect of a decline in butter are not remarkably inspiring; indeed, they rather pall upon the taste after being a thousand times repeated. To be sure, Lu's conversation had been of a similar character, as Mr. Beresford admitted when he came to wonder at his dissatisfaction with Mrs. Conway; but then Lu had a soft, easy way of saying common-places, and never minded if he did not attend to her; whereas, Mrs. Conway took him up with a sharp "Do you hear, Mark?" if he showed any signs of somnolency, or dropped off into a reverie after his cigar.

And Mark, rousing himself up, replied patiently:

"Yes, Mary. What is it now?"

"Why about the children, of course. The question is, are you going to let them go on so or not?"

"Go on in what way? They're good children, aren't they?"

Mrs. Conway bit her thread off with emphasis and remarked:

"That is just like a man!"

Mr. Beresford laughed good-naturedly, and turned back to his newspaper.

"Now, Mark!" in a tone as if the last limit of forbearance had been reached.

"Why, Mary, what in heaven's name is the matter?"

Mrs. Conway made no direct reply, but went on to say that the late lamented Mr. Conway had such and such ideas about the education of children, and she only wished he could see what savages her brother Mark's were growing to be.

Mark folded up the newspaper, and looked as if he was thankful that he was not Mr. Conway. He glanced over at Mary, where she sat sewing at the table, and rather wondered how a sister of his came to be so very plain, and how anybody ever fell in love with her. But he only said, with a martyr-like air:

"I suppose, then, we must have a governess, as I have suggested at least half a dozen times."

"A governess!" Mrs. Conway ejected the offending word as if she had a special spite against it, and instantly relapsed into a severe silence.

"What can we do, then?"

Mrs. Conway ignored the appeal.

"Some silly chit of a girl who will be setting her cap at you, and making you and herself ridiculous."

"Pshaw!"

But for all the contemptuous interjection, the thing had already occurred to Mr. Beres-

ford. He had an undefined idea that it would be dangerous for a susceptible young girl to be thrown into familiar relations with him; he was not going thus early to become disloyal to poor Lu. Not at all. And yet he went on thinking how much pleasanter a wife was than a sister, and happy he should be if sometime—But here Mrs. Conway unceremoniously severed the thread of his meditations.

"But if you would get some sober, discreet person of thirty or thereabouts, who knew her business and her place, I think it would do."

"Yes, I should think it might," returned Mr. Beresford, in a singularly sarcastic, disappointed tone. "Do you, Mary, advertise and select a person to suit you, and don't bore me with it any more."

If Mr. Beresford returned to his newspaper with a sense of thankfulness that his choice of a future wife was not limited to possible governesses, who was to blame except Mrs. Conway?

That lady eagerly availed herself of the permission he accorded. The very next morning the advertisement was in the papers—the very next afternoon she was called down into the drawing-room to see a lady who had come to answer the advertisement.

The first glance was very gratifying.

"She will do," thought Mrs. Conway, glancing over the tall, lady-like figure, habited from head to foot in black.

The face was grave enough certainly, and pale, and not too handsome. Not handsome at all, thought Mrs. Conway, whose ideas of beauty were associated with round, ruddy-cheeked girls, bristling with rats, and adorned with ribbons and other ephemeral vanities.

"You are in mourning," said Mrs. Conway, after a few sentences had been spoken.

"I have lately lost my father," was the grave, low reply.

There was only a sudden softening of the dark brown eyes, but Mrs. Conway was not a quick observer, and did not notice it. She measured her with her calculating eyes.

"You are past twenty-five, I think, Miss Le Baron?"

"I am twenty-nine," quite haughtily.

"Rather young," muttered Mrs. Conway, with a little doubtful nod.

"More years might be desirable," she said, aloud. "We want some sober, discreet person. My brother has only lately become a widower, and any behaviour that should excite remark—"

"Madam!"

The calm, proud face was lighted by a transient gleam of indignation; the brown eyes grew very dark and bright.

Mrs. Conway quailed

"Of course," she stammered, "I didn't mean to insinuate that *you* would commit any indiscretion, but young girls, you know, are apt to be flighty."

There was a slow, sad smile came creeping about Therese Le Baron's lips. There had been little room for flightiness in her life, God knew, she thought, bitterly.

In a moment she said, quietly:

"I think you may trust me!"

"I rather think I can," was Mrs. Conway's conclusion; and so the engagement was effected, and Mrs. Conway was left to think it over.

For a moment, when that rosy glow of anger had overswept Miss Le Baron's face, Mrs. Conway had thought she would not do; but now she recalled the pale complexion, the impassive, somewhat irregular, features, the folds of black hair put straightly back from a forehead too high and broad for feminine beauty; she grew very complacent, and her feelings quite justified the remark with which she met Mr. Beresford when he returned to dinner.

"I think I have found a governess that will do nicely."

"Have you, indeed?" returned Mr. Beresford, in a satirical tone. "Is she humpbacked or dwarfed? Has she a mole on her nose, or is she cross-eyed? Or what physical defect is it that qualified her to meet your approbation?"

"Nonsense, Mark! She is rather plain, and is very quiet and sober, and is twenty-nine years old. She is coming to-morrow."

"Humph!"

Somehow Mr. Beresford did not seem nearly so delighted with the prospect as he ought to have been. He was inwardly praying for patience, and his mental soliloquy was not of the most gallant nature. An old maid! Prim, snuffy and plain! What an incubus to be hung to an unoffending man! No more smoking in the house. A cigar would outrage her nice sensibilities. No more romps with the children of evenings; no more playing pick-a-pack; no more trollying upon all-fours, a simulated bear, with the accompaniment of merry shouts and laughter. And then the question of his own demeanor to her. If he was cordial and friendly, she would of course think he had fallen in love with her, and—O dreadful thought!—she might marry him out of

hand, *nolens volens*. This possibility was too frightful to be calmly contemplated, and Mr. Beresford resolved to open the acquaintance by treating her with a frigid politeness that should nip all matrimonial projects in the bud. Full of this wise determination he went home to dinner the next day.

Mrs. Conway was invisible, and neither of the children was to be found, and Mr. Beresford proceeded to the sitting-room alone. A lady was sitting in an easy-chair in a graceful, negligent attitude. Some kind of white fabric thrown boldly out against the dead black of her dress lay upon her lap, and her swift, white fingers went up a long seam. Mr. Beresford watched her for a moment before his light step on the carpet aroused her.

Some people have a passion for beautiful white hands. Mark Beresford had. He had also his own theory about taper fingers and round, unwrinkled joints. Therese Le Baron's hands were dainty enough to satisfy even such a connoisseur. They had never been stretched across the keys of a piano till they resembled birds' claws, nor roughened by work, nor shrivelled by ill health. And this sewing displayed them so admirably; making the most of every pretty curve.

Suddenly at a slight movement she looked up and rose instantly. Mr. Beresford stood transfixed. Was this the plain, snuffy, prim old maid—Mrs. Conway's paragon?

The black cashmere dress swept around her in folds whose classic ease would have made an artist wild. The white edge of linen was scarcely whiter than the throat and wrists it encircled. The beautiful dark brown eyes met his with a look of calm inquiry. The surprise and admiration in his look brought a rosy flush to her cheek, but her self-possession did not waver.

"Mr. Beresford, is it not? I am Miss Le Baron."

Mr. Beresford was conscious of a singular sensation. He had a vague fancy that those clear, proud eyes were searching him through and through, finding out every defect in him, and especially discovering his ungallant thoughts of her.

She fell in love with him, indeed! He stood before her trying to conquer his awkward confusion, while she made a few common-place remarks; and then, as if she had said all that courtesy demanded and was in no wise inclined to go a step beyond that, she sat down to her work again.

The white fingers went swiftly up the long

seam, and the long lids that shaded the brown eyes quite hid them from him. She looked as if she had utterly forgotten his existence. It was very awkward and uncomfortable, and what could Mr. Beresford do but take refuge in his newspaper?

"So that is what you call a homely woman, is it?" he said to Mrs. Conway when late that night the two stood *vis-a-vis* on the hearth-rug.

"Why, don't you think so?" asked Mrs. Conway, with anxious hesitation. "I'm sure her nose is too large, and her mouth is wide, and she hasn't a bit of color, and—"

"But for all that she is a remarkably lovely woman," he interrupted. "It strikes me, Mrs. Conway, that you have made a very pretty blunder;" and with that Mr. Beresford walked away. But there was a funny, mischievous twinkle in his eyes, that vexed and annoyed Mrs. Conway beyond measure. She could not get over her discomfiture, and she vented her spite, as a narrow, unamiable woman would be sure to do, upon the unfortunate governess.

Therese Le Baron was proud, but she was also terribly poor, and her poverty obliged her to ignore insults that made her heart beat fast with indignation. She scorned to avenge herself upon Mrs. Conway, and so took her revenge in hating Mark Beresford. At least she imagined she did, and there was no one to contradict her.

Certainly Mark would not have done so, being himself quite of her opinion. Of course she disliked him, else why did she always fall into silence or a book when they were *tête-à-tête* for a moment?

She was genial enough with the children; May worshipped her, Aleck declared that she was the "jolliest" woman he ever saw, a liberty of speech which quite amazed his father, and little Mabel could not be won from her side.

They used to sit in the library of evenings, and sometimes a casually opened door would reveal such a cheerful, cosy circle, and such merry interludes of laughter would flow out between such pleasant talk, that Mark grew quite homesick with longing to be a sharer in it; the dining-room grew dolefully dismal. But if he was tempted to go in, Miss Le Baron congealed at once, and such a blank, woeful silence fell upon the children that papa was fain to go back to the dining-room and his cigar, or if those became intolerable he took himself to the club. Yet even this was

growing dull. For as the months slipped by he began to think that he loved this cold, unapproachable girl who bore herself with such haughty indifference towards him, who would not be patronized or be made love to, or court his attention, or in any wise demean herself as women had been accustomed to do in his society.

He did not half know her; he had only caught glimpses of her; but he was sure he had never known any woman comparable to her; whose tastes were so pure, whose perceptions were so keen and fresh, whose culture was so wide. Then accident had revealed such flashes of tenderness, such sweetness and truth of love, such willing self-sacrifice, that his capacity for worship was stirred to its depths.

The year rounded to Christmas. Happy homes grew bright and gay with preparations for the holy festivities. Hearts grew tender and warm. Even Miss Le Baron became more gentle and kind.

One day a tree was brought in all green and odorous with the sweetness of the pine woods, and while the children stood around, eager and chattering, queer-looking packages were brought out from their hiding-places and hung upon the tree.

"O Miss Le Baron, do you suppose Santa Claus will bring you anything?" shouted Aleck, whose inclinations had oscillated between a set of chessmen and a solitaire board, with either of which he was sure she would be enchanted, but who, by his father's advice, had at last settled down upon a beautiful pearl brooch.

Mark Beresford looked up at her quickly. She had been very gentle and sweet all day, and he had got to lie in wait for her smiles.

"Of course your father will make Miss Le Baron a present," said Mrs. Conway, quickly. "Her faithful services deserve to be remembered. I hope it will be something substantial and useful."

Miss Le Baron's face became very cold and proud, and she then and there resolved that if Mr. Beresford gave her anything, she would instantly decline it whatever it might be. And then she grew angry at this sensitiveness which she could not control, which was forever making her miserable. Why need she care for anything a vulgar, insolent woman might say? But she did care. She was so made that she could not help it. O, if she could only be as cold and stony as she seemed! She wondered if the mask imposed upon

people, upon Mr. Beresford for instance. She hoped it did, and yet she could have cried like a child for very longing to accept the kind friendship which his manner seemed daily mutely to offer her.

Mr. Beresford, if he was a little egotistical, was so generous and warm-hearted, so tender and pitiful towards all misfortune. But here she caught herself up with a sudden pang of self-reproach. What was the use of such thoughts? It was her duty to hate Mr. Beresford, and she did hate him, of course.

Meantime Mr. Beresford watched her, thinking her proud, sweet face never looked more sweet and proud, and the resolution he had made grew strong and bold—to win her at all costs, in the very teeth of her coldness and reserve.

And here the sterling gold of Mr. Beresford's character shines out. The man who would be daunted in his wooing by his lady's coldness, or repulsed from his purpose by one little, chilling monosyllable, is no hero of mine. And I think such women as Therese Le Baron are worth some pains in the winning.

The still, crisp December day wore on, and about dusk Miss Le Baron disappeared from the parlor. The dressing-maid could hardly restrain the children, they were so impatient to know what Miss Le Baron was going to wear. May had confided to Aleck certain speculations of her own, excited by a half glimpse of some misty white muslin through a half-open door. But not they or any one was prepared to see her come down looking as bright and pure as a star from heaven, the transparent folds of the sheer muslin haloing her like a cloud. Her beautiful black hair was looped back in graceful, smooth curls; a wreath of smilax crossing her head, let fall its shining green leaves upon her temples.

Mrs. Conway examined her critically.

"You look very well, my dear, very well indeed," was her gracious comment.

"I should think she did," cried Aleck with indignation. "I say she's a regular beauty, aint she, papa?"

Miss Le Baron swept proudly away. No tint of rose stained the white smoothness of her cheek. What was his praise to her? Mark Beresford walked hastily down stairs, vowing that he would forget this girl and her confounded proud ways.

They were lighting the tree now, by Mrs. Conway's orders. She was eager to try the effect. A moment it shone—a pyramid of white fire. The children danced with delight.

"Now blow out the lights quickly," said Mrs. Conway.

Little Mabel toddled nearer, her small brain alive with curiosity and interest. In an instant Aleck gave a frightened shout, and every one looked around with startled faces. Then a cry parted the blanched lips. The child's muslin frock had swept across a lighted taper and the light, thin fabric was in flames in a moment.

"O, Miss Le Baron, put it out, put it out," cried Mrs. Conway, shrinking in cowardly fear from contact with Mabel, who, wild with fright and pain, ran about uttering terrible cries.

At her aunt's appeal to the governess, Mabel sprang towards her, and forgetful of danger to herself, Therese threw her down upon the carpet, and worked bravely to extinguish the flames. She lifted her up presently, scorched and blackened; the pretty yellow curls had fallen a sacrifice; there would be a scar or two upon neck and arms, but Mabel was saved.

"O my darling, I am so thankful," she cried, in glad tears.

"O papa, papa!"

He had come in with swift steps, alarmed by the terrible outcries, but in their fright they had not noticed him, and he stood in silence an instant, seeing it all at once.

Therese rose and turned towards him, quietly saying:

"She is safe, Mr. Beresford."

"I owe it to you, God bless you!" he said, with emotion.

Her face was not now cold and proud, but all alight with gratified joy.

The servants came with bandages, and cooling lotions and Mrs. Conway, herself again, bustled about with her usual complacency.

Miss Le Baron stood apart. Her snowy dress was black and crumpled, her face was pale, but her eyes glowed dark, and bright as diamonds.

Mr. Beresford went to her. "Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously, catching a look of pain that crossed her face. "Good Heaven, your hands!"

The fire had used them cruelly. The delicate flesh was seamed with red lines. He took them to his lips covering them with kisses. Some inarticulate, tender words, that made her eyes soft, and brought the roses to her white cheeks, and then Mrs. Conway came between them, hard and sharp-eyed.

"You had better go to bed at once, Miss Le Baron."

But Miss Le Baron refused to be sent to bed, and kept her place among the guests. Some new feeling made her heart warm and happy that night. Mark Beresford seeing it grew strong in his resolve.

That night after the company had retired Therese ran down to the drawing-room for some trifle she had left there. She was humming some low, sweet tune, but the song died suddenly when she heard voices in the small alcove in the library.

She turned. The crimson curtains, half parted, revealed the two who stood there facing each other, neither of them perceiving her.

"I suppose you know what I have to say to her to-morrow," said Mr. Beresford.

There was a momentary pause, and then Mrs. Conway said, coldly:

"Yes, I suppose you are bound in honor to ask her, after what she has done."

Mr. Beresford was silent. He had no mind to let his grim sister see his heart. And so in the silence, Therese stole back to her room, her mind full of strange, contradictory thoughts. Away down below all her anger, and mortification, and shame, there was a miserable sense of thankfulness that she knew what he was going to do, and why; now she would know how to answer him, and without this foreknowledge she might—not have known so well. She began to fear that she did not hate Mr. Beresford half as much as she ought.

Her face was very cold and discouraging when he sought her the next day. He searched it in vain for any promise. If ever Mark Beresford had been too self-confident and presuming, surely his humility now would atone for it. He began at once with the courage of desperation.

"Miss Le Baron, I want to thank you for what you did last night—"

"There is no need of any thanks," she interrupted. "I only did what any one would have done."

"Not many I imagine would have risked life and harm so generously as you did; and you shall not prevent me from expressing the deep feeling of gratitude towards you which warms my heart."

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Beresford."

"No, you must hear." The effort he was making for self-control made his voice cold and hard. It was almost stern as he went on:

"Besides, the debt is mine, and Miss Le Baron, if I might hope that any thought of me—"

She turned suddenly, white heat-lightnings flashing from her eyes.

"You are mistaken, sir. No thought of you mingled with what I did. I would have done as much for the child of any Irish beggar," she said, vehemently.

He grew pale.

"That may be," he said, bitterly, "but that shall not prevent me from telling you that I love you, from asking you to be my wife."

"You—love me!" she repeated in scorn. "You! and you come here to insult me, to mock me with such words as these because I suppose some fancied notions of honor—"

Here the hot tears, a long time kept down and struggled against, rose to her eyes and choked her voice.

"Therese, Therese, you mistake me—"

But she broke from him and fled up stairs. Following into the hall he met Mrs. Conway in auspicious proximity to the door.

"Really, Mark, I could almost fancy you had been refused," remarked that lady, graciously.

He went down town thinking that he should see her again at night, and then perhaps he would have himself under better control. But the day seemed very long, and at last he entered the sitting-room half an hour before the dinner hour.

"Where is Miss Le Baron?" to Mrs. Conway.

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes. And I must say I don't regret it. She has given herself a good many airs, and after her scorn of you I should hardly think you'd care to meet her again."

"Scorn! Did she scorn me?"

"It looks like it," said Mrs. Conway, satirically.

"Do you know where she is gone? I'll go and fetch her back this minute."

"I have no idea where she is gone," said Mrs. Conway, in triumph. And looking up she was astonished at her easy, good-natured, amiable brother.

Now began the search that extended far and wide, that reached to all possible and impossible places, that was never forgotten, or lost sight of, or intermitted, pursued with an unwavering determination to bring her back to bless his home and fill his heart with a higher, deeper joy than ever he had known,

or until now guessed, carried on the more eagerly as more and more he realized what she was to him.

And so two years went, and one evening—it was Christmas time again, and he was in a bookstore looking up some gifts for the children—a voice startled him. He had not noticed the slight figure clad in faded gray at his side.

"Couldn't you afford to give me a little more, sir? It took me a long time to do them, and two dollars seems very little." And some drawings in water colors dropped from her listless hands to the counter.

The dealer said he couldn't really, for things of that kind were plenty, and people didn't care about them, and all the time Mark Beresford was bending towards her trying to get a look at her face.

If she had been less miserable, less pre-occupied with her trouble, she would have known who opened the door for her, and stepped out into the street after her. But she did not look up till the exultant words came:

"There, I have found you!"

Then one long look in his face, and she sobbed out, "O Mr. Beresford."

He drew her hand within his arm, and they went along with the crowd. In a moment he asked:

"Are you leading me to your home?"

"You must not go to my home," she faltered.

"Very well. Then you must go to mine."

But they went on, and presently she stopped, saying:

"Come up here then, if you will. I am very poor now."

It was a shabby lodging-house, and she led him to a mean, small room high up, where were the working materials with which she tried to keep the wolf at bay.

Looking round at the poor, meagre furnishing, he forgot his triumph, and his voice trembled strangely, as he said:

"My darling, how did it happen?"

"I lost my interest in my work, and then I could not get pupils, and then I became ill—and so I got very poor. But I am not so proud as I was;" and the wan, thin face smiled up at him through tears.

He held her close in his arms.

"And you would not come to me."

"I would have died first," with some of her old fire.

"Well, I have come to you, and you shall never leave me again. She did not make any

reply at once, and Mr. Beresford seemed to take a good deal for granted. At any rate his face was radiant, and I think he was repaid for all the trouble the wayward girl had given him.

She laughed a little presently, and said, with a spice of malice in her eyes, which looked weirdly bright in her thin, shadowy face:

"But you must confess that it was a very unfortunate way of putting it."

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing; still more to be usefully employed. With some children, it is a strongly developed physical necessity, and if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Children, if indolently disinclined to it, should be encouraged, and disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet, which they are capable of performing. They should, also, be required to keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should be taught to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them.

"The fireside is a school of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life." True, but the fireside should be warm and the fire burning bright with geniality and love, else the fireside were no better than a barren waste.

GOD'S GIFTS.

After all, what are the greatest gifts that God gives? Are they not the natural gifts that God gives to every one of us? Are they not that marvellous faculty of genius that operates we know not how, but which does part one man from another; and is this not greater than any inheritance of outside things, which, after all, are little more to any man than the dress he wears for a season, and casts off forever in his hearse? Is not this imperishable gift of genius greater than any external circumstances which are but the mere accidents of life, while each plays his little part in the sight of man?

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A MERCHANT PRINCE.

The Barings, of England, have been a noted power in the commercial world for nearly two centuries. The house was established in London during the reign of William and Mary, by John Baring, the son of a Lutheran minister who came over from Amsterdam after the downfall of James II. This John Baring had four sons, of whom Francis, the third, was the most noted. He was born in 1736, and died in 1810. He and his brother John succeeded their father in the business, which was the manufacture and sale of cloths. Before long, however, John withdrew from the house, and Francis carried it on on an enlarged scale; he placed it in a high position. He was regarded throughout his life as one of the ablest and most upright men in Europe, and his advice was eagerly sought in public affairs by both Lord Shelburne and Pitt. He was a director of the Bank of England, and of the East India Company; he entered Parliament in 1784, and was made a baronet in 1793. At his death he left a fortune of one million one hundred thousand pounds exclusive of his business.

Sir Francis Baring left five sons—Thomas the oldest inherited the title and the greater part of the property of his father, but took no share in the business; William and George passed most of their active years in India; and Alexander and Henry took charge of the London establishment. Henry soon withdrew, however, and Alexander, to whom we purpose to devote this brief sketch, alone remained in the establishment.

Alexander Baring was born on the 27th of October, 1774. He was educated partly in Germany, and partly in England. The foundation of his commercial training was laid in the great house of Hope & Co., at Amsterdam, at that time the greatest mercantile establishment in the world. The occupation of Holland by the French, sent the Hopes to England, and young Baring returned home. He had now mastered the whole system of European commerce, and he proposed to his father to allow him to visit America for the purpose of studying that of the New World, which he foresaw would be of vast proportions in the course of time. Sir Francis readily consented to this project, but urged his son to be careful upon two points—to buy no waste lands in America, and not to bring a wife thence, for, said he, "Uncultivated lands can be more readily bought than sold again; and a wife is best suited to the home in which she has been brought up, and cannot be formed or trained a second time." Young Baring, however, followed neither injunction. He expended about two hundred thousand dollars in land in Pennsylvania and Maine, which in the end proved a profitable investment, and in 1798, soon after his arrival, married the daughter of Senator Bingham. This was also a profitable investment, for at the death of his father-in-law, he inherited a sum of nine hundred thousand

dollars. He spent four or five years in America, having among his personal friends the illustrious Washington.

He returned to England when he was about thirty, and became his father's chief manager, and in a few years his successor. He had a great drawback in an unfortunate impediment of speech, but in spite of this, became a great favorite in society as well as a leader in commerce and politics. He was the author or suggester of many of the wisest measures of the government. He opposed the second war with the United States, and the acts which led to it; but when the struggle had commenced, advocated its energetic prosecution, and denounced the terms of the treaty, as he declared they left the way open for future difficulties. Under his vigorous management, the house of Baring attained its proudest position; and this led the Duke de Richelieu, in 1818, to say, "There are six great powers in Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Baring Brothers." Richelieu had good cause to think this, as Alexander Baring had just negotiated a monster loan for the French government. The house stood in Europe next to the Rothschilds, and in America was preferred to the latter.

In 1825, Mr. Joshua Bates, an American, and Mr. Thomas Baring, a nephew, were admitted as partners. Mr. Bates is well known to the people of this country for his munificent donations to the Boston Public Library. Mr. Francis Baring, the son of "the house," and Mr. John Baring, another nephew, were also admitted into the partnership, and in 1828, Alexander Baring retired from business.

In April, 1835, in consideration of his eminent services, both as a merchant and a politician, he was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. He now retired from public life, appearing in it only once more, in 1841, when he was sent to the United States to settle the difficult and troublesome question of the boundary between the Union and British America. The treaty of 1814 had left this matter open to dispute, and it had nearly involved the two countries in another war. Lord Ashburton was deemed the most fitting person to undertake the mission, owing to his American associations. The choice was a happy one. The commissioners appointed by this government were mostly his personal friends, and the mutual esteem which prevailed between the parties resulted in a fair and satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties, which is known in this country as the Ashburton treaty.

Lord Ashburton died on the 13th of May, 1848, at the age of seventy-four. He was succeeded in his title by his son, William Bingham Baring, who had nothing to do with the business, which passed to the second son, Francis, who a few years ago also succeeded to the peerage by the death of his brother. The great house is still flourishing, and steadily pursuing the course marked out by its greatest member.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

It is a striking feature of the American character, that the love for the Union, which is a part of the existence of all loyal citizens, so far from being weakened, is intensified by absence. This was strikingly illustrated in Australia during the prevalence of the rebellion. The facts given below we take from a letter from that country. When the pirate Shenandoah entered the harbor of Melbourne, several patriotic Americans sojourning there determined to put an end to her career. Information of this design was secretly sent to a number of their countrymen at the diggings. In a short time a sufficient force was collected for the execution of the scheme. A steamer was chartered for the purpose of conveying the party out to the Shenandoah, when that vessel was to be boarded, her crew overpowered, and the ship to be at once headed for the United States. Unfortunately, the Shenandoah went into the dock for repairs a few hours before the time appointed for the attack. Not discouraged by this, it was resolved to blow her up by means of a torpedo, as she left the dock. For this purpose, the entire force was employed to purchase the gunpowder in small quantities, and have the torpedo case made for it. No one was allowed to know the movements of the others, so that, if arrested by the authorities, they could not testify against each other. The torpedo was made and planted directly in the path the steamer would take when she floated out. Watchmen were kept on guard night and day, and the person who was to discharge the torpedo was concealed within a hundred yards of the ship. Owing to delays in repairs, the ship did not leave the dock for a week, and during all this time the watch was strictly kept. At last the vessel began to move out, and, all unconscious of her danger, came directly over the torpedo. The lanyard was pulled, but no explosion followed, and the steamer escaped. Another plan was formed to capture her, but her sudden departure prevented its execution.

KRONSTADT.

The relations of this country with Russia are becoming so important, and the trade between the two nations is increasing so rapidly in value, that our readers will readily avail themselves of an opportunity to learn something of the principal seaport through which this trade is carried on. Kronstadt is situated on the southeast part of a small, rocky island, called Kettlô Island, at the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland, and opposite the mouth of the Neva. It is twenty miles from St. Petersburg, and is the most important naval fortress in Russia, and the seat of the admiralty. It is strongly fortified, and is believed by military men to be impregnable. It guards the only approach by water to the capital. The South Channel which is the best and most used, admits of the passage of only one vessel at a time, and is commanded by several hundred powerful guns, and the opposite channel, which is shallower and more difficult, is also defended by extensive fortifications. The city lies back of the defences, looking seaward, and is intersected by two canals, one of which is the outlet of an extensive naval dock; the other is used to enable merchant vessels of the largest size to reach the warehouses in the heart of the city. The government has some two hundred large buildings here, and its navy-yards and docks are

among the most extensive in the world. Kronstadt is ice-bound nearly five months in the year, but, in spite of this, two-thirds of the foreign trade of the empire passes through this port. The fortifications protected the capital during the war in 1854 against the British fleet under Admiral Napier, which did not even venture to attack it.

THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

The largest bay in the United States is the Chesapeake. It enters Virginia between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, and extends almost to the northern limits of Maryland. It is about two hundred miles long, and from four to fifty miles wide. There is a sufficient depth of water for ships of the largest size to ascend almost to the mouth of the Susquehanna. It is provided with numerous small bays, some of which are called rivers, and receives the waters of the great rivers of Virginia and Maryland, which enter it through broad, deep estuaries. It abounds in the most delightful qualities of the wild duck, and is the best fish and oyster region in the Union. It is subject to sudden and violent storms, but this is remedied by the numerous snug anchorages which line its coast.

The Chesapeake is the most beautiful sheet of water in the New World, and the attractiveness of the view is heightened by the busy scene which it presents. On a fair day we have frequently counted over one hundred sail in sight from a given point, and upon one occasion during the war, we saw over one hundred and fifty vessels of all kinds in sight near the mouth of the Potomac.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Collectors of postage stamps may find the following facts, which we present for their benefit, both useful and interesting. The postage stamp had its origin in London, on the tenth of January, 1840, and for ten years England alone made use of it. It was adopted in France at the beginning of the year 1849. The Tour-and-Taxis office introduced it into Germany in the year 1850; and now it is in use in sixty-nine countries in Europe, nine in Africa, five in Asia, thirty-six in America, and ten in Oceania. The United States alone has upwards of fifty kinds of postage stamps. Van Diemen's Land has its own stamp, as have also Hayti, Natal, Honolulu and Liberia. Of late years the collection of stamps has become a regular business, and in Europe it is so extensive as to necessitate the employment of agents and correspondents, and the sales of collections are regularly quoted in the public journals.

THE USEFULNESS OF DEAD HORSES.—Few persons properly appreciate the value of the horse, for almost every one regards him solely as a beast of burden. But the services which he renders do not stop there. He is as useful after death as in life. Excellent gloves are made of his skin, his hair is woven into cloth, his bones cut into buttons or ground into fertilizers, his hoofs are turned into glue, his intestines are used for the manufacture of delicate membranous tissues, and his flesh has been found by actual experiment in France to be equal to beef. Considering all this, we shall not be far from the truth, when we pronounce the horse the most useful to man of all animals.

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Go, flower, and my passion declare,
While her delicate praises you speak—
Yet the peach blossom hue is less fair
Than the bloom of her beautiful cheek.—WILKIN.

The Hollyhock

Produces its best effect when each plant rises by itself from a circular patch in a lawn. An avenue of hollyhocks, without any other flowering plants, is also very grand and ornamental, especially if the background on each side of the avenue be a hedge of laurel or some other evergreen shrub. The hollyhock with such a background has a very fine effect. The seeds of hollyhock, which is a biennial, should be sown in March; in April, when the plants come up, they should be thinned out and then suffered to remain till September, when they should be transplanted to the place where they are to flower. As the hollyhock requires a rich and strong soil, it will be advisable, if the general soil of the garden be not of that nature, to dig a pit two feet in diameter, and two feet deep, which should be filled with equal parts of good strong loam and thoroughly rotten dung, chopped up and well mixed together with the spade. When the pit is filled, the earth should be allowed a few days to settle, and then filled up to the general level of the garden; after which the young hollyhocks should be planted in it, singly, if the plants be very strong, and three together, if they should be weak. When the flower-stem appears, it should be tied to a stake, if not strong enough to support itself.

Alsine.

This genus was founded on the Chickweed (*Alsine media*), and it contained four or five weedy-looking species. It also gave a name to one of the sections of Caryophyllaceæ; the plants belonging to that order which have the sepals of the calyx distinct being said to belong to Alsineæ, and those which have their sepals united into a tube at the base are said to belong to Sileneæ. The species which compose the genus Alsine appear to have been nearly all distributed among other genera, and even the Chickweed is now called *Stellaria media*.

The Mask-Flower.

The species are low under-shrubs, or herbaceous plants, and are very ornamental either in the greenhouse, or grown as annuals in the open border during summer. They thrive well in any light rich soil, and are readily increased by seeds or cuttings. They are very desirable for flower-gardens, on account of the brilliant scarlet of their flowers; and where there is no greenhouse, the plants should be raised from seeds, sown on a hotbed in February, or struck from cuttings early in spring, and brought forward in a frame or pit, and turned out into the open air in May. When kept in a greenhouse, they should always be set out in the open air when the other plants are fumigated, as they are easily killed by tobacco smoke,

or any other strongly-smelling vapor. They are also very apt to rot, or damp off, as it is called, at the collar, if they have too much moisture, though the roots soon become dried up and withered if they have too little. Though the stems of some of the species are quite woody at the base, they seldom live, even with the greatest care, longer than two or three years.

Alpinia.

A genus of reed-like plants, natives of the East Indies and South America, with large and showy white or pink flowers, of which one or two species merit a place in select collections of stove plants. *A. nutans* is one of the most common, and when grown in a rich sandy soil, in a moist heat, with plenty of room, it will flower freely. Like most of the other Scitamineous genera, there is a considerable degree of sameness in all the species, both in flowers and fruit, and therefore one kind is enough for a small collection.

Alstroemeria.

This is a genus of tuberous-rooted plants, with beautiful flowers, natives of South America, and capable of being grown in a high degree of perfection in flower gardens, in the stove, greenhouse, or open air, according to the species. The soil which suits all the *Alstroemerias* is a mixture of sandy loam and leaf-mould, or well-rotted dung. Of all the stove species, *A. Light*, with white and scarlet flowers, is the most difficult to flower; but by giving it abundance of water during summer, and a strong heat in December, it will flower in February; and one plant will scent a whole house with fragrance like that of Mignonette. After flowering, the plants ought to be allowed to rest for three months, during which time very little water ought to be given to them. After this, they should be repotted, and encouraged to grow, by giving them plenty of water. *A. edulis*, Jus. is another stove species, which climbs to the height of ten or twelve feet, and, like all other climbers, thrives best when turned out into the open border. It may, however, be grown in a pot, commencing with one of small size, and shifting it several times, till it is at last put into a pot eight or nine inches in diameter, when a frame of wire, three feet or four feet high, may be fixed to the pot, and the stems trained over it.

The China Aster.

This is one of the most ornamental annuals. There are many varieties, and those known as the German asters are considered the most beautiful. They should be raised on a hotbed, in February or March, pricked out when the plants have two or three leaves, and transplanted into the open garden in May, where they will make a very fine appearance in September and October. They should be grown in light rich soil, or in loam and thoroughly rotten dung.

The Housewife.

Boiled Rice Pudding.

Take two cups of rice; wash it in cold water; put it into a cloth with a teaspoonful of salt; tie the cloth loosely, so as to give room for the rice to swell one half; boil it two hours; or put the rice into a saucepan with a quart of milk and water, and let it boil three-quarters of an hour; then put a little milk into a bowl, stir it round, and then put the rice in to form it. Cover it up to keep it hot, and let it remain fifteen or twenty minutes.

Soft Oustards.

Boli a quart of milk or cream, and beat up eight eggs with half a pound of sugar. Turn the milk on the eggs, boiling hot, stirring the eggs all the time, and flavor it with lemon or peach. Strain it through a gauze sieve into a pitcher; set the pitcher into boiling water, and let it boil until it thickens. Stir it most of the time, for if it curdles it is spoiled. Turn it into custard-glasses.

Broiled Scrod.

Take a small cod, or the tail of a large one; sprinkle a little salt over it, and let it remain over night; in the morning wash off the salt, and wipe it dry; set the outside to the fire first, and let it broil gently half an hour; when it is dished, rub it with a little butter and a very little pepper; send it to the table very hot.

Apple Jelly, with Oustard.

Take a pound of white sugar; put it into a pint of cold water; let it boil till it is a rich syrup, then add as much apple as it will absorb, and the juice of two lemons; boil it until quite thick, then pour it into a mould until quite cold; it will turn out like a jelly. Serve in a dish with a rich custard and a whipped cream.

A boiled Indian Pudding.

Take two teacups of Indian meal; scald it with a pint of boiling milk; add to it a cup of flour, a large cupful of beef or veal suet chopped fine, half a gill of molasses, two cups of dried apples, and a spoonful of salt; mix all this together; tie the cloth so as to allow the pudding to swell one-third, and boil it five hours.

Curried Oysters.

Wash a quart of oysters from the liquor; put the liquor into a saucepan; braid up one-quarter pound of butter with two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir this into the liquor with one tablespoonful of curry powder. Let it come to a boil; put in the oysters; give them one boil; serve in a deep dish.

Curry Chicken.

Put the chicken into good-shaped pieces; put them into a saucepan with a few little pieces of salt pork, an onion, and a little salt. Put in cold water enough to cover it; let it simmer over the fire until the chicken is very tender, and the water has simmered almost away; then mix a table-spoonful of curry in

a little water; stir this with the gravy, and let it stew with the chicken ten minutes. Have ready some rice boiled and formed in cups. Dish the chicken; take out the onion; turn the gravy over the chicken, and lay the rice around the dish.

Veal Olives.

Cut slices of veal from the fillet about half an inch thick, and four inches square. Have ready some cold or raw veal chopped fine, stale bread crumbs, seasoned with mace, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, and a piece of butter; drop in an egg; mix this all together well; lay the dressing on the veal; sew or skewer them up tight in the form of olives; lard them with salt pork; lay them into a baking-pan, with a cup of hot water; bake about one hour, basting with flour frequently. In dishing them, place two or three on a dish. To make the gravy, add a good piece of butter, a little flour, mace, pepper and salt; give it one boil; turn it on the olives; garnish with parsley and lemons.

Bouilli Beef.

Put a part of a brisket of beef, weighing six pounds, into a saucepan, and cold water enough to cover it; let it boil until the scum rises, and skim it nicely; add two carrots, two turnips, and one onion; cut in dice form; stick an onion full of cloves; let all this simmer three hours; add one tumbler of red wine, two teaspoonfuls of mixed mustard, and one table-spoonful of soy; let it simmer one hour. When done, sprinkle over it some pickled cucumbers, cut very fine; stir a little flour into your gravy, give it one boil, turn it into the dish with the meat, and send it to the table very hot.

A Beef Pie.

Take cold roast beef or steak; cut it into thin slices, and put a layer into a pie-dish; shake in a little flour, pepper, and salt; cut up a tomato (if you have it), or onion chopped very fine; then another layer of beef and seasoning, and so on until the dish is filled. If you have any beef gravy, put it in; if not, a little beef drippings, and water enough to make sufficient gravy. Have ready one dozen potatoes, well boiled and mashed, half a cup of milk or cream, and a little butter and salt; spread it over the pie as a crust, an inch thick; brush it over with egg, and bake it about twenty-five minutes.

A Loin of Veal

Is very nice, roasted plain. It is, however, very palatable cooked the same as a fillet of veal, by taking out the kidneys, and putting dressing in their place. It requires three hours if roasted plain, and three and a half hours with dressing.

Batter for Fritters.

Take half a pound of flour, one ounce of butter, which melt, the whites of three eggs well beaten, half a glass of beer, and enough water to make a thick batter.

Curious Matters.

Origin of the Term "Blue-Stocking."

This term, which is applied in ridicule to pedantic literary ladies, has rather a singular origin. Boswell relates that in 1781 it was the fashion for ladies to form evening assemblies, in order to participate in the conversation of learned literary and ingenious men. One of the most celebrated talkers, on these occasions, was a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings. He was so very popular, and his absence from these gatherings was so much regretted, that it was frequently said, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings." The term was afterwards applied to this and other similar clubs, and then to the ladies who attended them, and still later was used in its present sense. The most famous "Blue Stocking Club" was that which met at Mrs. Montague's, and was sometimes attended by Doctor Johnson, and which has been immortalised by Hannah Moore, in her poem of the "Bas Bleu."

Moving Photographs.

M. Claudet, by an adaptation of the Phenakistoscope—the Thaumatrope toy improved—has made moving photographs. The well-known fact that the retina retains an impression a short but still appreciable time, and that a second impression being given, a subtle mental action (possibly only physical) connects the two by supplying the "missing link," is the principle of the new arrangement. A portrait of a figure striking and of another receiving a blow, when rapidly opened and closed before the eye opposite which they are placed, take the appearance of actual motion in M. Claudet's process, which promises to be a popular and novel arrangement of the photographic art.

Coal-Gas.

When coal-gas is ignited, the oxygen of the atmosphere first combines with the hydrogen of the hydrocarbons, either gaseous or sufficiently volatile to assume a gaseous form, so as to produce water. Whilst a part of the carbon of these hydrocarbons combines with the oxygen to produce carbonic acid, the other portions of carbon float in the mass of ignited gaseous matters, and reach a sufficient temperature to radiate light in all directions. It follows, therefore, that the richer the coal-gas is in hydrocarbons, into the composition of which enters a large proportion of carbon, the more brilliant will be the flame.

Cotton versus Linen.

A Professor Boettger has discovered the means, by the aid of chemistry, of recognising the presence of cotton in linen fabrics. He takes a piece of the suspected cloth, about two inches by three-quarters of an inch, and, after having unravelled both weft and warp, plunges it into an alcoholic solution of aniline and fuchsine. The superfluous coloring matter is removed by washing the piece of cloth thus dyed several times in water. If, while it is still wet, it be placed in a saucer containing ammonia, the cotton

fibres will immediately become discolored, while those of linen will preserve a fine red color.

Chinese System of Bronzing.

The Chinese are said to bronze their copper vessels, by taking two ounces of verdigris, two ounces of cinchona, five ounces of sal ammoniac, and five ounces of alum, all in powder, making these into a paste with vinegar, and spreading it upon the surface of the article, which should be previously brightened. The article is then held over a fire till it becomes uniformly heated; then it is cooled, washed and dried. It thus receives one, two, or several such coats, until the desired color is obtained. An addition of sulphate of copper to the mixture makes the color chestnut-brown.

Etching Meteoric Stones.

Professor Boettger gives the following as his method of etching meteoric stones, so as to render their internal structure visible. Nitric acid of 1.2 specific gravity is diluted with an equal volume of water, and the stone, having been previously cut and polished, is placed in solution. The sides and parts not required to be acted upon are coated with a solution of asphalt in benzole. To facilitate the action of the acid, the face of the stone is touched lightly from time to time with a camel-hair pencil, and after the lapse of five or six minutes the stone is taken out of the acid, and carefully washed, first in water, and then in carbonate of soda, to remove every trace of acid. The stone is then dried, the asphalt dissolved off by turpentine, and the etched surface coated with a solution of paraffin in benzole, to preserve it from rust.

Words of Instinct.

Mr. Southey, in his "History of Brazil," thus describes the perilous situation of Cabeca de Vaca, who, sailing towards Brazil, is prevented from shipwreck by a grillo, or ground cricket: "When they had crossed the line, the state of the water was inquired into; and it was found that of a hundred oaks there remained but three to supply four hundred men and thirty horses. Upon this the Adelantado gave orders to make to the nearest land. Three days they stood towards it. A soldier, who set out in ill health, had brought a grillo, or ground cricket, with him from Cadiz, thinking to be amused by the insect's voice; but it had been silent the whole way, to his no little disappointment. Now, on the fourth morning, the grillo began to ring its shrill rattle, seeming, as was immediately supposed, the land. Such was the miserable watch which had been kept, that upon looking out at this warning, they perceived high rocks within bow-shot; against which, had it not been for the insect, they must have been lost. They had just time to drop anchor. From hence they coasted along, the grillo singing every night as if it had been on shore, till they reached the island of St. Catalina."

Facts and Fancies.

A COMPARISON.

A susceptible fellow, given to falling in love, relates the following:

When I was sixteen, I fell in love. There was nothing remarkable in that, for most young men of that age do the same thing. But what I am going to tell you is, how my courtship terminated.

It was at a party I saw Sallie B——, who was one of the sweetest girls in Ticktown; and, I tell you, she looked sweet in her white muslin ball-dress, with her hair falling loosely over her shoulders. I got an introduction, danced with her once, twice, thrice, and I was just the happiest man in all Ticktown.

Well, at last the party broke up; but I had an invitation to call on Miss B——. That was all I wanted, and I didn't sleep much before Sunday evening—for that was the time I'd fixed to call. I called; saw Miss Sallie to church—saw her home; and when I left I had a pressing invitation to call again, and I did not forget it, I assure you.

At the end of a month I was completely gone. At last I resolved to "pop the question," and fixed on my next visit for the time, studied "Courtship Made Easy" thoroughly, and concluded I was ready for the task.

The time arrived. Here I was, sitting by the side of my beloved, with my arm around her waist! I took her hand in mine, and screwed up my courage to say, "Dear Sally, do you love me?" She made no answer; but her eyes were cast down, and I hoped—yes, I was certain—she loved me. I put both my arms around her neck, and pressed one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips. She did not resist, but raised her head, and said:

"You're as bad as Sam Simmons."

A BABY IN THE HOUSE.

A correspondent, who seems to have had some trouble with his first-born, relates his experiences:

I have one of those interesting "animals" at my house. It came when it rained, dark as pitch and my umbrella at the office. The doctor lived five miles due west, and the nurse six miles due east, and when I got home the milkman was at the door.

It is a funny little chip, that baby; Solferino color, and the length of a Bologna sausage. Cross? I guess not! Un'um. It commenced chasing me down the pathway of life just when muslin, linen and white flannel were the highest they had been since Adam built a house for Mrs. Eve's chickens. Doctor's charge \$2 a squirt and \$4 a grunt.

A poor little thing is that baby; a speck of a nose like a wart; head as bald as a squash, and no place to hitch a waterfall; a mouth just suited to come the gum game and chew milk. I have bumped it, stuffed my fur cap down its throat, given it the smoothing iron to play with, but that little red lump, that looks as if it couldn't hold blood enough to keep a mosquito from fainting, persists in yelling like thunder! It shows a great desire to swallow its fists; and the other day they dropped down its throat; all that

prevented their going clear through, was the crook in its elbows. It stopped its music, and I was happy one and one-half minute.

It's a pleasure to have a baby in the house—one of the stomach-ache kind. Think of the pleasure of a father, *en dishabile*, trembling in the midnight hour, with his warm feet upon a square yard of cold oil cloth, dropping paregoric in a teaspoon by moonlight; somebody thumping on the door; wife of your bosom shouting, "hurry!" and the baby yelling till the plaster drops from the ceiling. It's a nice time to think of dress coats, pants, ties and little kids! Shades of departed cocktails, what comfort! What a picture for an artist in plaster of Paris. Its ma says the darling is troubled with wind on its stomach; it beats all the instruments you ever heard. I have a cradle with a miraculous soothing-syrup bottle on the dash board.

Its mother says only wait until it gets bleached [it's been vaccinated] and old enough to crawl around and feed on pins. Yes, I am going to wait. Wont it be delightful? "John, run for the doctor! sis has fallen in the slop pail, and is choking with a potato skin;" "sis has fallen down stairs;" "sis has swallowed the tack hammer;" shows signs of mumps, measles, croup, colic or some other infernal thing, to let the doctor take all the money laid by for my winter's corned beef.

And all this comes of my shampooing and curling my hair, wearing nice clothes, looking handsome, going a courting, and making my wife fall in love and marry me.

AN ANXIOUS HUSBAND.

Ned Sawyer was a practical joker—a seller of dry-goods, and a "seller" of his acquaintances—and many were the tricks he played off on his friends, few of which they were able to pay back. Among his neighbors was a shrewd Yankee—Jim Fisher—who had been "sold" a number of times by Ned, and vowed revenge.

One day, some years since, as Jim was sitting in the parlor of the City Hotel, he saw Ned deposit his wife in the Chelsea hourly, and, bidding her good morning, return to his store.

Jim jumped from his chair, and, rubbing his hands, as though a bright idea had popped into his head, said:

"I've got you now, old fellow."

Jim watched the hourly start with its precious burden, and in fifteen minutes was wending his way up Washington street.

Seeing Ned standing in the door of his store, he hurried along, looking as anxious as possible.

"Halloo, Jim, hold on," said Ned, as his friend appeared about to pass. "What's the hurry?"

"Can't stop," said Jim, nervously.

"Why?"

"I'm going to Uncle Jim's. The Chelsea omnibus has run off Charlestown Bridge, and his daughter was aboard," said Jim, making as if he must be off.

"Chelsea omnibus—off the bridge?" said Ned.

"Yes, I saw it."

"Heavens! my wife was on board!" said Ned, turning pale.

"Indeed, I'm sorry," said Jim; "but excuse me;" and he started up the street at a rapid pace.

Ned jumped for his hat, and in the next minute was turning in the direction of the bridge, as fast as his propellers could carry him.

Puffing like a porpoise, he reached the bridge, and noticing a group of men gazing into the water, hurried to the place.

"Where did the omnibus run off?" asked Ned, striving to conceal his anxiety.

"What omnibus?"

"I was told the Chelsea omnibus just run off the bridge," replied Ned.

The men stared a moment or two, and then one of them, smiling, said:

"It just passed, and must have gone off *at that end*," pointing towards Charlestown.

A slight titter satisfied Ned that he had been "sold," and, reeking with perspiration, he made his way back to the store, where he found Jim comfortably seated, perusing the morning paper. Ned began to swear, and was getting into a passion, when Jim remarked:

"I admire your affection for your wife; and be assured I shall report to her the anxiety shown by her loving lord for her welfare."

The joke was soon known in the neighborhood, and Ned was "bored" to such an extent as to effectually cure him of his joking propensities.

SPECULATING IN MULES.

An amusing story is told of "Rocky" Thomas, who enjoys quite a notoriety on the plains, for his genial nature and sparkling wit. "Rocky" served for seven years in the — regiment, U. S. A., with the rank of sergeant.

While his regiment was stationed in Texas, several years ago, Sergeant "Rocky" had charge of a corral. One morning two mules were found dead, which fact was promptly reported to the colonel, who gave the laconic, "Drag them out," which was forthwith done. It occurred to "Rocky" that if the mules were dragged back into the enclosure that night, he could remove and sell two mules, and report "Two mules dead," as he had done previously. The mules were accordingly drawn back, and other mules sold, and the morning report, "Two mules dead," evoked the same order—"Drag them out."

The ruse was practised several successive nights, until the colonel's suspicions were aroused that something was wrong, and he determined to keep watch the following night. About midnight, he espied from his office window the enterprising "Rocky" in the act of dragging the veritable mules into the corral. He raised the window, and shouted:

"Sergeant, you had better get fresh mules—those are about worn out!"

"Rocky" quit his mule speculations, and served a brief time in the guard-house.

WHAT is the difference between a Catholic priest and a Baptist?—One uses wax candles and the other dips.

A DEAD-HEAD.

The Zanesville Signal gives the following humorous description of a "free ride" on the cars. A Zanesville man, being "flat broke," and wanting to go to Columbus, concluded to "braas it," and accordingly took a seat in a car on the Central Ohio Railroad. The Signal thus describes the trip:

The train had nearly reached Claypool's before the conductor, whom we shall call Jones, had reached our dead-head friend, in his round of collecting tickets and fares. "Your ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Haven't any," said the dead-head.

"Where are you going?" inquired the conductor.

"Columbus," replied the dead-head.

"Two dollars and ten cents," said Jones.

"Haven't nary a stamp," replied our dead-head acquaintance.

"You must pay your fare or get off the train," said Jones.

"Stop her," quietly remarked the dead-head.

The train was stopped, and he was left on the side of the road to await, as he said, the next train, on which he succeeded in getting. The same scene transpired, ending by the dead-head telling the conductor to "stop her," and he being left again on the side of the road. Train after train was boarded, and each put him off a little nearer Columbus. The last train on which he got was that of our friend Jones, who was on his return trip from Bellaire to Columbus. Dead-head got on his train at Pataaskal, and was under full headway before being discovered by the conductor.

"Going to Columbus again, I suppose," said Jones.

"Haven't been there yet," said dead-head. "I can't get a ride of more than six miles before they put me off. I don't think I'll get on more than one or two trains after you'n before Columbus will be the putting-off place."

"Well, do you think we can carry you unless you pay your fare?" inquired Jones.

"Stop her," quietly remarked dead-head.

"Well, I do think," said Jones, "of all the braasy individuals I ever met, you are ahead of them all. I'll take you there for your infernal impudence."

And so dead-head was carried into Columbus on the same train he started on three days before.

A PROPOSAL.

A year or two after Tyler's accession, the president contemplating an excursion in some direction, his son went to order a special train of cars. It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a very strong whig. On "Bob's" making known his errand, that official bluntly informed him that his road did not run any special train for the president.

"What!" said Bob; "did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?"

"Yes," said the superintendent, patting Bob on the back; "and if you'll only bring your father here in *that* shape, you shall have the best train on the road."

"You here, Jones? How the dickens did you find your way out?" "Find my way out! what do you mean?" "Why, the last I saw of you, you were *lost* in slumber." "Ah, well, I rode out on a night-mare."

THE SECOND BABY.

An affectionate father, blessed with a second baby, thus announced the fact to the world.

By gosh, we've got another baby, just like t'other, they'd been twins, only one come along two years ahead. It's got the same old squall, yells like blue blases, and keeps spitting milk. I held it the other night while the "nuss" was hunting up the "ilker pro." Well, no matter, but I won't trot it again soon, if I do, my "wardrobe" may be "spiled," it sung sweetly all the while until I gave it a slight dig in the back which made her collapse, and if you'd have seen this, J. W. B., you'd have thought it was a lovely collapse, too. "Experience is a wise schoolmaster." I've laid in a stock of wet goods for it, seventy-three bottles of teething syrup, three quarts of patent suicide laudanum, two dozen bottles of Godfrey's Cordial, so as to *treat her cordially*, a barrel and three pints of paregoric. I got the three pints, so if the barrel gives out some dark night in the middle of a thunder storm, I'll be sure to have one dose left. I was brought up to believe a man's house was his castle, but I'm darned if I aint mighty small potatoes in the new baby season; the "nuss" is boss, and carries the keys of the castle-gate, and she amuses herself by striving to see that I don't have a thundering bit of comfort, she keeps me in the kitchen watching to see the "gruel bile," or "dabbling" mustard on square bits of cloth with the handle of a spoon marked "J. W. B." I can't drink the baby's paregoric without the "nuss" smelling it, and telling my better or worse that I've been drinking whiskey, and am a drunken brute. Then I'm summoned to her bedside, and told that "if she should die I'd remember this," and "nuss" will say poor thing, and next day tell all the neighbors how my brutal treatment is killing my wife, and how the poor, dear thing sobs herself to sleep every night, and I feel as sheepish as though I had been indicted for stealing kindling wood from a grave yard. The baby's breath is as sour as ten-day old buttermilk; its mouth ~~smells~~ aint bigger than a worm-hole in a hickory nut; it's generally open, and as big as a stove-pipe hole. When she was two days' old I gave her a *real* bone tooth-pick, to get the "chunks" of curdled milk out of her teeth, who laughed at me, and I looked and found that she was deformed, for she was born with nothing to chew with. It was coming a regular *game* on me; but I had to put up with it. She has a tongue just about as big as my palate, and all stained white; it will swallow a quart bowl *full* of milk, and then you can put baby, milk and all, into the bowl and not *half* fill it.

It aint got but three hairs, and wife prefers combing them straight to curling. Its complexion is the color of a mahogany wash-stand, and its body the shape of a peanut. She has a good voice for *ten*-or eleven o'clock nights, but I've got an orthodox way of shutting her up; I take her by the bottom of her long white dress, let her head hang down, and swing her *gently* backward and forward, keeping time with the pendulum of the clock; if she is *very* noisy, I let her head rub on the Brussels carpet; then I let up a little, and as I see her breath coming back, I throw in a little more swing; by way of dessert, I puff a little killiknick tobacco smoke down her throat, which makes her as mad as the deuce, and it makes her squirm, too; but I tell wife it's good for worms,

and I should think it ought to be, if it aint; she is mighty independent, and don't care any more for the memory of George Washington than she does for the back-bone of a cat-fish, and thinks more of a sugar teat than of Andy Johnson or any other man; she is so partial to *yell-ow*, I think she will make a good abolitionist. Doc. says there is no use buying flannel in small quantities every two years, and that I had better lay it in by the case. I hated I hoped better would come down, as my children were so well bred they would require large doses; he told me that I must not think of the expenses, only to think what a help they would be to me. I sighed, and asked when? And when I thought *what was in store for me* in the future, I thought it would take a mighty big store to supply them. We are going to have that young dumpling christened just as soon as she will make a bundle big enough to carry out, and a drop of water wont drown her. We've hunted over all the *gal-lic*, *sacks-on*, *sell-tick*, and *greasy-maw* names, but have concluded to wait until wife and me both dream one name the same night. We want something *ideal*, for what we have of her now is all *real*. I guess you'd think so to see me gliding around the room on tiptoes in the still hour of midnight, shivering with cold, and holding a little tin sauce-pan over the gas-light, swearing clear down in my stomach, waiting for the milk to "bile;" it takes longer to "bile" two gills of milk for a yelling baby than it does to get up steam on an ocean steamer. I can "bile," over a dozen times before the milk will onse; then for a sleepy head of the family it is delightful exercise to "by-a-baby" around the room, sticking stray pins in your feet, and swinging a cross baby to and fro; darn it, I always feel like giving them a quart measure of carpet tacks; she was four hours the other day swallowing a half salt spoon full of hash, and the mother gave me rats for feeding her and sent for doc.; he came, put his ear on her chest, shook his head, ordered a tenth of a drop of castor oil put in a quart pitcher, and given sparingly every fifteen minutes until relieved, and the little pug makes as much muzz swallowing it as I would a whole watermelon; he said the danger lay in the potato, but wife is shouting for me to bring her the paregoric; so I'll stop.

TOOK DE COTTON.

In one of the Southern courts, the other day, a rather amusing reply was made by a negro, who was on trial for larceny. The county attorney read the indictment against Moses Shields (colored) for larceny; in the same he was charged with stealing a quantity of cotton. On being asked the usual question, "What say you—guilty or not guilty?" he replied:

"I took de cotton."

Judge—"Have you any defence to make? Any counsel to assist you?"

Moses—"Yes sir; no sir. I took de cotton."

Judge—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Moses—"Well, you see, sir, since dis 'ere peace has been made, I aint stole quite so much."

"Let his pleading be not guilty," said the Judge.

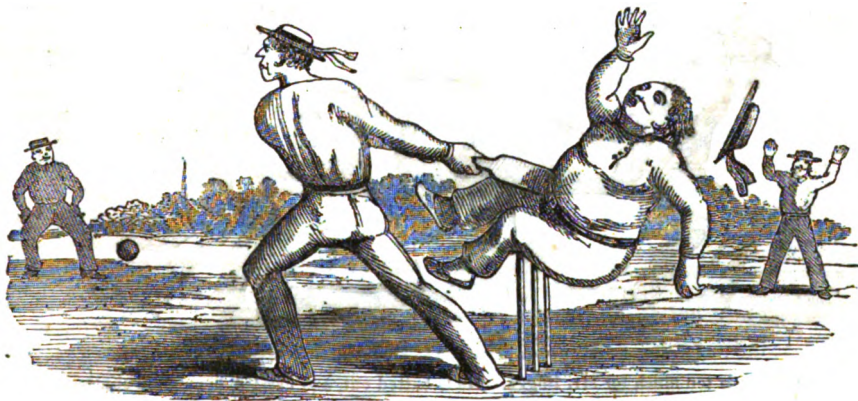
The case went to the jury, and a verdict of not guilty was rendered.

HOW TO LEARN TO LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—Play at croquet.

Mr. Boggs and his First Game of Cricket.



Photograph of Mr. Boggs as he appeared before the game commenced.

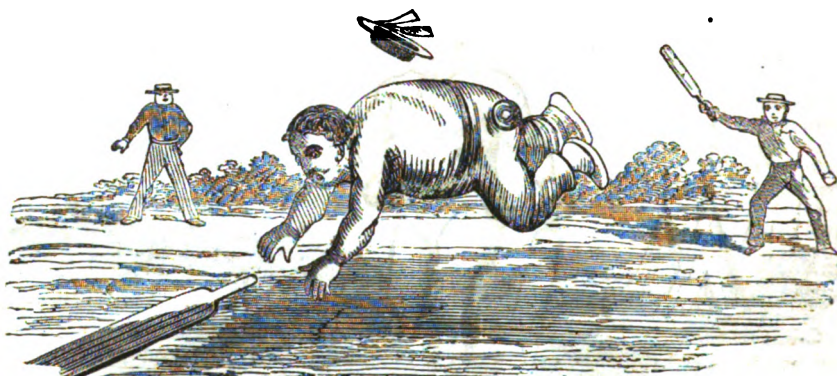


Mr. Boggs receives an emphatic bat.

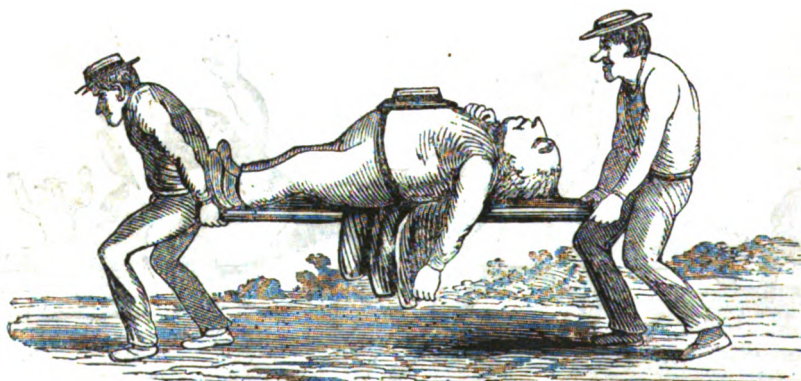


Mr. Boggs makes his first run.

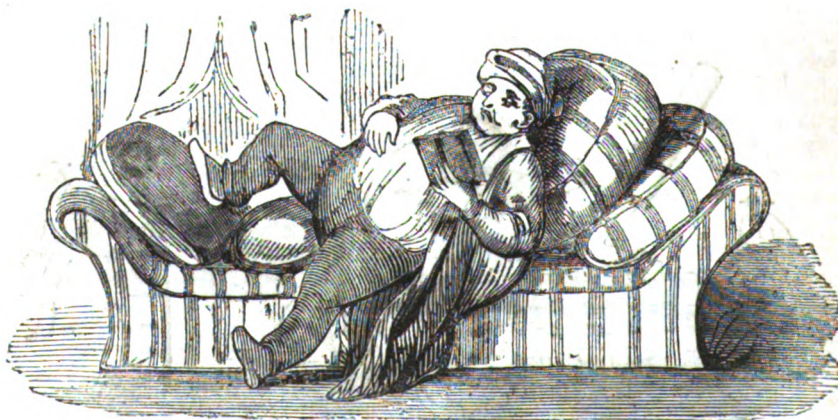
THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Mr. Boggs is bowled out.



Cricket is too much for Mr. Boggs. He is batted out, and carried home on a shutter.



Mr. Boggs is determined hereafter to learn cricket without field practice.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

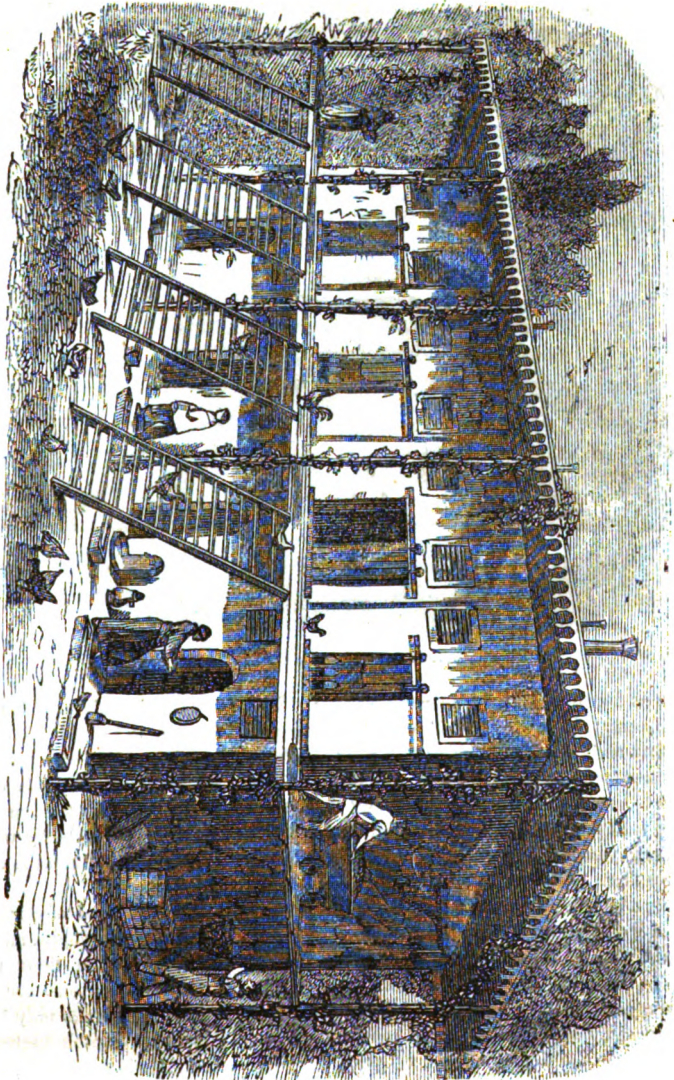
VOL. XXIV.—No. 2.....AUGUST, 1866.....WHOLE No. 140.

THE ART OF RAISING POULTRY.

WERE any one to consult nine-tenths of our farmers as to their experience in poultry-raising, the answer would be unanimously given that it is not very profitable. And so it is, as practised by most of those who engage in it in this country and in England. The majority of poultry-risers regard their chickens as something more to be endured than cared for. They keep them in miserable hovels, devoid of light and fresh air, and reeking with filth and vermin, or they turn them into the roads, where they must suffer with either heat or cold. When food is given them at all, it is with a reluctant hand; as though it were thrown away. The consequence is, that the fowls lead a miserable existence, die soon, and are nothing but trouble and expense to the farmer. This is the cause of the immense number of poor, tough chickens that disgrace our tables. No farmer would

treat his sheep or his oxen in this way. He would laugh at such a suicidal policy; and yet he makes that portion of his domestic

A MODEL FRENCH POULTRY HOUSE FOR 1200 LAYING HENS.



system which would best repay his care, the object of his greatest neglect.

Chickens are like human beings. They thrive best when well treated. They need a plenty of fresh air, water, exercise, comfort and cleanliness. If these are given them, they more than repay the trouble bestowed upon them; if they are denied, they are nearly a "dead loss."

That this is true is shown by the success which has attended the efforts of the poultry-growers of France. This branch of industry is conducted by the small farmers of the empire—four millions in number—occupying

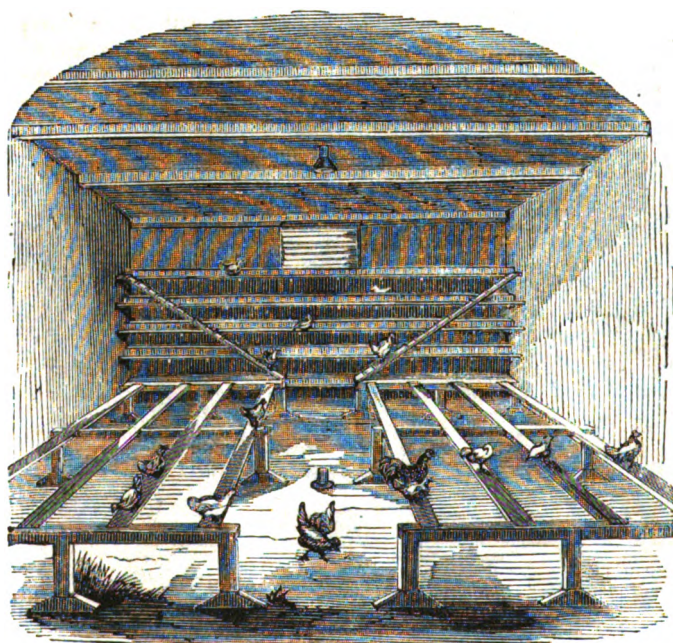
the hearts of our farmers to visit the dead poultry show in Paris at Christmas, where birds weighing twelve pounds and upwards are the rule and not the exception, being in size more like turkeys than chickens.

Now there is no reason why American fowls should not equal those of France, or why American farmers should not find egg and poultry-raising just as profitable as it is in that country. There is no natural barrier in the way. We have here every advantage enjoyed there. The cause of the difference we have described is simply this:—the French farmers carefully improve their advantages,

while our own neglect them. The former regard their poultry as worthy of the greatest care on their part, while the latter do not think them of the slightest consideration. The fact is, that the farmers of this country have never given their poultry a fair trial, and really do not know what they are capable of doing.

It is with the hope of creating a new interest in this business that we devote some space this month to the manner in which poultry-raising is conducted in France.

The engraving on the first page represents a model French poultry-house for 1200 laying hens, or, with



INTERIOR OF THE HEN HOUSE.

farms averaging eight acres in extent. The consumption of eggs in France is enormous, being estimated at 275,000,000 a year for Paris alone; while some idea of the amount exported may be formed from the fact that there are sent merely to England over 365,000,000 every year, and this number is steadily increasing. Besides this, we must take into account the fowls raised for the table, and it is a well-known fact that the French are very fond of tender chickens. They have reason to be; for their fowls are not the tough, skinny creatures we are forced to put up with, but as rich, fat and tender as the most fastidious epicure could desire. It would greatly rejoice

the cocks, about 1320 birds. It is in two stories, and divided into four equal compartments, each of which is occupied with a similar number of fowls of about the same age, and is filled at once with selected spring hatched chickens, by which arrangement the whole compartment is entirely cleared at the same time.

The poultry-house is sixty-six feet in length, fifteen feet in depth, and seven and a half feet in height from floor to ceiling. The three interior partitions are transversal, and very light. The walls may be of brick or stone, or any other durable material, and on the front and ends is a veranda, which keeps the walls

cool in the summer, and a gallery about five feet in width, carrying a little railway, the use of which will be described further on.

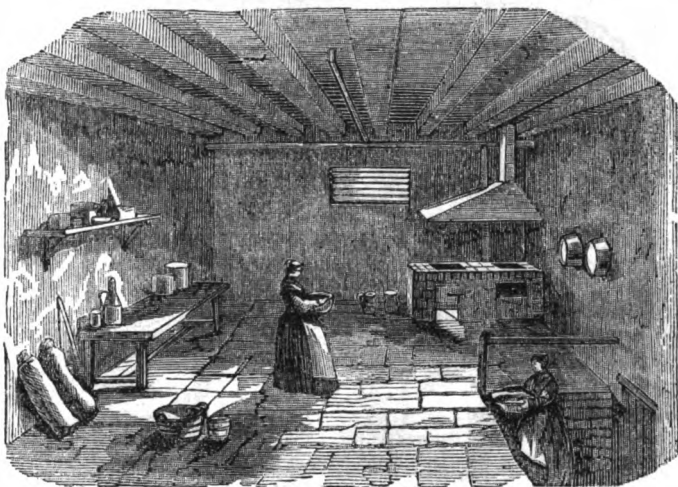
Each compartment is provided with a doorway six feet high and three feet three inches in width, with three apertures at the bottom for the passage of one hen at a time. An easy ladder leads from the ground to these doorways. The doors slide on little rails, instead of opening on hinges, thus leaving the gallery perfectly free at all times.

Windows are placed at convenient distances for ventilation. They are protected in summer by Venetian blinds, which may be opened or shut at pleasure. In very cold weather they are covered inside with woollen curtains. In summer either coarse muslin or wire gauze is substituted to keep out the flies. Ventilation is further secure, by earthenware pipes. The fresh air pipe is fitted into the floor and furnishes an abundant supply of fresh oxygen, while another, opening from the ceiling, carries off the vitiated air. The roofing is generally of thatch, as it secures a more equable temperature than tiles or slates, being warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

The system of ventilation is one of the most important features of the building, as upon it depends to a great degree the success of the whole undertaking.

The upper story, as we have said, is the real hen-house, the interior of the compartments all being similar, as shown in the second engraving. Four perches are placed, two by two, on the right and left of the entrance, in the direction of the depth of the building. Each perch is ten feet long, and contains four bars, affording room for eighty-four hens, at the rate of six square inches nearly to each. Each compartment of the poultry-house will, therefore, lodge 336 fowls, giving them ample room. The ordinary construction of the perches or roosting-places is not adopted; for while that usually consists of a rough kind of ladder, with flat or round rungs, the lowest about eight inches from the floor, and carried

up to within six or eight inches of the roof—the perch now recommended consists of four flat bars, put together like seats or benches. They are movable, so as readily to admit of the floor being cleaned. Each bar consists of a thick piece of wood, four to five inches wide, and suitably spaced, resting on feet sixteen inches from the ground,—a height very convenient to all breeds of fowls, even the heaviest. The advantage of this horizontal arrangement must be evident; for the birds avoid the risk of climbing up to great heights, and the injuries resulting from frequent falls. As all the fowls are on the same level, there is no disputing for places, as with the ordinary perches on which the strongest birds usually compete for the highest places. Besides, the birds at this low elevation breathe a purer



THE HEN-HOUSE KITCHEN.

atmosphere than when perched higher up.—An open space, six feet wide, separates the perches into two divisions; in the middle of which the pipe to admit fresh or warm air rises through the floor from the kitchen below; thus, in cold weather, warmth and thorough ventilation are both secured, which is a much better arrangement than depending for warmth on the foul emanations arising from a cow-house or stable.

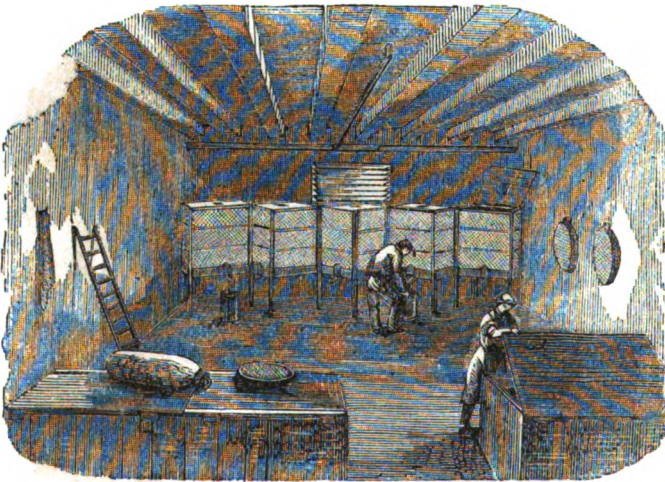
As the object in view is the production of eggs, provision must be made for the establishment of numerous nests. It is no trifling matter to provide and arrange sufficient nests for the daily laying of 300 hens at the time of their greatest fecundity. To economize space, the nests are placed in five tiers against the front and back walls. Allowing a space of ten

inches for each nest, and putting thirty-six on each tier, we obtain room for 180 hens with comfort. The lowest tier is fourteen inches above the floor, and the uppermost not more than five feet above it.

The construction of these nests is extremely simple. It consists of a trough, made of rough boards, placed against the wall, and resting upon iron brackets, so that it may be removed when desirable. It is separated inside by movable partitions sliding in grooves, about ten inches apart. In the four upper rows the fronts of the troughs form a kind of ladder or steps. Two ladders, light and narrow, lead from the floor to the nests, and render the bird's access to them quite easy. The hen in quest of her nest reaches it peaceably, without disturbing those already on their nests; and

of very fine sand, thickest under the perches, so as to prevent the excrements reaching the floor, and render their removal easier by absorbing all the moisture and retarding fermentation. Calcareous earth must be carefully avoided, as it decomposes the guano, and causes the liberation of ammoniacal gas, which is injurious to the fowls. Every morning the surface is scraped with a light wooden hoe, to remove the accumulated excrements, which constitute a valuable guano. The walls are covered with a smooth, white surface of hydraulic lime, and kept scrupulously clean.

A thermometer is an appendage indispensably necessary to the poultry-house, particularly on the approach of summer and of winter. The temperature should not be allowed to fall below 60°, nor rise above 70°.



THE SEED ROOM.

The gallery is provided with ladders at each end, and runs round the east, south, and west fronts of the building. It carries a railway, upon which the trucks containing food are deposited on a turntable, and wheeled to each compartment as required. At the east and west ends of the gallery cranes and pulleys are placed, by which the sand, food and straw are hauled up, and the eggs and manure lowered down.

she quits it in the same manner, as each end of the poultry-house is provided with its ladders.

Each nest is furnished—not with hay, for which mites have a strong predilection—but with a small quantity of clean broken barley, or oat straw. This lining must be changed every week; which is done by removing the boards forming the divisions of the nests, and then carefully cleaning out the bottom from every kind of impurity.

In the construction and fittings of the poultry-house, as little wood as possible should be employed, so as to offer no more refuge for vermin than is absolutely unavoidable. Pine wood, from the resin it contains, is very offensive to vermin, and it should be employed in preference. The floor is covered with a layer

employed to remove the manure, a kind of flat tumbril is placed upon it, to prevent its becoming soiled. The compartments are cleaned every morning after the birds have quitted them. The eggs are packed in boxes of 300 each, in dry sand, bran, chaff or ashes, and conveyed to the egg-house.

There is a decided advantage in having the poultry-house at this elevation, as it is thereby secured from many dangers and accidents. The ladders may be removed at night to an outhouse, or other convenient place, and locked up; thus securing the house from the encroachments of marauders, both biped and quadruped. The houses will be warmer, drier and more salubrious than if on the ground floor.

A great deal of ingenuity has been expend-

ed on contrivances for nest-boxes, some breeders of birds insisting upon one form and material, others upon another. Nests may be contrived of separated wooden boxes, of a circular hassock of soft straw ropes, of brick receptacles, or of osier baskets.

Baskets possess the recommendation of ventilation and lightness, and are easily removed; but the objection that lies against them is, that they harbor vermin, such as fleas, lice, etc. But these may be got rid of by washing the nests from time to time, and drying them in the sun; or by beating them with sticks, and rubbing on a little paraffine oil, which is obnoxious to insects.

Nests are generally made too small. They should be sufficiently large to afford the hen ample room, not only for her body, but also for her tail; for if this be bent while the hen is sitting, she must always be uncomfortable.

We come now to the ground floor, which is, like the hen-house, divided into four compartments. The kitchen is designed for cooking the various articles of food given to the fowls. It contains a furnace, heating two coppers. The cooking is done by steam, and hot air from the furnace is conveyed by pipes to other parts of the building where it may be required, such as the hatching-room and hen-house. In one corner is a stairway, leading to a cellar below, where potatoes and other vegetables are kept. The arrangement of this compartment is shown in the third engraving.

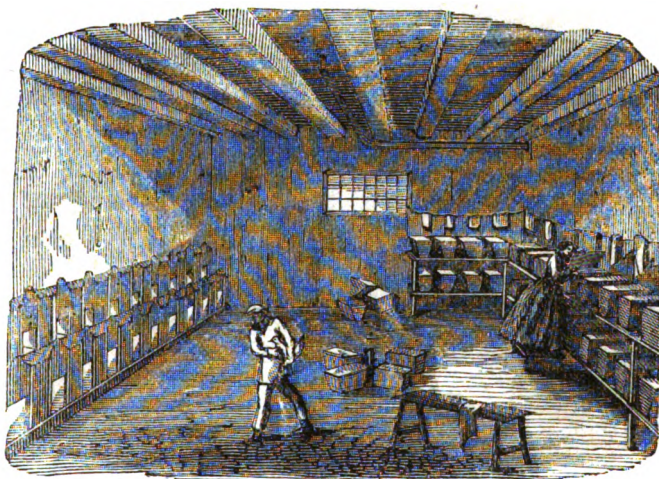
The fourth engraving exhibits the Seed Room. The arrangements of this room demand much care and foresight, so as to secure the preservation of grain and meal from injury and the depredations of vermin.

The bins for keeping a small stock of bràn and meal in are double compartments. They present some peculiarities of construction. Thus, the bottom is inclined, to facilitate emptying; they are fastened by lock and key, and are emptied at the bottom, so that the portion least ventilated and most liable to

damage is first removed. Each compartment has two distinct covers—one, of wire gauze, which may be locked while the wooden one is left open, thus affording ventilation and security at the same time.

The Hatching-Room is shown in the fifth engraving. On one side of the room, and partly at one end, the nests are arranged upon a double dresser placed against the wall, near together, but not touching each other.

The nests are baskets of osier, measuring on the inside, in length, fifteen inches; breadth, twelve inches at top, and nine and a half at bottom; depth, ten inches. Each has a cover, and is accompanied by a piece of flannel of the size of the cover. The baskets are so contrived that iron handles may be quickly attached.



THE HATCHING-ROOM.

A table with a drawer, a thermometer, a registry book and writing materials and a little cupboard, complete the furniture of this room, which can be warmed and darkened to any degree required.

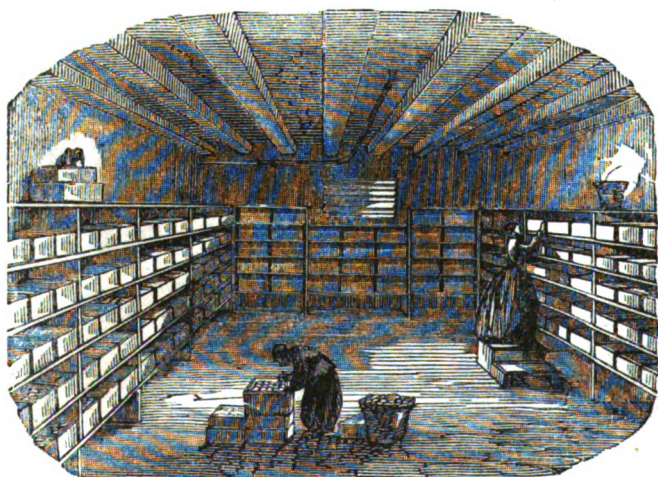
On the outside of the hatching-room, in the southern face of the building, and protected from the weather by the overhanging gallery, two rows of twelve coops each are inserted in the wall, in which the sitting hens are placed to be fed. The sides and upper portion of the coops which project from the wall are of solid wood, but each coop communicates with the hatching-room by an opening in the rear, closed by a trap-door. The arrangement is shown in the engraving of the hatching-room, where the coops are on the left wall. By this plan, those charged with the care of the sitting

hens have no need of going out of the hatching-room to take the birds to be fed, or to fetch them in when that is done. The coops are built on the flat surface of the foundation of the walls, at about six inches above the ground, and are consequently quite dry. The hens in the lower tier are on the ground, which is covered with fine sand, for the coops are without bottoms. The front of the coops is closed with bars, between which the hens can thrust their heads, to get at the food placed in earthen pans outside. Each coop affords a space of sixteen inches in height by fifteen inches in breadth. The partitions project beyond the bars of the coop, so that the hens cannot see each other while feeding. During incubation, a screen divides the hatching-room into two parts, so that the going

equally sheltered against extremes of heat and cold. In our poultry-house the egg-room is at the northern extremity of the building, and has the advantage of an eastern aspect. On the right and on the left of the entrance it is fitted with rails, upon which the trucks with the egg-boxes run. Perfect order reigns in this department in the arrangement of the boxes, each of which bears the date of its arrival in the room, so that the age of any box of eggs can always be accurately ascertained. An account is also kept of the delivery of each box disposed of; and by a simple series of entries in a book kept for that purpose, the transactions of this department may at any moment be ascertained at a glance. A corner is reserved for eggs selected for hatching, and means are provided for preserving them until

the season arrives when they become scarce and dear.

Such is the manner in which the great poultry business of France is carried on. We recommend it to every farmer, and advise him to imitate it as far as lies in his power. No doubt the principal objection to this will be that it requires a heavy outlay in the first instance. So it does, but it brings in a heavy profit in the end. Any one who has visited our large city markets,



THE EGG-ROOM.

and returning, while conveying the sitting hens to the coop and returning them to their nests are not a source of disturbance to the others. The food is all prepared for the hens before they are put into the coops: these must be kept scrupulously clean.

It is important that the hatchings should all be completed by the end of April, whenever possible. When that operation is over, the hatching-room must be thoroughly cleaned, the nests washed, and everything likely to harbor vermin removed. If fleas or lice have found their way into the room, rubbing the woodwork with paraffine oil will effectually drive them away.

The Egg-Room, seen in our sixth engraving, completes the ground floor. The eggs keep best when deposited in a dry, clean place,

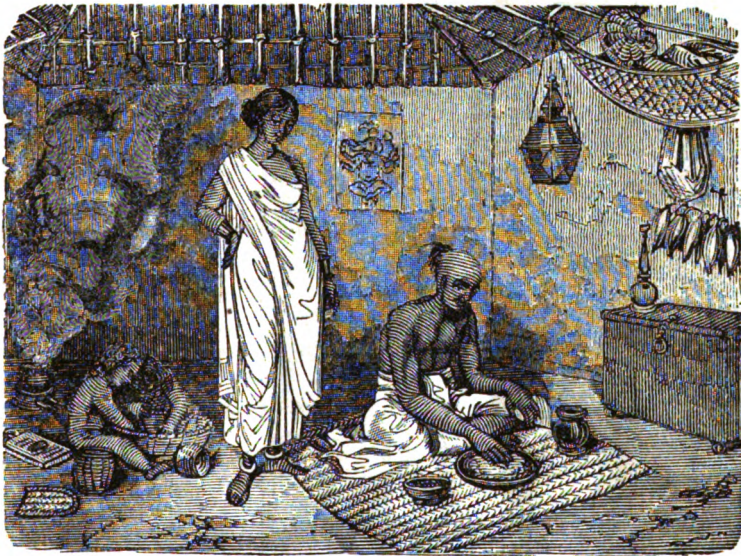
and who has noticed the extravagant prices asked for such chickens as are sold there, will easily understand how much can be made by a farmer willing to incur a little expense for raising a superior quality of fowls. Last winter in the Boston markets chickens brought thirty cents per pound. By raising fowls to weigh from ten to twelve pounds, a large profit might be realized.

To those who care to try the experiment we would say a few words. The first thing to be done is to set apart a piece of ground for a poultry yard. The more that can be spared for this purpose, the better, as chickens love a plenty of room to run about. This lot should be planted with shade trees and bushes which will afford the fowls a means of cooling themselves in hot weather, and furnish them

with the insects of which they are so fond. If farmers will plant their plum trees in their poultry yards they will find it advantageous, as the fowls will soon relieve the trees of the curculio, without injuring the tree or the fruit. There should also be a grass plot convenient, as chickens make the green blades one of their chief articles of diet. By this arrangement the fowls are prevented from roaming over the farm and garden and scratching where they do harm.

The poultry-house should be arranged as near as possible according to the plan we have described above. A sand or dust-heap must be established. It should be boarded up at the sides, else it will be quickly scattered

she decreases in value for this purpose, and may be fattened for the table. Each hen will hatch four broods of chickens in a year, and if the care that we have mentioned is bestowed upon them the mortality of the young chicks will be very greatly diminished. Suppose we take a hundred hens. With proper care each will average ten chicks at each sitting, or, in the course of a year, four thousand. Another hundred hens kept for layers would, in a year, produce twelve thousand eggs. An abundance of food, and a proper degree of warmth will increase the laying upwards of thirty eggs a year—a result that is worthy of consideration, seeing that it may be attained by due attention to insignificant details, without more expense.



HINDOO CUSTOMS.

through the fence into the garden. This sand-heap is indispensable, as the fowls cannot get rid of the vermin that infest them without it; and the irritability caused by the presence of parasites materially checks their fattening.

It must not be forgotten that the offal of poultry furnishes a valuable manure, quite equal to guano, and will bring as high a price. It is much esteemed by market gardeners, and will almost repay the farmer for the expense of establishing his poultry-house and yard. The amount furnished by each well-fed hen in a year is seventeen pints, from which data a correct calculation of the whole quantity may be made.

A good hen will lay about 120 eggs for the first four years of her existence, after which

Thus, it will be seen, although the expenditure may be large in the outset, the profits to those who are willing to go into the business with the proper spirit may be also very great. The principal expense is in preparing and stocking the place. The food costs little, and may be raised on the farm. The scraps of meat left from the table, if cut up into small pieces, will furnish a fair supply of animal food.

Of course we do not mean to lay down a fixed and invariable rule for every one. We have simply presented principles which may be applied generally, but we think the more rigidly they are complied with the greater will be the success of the farmer. Thus, the reader will admit, poultry-raising may be made highly profitable.

THE MELODY OF THE WOODS.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.



A brook went singing,
 Its silver flinging
 In free spray over the begging mosses;
 Shunned the wild chasm
 Of dank miasm,
 Where monk's-hood raised its shadowy crosses.

The merle and mavis,
 Each tuneful avis,
 Flitting in gay and glinting plumage;
 Poured full libation,
 As when a nation [age.
 Huzzas for a name, in grateful hom-

Soft winds were wreathing
 'Mong green leaves, breathing
 A music that moved to gentle dances;
 And waltz, cotillon,
 Wrought out the million,
 With unheard feet, in the sunset
 glances.

The rill's joy-measure,
 The birds' voiced pleasure,
 Wind airs—to these as the spirit lis-
 tened,
 That heavenly essence
 Assumed a presence
 Where shifting halos gleamed and
 glistened.

So seeming human
 Its shape of woman,
 It set wild human pulses bounding;
 While sweetly solemn,
 As sculptured column,
 She graced the flowery scene sur-
 rounding;

Harkening, gazing,
 Two hands upraising,
 As tracing notes upon unseen pages,
 Her foot light pressing
 The moss caressing, [sages.
 And crowned with fragrant ferns and

My heart remembers,
 As scenes in embers— [tinder:
 O, love's a flame, and man's heart is
 That thus my fairy
 Her pinions airy [hinder.
 Unfolded, while madly I strove to

Ah, me! the fleetness
 Of earthly sweetness; [portal."
 I prayed, "O goddess, rest 'neath my
 She smiled in fading
 (Night shades were braiding),
 And whispered, "'Tis thou must be
 immortal."

In groves I linger;
 Would Nature's finger
 Might yet unveil that radiant comer;
 That fair ideal,
 Which may be real
 When the soul has passed to endless summer.

HINDOO CUSTOMS.

The engraving on page 95 represents the interior of a Hindoo hut at meal time. The husband is seated upon a mat, eating his boiled rice with his fingers, while his wife is standing by him, ready to obey his commands. She is never permitted to eat with her husband, but waits upon him as his servant, and when he has finished his repast, she eats what is left, in a retired place.

This little scene is very characteristic, for it shows at a glance the condition of woman in the East. She is there "a servant of servants." She has no position in society, and is in all things entirely at the mercy of her husband. The birth of a daughter is regarded by a Hindoo family as a great calamity. When she is only twelve or thirteen years of age, she is sent away by her parents to become the wife of a man whom she, perhaps, has never seen, and in the selection of a husband her wishes are not regarded. Once a wife, her bondage is complete, for the Shasters, or sacred writings, thus define her duties. "When in the presence of her husband, a woman must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet, and listen to nothing beside. When he calls, she must leave everything else, and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sighs, she must be in an ecstasy. She must never eat until her husband is satisfied. If he abstains, she must also fast; and she must abstain from whatever food her husband dislikes."

This is rather hard on "lovely woman," and we think the institution of divorce, as it exists in this country, would be rather popular with the ladies in India.

A WAG'S QUERY.—The best description of weakness we have ever heard is the wag's query to his wife when she gave him some chicken broth, if she would not try to coax that chicken to wade through the soup once more.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

The engraving on this page represents the dress of the different classes of the once powerful order of the Templars, or Knights of the Temple. This order was founded about the year 1118 by Hugues de Payens and Geoffroi de St. Omer, and seven other knights, for the purpose of protecting the pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, who were greatly harassed by bands of marauding Saracens. They bound themselves by a solemn vow to do this, and also to chastity and poverty, to protect the Holy Sepulchre, to dare any danger in support of each other, and never to turn back from less than three adversaries. They received their name from the fact that they were quartered originally in a house near the



KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Temple. The order increased slowly at first, but at length Baldwin II., king of Jerusalem, gave it an impetus by assigning the knights quarters in a part of his palace. In 1123 Pope Honorius II., at the instigation of St. Bernard, conferred upon the order certain privileges which constituted them an independent community, and also bestowed upon them their distinctive dress, which consisted of a white mantle with a red cross on the left breast. They also bore this emblem on a white banner. From these circumstances they were frequently called the Red Cross Knights. Later, they reared a banner of their own, which was composed of a field of alternate stripes of black and white, typical of their love for their friends and hatred for their foes. This they called *beauseant*, which

term soon became well known as their war cry. So renowned did the knights become for their prowess, that their banner always marked the hottest of the fight, and led the way to victory.

The high reputation which they won, and the favors which were bestowed upon them by European princes; drew many men, even of the highest birth, to their ranks, and from a small, weak, and poor band they became the wealthiest and most powerful, and finally the most dreaded and hated order in Christendom. From Palestine they spread into Europe, where they increased rapidly in numbers, wealth and influence.

The government of the order consisted of a Grand Master, elected by a chapter of the knights, and who had under him a seneschal and other high officers; provincial masters, who presided over the countries in which the order had possessions; priors, who had charge of the districts into which those countries were divided; and preceptors, who were placed at the head of single houses. For over one hundred and seventy-three years after the establishment of the order, the Grand Master resided in Palestine, which was the seat of government; and the chapter of this province had the powers of a general chapter when that body was not in session. In the middle of the thirteenth century the order possessed over nine thousand lordships and estates. The Grand Master was always a Frenchman, and had the power and state of a sovereign prince.

At first only those who had received the knighthood were admitted to the order. Later, inferior grades were established, such as squires, who attended the knights in battle, and serving brothers, who performed the menial offices. Ecclesiastics were also admitted, who filled the positions of chaplains, secretaries, and sometimes of preceptors.

In 1291 the Templars were compelled to leave Palestine, the country having passed into the hands of the Saracens, and retire to Cyprus, which island they purchased from Richard I., of England. At length they became so haughty and arrogant, that they drew upon themselves the suspicion and jealousy of the European monarchs. They neglected the true objects of their order, and meddled in matters of state. They oppressed those below them to a degree that made them hated and feared. They were frequently guilty of treachery in their political conduct, as their course in the sixth crusade proves.

When Philip the Fair, of France, came to

the throne he was favorable to the order, but the haughty Templars treated him in such a manner that he vowed their destruction. To accomplish this, he offered to raise Bertrand de Got, the Archbishop of Sens, to the Papal throne, then vacant, if he would comply with certain conditions, all of which, save one, were revealed to him. Bertrand consented, and when he became Pope, under the title of Clement V., was informed that the remaining condition was the destruction of the Templars. To this, also, he consented.

In 1306, Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master, was enticed to Paris, upon the pretext of being wanted to attend a consultation with reference to a new crusade, and, on an appointed day, was arrested and imprisoned, together with all the Templars in France. Their immense possessions were seized by the king, whose wealth was greatly augmented thereby. The Templars were accused of witchcraft, heresy, idolatry, and a number of other crimes. Some of the charges may have been well-founded, but many were absurd and even impossible. The king prevailed, however. He kept the treasures of the order, and transferred their landed possessions to the Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The Templars were tortured to confess their guilt, and many of them were burned at the stake, and the remainder banished. Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master, and the Grand Prior of France, were among the last of the victims. They died with great firmness and heroism.

With this tragedy the order suddenly expired all over Europe, save in Portugal, where the knights changed their name to that of Chevaliers of Christ, under which title the order still exists in that country.

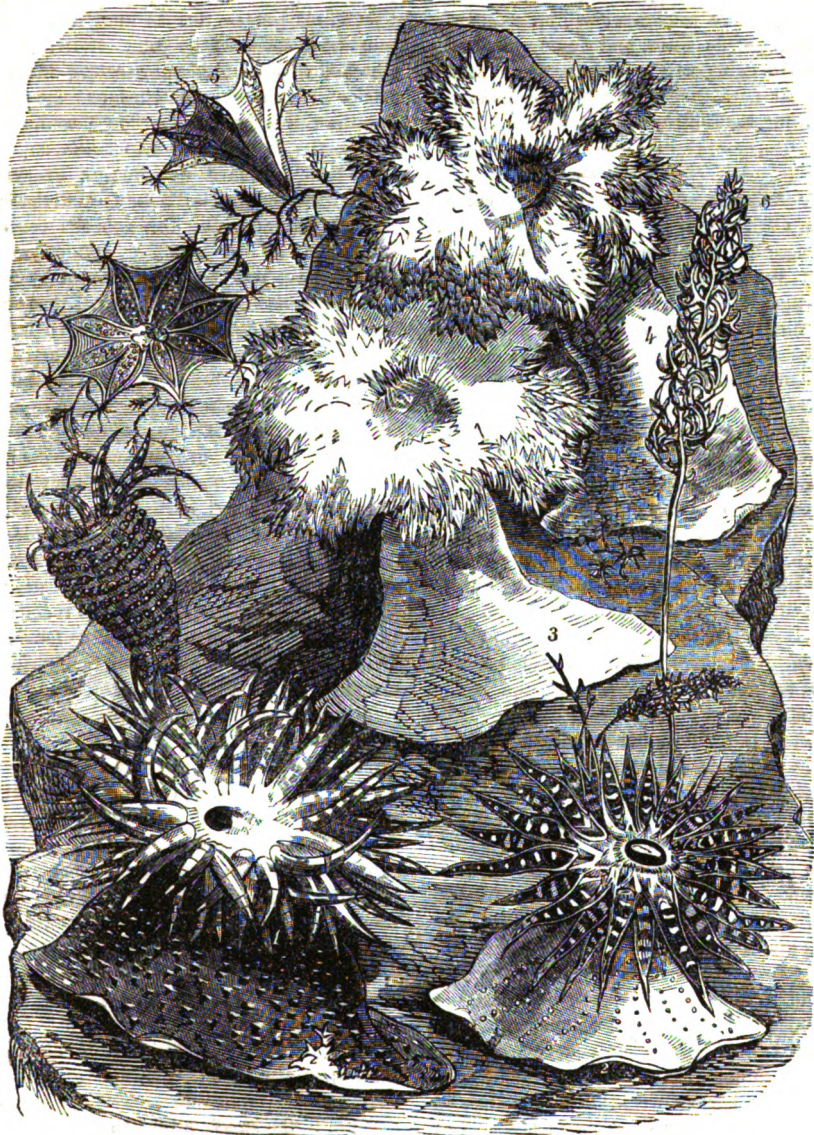
The curious reader will find the history of the organization related in any standard work upon the Crusades, or Chivalry. The popular idea of the Templars is chiefly gained from the masterly romance of Ivanhoe, which contains, perhaps, the best picture of the order at the time of its destruction to be found in any work of fiction.

ANIMAL FLOWERS.

We offer to the reader on page 99 another collection of these interesting specimens. Figure 1 is the Thick-Horned Anemone. This species is sometimes five inches in diameter. The mouth, which is seen in the centre of the horned mass, is of a delicate straw color. The tentacles, or horns, are

Both the petals of the flower and the arms of the animal. By means of them food is seized and forced into the mouth. They are of a white color, variegated with bands of delicate pink, and the body or stem is of a rich orange

is very much like the specimen described above. The mouth is in the centre, and the tentacles surrounding it are used as arms. Figures 3 and 4 are Plumose Anemones of different colors. The prevalent colors of this



ANIMAL FLOWERS.

brown, thickly sprinkled with tubercles of bright yellow. Figure 2 is the Gemmed Anemone. The name is derived from the gem-like appearance produced by the peculiar arrangement and brilliancy of its colors. It

species are snow-white, orange, pale scarlet, and blood-red. They are among the most beautiful of this class of animal flowers. Figure 5 is the Auricula-like Lucernaria. Its color resembles the pink, but in form it is

more like the *Convolvulus* than the *Auricula*. Figure 6 is the Rod-like Sea Pen. On page 432 of Ballou's Magazine for June, the reader will find a description of the Phosphoric Sea-Pen, of which this is a variety. It derives its name from its supposed resemblance to a quill pen. The branches are generally of a beautiful purple color, and consist of a series of polyps connected by spines. The animal possesses to a limited extent the power of propelling itself through the water.

A VOLCANIC LAKE.

The Atlantic and Indian Oceans contain many curious islands, some of which have been thrown up above the waves quite recently, by subterranean convulsions, and in some places the navigation has been rendered exceedingly dangerous, as these formations do not always project above the water, but sometimes simply form dangerous reefs, on which a vessel may be dashed to pieces before it is aware of its danger. Some marine volcanoes are merely temporary, and disappear after a short time, while others become extinct, but still leave their huge masses above the waves. One of this latter class is the Island of St. Paul's, in the Indian Ocean. This island contains a remarkable lake or basin, represented in the engraving on page 101. It is an extinct volcanic crater in the form of an inverted cone. Its circumference at the top is two and a quarter miles, and at the water's edge one mile and three-quarters. Its depth is eight hundred and eighty feet, and the depth of the water is one hundred and eighty feet. About six feet from the lake, and near the narrow channel which connects it with the ocean, is a hot spring, in which fish caught here have been expeditiously cooked. The engraving represents the officers and crew of an American frigate engaged in exploring the lake.

THE NEW PUZZLE.

Our young readers write us grateful letters for the interest which we have manifested in catering to their amusement. For the benefit of the children we publish the following puzzle, which requires patience and attention to carry out the designs. The engraving will aid the readers in the work:

Cut out two discs of stiff cardboard; one having a circle drawn upon it of any diameter, say from two to three inches, and the other a circle of just twice the diameter; leaving good margins beyond. Divide the circumference of

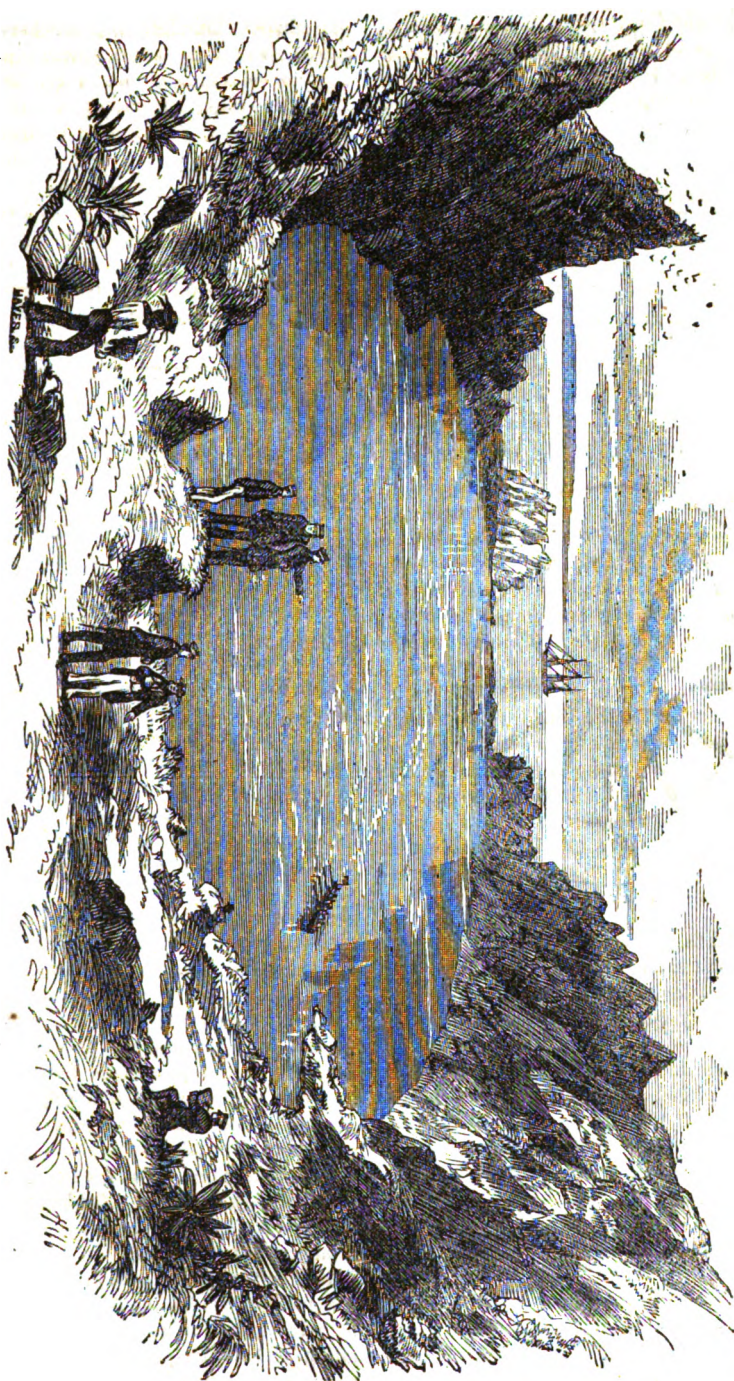
the smaller circle into any number of equal parts; six will be found practically the most convenient number; moreover, the division into six is easy; the radius of any circle applied, by means of a pair of compasses, from point to point of the circumference, goes exactly six times. Small round wooden pegs must be inserted at the points of division, and fastened with thick gum or sealing wax; the sticks of congreve matches cut into short lengths will answer the purpose well. Also, divide the large circle into twice as many parts as the small one, joining every two diametrically opposite points of division by straight lines passing through the centre of the circle. Along these lines, slits or grooves are to be cut out just wide enough to admit the pegs; and should be so cut that one of the lines previously drawn would (if not cut away) be exactly in the *middle* of each slit.

It will now be found that the small disc may be placed against the large one as in the diagram, each of the pegs passing through one of the slits. The centre of the small disc should previously be cut out, leaving the cardboard in the form of a ring, so as to hide the position of the slits as little as possible; and the puzzle will be completed by placing a similar ring (having a circle accurately divided as before, and perforated to receive the pegs) upon the opposite side of the large disc, the other ends of the pegs being passed through it and secured.

The puzzle is how to get the double ring of cardboard to the opposite edge of the large circle. It will be found that on giving the ring a circular motion on its centre, it will at the same time move round the larger circle in the opposite direction.

The two cardboard rings should be made to hold the large disc tightly between them, otherwise they will move too readily upon being touched, and the value of the puzzle, as a puzzle, will be impaired. The only points remaining to be noted are, first, that the slits in the large disc should be cut just so far beyond the divided circle as to allow the *centres* of the pegs (which centres should as nearly as possible coincide with the points of division in the small circle) to be at certain times in the *circumference* of the large circle; secondly, that the ring should be of such width (from its inner to its outer edge) as to cover all the points necessarily formed at the centre of the large disc by the crossing of the slits. This will keep them flat, and give completeness to the whole.

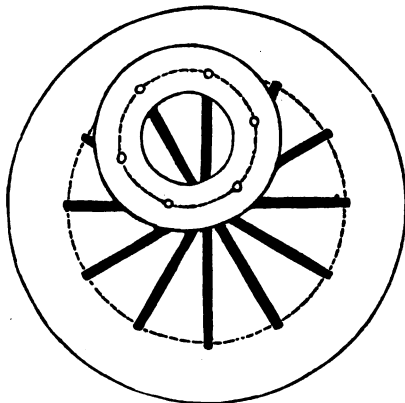
A REMARKABLE BASIN IN THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL'S, INDIAN OCEAN.



In the diagram the *dotted* circles are those which are to be divided, and of which one must be of a diameter exactly twice that of the other.

The above is founded upon the following mathematical principle:—Let there be two circles, one having a diameter double that of

the other; and the small circle being placed inside the large one, touching its circumference, imagine a double motion to be given to the small circle such that it shall turn once upon its own centre in the same time in which it performs a complete revolution about the centre of the larger circle, the two motions being in *opposite* directions. Under these conditions it may be shown that every point in the circumference of the small circle moves in a straight line, namely, along some diameter of the large circle—backwards and forwards as the motion is continued. It is this fact which enables the cardboard ring in the puzzle to move round the disc while points in the circle described upon the former are confined to straight lines. Practically, it is not necessary to try to give the two equal mo-



A NEW PUZZLE.

tions; from the guidance afforded by the slits, and from the manner in which the pegs bear upon them, the rotary motion given to the ring naturally produces that of revolution also.

It is worth remarking that the double motion described above is the same as would be produced if, the two circles being placed relatively as there indicated, the smaller circle be conceived to *roll* along the circumference of the larger one; the two circumferences always touching and never sliding one on the other.

TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

Toronto is one of the most flourishing places in British America. The engraving on page 103 gives an excellent general view of the city, with its spires and furnace-chimneys rising against the sky, while the foreground is animated by the introduction of a great

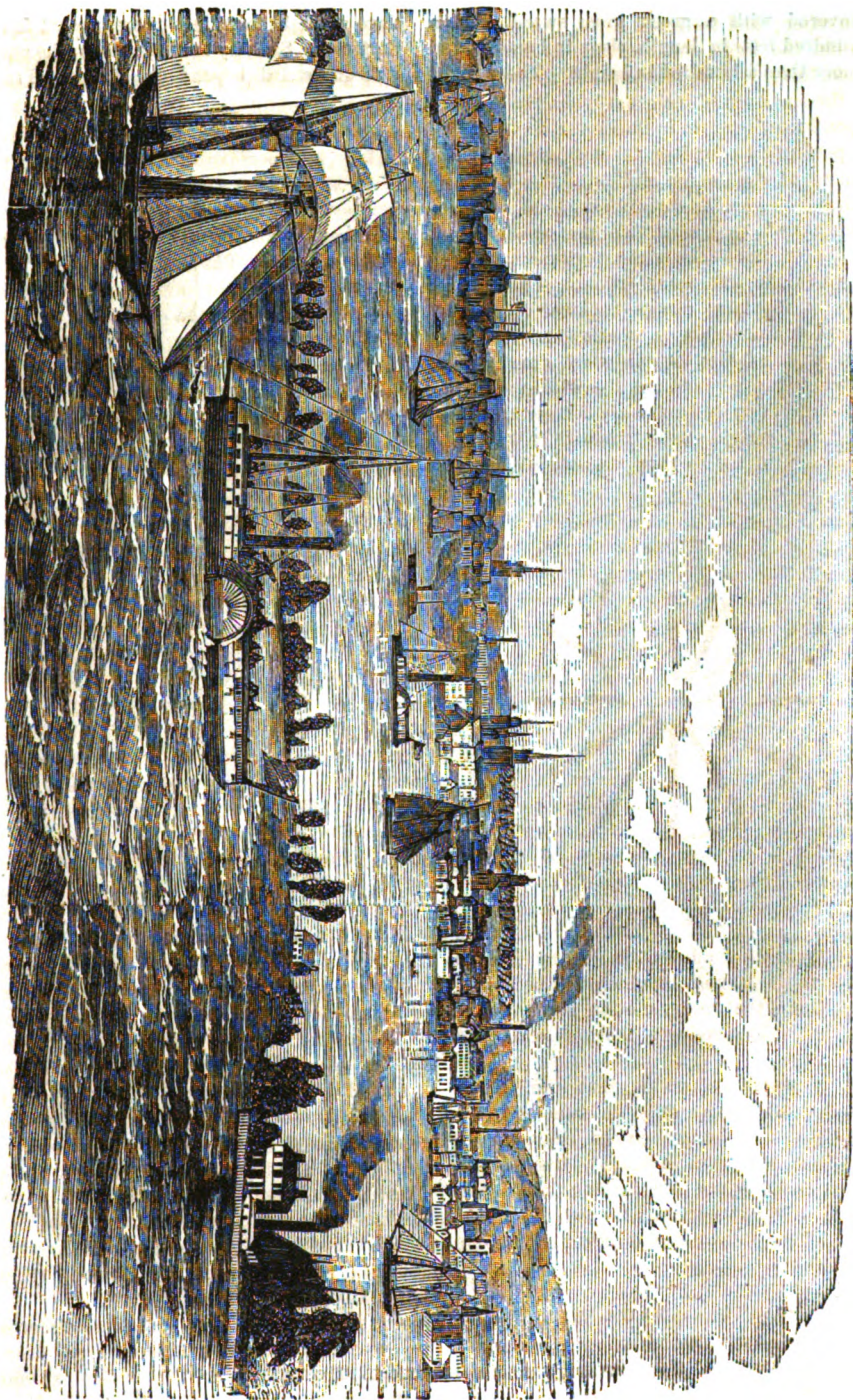
variety of shipping. It is built on a curving bay on the north-western shore of Lake Ontario, and is about five hundred miles north-west of Washington. The bay is entered by a narrow opening, and is separated only from the lake by a peninsula six miles long, part of which is shown in our picture. This point encloses a fine basin, formerly a commodious and excellent harbor. The peninsula is called Gibraltar Point. The town rises gently from the water's edge, the observatory being one hundred feet above the lake. The streets generally cross each other at right angles.

THE QUIRAUG.

The engraving on page 104 represents a remarkable formation in the Isle of Skye, known as the Quiraug. The island on which this natural wonder is found, is the largest of the Hebrides. It lies off the west coast of Scotland, and forms a part of Inverness-shire, from the mainland of which it is separated by the narrow strait of Loch Alsh. The surface of the island is mountainous. In the centre are the Cuchullin hills and other summits, rising to the height of two or three thousand feet above the sea. The shores, especially in the north, are bold and picturesque, and are indented by many inlets or lochs. In the north-east there are basaltic columns equal to those of Staffa. There are many caves also, some of which abound in stalactites of great beauty. The Pretender, Charles Edward, found a place of concealment in one of these caves. The climate of the island is variable; the snow lies long on the higher portions, and when it melts there are heavy rains. The soil is poor and the productions scanty. The greater part of it is devoted to pastures, and sheep and cattle-raising form the principal employment of the people, a number of whom are also engaged in the precarious herring fishery. The inhabitants are of Gaelic origin; they are peaceable and moral, but generally indolent and poor. The island contains a great many Danish antiquities. The greater part of the land belongs to Lord Macdonald and the Macleod family. The island is celebrated in romance, as having been the home of Flora Macdonald, who died here in 1790.

Some portions of the island present scenes of great grandeur, as well as of great desolation. The earthquakes, the violent storms and oceanic currents of this region have wrought many changes in the natural formation of the surface. One of the most remarkable of the changes thus effected, is seen in

TORONTO, CANADA WEST.



the Quiraug, as the locality represented in the engraving is called by the islanders. It is a misshapen mass of blocks and pinnacles

piled in confusion, riven and disfigured, and standing about like so many spectres. In the centre of this chaos is a beautiful oval table

covered with a green grass sward. It is a hundred feet in length, sixty in breadth, and more than a hundred in height. These rocks

have wrought them into their present fantastic forms. Seen by the full moon, the spot is wild and weird beyond description. Travel-



THE QUIRAUG, IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

are basaltic, and of course were once a melted mass flowing from a volcano. The tremendous agencies to which we have referred

lers who visit Skye rarely fail to avail themselves of the privilege of beholding the Quiraug.

THE LOVES AT IRETON COTTAGE.

BY EARL MARBLE.

'WELL, Julia, how does it suit?' asked my father, coming suddenly into the newly furnished parlor of our cottage, where I had stood in silent, moveless admiration for nearly five minutes at least.

I turned and met his laughing eyes bent lovingly upon me.

Some unfortunate children there are in this world who have a fretful, peevish, scolding, or even hideous-looking father or mother, and yet they feel impelled by filial duty to accord to them that love which is inherent in their hearts, but which goes forth reluctantly to the poor objects which repel rather than attract the spontaneous outbursts of the affections.

God help such unfortunate children! I know nothing of these lamentable experiences excepting by observation and hearsay in other homes than my own. My father was as genial and as warm-hearted as a June morning. As he stood before me then, I looked upon him with a feeling nearly akin to worship. Broad and noble-browed, brown-eyed, and with his brown hair and beard speckled here and there with gray, he was handsome as well as good, and I thought he never looked better than on this summer afternoon, as he was nearing his forty-second birthday.

"How does it suit?" I echoed. "Why, father, how absurd! Just as though you didn't know how it suited! Why, it's perfectly splendid."

There was that word "splendid," again. How old Brown-eyes, standing there, had laughed at me, time and again, for the use of that word! Anything that pleased, from a diamond ring to a gorgeous sunset, was always "splendid," he laughingly said. He had told me a dozen times, that, if he could find a woman who did not use that adjective on any and every occasion, be it trivial or momentous, he really might think seriously of marrying again.

"'Splendid,' eh?" laughed he. "That covers a broad ground with you, my dear—positive, comparative and superlative. I suppose that I can select my own definition of your meaning. I imagine you say to me as the showman did to the visitors at his menagerie, when they inquired whether a certain animal

was a tiger or an elephant—'you pays your money, and you takes your choice.' Now, if you had said things looked nobby, I should have understood you."

"And the piano!" I said, not noticing his tantalizing strain. "How queer of you to originate such an odd-looking thing!"

"Well, is 'odd' the only prefix to it?"

"No; I think that is splendid, too."

"Yes?"

Probably a hundred times during the past few years had my father inveighed against mahogany pianos. He compared their shining gloss to the effervescent finish that the boarding-school glazes the soft brains of so many young ladies with, and laughed at one as much as the other when he held them up in contradistinction to those souls of nature carved by thought rather than polished by superfine sentiment, and those works of man carved by the workman, rather than greased and daubed with paint and enamel. He believed in the naked wood, he said, and did not believe in the fig-leaved taste that would hide its natural beauties.

Though of course I laughed at some of his comparisons, yet I could not fail to see a certain reasonableness in them, and was therefore not surprised to see something decidedly unique when the piano came home. For months he had been looking at all sorts of designs, and inviting all kinds and conditions of sculptors, designers, carvers, and other artists to dinner, and spending so much time away from home, that I had at last almost begun to fear that some day I should hear of his selling out his superb store in the city, and hiring some studio himself, and going to work in it. But at last all the working and planning and contriving was over, and that day a curious-looking instrument enough had been delivered at our cottage, and installed in its future place in the parlor. It was entirely of black walnut, elaborately carved with all sorts of grotesque figures, the four legs representing as many heathen divinities. Altogether, it was as superb as it was odd. It also coincided well with its surroundings, for the parlor had not only been newly furnished, but the former woodwork had been entirely replaced by new, a part of it carved according to my father's

taste as exhibited in the piano, and there was not a square inch that a paint-brush had touched. I never knew before how beautiful and rich the unpainted wood of nature really was.

While we stood feasting our eyes upon the beauty, the door-bell rang.

"A letter for Miss Julia," the servant said, a moment later, appearing at the door.

I broke the seal, and glanced over it hastily.

"Why, father," I said, gleefully, "it is from Cousin Belle; and she is coming here to spend a few weeks with us. Isn't it splendid?"

Isabel Merrivale was a reputed cousin of ours, though in reality no relationship existed between us. Her home was in one of the interior cities of New York, but for two years she had spent the winters in the great metropolis, and the summers at a watering-place. She wrote that she was intending to stay with us some time, as she was sick and tired of the adulation and sentimentalities and love-makings of the circle she moved in. "Only think!" she wrote. "I have refused no less than half a dozen direct proposals during my two years from home, and have blighted no less than a score of promising young buds, which only awaited my smile to develop into the flower of love. O! it's dreadful! I sometimes wish I was plain, and awkward, and stupid, so I could have a few hours of peace and quiet, undisturbed by the languishing looks and effervescing sentiment of some conceited pop-injay. I come to Cambridge to get rid of the simpletons, and see if I cannot find rest, at least, from the persecution of fools, beneath the shadows of old Harvard. And recollect that I bring with me a printed copy of rules and regulations for observance during my stay. In the first place, I am to see no one; and, in the next, I am to neither sing nor play during my entire visit, except, perhaps, for the ears of yourself, and maybe those of your father."

"Humph!" grunted my father, as I finished reading it.

"So I say."

"Interesting, truly."

"We'll see, my fascinating cousin."

"I always feared she would turn out a coquette, from her actions when she was shedding her short dresses. And now she is tired of it, and comes here to visit, preparatory to a more vigorous plying of her powers."

"Never mind, father. We'll manage her."

Although this conversation was indulged in

with a bantering and good-humored spirit, yet there was, nevertheless, a spice of vexation down in one corner of the heart; for who ever had a relative or a friend who was handsome, talented, or rich, unless they desired to show off those qualifications or possessions to the best advantage?

When Belle came, both father and I were not a little disappointed; for the tone of her letter had infused a little misgiving into our hearts, and we were ready to picture the joyous and free-hearted girl we had known six and seven years before, as frivolous and vain, if not a confirmed coquette. But we soon saw our mistake. The very thing in her letter which to us spoke of coquetry, we found afterwards was what proved her to be guiltless of it—her plainness of speech. She could not dissimulate; what she thought or felt, that she must act or be.

Over the piano, she went into ecstasies. She had not been at the cottage half an hour before she sat down and drummed a plaintive monotone, talking all the time with father and myself, and agreeing with him in his pet theories, quite winning him over to the belief that she was next to perfection. Then she sang "Castles in the Air" with fine effect, giving such a broad accent to the Scotch words that it sounded more musical to me than I had ever heard it.

A week after she had been there, we gave our "house-warming" party. In addition to all my friends and intimates, several were invited whom I had never met—some of the artists whose acquaintance my father had made upon his search for the newly-found beauties of unpainted and unenamelled wood.

Among these strange guests, and who were in future to be reckoned friends of mine, was one whom my eye rested upon the moment he entered the room. He was of medium height, rather slender, with dark brown hair, large blue eyes, rather sharp nose, and reddish-brown whiskers. His beard was not thick, but rather long, and was shaved from no portion of the face. Entering the room with him, and leaning upon his arm, came a lady whom I at once looked upon as his affianced—a fairy, blue-eyed blonde, whose hair waved about her temples in strings of gold daintily enough to drive a poet distracted. The gentleman was introduced to me soon afterwards as Henry St. John, and the lady as Alice Winterton. Then there was a tall, black-eyed, mustached gentleman whom father introduced as Theodore Varney.

"Isn't he splendid-looking?" I whispered in father's ear a moment later.

"Yes?"

Irene Thornton, an old schoolmate of mine, and who was my most intimate friend, came towards me just then, and I introduced Mr. Varney, and soon retreated to a far part of the room to ask Isabel to sing.

But before I reached her some one else was screeching out some popular air, with no regard to anything but notes; no melody, no feeling, no depth of soul. Then something called my attention into another room, and I was soon engaged with a group who were discussing one of my rare house-plants.

Soon the music in the parlor stopped; and, after a silence of several minutes, a new hand touched the piano. The instant the fingers ran up the keys, I recognized an inspiration at the foundation. It was a waltz, and the weirdest, wildest one that had ever pleased my senses. I had never heard it before; and yet, some of the strains seemed to be old inmates of my heart, and they echoed and re-echoed therein, till I was in a fever of impatience to see who it was playing. And yet, for my life I dared not disturb the silence that had settled upon the company.

Then the music ceased with the same bird-like trill, as the fingers ran up the keys, with which it had begun, and in an instant I was in the door connecting the two apartments. I glanced at the piano, expecting to see the stool occupied by Mr. Varney, for I had made up my mind that he was a musical prodigy. But no; he still sat, with Irene Thornton, upon the little *tete-a-tete*, with an open photograph-album in his lap, and his right hand just in the act of turning a leaf, as though paralyzed in that position when the music struck his ear.

To my surprise as well as my pleasure, I saw that Isabel was at the piano, and that it had been her notes that thrilled the company. I now knew why the moths of society fluttered around her, and why so many of them came away with singed wings.

St. John stood apart from the rest of the company, carelessly leaning his arm upon a mantel, his eyes riveted upon Isabel, and his manner one of rapt admiration. It was with a little sigh of pain that I turned my eyes towards Miss Winterton, wondering how this would end. But she did not appear to be at all troubled. Her soft eyes rested alternately upon St. John and Isabel; but their expression troubled me. I thought she must have un-

bounded confidence in him to look so placidly upon what even pained me, and I only a spectator. My father was sitting upon the sofa by her, with an open sketch-book of mine upon his lap, the leaves of which he had been turning for her.

I felt irritated.

"Why, father?" I exclaimed, "what are you doing with that? I declare, you are always putting the worst side of any one out. To think of showing that horrid lot of pencillings! I thought they were under lock and key."

"I am very happy, Miss Ireton," said the lady, in a marvellously sweet tone, "that they were left out. I think them really very fine. And, if this is your worst side, I hope to see the more favorable one during our acquaintance."

Of course I could feel irritation no longer; and so I sat down by her, and we all three were soon very busy talking.

Pretty soon I heard an idle thrumming upon the keys of the piano; and looking up, I saw that Isabel still sat there, with St. John on one side, and Varney on the other. A pretty picture they made, St. John with his brown hair, reddish beard, and blue eyes; Varney with only a mustache, black hair and eyes, and almost a swarthy complexion; and Isabel, with her loose-flowing chestnut hair, very deep blue eyes, and rather gipsyish-looking face. After we all got better acquainted, an artist painted the three just as they stood that night; and the mammoth picture now graces the walls of Ireton Cottage.

Suddenly St. John bent closer, and said something. But she made no reply, and kept on idly thrumming the keys. Then he turned away and resumed his old position by the mantel.

"You will sing this?" queried Varney. "Allow me to turn the music for you?"

She looked up with a smile, but made no answer.

Then her eyes seemed to glow with a deeper feeling, and the right hand came down upon the keys with a masterly touch, and the air seemed filled with fine particles of music, descending as a baptism from the hands of Apollo.

For full fifteen minutes she sat there, with the piano vibrating beneath her magic touch, as we dream the choirs of heaven do under the breath of praise that ascends to the throne whereupon sits the God of Love.

"What was that?" asked some one. "It was charming."

"Its name has escaped my memory," she said, rising, and finding a vacant seat by me.

She afterwards confessed to me that it was nameless. She played entirely by ear. The groundwork of most of her pieces formed in her brain during thoughtful moods, and when she came to play them, she improvised for them the little incidentals that clothe a piece with harmony, grandeur, sublimity, or pathos. So she learned most of other people's compositions. She obtained the general scope and air of it, and filled the interims with inspirations that never failed her, often making quite a melody of nothing but a very stupid affair.

The remainder of the evening passed quietly, if not tamely. St. John kept aloof from almost every one, passing a remark now and then, but generally poring over an album of photographs, a portfolio of drawings, or some choice annual of engravings. Every time I passed near him, he was humming, very low, fragments of some song; always plaintive and musical, and generally being Burns's "Ye Banks and Braes," "Auld Lang Syne," or some more modern air.

Miss Winterton said that was his way. He was very indifferent, and kept himself very much to himself in a large assembly; but the place to see him was in the presence of a few, and those only friends. His reserve melted then, and he was as genial and talkative as now he was taciturn and unapproachable.

"You will love him dearly when you know him better," said she.

"I should not dare to," I replied, glancing wickedly at her, and then at my father.

She colored a very little, but said nothing; while father had his eyes upon a distant part of the room, and seemed not to have heard our conversation.

Poor Varney! he was completely infatuated, I thought. He followed Isabel with a pertinacity that was almost laughable. And how loftily she repelled every approach that came nearer than any one might venture! I thought to myself, if she were not an angel, she was at least intended for a queen. But he met his evident repulse with dignity, and proceeded immediately to place himself in a position to be repulsed again.

It was late when our guests took their departure, and I sought my room, feeling somehow, a little guilty in having apparently brought a disturbing element into the midst of our circle. For, if Isabel had not come, would not Theodore Varney have remained by the side of Irene Thornton? (and were they

not a splendid match!) and wouldn't Henry St. John have paid a *little* more attention to Alice Winterton? I felt sure that the two latter were engaged, though she appeared to be at least as old as her lover, if not older.

"Come in," I said, in answer to a little tap on my door.

It was Isabel, in her night-dress.

"I am not a bit sleepy, Julia," she said. "I want to talk a while."

"So do I," I replied. "I want to scold you for robbing two splendid girls of their lovers."

"Me!"

"Yes—you."

"Why, I have not the most remote idea of it."

"But *they* have."

"O dear! the old story! That is what I left New York for—to get rid of people who were continually falling in love with me. I came here, thinking that, in this proper suburb of the Athens of America, people had too much sense to fall in love. But, dear me! I fear they are much the same the world over, as regards that failing."

"O nonsense! Do be serious. You must stop this flirting."

"Flirting! Now Julia, pet, do be reasonable. I have not flirted a bit to-night. Wasn't I almost uncivil to both of them, two or three times?"

"Fumph! one of your wiles. You very well know that that will always draw a man deeper still into the net, especially if you look at him as you did at both of them with such wicked eyes as yours."

"But, speaking of eyes, isn't Varney splendid? He has a regular Spanish-lover look—a glance that— Ah me!"

And placing her hand over her heart, Isabel made quite a good-looking stage heroine, in her night-clothes, and with her hair hanging loosely over her shoulders.

"But what of St. John?" I questioned, knowing that of the two, either accepted or rejected as a lover, he was the more likely to be a hero of romance.

"O, I hardly know," she drawled out lazily, very unlike herself. "He is not so much on the surface as Varney. He is either very deep or very soft. I shall ask a fortnight's time before saying anything more definite."

During the fortnight she had ample time to study the character of St. John, for we fairly kept open house. Irene Thornton came to stay with us for six weeks, while her people were absent at a watering-place, for which she

declared she had no taste. I rather think, though, if some new acquaintance of hers had asked her to go, she would have found it less obnoxious. St. John and Varney were also running in and out every evening or two, and Miss Winterton came with the former several times.

It is strange what a feeling of love grew up within me for that girl. She was as gentle and lovable as every feature in her face bespoke. I learned, after a while, that she was an artiste, and had a little studio adjoining St. John's.

St. John drove up one afternoon in a large barouche, and insisted that we should go out riding. We were soon all in and under way, and having quite a gale. Isabel wanted to see the suburbs; so we drove around through Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Dorchester, and finally found ourselves upon Broadway, South Boston, heading towards City Point. We reached the remains of the old Revolutionary fortifications about half an hour before sunset, and sat down upon the grass, idly looking over the beach and the narrow expanse of water intervening between us and Fort Independence.

As we talked and laughed and gazed, the autumn sun sank lower and lower, and we began to think of returning, when a gun was fired from the fort, and almost immediately the band commenced playing. Two or three common-place airs were given, and we listened more for the sentiment inspired by the surroundings, than for the music, when, after a pause, the sublime strain of "Departed Days" came wafted across the water. I had always admired the air, and considered it the very aroma of music; but since that evening it has possessed a double charm, and is sacred to my soul.

We staid to hear no more. With one accord we seemed to think that anything else would be tame after that, and we would not break the spell. Isabel was more silent than ever; and St. John, as he slowly gathered up the reins, was humming "Bonnie Doon," in a sad, sweet tone. And this was the only sound that disturbed our silence during our homeward ride, meeting our ear faintly when slow driving dulled the rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs.

Varney was lying on the sofa in the parlor, when we reached home. It was quite late. Isabel sang and played splendidly that night.

"I feel so exuberant," she said to me, as she slowly whirled the stool to its proper

height. "Wasn't that air sweet, coming across the water? I wonder if it entered each one's soul as it did mine?"

She ran through half a dozen fragments hurriedly, and then, after a pause, gave an artistic piece of descriptive tragedy. Commencing in a soft, plaintive strain, the genial beauty of a June day was so faithfully portrayed, that I could see, in imagination, the fleecy clouds that floated on over the pastoral picture, and almost scent the new-mown hay that ever raises its incense at the altar of such beauty. Then came the thunder-storm. And what a peal of thunder startled us, sitting in the quiet of that parlor! And such a shriek! And then the confusion incident upon the death of the fair-haired farmer's-boy. And then what a melancholy calm succeeded as the black clouds swept away, and the sun shone down upon the sorrow! And, ah! what sweet, silvery notes the funeral chime was, and the "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

It was a bright moonlight night, and they went out into the garden to view the beauty. All but me. I left the corner where I had sat during the music, and took my seat in one of the deep, heavy-curtained windows, and looked out.

Presently I heard footsteps. Then a hand swept the keys, and all was melody. A plaintive air, and all was still again. Then I became conscious of another presence.

"Isabel," said a deep, rich voice, that I at once recognized as Varney's, "do you know, that, sweet as the strains are that escape the piano beneath your fingering, they are not to be compared to the music the heart gives forth at your touch?"

"Yes?"

"A happy man he whom no future could take from your presence."

An imitation of the meadow-lark's trill, upon the softer notes, was the only answer she made.

"And wretch indeed must he be whom your presence failed to awaken to eternal love and joy."

"Then what a wretch you must be, Mr. Varney!"

"What! I—I—"

"Listen, Mr. Varney," said Isabel, turning partly on the stool, and taking both his hands in hers. "I have anticipated, ever since the first night we met, what you are about to say, and have used every effort in my power to prevent it. I have even treated you coolly,

sometimes almost uncivilly, in the hope of directing your attention in some other channel. I know very little, Mr. Varney, about the theory or philosophy of love; who should mate, and who should not; whether, as some philosophers contend, that each soul has its counterpart somewhere, and will not be happy until it is found; but I do know that I do not feel the sentiment of love, as I understand it, for you; and let me spare you the pain of a refusal, by saying that I esteem you very highly, and feel towards you the loftiest sentiment of friendship, but should outrage some nameless yearning within me if I promised more."

How meanly I felt at being a listener! But I dared not move now, I had sat so long.

But the remainder of the conversation was carried on in subdued tones, and I heard no more. And it was not of long duration, for soon other footsteps were heard in the entry, and St. John and Irene came into the room. I did not leave my place of retreat till Irene was at the door, bidding the gentlemen good-night.

"How long have you been sitting there?" asked Isabel, imperially, turning suddenly as I rustled the curtains in getting out.

"O, a long time," I said, a little seriously.

Irene came in, and we each retired to our chamber. I was just going to put out the light, when a tap on my door made me pause, and Isabel entered. How sweet and pure she looked, with her white drapery hanging about her stockingless feet, and her hair about her bare shoulders.

"Did you hear all?" she asked.

"No; but enough."

"O, how I dreaded to say 'no!' He is such a nobleman!"

"Well, when is the next one's turn?"

"Walt."

And I did wait.

For six weeks things went on pretty much the same as before, excepting that for a fortnight Varney came less often. But he was soon as regular and as frequent as ever, and had evidently very nearly forgotten the refusal of his anticipated offer. The evenings were growing quite long and cool, and one of them found us all gathered around the fireplace in the sitting-room, which father had insisted upon having, as being so much more cosy and cheerful than either furnace or stove. I was the first to break the circle, feeling a little lonesome, going into the parlor, and drumming mechanically upon the piano. I

played very little lately, and, when I did, with scarcely a show of my old vigor; for Isabel so shamed my efforts that it was a task. Yet a little nimbleness came into my fingers, and a little melody into my voice, as I essayed "Schubert's Serenade," and managed to get through it without breaking down. But I did break down on a simple ballad which I tried next; so I arose from the piano, turned the gas down very low, and laid down upon the *tete-a-tete* in the corner.

The sound of the voices in the parlor grew more musical as they came to me lower and more indistinct, and soon were lost entirely to my ear, as I was wafted away to the realms of unconsciousness upon the wings of the sleep-angel.

I was dreaming of a more radically superlative degree of life than even my daydreams were, when the curtains of sleep were rudely thrown open by a hand sweeping violently over the keys of the piano. I opened my eyes, and a dainty tidbit from one of the operas rang in my ears. Now musical and soft as the cooing of a child, and again as vigorous and tempestuous as the sweeping hurricane, the music sounded on. Then, dying away to a whisper, the strains ceased as the breath of day so often does when the dusky-mantled night hovers over the earth. I should have known it was Isabel, although there was very little light in the room, the gas remaining as I had left it. I could see the forms of those present, but not their faces; but they could not distinguish me upon the sofa in the corner.

"And you have really loved me all this time?"

The voice came from the folds of the window-curtain at the head of the sofa, and its owner was Theodore Varney.

What then, had been the nature of the conversation previous to this, which sleep had forbidden me to hear?

The answer came low and sweet.

"Always, Theodore. I have never changed in the least."

I instantly recognized Irene's voice, which ever sounded to me like a far-away dream of luxury.

I did not wish to play the part of the eaves-dropper, especially as I had overheard a love-making of Theodore's not long before; but I reflected that it was their carelessness, and not my natural propensity, that brought it about, and that there would nothing be said that would involve either of them in even the

faintest blush; so I remained still, closing my eyes again, and hoping they would soon cease their talk.

"And yet," said Varney, his tone very soft, and I thought also a little tremulous, "I have changed."

"What! did not you love me at first?"

How plainly could I see to the foundation of this question! Irene had always said that love with her must come at first sight, and that she never should have faith in a man's professions of love for her unless he was also favorably impressed from the first.

"Yes," said Varney, hesitatingly; "I did love you at first."

"Well, how have you changed then? I do not understand."

"Why, I can hardly say but what I treated my first guest of love in a shabby manner."

"How?"

"By surrendering his domain to another."

"To whom?"

"To one whose tongue spoke the praises only of Isabel."

"O, dear!"

And such a little ripple of a laugh as came out with the last two words. It was so loud that I could see it attracted the attention of Isabel herself, who was still threading a skein of melody from the keys which she lightly thrummed, and who looked around at the laugh.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" continued Irene, in a lower tone.

"Now, pray do not laugh at me."

"And you loved her?"

"No, not love, at least as I now understand it. It was a species of infatuation."

"Yes? And you proposed?"

"Not quite. She—"

"Ah! I see. She had more penetration and insight into character than you, eh?"

"Well, whose head would she not turn?"

"Ah! but, seriously, you should know, at first meeting them before the doors of your soul, what the true character of your thought-guests are, and, in such a case as this, whether they are images of love or friendship or infatuation. But I am not going to scold you. Come, let's go out into the other room. It's so cheerful by the fireplace. And we ought to see what St. John and Miss Winterton are up to. Some mischief, I warrant."

So Irene had her way, and afterwards persisted in saying that her pet doctrine was sustained by the sentiment existing between Varney and herself, maintaining that that

gentleman's attachment for the fair songstress of the household had not been one of love, but merely of the fleeting sentiment of homage or veneration that a noble man ever pours out at the feet of a gifted woman.

St. John came sauntering into the parlor soon after Varney and Irene left my proximity. He was humming "*Bonnie Doon*," pausing in the middle of the air, as was a queer custom of his, and finishing it in a plaintive, carolling whistle. Whistling, as a general thing, I can say that I most heartily despise, especially that shrill pitch that every one practises who considers himself an adept in the art; but with St. John it was such a soft and melodious and flute-like sound, that I not only countenanced it, but grew to think it very musical.

As St. John came in the room, and paused a moment, a figure arose from an opposite corner, and moved towards the door. When the light from the sitting-room flashed through the entry upon him as he went through the door, I saw that it was father. I did not know that he had been present.

"Ah, Belle!" he began, moving towards her, "we are alone now, and I want you to play for my delectation. Your operas and serenades and screeching ballads for those who can digest them. I want something else, some of the old-time songs that have wound themselves around the heart of sensible old-fashioned people, until a touch upon a well-remembered chord presses the tears from the fountains of the heart. Give us '*Bonnie Jean*,' to begin with. Wait, let me turn on the gas."

"No, never mind the gas. I can play these old tunes just as well in the dim light that we have. And it is so much more pleasant than sitting in the blinding glare."

How sweetly her clear, melodious voice rang out in the pathos of that splendid little Scotch song! I thought she never sang so well. Ah! I now know why it was. Then she sang the plaintive little German serenade, "*To Minona*," placing a wonderful depth of fervor upon the line—

"Soft and low I breathe my passion:"

And it was not long before I knew the reason of that also.

"You don't like that so well?" she queried, stopping at the second stanza.

"No."

"And why, pray?"

"For two reasons—one, because it is un-

sulted to your voice; the other, because it always seemed to me to have a strange and forced tone."

"You are something of a critic, as well as an oddity, Sir Harry."

"Yes; but I always see and appreciate beauty when there is any to be seen."

"Ah! I suppose I may be conceited enough to consider that as personal?"

There was no reply to this; but a quick, discordant tone from the piano told the reason. The slight struggle terminated soon, however, and I was very certain that I heard a sound resembling one made when some one kisses some other one. Presently Isabel spoke.

"It is too bad that you should act so," she said, deprecatingly.

"Is it?"

"Indeed it is."

"But it is only with you, dear."

Ah! what a woeful sigh of pain and sorrow came welling up from my heart as these words sounded in my ears! How my soul yearned for poor Alice Winterton, whom I conceived to be so shamefully treated by this little scene! I had come to regard her very dearly, for her gentle ways and sweet face had lain close to my heart for so many days. Then some one crossed the hall, and came into the room.

"Where is Julia, Isabel?" said a stately voice. "Have you seen her lately?"

It was Irene.

"I am sure I don't know. I have not seen her for half an hour and upwards."

"We have looked the house over, and do not find her."

"Hasn't she retired? She complained, a while ago, of feeling sleepy and tired."

"No. We have been to her chamber, and it is empty."

I was about speaking, and relieving their apprehension, when Irene reached up, and turned the gas on full blaze.

What a tableau that parlor saw at that moment! Irene tall and queen-like, standing in the centre of the room; Isabel, with hair a little ruffled from the recent playful struggle, turned half around on the piano-stool; St. John, leaning his right elbow gracefully upon the elaborately carved piano; father and Varney standing in the doorway. All eyes were turned towards me; and upon each face surprise and anxiety seemed having a contest for possession. I was the first to speak.

"I wish I had been in my chamber," I said, in a low tone, looking sadly towards St. John and Isabel.

"Why?" asked the latter, looking at me with dilated eyes.

"So I should not have heard what pained me so."

She came and sat down by me, taking my passive hand in hers.

"To think of you robbing that sweet-faced angel Alice of her lover!" I said, leaning my head on her shoulder.

A loud, merry laugh rang out from her silvery throat.

"Harry," she said, almost instantly, "come here, and hear what this crazy girl is talking about."

He came negligently forward.

"Mr. Ireton," she continued, turning to father, "Julia thinks I am a terrible creature. Come and endorse that opinion."

Then she told the company what I had said. I began to grow irritated, and was wondering what it all meant, when father said, kindly, "My darling, have you been so blind?"

At that moment, Miss Winterton appeared in the doorway, and exchanged a word with Varney, who still stood there.

"Alice," my father said, beckoning to her, "come here, please."

A look of pain crossed her features. Seeing so many gathered around me, she evidently thought something had happened.

"Alice," continued my father, "Julia says that Isabel has robbed you of your lover."

"What! you?" she exclaimed.

How they all laughed!

"My darling," continued my father, "where have been your eyes for so many weeks, that you have not seen?"

"But she always came with St. John," I said, with a slight touch of vexation in my tone.

"Because our studios joined each other, and we boarded in the same neighborhood," said Alice.

"And if Miss Winterton does not, like so many ladies, deny her age," said St. John, with becoming gravity, "she will acknowledge herself to be four or five years older than your humble servant. If you can't get up better matches than that, Miss Ireton, you will hardly make it a profession."

"Are you very much disappointed, Julia?" my father said, looking at me with his great brown eyes of tenderness and affection; "and can you love her as a mother?"

Her bright curls swept my face as I leaned it upon her shoulder, and wept. But the tears were not of sorrow.

THE MORNING BATH.

A TRAGEDY.

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 BY EDWIN E. RAZE.  
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I.

Betwixt tall fir-trees, spreading wide
 Above the lakelet's silvery tide,
 The eastern sky a-glow is seen,
 Half hidden by the leafy screen;
 While all the air, so calm and hush,
 Is tinged with morning's early blush.

II.

A distant sound of fluttering wings,—
 The wood-bird wakes and sweetly sings,
 His carol echoing soft and clear
 Through all the woodland far and near,
 Then in a quaver dies away,—
 The herald of the dawning day.

III.

From cloistered alcove steps a maid,
 Her graceful form in white arrayed,
 With crimson band her robe confined
 About the waist, a rose entwined
 In flowing hair, while dimpled feet
 The fawning wavelets' kisses greet.

IV.

Now from the crystal waters she
 Sends forth a shout of merry glee,
 And two white arms, so round and fair,
 Toss sparkling raindrops high in air,
 That showering fall upon her head
 Like some wee fairy's mystic tread.

V.

Hark! hark! the distant bay of hounds
 Upon the morn discordant sounds;
 At first receding, drawing near,
 Till from the thicket bounds the deer,
 And, skirting 'long the lake's near shore,
 He plunges in and crosses o'er.

VI.

Young Arthur Blake, her lover true,
 Half hid behind a neighboring yew,
 Supposing her some graceful swan,
 Through the dim light of early dawn,
 His rifle to his shoulder brought,
 And aimed at her with skill well taught.

VII.

The murderous weapon, brought to bear
 Upon her heart, is little care

To her; for she in simple truth
 Believes the generous-hearted youth
 Is jesting, and would really die
 To save from scratch her bright blue eye.

VIII.

The direst fiend she might beguile
 To deeds of kindness with *that* smile,
 As, with an arm above her bent,
 She looks at him with fixed intent,
 One jewelled finger pointing straight
 Towards him, which bears of love its freight.

IX.

A loud report. Then piercing cries,
 Succeeded quick by gasping sighs,
 With bated breath, young Arthur Blake
 Quick seeks the margin of the lake,
 To gaze in wondering horror on
 The dreadful work his hand has done.

X.

The little waves are stained with gore
 As on the sandy stretch of shore
 They break, each carrying back a tithe
 Of that young life that was so lithe
 A moment since upon the wave
 That now engulfs her in a grave.

XI.

Young Arthur wakes as from a dream,
 At seeing 'neath the water gleam
 A marble arm, whose dainty hand
 Lies half submerged upon the sand,
 And, seizing her with frantic cries,
 He kisses lips, and cheeks, and eyes.

XII.

Ah! needless now, young Arthur Blake!
 Those tender eyes will never wake,
 That hand return its pressure fond,
 Nor scarlet flush the face of blonde
 When pressed to thine own, cheek to cheek,
 With life too full of bliss to speak.

XIII.

Thy way through life is hence through gloom
 With naught but death to break its doom.
 But tender eyes through mists of earth
 May watch thee till thy second birth,
 And, grasping then thy outstretched hands,
 Lead thee above to fairer lands.

THE BROTHERS.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A FINE park, sloping down to a wide river, a pond where two fair swans were floating, green fields and meadows stretching far away, and rich pastures where the red cows cropped the fragrant grass, or stood, knee-deep, in the pools of water—a stately house with a little brown gothic lodge, near the gates.

This was the home of Mr. St. John, a wealthy land-holder, having one fortune in possession and another in expectance from his father.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. St. John and two sons, both of whom had attained to their majority. Arthur was twenty-two—Aubrey twenty-four years of age.

The father of Mr. St. John always came hither in the summer, to escape the heat of the city; and with him came his only granddaughter, Helen Ballantyne.

Helen's father and mother were dead; and every summer since her birth, she had been brought to this delightful place by her grandfather, who would not be separated from his darling.

The elder St. John was a handsome, noble looking man, with long white hair curling about his shoulders, an erect figure, and a face that wore not a single wrinkle.

His son resembled him, and looked nearly as old as his father. Mrs. St. John was a fair, mild woman, of extreme softness of manner, a pale, sweet face and a slight figure. She was as amiable in temper as she was beautiful in person.

Heaven had denied her daughters, and every affection she possessed was bestowed upon her two sons, until little Helen Ballantyne claimed her love. The orphan child appealed too strongly to that motherly heart, to be cast off, and now, in her seventeenth year, she was as dear to Mrs. St. John as were her own children.

Mr. St. John had never desired his sons to enter into any profession; but it chanced that both were bent on going to sea. They were never happier than when upon the ocean, and they entered the navy the moment their education and age permitted them.

There was a strong resemblance between the two brothers. It was difficult to distinguish them, unless one had known them long.

Indeed, Helen Ballantyne often boasted that she was the only one, except the father and mother, who could tell at all times, which was Arthur and which was Aubrey. She knew their very shadows apart, by sunlight or moonlight alike. She knew by the softest footfall—by the sound of their breathing—by the slightest quiver in their voices, although, to others, even to the servants of the family who had long watched them, they were undistinguishable.

Both loved the beautiful cousin who always came with the summer butterflies, to spend that glorious season at their home. She had been the cause of many a boyish quarrel, and, in maturer years, the jealousy had not worn out. But Helen, true to her first childish preference, returned the deep love of Aubrey with all the strength and energy of her being. The younger brother might have seen that it was so, but he was willfully blind. He would not believe that he was not her chosen love, and he construed every kind word or friendly deed into proofs of her passion for him.

Aubrey, with a delicacy that few would have shown, even to a brother, forbore to press an engagement with Helen while she was so young; leaving her ample time to recall her heart, if she should meet with another who should impress her more strongly than he had done. He generously favored her mingling with society, that she might better prove the stability of her affections; while Arthur murmured at what he called her liking for new faces and friends, and did all he could to prevent her from forming new acquaintances. Outside of his passionate and unreasoning love for Helen, Arthur was the most gentle of human beings. It had changed the whole aspect of his life toward others. If he could believe that Aubrey was beloved by her, it would have changed his brotherly affection into hatred. As it was, he was content. He believed that if Helen was really attached to Aubrey, there would have been a settled engagement long ago. He could not see that it was from tenderness to him that it was delayed.

He broke in upon their most confidential moments, therefore, without the least scruple; fairly dragging Helen away, to ride, or drive,

or sail, as the humor seized him, if he could only secure her presence to himself.

Late, one evening, he came in thus, and insisted on her going out to sail with him. Aubrey, seeing Helen's distress, combated the idea and positively forbade Helen to go with him. Arthur grew furious, and threatened Aubrey in an irritating and insulting tone. The elder brother replied calmly but positively, and motioned for Helen to retire. Dreading what might be said or done, she stayed; and Arthur gathered encouragement from this that she would go with him.

Aubrey was roused now. He laid his hand on Helen's arm, and by the mere force of his silent but controlling will, he led her from the room.

She cast back a look as if involuntarily. Arthur read it favorably to himself. He passed between them and caught her hand.

With the power which superior calmness gives, Aubrey drew Helen again to himself. His brother saw his advantage and struck him. Helen, roused to the consciousness of her love for Aubrey, cast a look of anger upon the aggressor and exclaimed:

"Touch him not! He is mine—the dearest friend I have on earth."

"I hate him doubly for that," responded Arthur; while he repeated the cowardly blow.

Aubrey wiped the blood from his face, while Helen clung to him, passionately, imploring him to leave the room. She needed not to fear now. The first sight of the blood had caused a revulsion in the erring brother's feelings. All enmity to Aubrey died out with that sight. He went up to him with a pale face over which the tears were streaming.

"Forgive me, Aubrey. I was mad, O Helen, Helen! why did you ever come here to put trouble between us two?"

Still holding his handkerchief to his bleeding face, Aubrey kindly answered his plea for forgiveness.

"I hold no ill temper towards you, brother Arthur; but in this matter, you must cease to interfere. Helen is my promised wife. It is time that it should be avowed, since you will not otherwise be convinced. She has told you herself how dear I am to her. For me, I own she is the only woman I have ever loved—the only one I ever can love. Why do you try to come between us, Arthur? Let this unworthy mood pass away from you. God knows I would sacrifice anything to you but my Helen's happiness. Speak to him, Helen!

tell him that these are no idle words of mine."

"He tells the truth, Arthur. We have long been promised to each other. You must be satisfied to hold the place of brother in my heart."

"Never, Helen! The first place or none."

The moody, discontented frame of mind had returned, and again he was a prey to anger and jealousy. They left him, feeling sadly that the old brotherly love had met with an interruption that might be lasting as life.

That very night the brothers were ordered to appear before the department and receive their appointments to new duties.

Helen was in despair. She dreaded their going away in the same ship, as was highly probable they would. You can readily see how natural it was for her to be alarmed. And yet she dared not name her fears to the family; so she suffered in secret. Had she known that Arthur, in a burst of temper, on the evening previous to leaving home had openly insulted his father, because of some fancied preference on Mr. St. John's part towards Aubrey, her fears for her lover would have been augmented.

That Aubrey was innocent of any intention to supplant him in his father's affection or favor, may well be believed. Mr. St. John had hitherto preserved a strict impartiality between his children, and Aubrey, while he determined to avow his engagement to the family, scorned the idea of complaining to them of Arthur's waywardness, and trusted that time would set all things right.

The brothers left home, but not together. Aubrey took an early train, supposing that Arthur would accompany him; but the latter stayed an hour behind, in the hope of inducing Helen to recall her rejection of him; of course, his hope was vain. Helen had gone to her chamber, after parting with Aubrey; and although she heard his brother call her many times, she gave no sign. She had no enmity to Arthur, but she shrank from him as a lover; and Aubrey was too dear to her to admit of any rival. Her parting with Aubrey seemed too sacred to admit of seeing another face so soon after the separation.

Arthur turned from the house with feelings of rage and disappointment. He had hoped that, if once Aubrey was away, he might have some chance of success; but his continual presence and the power he exerted over Helen had been, he thought, the only bar to her loving him as well as she did his brother.

He placed some reliance, too, on his beauty. Arthur was very handsome—far more so than Aubrey—although the latter passed for the perfection of manly beauty with most people. With others, Arthur's bright brown locks and beautiful eyes won the day. Helen preferred the fair, curling hair and soft blue eyes of Aubrey, but it was, after all, the beauty of his mind and the gentleness of his disposition which bound her to him in bonds that mere personal advantages seldom weave in the heart of a truly sensible woman. And Helen, young as she was, had a soul that looked beyond externals.

The brothers were gone. The house seemed lonely enough, now that their voices were unheard, and their presence missed from the household gathering. Helen almost wished that her grandfather would return to town, that her time and mind might be more occupied; but she would not express the wish, for she knew how well he enjoyed the beauty and freshness of the country.

August and September went by, and October came with its full flush of magnificence. Nothing had been heard from the brothers, after they had sailed for the Pacific. Helen wandered through the grand old woods around Mr. St. John's dwelling; her heart touched and her mind elevated by the constant intercourse with nature, and her cheeks glowing with health and beauty caught from the balmy air which she breathed. She sat for hours by the side of the beautiful streams that watered this lovely spot, or trod the fields, still rich with autumn beauty, or lost herself in the deep woods, until her grandfather, alarmed at her absence, would seek her and playfully chide her gipsy wanderings.

November approached, turning these delightful scenes into its sombre coloring. Helen's mind took the hue of the season. She was haunted by an indefinable sadness, which began to tell its story upon her pale lips and fading cheeks. Dreams, gloomy and troubled, visited her the moment she fell asleep, and, waking from them, she felt a horror and misery, as if they had been real.

There was but one way that she could account for it—and that was the uneasiness which she sometimes had felt in regard to the feelings which she feared Arthur still cherished towards his brother.

She would feel angry at herself, every time this idea presented itself to her mind. She could not, in her sober senses, believe that

Arthur meditated wrong against Aubrey. She reasoned with herself, that, once away from her, and dependent on each other's society, or thrown into the exciting scenes of their professional life, they would forget that there had ever been a shadow of discontent between them.

But she longed earnestly for confirmation of this hope, and watched with eager eyes for the sight of Aubrey's promised letter.

And slowly and sadly to her, the year deepened into its winter and still no letter came.

They had gone back to town; but the town had no charms for her. Her grandfather had ceased urging her to go out, and permitted her to remain most of the time in her own room, undisturbed. She had watched the newspapers eagerly, but had generally been forced to wait for them until her grandfather had perused them; and it had been his habit to take them into his private room, to which Helen had no access. Whenever, by chance, she obtained one, it was sure to contain no news for her; and her suspicions were awakened that others were kept purposely from her sight. Often, a portion of the paper was torn off before it reached her; and, in not a few instances, the newspaper which she most wished to see, as it contained a daily "Naval Record," was left for her, with the corner containing it torn off altogether.

Anxious and troubled, yet unwilling to ask her grandfather why this happened, because it seemed a matter of little importance, she endured her suspense in silence.

Mr. St. John had some reason for trying to withhold any knowledge of what the papers stated, until it should be proved true or false.

There had been a rumor—a bare rumor—but enough to excite apprehension in his mind—enough indeed, had he revealed it, to bring anguish and misery to his darling's heart. The rumor was of Aubrey St. John's disappearance from the ship, a mysterious disappearance, which his well-known honor and integrity forbade all idea of being attributed to desertion, but which could be accounted for in no other way—unless, indeed, in one which seemed almost beyond the bounds of probability—that his disappearance was owing to some treachery on the part of his brother.

Every one on board who knew the brothers, scouted at this idea, except one man; and he barely hinted at his suspicion, giving no reason why or how it was awakened, and never putting it in the form of an accusation.

That he held such an opinion, indeed, was never avowed at all, but merely implied, more by involuntary words—sentences broken off abruptly and never resumed, than by any direct manifestation.

But this man—Elihu Whiting—was known as an enemy of Arthur St. John, and therefore no one believed it the more.

Twice, the man at the helm had been startled at his post by the sight of a figure which he would have said at first thought, was that of Lieutenant Aubrey St. John. But at both times, it was too dark to recognize more than the bare outline of the form, and he had been too much confused to challenge the apparition, and as the commanding officer did not press the question upon him, he gradually came to think it an optical illusion.

The same thing had happened, too, to arrest the attention of one who was keeping the midnight watch: but he kept his own counsel, and no one but his companion in the watch knew it. Something of superstitious fear swayed both these men; for both believed that St. John was beneath the waves. Both had heard high words proceeding from Arthur's lips, in which he had betrayed violent passion. Aubrey had replied calmly, which had only served to enrage his brother the more. Further than that, his disappearance left no clue by which to trace him.

On the night in which Aubrey and Arthur met on the deck, the latter had used some irritating words to his brother; charging him with supplanting him in the affections, not only of Helen, but also in those of his father and mother. Aubrey replied dispassionately, at which the other fired still more. He was like a madman, threatening Aubrey with unheard-of punishments and retributions if he did not at once withdraw his claim to Helen. The idea seemed so perfectly ridiculous, that Aubrey could not believe him in earnest, and he laughingly replied that he would wait until Helen should declare her preference for Arthur, "although," he added, "I think she will hardly revoke her choice, as she has promised to marry me on my return."

Maddened by this, Arthur pushed heavily against his brother. Aubrey reeled and fell over. He uttered no cry, and the waves drowned all noise which he might have made in falling.

Two thoughts burned deeply in the breast

of Arthur. One was that the brother he had once loved had died by his hand. All the dear and precious memories of their childhood—Aubrey's kind, loving care of his little brother—the sweet, forgiving smile with which he had looked upon him when he was fretful or passionate—all these must have rushed upon his mind. Then came the other dark and evil thought, that now Helen was free—*free for him!* It surged over all better feelings, as the waves might be surging over Aubrey's lifeless body; and still he kept on, thinking one moment of giving the alarm—then, half-maddened with the recollection that Aubrey must have known and felt that he intended the injury—O! any way he could look was madness; and while he deliberated upon the chances of Aubrey denouncing him as willfully attempting his murder, the time went by and it was all too late to retrieve the sin. Yet, from that moment, he carried a load of anguish within his bosom that demons might have pried and deprecated. All the horrors of the infernal regions seemed opened before him, and, when morning came and news was brought to him that his brother could not be found, he could with difficulty refrain from shrieking out his agony.

His misery passed for anxiety at Aubrey's disappearance—his deadly paleness, and the fever that followed, bore testimony, it was thought, to his brotherly affection.

He strove to comfort himself that he had not intended murder—that he had not planned Aubrey's death. True, he had not—but he had let him die without raising a finger to help him, and had concealed his danger until it was too late! Too late! The words rang in his ear, and he saw them written everywhere in letters of blood. It was the old, old story of Cain—jealousy, madness and murder in the heart of man toward his brother!

Every one on board ship mourned the loss of Aubrey St. John. He had been universally beloved for his quiet, unassuming kindness to all. Some of the roughest sort hardly sought to disguise their opinion that the other brother would have been far less missed; although Arthur himself was not unkind nor overbearing to the men; and certainly was not nearly as dignified. Both were brave and manly; both companionable, and, at times, mirthful. But the rude sons of the ocean are gifted with the power of reading character with wonderful accuracy, and it had been evident enough that Aubrey had received the

"larger half" of their love and respect. The same feeling, but better disguised, had prevailed among the officers.

A kind and beneficent Providence saved Aubrey St. John from drowning on that eventful night, and saved Arthur also from being an actual murderer, in deed, if not in heart. The current bore him out from the ship and carried him far away. He was a good swimmer, and sustained himself in this peril as few would have done. He was nearly exhausted, however, from the weight of his clothing. He was almost in despair, when he saw a light from a vessel. He gathered up all his remaining strength to cry for help—was heard by the watch, and in a short time was taken up by one of the boats sent out to his aid.

Hours passed in which he lay insensible; but the unwearied efforts of his preservers, aided by a fine constitution, brought back the fleeting breath once more.

The vessel proved to be a barque from California to New York, commanded by a Captain Blanchard; a large-hearted, noble man who spared no pains to render Aubrey's situation more tolerable. Anxiety had done more to weaken his frame than even his perilous contact with the waves had done. He was in terror lest Arthur should be suspected of attempting his life; and the uncertainty he felt was almost intolerable. Arthur might have criminated himself in his terror; and then, how would his poor mother bear it? for Arthur was, undeniably, his mother's darling, and to touch him with the shadow of evil would deprive her of her senses, surely.

Meantime, the barque was ploughing her restless course homeward. Soon, very soon, he would be once more on land. How would he meet them at home? How disguise the strange things that had happened since he last saw the loving eyes that beamed upon him when he left them—beamed upon him even through tears. And yet, what the coming home be to him, compared with what might await Arthur? Alas, poor Arthur! was the one thought in his mind—the word rising ever to his lips when alone.

He landed in New York with a feeling too sad for tears.

On the second day, he went home. He had already announced by a despatch, that he would be with them on the following morning—an announcement that brought surprise as well as pleasure to Mr. St. John and his wife.

Never, in his whole life, was Aubrey so embarrassed as when he entered their presence. He tried hard to make it appear that it was the most natural affair possible; but they felt sure that there must be some mystery behind his words.

Had he reported himself to the department? they asked.

"Of course, father. That was my first duty; my next was to you, and my third to grandfather and Helen."

"But it is so mysterious how you should have gone overboard and no one to see or try to save you."

Aubrey smiled faintly.

"There are a great many mysteries in life," he said. "I must have mine, too. The department does not blame me for being unfortunate. I am sure you will not."

"Blame you, my dear boy! We have never done that in your life. We shall not now, surely."

"I shall not be here long to share your blame, if you do," he replied, cheerfully. "I am ordered away in a fortnight."

"In a fortnight! Then, wife, we will not waste time upon mysteries, but content ourselves with realities."

His reception at his grandfather's the next day was enthusiastic. There was no talk of mysteries there. Helen shuddered at the danger he had escaped, but her unsophisticated nature saw nothing beyond, and her grandfather was as simple-hearted as herself.

He had told her how soon he was going, and asked her if she would marry him before his departure. She made no difficulty, if her grandfather would consent; and he was willing enough, so long as she was not to be taken away from him.

"I cannot live without her, Aubrey," he said; "so if you want her, you must consent to the encumbrance of an old man. When I die, I shall leave all to you two."

"What, and nothing for Arthur?" said Aubrey. "Indeed, grandfather, neither Helen nor I will ever consent to defraud Arthur of his share. But you will live many years, I trust, to enjoy it yourself. And if you give me Helen, I shall need nothing more."

So Aubrey's father and mother came, and a quiet wedding took place, although the fond old man would fain have gathered a crowd to see his beloved child wedded.

On the whole, Aubrey was rather glad to go away, that he might not meet Arthur

again until a long time should elapse—until, indeed, Arthur should have been familiarized with the fact of his having irrecoverably lost all chance of rivalling him. Perhaps, when a long absence had worn away past impressions, they might once more meet as brothers; but now, the idea was very painful to him, as much for Arthur's sake as his own.

"Man proposes; God disposes," Aubrey had sailed but a single month, before the news came of Arthur's death. It was long before the tidings could reach Aubrey; but when they did, he sorrowed, most of all, that he should have died without the forgiveness he had been longing to bestow.

Arthur—so wrote the surgeon, in his letter to Mr. St. John, announcing his death—had wasted from the night his brother was missing. He had no disease; but grief and sorrow wore out his life. It was evident, from the tone of this letter, that he was not aware that Aubrey had been saved.

Aubrey kept the secret from all except from her who had a right to know it. He would not destroy, or even shake his parents' faith in Arthur; but allowed them to mourn for him in such quiet sorrow as might linger around the memory of one of whom they had known nothing that was not good and pleasant.

THE LIGHTING OF PARIS.

A French official communication affords an insight into the manner in which the lighting of Paris is conducted. It appears that there are 28,760 burners in the capital, of which number 27,352 are fed with gas, and 1408 with oil. They are all regularly lit before the close of day, and burn during the whole night. In the gas lanterns the flame has certain fixed dimensions, regulated so as to produce a light equal to one and a half of that of a carcel lamp burning 42 grammes of oil per hour. There are eighty men belonging to the municipal service, and as many inspectors of the Parisian Company, charged to superintend the efficiency of the whole apparatus. They make their rounds every night, accompanied by men who rekindle any lamps which may have gone out, and note those which burn badly. The lighting power and degree of purity of the gas is verified every day by the agents of the municipal administration, in experimental offices distributed over the capital. All the irregularities are noted, and the company is liable, for every burner not giving a flame of the required dimensions, to a fine of double the price of the gas which the same orifice, under ordinary conditions, would have consumed during the whole night.

THE GIRL WITH THE BONNIE BLUE EYES.

BY JAMES DABNEY.

O, tell me have you seen her?
The girl with the eyes of blue;
With a mouth of honeyed sweetness,
And hair of a golden hue;
With cheeks like the blushing roses
That bloom 'neath her own bright skies,
And a smile like the rippling sunlight—
The girl with the bonnie blue eyes.

Her heart has all the freshness
And the tenderness of youth,
And her lips have all the sweetness
And eloquence of truth;
Her voice is richer music far
Than earth's best melodies,
And she walks the earth like a fairy queen—
The girl with the bonnie blue eyes.

I saw her, and I loved her well;
And down in my silent heart
I built a temple, richer far
Than e'er was framed by art;

And I throned her there, my goddess queen,
And worshipped her with sighs;
And my heart was breaking all the while
With love for the bonnie blue eyes.

And why should not I love her well?
Is not she lovelier far
Than the angels bright round the throne of white,
Or the glorious evening star?
Nothing can match her beauty
In the earth, in the sea, in the skies;
And can it be strange that I love so well
This girl with the bonnie blue eyes?

But, alas! her heart is cold to me,
And her sweet smiles are not mine;
Her eyes, in their beauty, upon me
With true love never shine.
Yet, though on earth I may never
Love, save with tears and sighs,
May not I win her in heaven—
The girl with the bonnie blue eyes?

A LADY'S GLOVE.

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 BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.  
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OFFICER HALE is a well-known man in the great city of New York. In all the detective force of that city, whose exploits have made them so famous, none bears a higher reputation for skill, sagacity and bravery, than he. But among all his many triumphs, there is one which is known to very few, and which I propose relating on these pages.

Late in October, 1865, Fifth Avenuedom was thrown into a buzz of excitement by the announcement of a marriage between Miss Golding the belle, and daughter of the great banker of that name, and a real, live French marquis—De Villiere by name. It was the first marriage of the season, and consequently every one was on tiptoe to receive an invitation to it, as every one felt sure that it would be a most brilliant affair. The happy pair were to leave for Europe on the first steamer after the wedding, and the marquis was to take his bride at once to his old chateau where his parents awaited them, and then she was to have the honor of being presented at court. At last, however, the momentous day arrived, and plain Miss Golding changed her name, and got a "handle" to her new one besides.

But, to the great annoyance of the bride and groom, the pleasant programme which they had laid down for themselves, was not to be carried out entire. Some decided changes were to be made in it by an adverse fate, and upon this hinges the story I am about to relate.

Such a brilliant marriage could not fail to call forth an unusually brilliant array of bridal gifts. The long table appointed for their reception literally groaned beneath the costly articles that were heaped upon it. Among the presents, was a set of magnificent diamonds—ear-rings and a necklace—which had been sent out from France by the parents of the marquis. They were admitted by all to be the most exquisite articles of jewelry ever seen in New York, and not a few of the fair ladies who admired them so enthusiastically, in their hearts violated the tenth commandment by coveting their neighbor's goods.

When the guests who had been invited the evening before the marriage, to witness the good fortune of the bride, had departed, the

room containing the presents was closed. Later in the evening the diamonds were wanted for some purpose, and Mamma Golding went after them, not being willing to trust a servant. To her astonishment and dismay, they were not in their accustomed place. The shriek with which she greeted this discovery brought the family into the room, and to their terrified questions she could only answer:

"The diamonds! the diamonds!"

A glance at the table at once revealed her meaning, and the house was immediately in an uproar. Search was made everywhere, but the missing jewels could not be discovered. Mamma Golding insisted that their marriage should be postponed on account of the loss, but neither of the lovers would listen to that. All they would agree to was that they should remain awhile in New York after that event, until an effort could be made to find the jewels. Mamma Golding was in favor of immediately arresting all the servants on the place, but the old banker, with his cool head and long experience of the world, knew better than this.

"No, no," he said, emphatically, "say nothing about the matter. Keep as quiet as possible. I'll send for Hale, the detective, and place the matter in his hands. He'll find the thief, if it can be done. Now leave the room all of you, and keep out of it till Hale comes."

The determined old man immediately enforced his orders, and then sent for Officer Hale, with a request to come to the house immediately, and by nine o'clock the official was seated in the banker's library, listening to all that could be told him.

"Do you suspect any one?" he asked, when Mr. Golding had concluded.

"No one," was the reply.

"But I do," broke in Mamma Golding, with energy. "I have learned that the last person seen in the room was Helen Brady, the house-girl—I suspect her."

"Very good," said Hale, quietly. "Now let me see the room, if you please. I wish to have no one with me but Mr. Golding."

The two men left the library and entered the room where the presents had been on exhibition. Every burner in the large chan-

deller was lit, so that the detective might see into the remotest parts of the apartment. Hale approached the table, and examined it closely. Suddenly an exclamation escaped his lips, and at the same time he took from the table a small and but little worn kid glove.

"Does this glove belong to any of your family?" he asked, turning to the banker.

"No," replied Mr. Golding, "I am sure it does not. It is too small for either my wife or my daughter. Some visitor probably left it there."

"Very likely," muttered Hale. "Might not some of your fashionable friends have been the thief in this case?" he asked, suddenly.

"My dear sir, you are dreaming," said Mr. Golding, blandly.

"Maybe so. Do me the favor to call your girl, Helen Brady, without telling her why she is wanted?"

Mr. Golding left the room, and in a few minutes returned, accompanied by Helen. She evinced no surprise or alarm as she entered.

"My girl," said Hale, as she came in, "are you aware that a robbery has been committed in this house?" He watched her closely as he spoke.

"Sure sir," she replied, in genuine astonishment, "an' I didn't hear of it."

"That will do," said Hale, "you can go out now."

Helen left the room, and Hale turned to Mr. Golding, who stood looking at him in blank amazement.

"You wrong that girl by suspecting her," he said. "I will stake my life on her innocence. I've had too much experience in the profession not to know a guilty face from an innocent one."

"Then who could have taken the jewels?"

"The owner of this glove," replied Hale. "I am sure of it. Depend upon it, Mr. Golding, if the thief is found, it will be among your fashionable friends."

"But, my dear sir," began the banker, in surprise.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Hale, "but I am sure of it. Now if you wish me to undertake this case, you must let me manage it in my own way. It bids fair to be very difficult, for this glove is the only thing I have to work upon. I shall not arrest Helen Brady, and I do not wish her to be molested. I will begin my search to-morrow.

In a few days I will declare it a hopeless undertaking, and appear to abandon it, but I will continue to work secretly. You must not tell this to any one. I would not take you into my confidence but for the fact that I shall have to draw on you for money. Upon these conditions I will go to work."

"I will be guided by you," said the banker; "but I cannot help thinking you are mistaken in the outset."

The next day the marriage took place. Hale stationed himself at the church door, and closely scanned the faces of all who passed in or out. He also made their hands objects of scrutiny. He discovered nothing, however, and went away feeling impatient and uncomfortable. That afternoon he set about finding out the history of the glove. It was a light kid, size number 5, and was scarcely soiled at all, except on the outer side of the middle finger, where it was plainly marked by the set of a ring which the owner had worn. The glove being the property of a fashionable lady, it occurred to Hale that it had been procured at Taylor's, and he decided to ascertain whether this was true or not.

Upon reaching the store he sought one of the proprietors, and showing him the glove, asked if he thought it came from there.

"I am confident of it," was the reply.

"The glove is one of a new style which we imported about a month ago."

"Could you tell me to whom it was sold?"

"Impossible," said the merchant, laughing.

"We had quite a large lot, and could not tell to whom we sold them."

Hale turned off with an exclamation of annoyance, and left the store. This was a bad beginning, and he had very little hope of making a better ending. Two days passed away, and the case was still as hopeless. On the third day he received, through the post-office, a note in a woman's handwriting. It was as follows:

"If officer Hale will meet the writer of this note at —'s saloon, room number 4, at eight o'clock to-morrow evening, he will learn something to his advantage."

What could this mean? For a moment he was inclined to believe it was some plot to injure him. Many things suggested themselves to him, which it is not necessary to mention here; and at last he determined to be at the rendezvous at the appointed time, prepared for any emergency, and to leave the result to be determined there.

Accordingly the next evening at eight o'clock he presented himself at ——'s saloon, a second-class house on Broadway, and asked to be shown to room number 4. The apartment was dimly lighted as he entered it, as the gas was now burning low. He immediately turned on more light, and saw sitting by a small table, a woman of medium height, closely veiled, and dressed with great plainness. It was impossible to see her face.

"I suppose, madam," said the detective, seating himself opposite her, "that you are the person who sent me a note requesting me to meet you here?"

"No," she replied, in a low, but singularly rich voice, "I am not the writer of that note, but am here in the place of that person."

"Then be pleased to state your business with me, for my time is precious."

"You are on the search for the person who took the diamonds of the Marquise de Villiere?" Hale bowed. "Well, then, Mr. Hale, I am authorized by parties that I may not name, to offer you five thousand dollars if you will abandon your efforts, and declare to your employers that you find the task a hopeless one. You will simply sign a paper which I have brought with me, pledging yourself to do this, and I will pay the money to you on the spot."

She held out a paper, which he took, and while pretending to read it he gazed searchingly at her left hand, which lay on the table. It was a very small white hand, evidently that of a lady, and on the fourth finger was a handsome diamond ring. Hale was satisfied that he was talking to the owner of the glove he had in his possession, and the person who had stolen the diamonds.

"I cannot accept your offer," he said, after a pause. "I must do my duty. If I were to be influenced by money, your offer would not be large enough. The stolen diamonds are worth one hundred thousand dollars, and Mr. Golding has promised me ten thousand for them if I recover them uninjured."

"I will make it twelve thousand," said the woman, eagerly.

"You will," said the detective, quietly. "I thought you were only acting for other parties."

The woman struck the table impatiently with her hand.

"They will fulfil any promise I may make," she said, "although I am only a servant."

"I must still refuse your offer," Hale said, coldly. "I am obliged to you for this inter-

view, however, as it has put me on the right track at last."

"That is said for effect," exclaimed the woman, sharply. "You know you think the case hopeless."

"I did until I came here to-night," replied Hale; "but I am convinced that you are the person that stole the jewels."

The woman burst into a laugh.

"I told you I was only a servant," she said.

"True," remarked the detective. "You contradict yourself, though. Look at your hand. It is too delicate and refined for a servant, and servants cannot wear such splendid diamonds as you have in that ring. You have placed yourself in my power, and I shall arrest you. I must see your face, madam."

He made a movement to tear away her veil, but she sprang towards him, and before he was aware of her intention, threw a handful of ground pepper in his eyes, completely blinding him for the time. In another instant she was gone, and he was suffering the most excruciating pain.

The next day Hale, who had recovered from the suffering caused by the pepper, determined to change his tactics. He was not slow in deciding upon a plan which he immediately proceeded to execute. That afternoon Mr. Golding received a call from a stranger, who was shown into the parlor. The banker took the card that was handed to him by his servant, and read aloud:

"Lord Anglesea, of England."

"I know him well," exclaimed the Marquis de Villiere, who chanced to be present at the time. "If you do not object, I will go down with you."

Together they entered the parlor. A gentleman, with black hair and a slight moustache, and elegantly dressed, rose to receive them.

"Anglesea, my dear fellow," exclaimed the marquis, advancing to him.

"Charmed to see you, my dear marquis," drawled the stranger, holding out his hand.

The marquis stopped abruptly, and looked at him in astonishment.

"Who are you, sir?" he exclaimed, sternly, "and by what right do you presume to present yourself here as Lord Anglesea?"

"Mr. Golding knows me very well," was the cool reply, "and can doubtless tell you the object of my visit."

"Never saw you before in my life," said the banker, in astonishment.

The stranger burst into a hearty laugh.

"So you don't know me? Well, if you don't, I'm safe from others," he said. "I have the honor to inform you that I am Edward Hale, of the detective police."

Mr. Golding stared at him in astonishment.

"Hale has light hair, and wears no beard or moustache," he said, incredulously.

The detective quietly removed the wig, and showed his own hair clipped close to make room for the disguise.

"The moustache works in the same way," he said, laughing.

"It is well done," exclaimed the marquis, admiringly. "But why should you adopt such an aristocratic disguise?"

"The reason is this, my lord," replied Hale. "It has become necessary for me to carry on my work among the fashionable circles of this city, and I must gain access to the very highest, without being suspected. I will stake my reputation that in two months' time I shall have found both the thief and the diamonds. I want your assistance. You must bring me out as your friend, Lord Anglesea, a name I selected at random, and gain me admission to Mrs. Varick's party to-night. After that I will work my own way."

"It's sheer folly, Hale," exclaimed Mr. Golding. "I can't conceive why you should cling to the idea that some person in good society has stolen the jewels. It's preposterous."

"Nevertheless, sir," replied Hale, "I have in the last two days discovered enough to convince me that I am right. All I ask is two months' time, and I promise to return the diamonds, and prove the correctness of my views."

"I think you are quite right," said the marquis; "and I will do my best to help you. But," he added, looking at Hale curiously, "do you think you are equal to the task of counterfeiting an English nobleman?"

"Perfectly competent, if you will give me a few hints as to Lord Anglesea's history, and such other things as may enable me to answer any questions that are asked me."

"That I will do with pleasure," said the marquis; "and if you are to make your *debut* to-night, we had better commence at once. *Ma foi*," he added, laughing. "I shall tell Anglesea of it when I see him in Paris next winter. It will be an excellent joke."

Mrs. Varick's party that night was a brilliant gathering of all the *elite* of the city, and there was a buzz of excitement through the parlors when the last distinguished arrival

was announced, and the Marquis de Villiere introduced to the hostess his very particular friend, Lord Anglesea. His lordship was received with marked cordiality, and was at once the lion of the evening.

Towards midnight the marquis felt some one touch him on the shoulder, and looking around, saw Lord Anglesea standing back of him.

"Well," he asked, eagerly, "what is it?"

"Nothing particular," was the reply. "I did not think to trouble you again, but I have taken a fancy to know a lady here, and want you to introduce me."

"Where is she?" asked the marquis. "You know I am at your service for this evening."

"There she stands, just by that window. Who is she?"

"She is a Mrs. Dakin, the wife of one of the millionaires of this city, as I am told. Her husband is too old for gayety, and rarely goes out; but she, being young and handsome, is a great ornament to society. If your lordship has no conscientious scruples," he added, with a mock bow, "you may have a fine field for a flirtation in that quarter. But, come! I will present you."

The lady in question was not over the medium height, but by far one of the most beautiful women in New York. There was nevertheless a strange and restless expression on her face, and she seemed nervous and uneasy. Her reception of Lord Anglesea was most gracious, and during the evening his lordship devoted himself to her with a persistency that created no little remark. During the next three weeks he was constantly at her house, and was her escort in numerous drives, at the opera, and at several parties. It was evident that he was getting on famously with Mrs. Dakin. Indeed the lady herself was conscious of a stronger feeling for the titled stranger than was consistent with her position as another man's wife; and his lordship found it very pleasant employment.

One morning he called on her, in accordance with an arrangement they had made, and found her seated on a luxurious sofa in the parlor. She gave him her hand languidly as he approached her, but without rising. He took it, and seated himself on the sofa by her, still retaining it. The color in her cheeks deepened as he did so, but she made no effort to withdraw her hand. For awhile neither spoke. At last his lordship, glancing at the hand which he held, and which was very small and delicate, uttered an excla-

mation of delight. The lady glanced at him in wonder.

"That is a very beautiful ring you wear," he said, immediately. "I never saw it before, I think."

"No," she replied, "I have not worn it for some time. It was a present from my husband on my last birthday."

His lordship was silent for sometime, and seemed to be plunged in thought. It would have required extraordinary courage in any other man to take the step which he was then contemplating. His companion was very beautiful, and he was well aware of the state of her feelings. At last, however, drawing a small and partially worn kid glove from his coat pocket, he held it up to her.

"Did you ever see this before?" he asked, smiling.

She turned ghastly pale, and bending forward, asked, hastily:

"Where did you get it?"

"I picked it up where you dropped it," he said, laughing. "But why do you seem so much surprised? Is it strange that I should treasure the glove of a beautiful woman?"

"No," she replied, more calmly. "But tell me where you found it."

He made no reply, but sat smiling, and gazing at her hand which he still held.

"Those are beautiful diamonds," he said, quietly. "Do you know I think they are almost as fine as those you stole from the Marquise de Villiere."

She would have sprung to her feet, but he held her down, and could feel her trembling violently.

"What do you mean by such insulting language?" she gasped.

"I mean that you stole the diamonds from the table in Mr. Golding's house," he said, sternly. "I found this glove there, where in your haste you had dropped it. More than this, you sought to throw me off the search by attempting to bribe me. You met me at —'s saloon, a few weeks ago, and succeeded in escaping me there, when I thought I had you in my power. When I met you at Mrs. Varick's party I recognized you by your voice, and to-day your acknowledgment of the glove, and this ring which you wore at our first interview, makes the identification complete."

"Who are you?" she faltered.

"Just now I was Lord Anglesea," he replied. "Now I am Edward Hale, of the detective police."

He felt her lean heavily against him, and upon looking at her found that she had fainted. She soon revived, however, and sat with her face buried in her hands.

"What do you mean to do with me?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I scarcely know," he replied. "One thing is certain, you must restore the diamonds."

"I will do so," she said, "and if you consent to let the matter drop here, and not to mention me as the guilty party, either to the Goldings or any one else, I will pay you the five thousand dollars I offered you to abandon the search."

"I have no disposition to be harsh with you, Mrs. Dakin," said Hale. "I do not want your money, and will readily give you my word of honor that your secret shall be preserved."

"I prefer that you should take the money," she said, coldly, raising her head with some of her former hauteur. "I do not wish to be under any obligations to you. Let it be a regular bargain between us."

"Be it so, then," replied the detective. "I owe you, perhaps, some amends for leading you into the intimate relations which have existed between us."

Her cheeks blazed, but she said nothing, and rose and left the room. In a few minutes she returned, and placed in his hands the diamonds and a package of money.

"You will keep your word?" she said, without looking at him.

"You may trust me," he answered. "Perhaps I am not doing my duty, but God forbid that I should be hard with you."

She hesitated a moment, then held out her hand to him, and Hale felt it tremble as he took it. In an instant, she withdrew it, and passed out of the room.

Hale hastened to the office of Mr. Golding, and upon sending in his card, was at once admitted to the banker's private room.

"I have called to ask you a question," he said, as he returned the old gentleman's greeting. "If I can restore the jewels your daughter has lost, will you be content to receive them without asking me how I found them? and will you consent to refrain from prosecuting the guilty party? You will do a real kindness to one whom you little suspect, if you will."

"All I have desired throughout the whole affair," replied the banker, "has been to recover the jewels. Let me have them, and I promise you the matter shall drop."

"Then here they are," said the detective, quietly, laying them on the desk before the astonished banker. "And now," he continued, "I must resume my own character. Before I do so, however, I will say, Mr. Golding, that in my suspicions I was right. The owner of the glove that I found on your table was the thief."

Mr. Golding paid the ten thousand dollars promised the detective, and the latter left the office. Since then the banker has had serious doubts of the honesty of every one of those

who were present at his house on the day when the diamonds were stolen.

Mrs. Dakin and her husband left New York for Europe a few weeks later, and are still there. The Marquise de Villiere met her at the house of the American minister, and was delighted to find an old friend there. She failed, however, to notice the deathly pallor that overspread the features of her friend, as that lady's eyes rested upon the diamonds which sparkled so gloriously in the light of the chandelier.

LIBERALLY REWARDED.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

"ONE dollar twenty-five, if you please, miss."

Mell Marsh was absorbed in contemplating a tropical landscape, copied on canvas, and hung in the best light the place afforded. Mell was poor and had only stolen glimpses of these things, but that did not prevent her having luxurious tastes.

The obsequious clerk paused a moment to contemplate the little intent face; then, obedient to the demands of business, which forbade any unnecessary expenditure of time, even in the study of a pretty face, made another and more successful attempt to advertise the lady that her purchase awaited her pleasure.

"O, certainly! I beg your pardon;" and the little gloved hand dipped into the pockets of the jaunty sack, first one, then the other, but finding nothing there save a snowy handkerchief, dived into the folds of the looped-up skirt, and finding nothing therein beside a lead pencil and a thimble, came out in great dismay and commenced again on the sack.

"Can it be possible! I am sure I had my porte-monnaie in my sack pocket, for I had my hand on it just before I came in. Where can it have gone?" and Mell began to look here and there upon the floor, as if she suspected the missing article of lying in wait for her in some sly corner.

The conviction began to fasten upon her; she had lost her porte-monnaie, and with it every cent she possessed.

"I have certainly lost it!"

"Lost your money," asked the unsympathetic clerk; "then of course you won't want this."

"Not unless you could trust me to pay for it as soon as I can," said Mell, covered with confusion at the asking of such a favor for the first time in all her life.

"Couldn't think of it, miss."

She was ready to cry with vexation and embarrassment. Several people, making purchases or looking at pictures, had paused to watch her. A gentleman stepped forward just as the clerk was turning away with the little package, and shoving a bill toward him, said, in a low tone:

"Give the lady her purchase."

Amazement benumbed Mell's faculties; the roll of stationery she had ordered was placed in her hand, and she walked away as if in a dream, possessed only with the one thought that she was penniless.

Once outside the door, the cool air restored her usual self-possession, and she stopped, indignant with herself for having allowed a stranger to place her under such a weight of obligation; but behold! as she turned, he stood beside her.

"Thank you, sir, but I cannot allow you to do this. I believe I didn't really know what I was doing. I will return the package."

"One moment, if you please;" and she thought his voice was more musical than any she had ever heard before. "I should be very happy to be allowed to do you so small a favor, but your face tells me, as plainly as words could tell, that you are much too independent for that. I could not avoid hearing your conversation with the clerk; will you not allow me to loan you the little sum? At any time you choose you can call here and leave the amount."

Her first impulse was to refuse point-blank, but a second thought restrained her. She was entirely out of stationery, her money was lost, she must have the paper before she could hope to earn more. For herself, she could probably live through it some way, but a thought of Kitty, the little sister entirely dependent upon her, decided her to accept the loan so strangely and opportunely offered.

"You are very kind indeed, sir, and I thank you from the depth of my heart. Not for myself, but because of a dear one dependent upon me, do I consent to become your debtor. At the earliest possible moment I will repay you."

"Take your own time, my child, I shall not expect you to be in any particular hurry about it; and now let me give you my card." Then he said "good-day," with a graceful lifting of his hat, as if to a born princess, and she was walking back to her cheap boarding-house in a perfect maze of wonderment at the oddity of her afternoon's experience.

The little busy brain and fingers worked early and late, for the two desolate orphans had no other dependence.

Kitty was a shy little thing, with quiet ways learned from playing so much by herself, for she had an innate sense of refinement which kept her from joining in the bolstersous plays in which the rude children by whom she was surrounded indulged. She resembled a lily to whose pure petals no contamination would adhere.

While Mell wove romances and wrote them out upon paper, Kitty amused herself with a decrepit doll, dressing it with much elaboration in a faded ribbon and one of her own cast-off aprons, singing softly to herself the while.

"There," giving a little sigh of relief, together with a pat expressive of much satisfaction, administered to a pile of freshly written manuscript, "I'm glad you're finished, for I want the money you'll bring. And now, Kitty, hurrah! for a famous supper of nice tea and toast, on my return. O, indeed, Doctor Vesey Sherwood, you needn't stare at me in that outrageous fashion, for the debt I owe you is going to be paid in full this very afternoon," nodding in an energetic way at the card inserted between the frame and glass, in one corner of the ten-by-twelve looking-glass. "We can't afford to carry about such a weight of indebtedness any longer, can we, Kit?" And in the fullness of her satisfaction, she caught up the child and

whirled with her in an eccentric circle, until she was giddy and Kitty convulsed with merriment.

Then she donned the natty sack, covered the short, crisp curls with a little snow-white hood, kissing her hand to the child who watched her from the window as she ran across the street.

Left alone, Kitty employed herself in arranging the scattered sheets that lay upon the table, putting dolly to bed and setting the room in order against her sister's return. Then she looked from the window, but the street was a quiet one, and the snow was so white and shining it blinded her and gave her a headache. A chilliness crept over her, and she moved her low chair near the stove, but the heat seemed worse than looking at the snow, for it made her so giddy she could hardly creep to the low bed where Mell found her lying, moaning with pain and tossing from side to side in a burning fever.

Unskilled and frightened as the girl was, she exerted herself to the utmost to make the little sufferer comfortable, moistening her feverish lips, trying to hush her low moans, rocking her softly, holding the hot hand and gazing at the little flushed face in a stupor of bewilderment and agony. The dawn found the child no better, and Mell, not daring to leave her charge, bribed one of the house-maids to run for a doctor.

A pompous little man, carrying a gold-headed cane and doling out his words with slow distinctness, answered the summons. Pronouncing the disease scarlet fever, in its worst form, and writing out a prescription, he departed, with a promise to come again at night. All day Mell sat beside the low bed, or held the light form in her arms, administering the medicines and bestowing every possible care, with not a thought for her own weariness. And so, for many days, the motherly girl toiled on without rest or sleep, except such brief snatches as she could get while keeping her dreary vigils.

Beside the daily visit of the physician, there was nothing to break in on the sad monotony of her life; and so long as Kitty's case seemed desperate, she felt that she could work and watch incessantly, but when the doctor, with his usual pomposity, pronounced his patient entirely out of danger, she began to feel her need of rest. The long watching and loss of sleep began to tell upon her delicate organization. With her pale face and heavy eyes, slow step and languid air, she was very

different from the bright-faced, energetic girl we first met.

Added to her weariness of body, she had a new difficulty weighing upon her mind, the little purse she had substituted for the lost porte-monnaie was almost empty, and before it could be replenished she knew she must arouse from her apathy; but with Kitty needing still a great deal of attention, her head aching, her brain feeling empty, and her mind in a half-torpid state, she recognized the utter impossibility of accomplishing anything toward the bettering of her financial affairs.

Kitty broke in upon her musings.

"Mell, sing 'Happy Land' I want to go to sleep."

She took the light form in her arms, smoothed the golden hair, and in a low voice sang the hymn, and as she sang a peace fell upon her heart as softly as dew upon thirsty flowers. She forgot her troubles while thinking of that blessed country "far, far away." Never had it seemed so near to her, or so real, as when, lying down the sleeping child, she sank upon her knees beside the bed and offered up a prayer. Weary and care-burdened as was her heart, it was yet childlike and full of love.

Presently there was a knock at the door. Mell hastened to open it and confronted Mrs. Gibson, the boarding-house mistress. With a terrible sinking of heart, Mell invited her in, readily divining her errand.

"I thought I'd come up and see if you could let me have some money to-night. There's three weeks' board due, and here's the bill all made out."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Gibson, but I have not the amount in my possession, just at present. Kitty's medicines and the doctor's fees have taken nearly every cent; but if you'll be so kind as to wait, I shall earn some more in a very few days, and your bill shall be paid."

"O yes, I've no doubt; but the long and short of it is I *can't* wait. Either you pay your board, or you can vacate this room and give place to some one who *will* pay."

"O Mrs. Gibson," cried Mell, in great distress, "you couldn't be so hard as to turn us away, and Kitty still so weak. I will pay you, indeed I will, just as soon as I can."

But the woman was not to be put off.

"I tell you, the money I must have or you go to-morrow. I shouldn't make much, I reckon, keepin' boarders and lettin' my rooms to the likes of you. Why on earth don't you go to work, like any other sensible girl and

try to get an honest living. You sit here all day and scribble, and it don't amount to anything in the end."

There was no use telling her that she commenced by losing her money, and then Kitty fell sick; the irate woman was open to conviction only upon one topic, and that, the necessity of having her pay directly; falling in that, the equal necessity of having her rooms vacated at once. The most Mell could do was to gain a reluctant consent to her petition to be allowed to remain one day longer, in order to gain time to find another home, though in the desperate state of her finances, the idea seemed almost impracticable.

Little sleep visited her that night, and with the earliest dawn she was astir, endeavoring to ensure Kitty's comfort during her absence.

Such a hunt as she had that day, down one street and up another, endeavoring to discover some sort of a tenement in which she could hire a room, wherein to bestow the few articles of furniture that had served her simple house-keeping purposes ever since the two girls had been left orphaned and alone. She imagined people looked upon her suspiciously, and half fancied some evil-disposed person had preceded her, crying:

"Here comes a girl who hasn't any money; look out for her!"

Sad and despairing, she turned her steps backward, without having accomplished the purpose with which she set forth. She had a half-formed plan of going to the editor for whom she wrote, telling him her wants, and asking him to advance a sum sufficient to help her over her difficulties. Once out of these embarrassments, and with Kitty convalescing so rapidly, she felt she could soon repay the loan.

Her sister met her with a very bright smile, and before Mell was fairly in the room, burst out with:

"O Mell, such a handsome, kind gentleman has been here."

"A gentleman! Did he come to look at the room?"

That was her first thought. Perhaps they were to be instantly turned out to make room for a new tenant.

"No; he came to see *me*. He *said* so!" noting her sister's incredulous smile. "And he asked after you," with an air of triumph.

"After me! Kitty, you must have dreamed all this."

"No, indeed;"—with intense disgust—"I was wide awake when Biddy brought him up."

See here!" exhibiting two large oranges. "He gave me these, and I am going to give you one. I told him I should."

"See here, Kitty," taking the child in her lap; "it isn't just the thing for little girls like you to be having calls from strange gentlemen. Now tell me who he was and all he said."

"I didn't think to ask him his name. How I wish I had! But he told me the funniest stories, and O! he has a little niece at home, named Fannie, and he is going to bring her to see me!"

"Worse and worse!" laughed Mell; "you not only receive your friend during my absence, but have already arranged for another meeting. I think you deserve a little surveillance; but as I have no idea your unknown will return again to-night, I will leave you for a little while."

Mell arose, opened the door, and ran straight into the arms of the buxom Biddy, who, with an ejaculation of surprise at the collision, extended to her a letter.

"For me, Biddy?" taking it with some hesitation, since she had no correspondents.

"Sure, an' it's for yes. The small boy that brought it said would I give it to yes soon as Iver yes came back." And sure enough, there was her name in good, fair characters.

Wondering greatly, she tore open the envelope, and out dropped two crisp bank bills!

"Kitty," said Mell, "I think my adventure is stranger than yours, and am very sure it is more profitable."

The suddenness and oddity of the whole thing quite took away her breath, and she could only clasp her hands in wonder and amazement. By degrees, however, her mind fastened upon the thought that she need no longer trouble herself about ways and means, when in her hand she held more than sufficient to satisfy Mrs. Gibson's demand and secure her good-will for weeks to come.

Dashing down the stairs, through dreary halls and dark corridors, she invaded the domain of her landlady and demanded her bill. Seeing how the land lay, Mrs. Gibson changed her tactics, and commenced a lame apology for her language of the last night.

"Business is business, you know, Miss Marsh. Times is hard and I must live. I'm sure you're welcome to stay as long as you choose, and I hope as how you'll lay up nothin' agin me."

Mell assured her she was not implacable.

Going up stairs, she was seized with dreadful misgivings. The money was not hers;

what right had she to use it? She had not the least idea from what source it came, and here had she gone and appropriated it as if she had an undoubted right to it. She was disgusted with herself, and out of all patience with the impulsiveness that had carried her headlong into an act she should probably repent all her life.

But it was done, and she could not, if she would, undo it. However, she should soon get to work, and her first care would be to lay aside a sum equal in amount to that she had so strangely received, so that if by any chance she ever discovered the mysterious donor, she might repay the loan.

The two had another of Mell's "famous suppers," with Kitty's oranges to flavor the meal, and Mell listened to the little girl's oft-repeated praises of her new friend, until she caught herself taking more interest in the theme than she had thought possible.

A petition for the "good, kind gentleman" was interpolated into Kitty's evening prayer, and when Mell fell asleep it was to dream of strange faces and bank bills, wonderfully intermingled.

She awoke with a clearer head than she had possessed for weeks, and for many days she wrote incessantly, while Kitty watched behind the half-closed blinds for the coming of her friend, sharing her vigils with dolly, to whom she imparted her hopes and fears in whispered communications. She was off the watch one day, however, and Mell had risen to answer a rap at the door, when Kitty sprang past her, and, seizing the hand of a gentleman, drew him in, shouting:

"I knew you'd come! Mell said you wouldn't, but I've looked for you every day."

The removal of the gentleman's hat revealed the features of Doctor Vesey Sherwood! Well, to be sure! Mell tried her best to appear dignified, but the gentleman was so gracefully courteous, and her sister's enthusiasm and delight so infectious, that she succeeded but poorly. Besides, Doctor Sherwood, though not near so old as she had thought him at their first meeting, had such a fatherly way when addressing her, that she felt quite at her ease with him after a few moments. He apologized for his intrusion.

"Hearing that Kitty was sick,"—"How had he heard it?" queried Mell;—"he called to see how she was progressing, and finding her so far recovered as to be beyond the need of medical science, he came now to offer some unprofessional advice. It was his conviction

that all she now needed was plenty of fresh air, and would respectfully submit that Miss Kitty be allowed to take a ride with himself and niece, who, he intimated, was anxiously awaiting them in the carriage."

Kitty made a rush for the window. Sure enough, there was a carriage drawn up to the curb-stone, the driver sat on the box, and a little girl's face was pressed against the window.

"Is that Fannie?" asked she.

"That is Miss Fannie Granger, and if your good sister consents, I'll be only too happy to take you down and introduce you."

Of course there was a fixed determination on Miss Kitty's part to go riding in the pretty carriage, not to mention that she would have been just as eager to accept the invitation, had Doctor Sherwood made his appearance in a milk cart and kindly tendered her a seat therein. Mell might as well have attempted to stay a young whirlwind, so she fastened the warm cloak and tied on the warm hood, though with evident reluctance; it seemed so odd to send the child off with a comparative stranger, and she watched the spruce coachman rein up the mettled horses and saw Kitty kissing her hand from the coach window, before she fully realized how it had all come about.

"Never fear, Miss Marsh," Doctor Sherwood had said; "we will bring the little girl back in safety."

So Mell sat down to her work, and was soon absorbed in it, delighted with the pictures her pen drew, and a happy actor in each scene her fancy sketched. She was in a delightful mood, and though it was always a pleasure for her to write, yet there were seasons, like the present, when it seemed a real necessity to give expression to her thoughts, when there was a peculiar fascination about the employment, and she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the hour. The pile of manuscript grew larger; the afternoon waned, and her story was concluded ere Kitty's return.

That young lady was escorted to her room, by Doctor Sherwood and Miss Fannie, a bright tinge of returning color in her cheeks, a happy light in her eyes, and so many wonderful things to relate, that, it was plain to be seen, she had enjoyed her ride immensely.

"You see I keep my promise and return Miss Kitty in safety; not only that, but, I flatter myself, with a large accession to her stock of health and spirits."

Mell acknowledged her indebtedness.

"You must pardon me, but I took her to my home, just out of the city. Fannie, here, had some treasures she insisted upon exhibiting; but I fancy she prefers to give her own account of our adventures; so with my best thanks to the little lady for the pleasure of her company, I think we will withdraw."

Mell caught the little girl in her arms, and, untying the pretty hood, said, "So you enjoyed your ride?"

"O so much!" giving her a rapturous hug and a brace of explosive kisses; "the carriage was so comfortable, and the horses almost flew over the ground, and the houses and fences seemed to fly backward swifter still. But, O Mell, you ought to see what a great house Mr. Sherwood lives in, and how beautiful everything looks, and Fannie's mother, Mrs. Granger, is such a sweet lady, and was dressed in silk, and her father is dead, and they live with Mr. Sherwood, and Fannie has a whole room for her playthings, and it's most full, too—and there's a hobby-horse and—O, a whole family of dolls, and they can walk, and cry, and shut their eyes up so!" and in giving a practical demonstration Kitty, lost the thread upon which her conjunctions were linked together, so her description came to an end—partly, too, it is to be suspected, from want of breath.

Mell enjoyed her enthusiastic delight, and the child talked until her eyes grew heavy and she dropped asleep in her sister's arms, rousing up once to say in a dreamy tone:

"Fannie's largest—doll—is named—Bella!" the last in the sleepest of drawls.

A few more days passed in real earnest work, when one morning, after a brisk walk to and from the publishing-house, Mell entered her room to find it in the possession of Doctor Sherwood with Kitty and Fannie perched on either knee, and a lady who was presented to her as Mrs. Granger. The young girl's color was much heightened by her walk, and she looked quite charming, as, with a pretty timidity quite natural to her, she came forward to greet her unexpected visitors. Mrs. Granger was cordial and smiling.

"The doctor would make me come," she said. "He has a request to make of you, and fearing you might not grant it he brought me to intercede for him."

"You are very kind," said Mell; "and Doctor Sherwood has already placed me under so many obligations I could not think of refusing any request of his; though I am at a loss to know how I can serve you, sir."

"Then I'll tell you. We came for the express purpose of carrying you both off with us. If you will put yourself entirely under our control, and allow us to run away with you, you will ensure our eternal gratitude."

"You are both much too kind," said Mell, overwhelmed with confused delight, at the unexpected pleasure thus held out in perspective. "I'm afraid we should trouble you."

"On the contrary," put in Mrs. Granger, "it is your company which we have counted upon to make the ride pleasant. We have quite made up our minds, and you know a disappointment at the commencement dampens one's ardor and throws a shadow over all that comes after."

"You cannot have the heart to refuse, and thus spoil our enjoyment," asserted the doctor.

So it was settled. Kitty condescended to moderate her exhibitions of delight long enough to be arrayed for the ride, and as Mell locked up her one little room, and dropped the key in her pocket, she could not forbear a smile at the queer turn in her fortune ever since the first day of her meeting with Doctor Sherwood.

Kitty's description of the comfortable carriage, the prancing horses, and the smooth roads just sprinkled with snow, had not been too highly colored. Mell enjoyed it all thoroughly, leaning back upon the luxurious cushions, watching the winter landscape, replying now and then to some remark from her companions, and when, after a lengthy drive, the carriage drew up at a gateway opening upon an avenue lined on both sides with Norway spruces, standing in their frost-defying greenness, she had no difficulty in deciding that she, too, was to be allowed a peep at Mr. Sherwood's home.

The carriage drew up near a wide piazza, the children skipped up the steps and were at once lost to sight, while Mell followed Mrs. Granger at a more leisurely pace.

Within, all was luxurious and tasteful. There were flowers and books in abundance, and Mell felt as if she had entered a new world; but, strange to say, she was as much at home as if she had all her life lived in the midst of just such luxuries.

Mrs. Granger disappeared to overlook some household concern, while Doctor Sherwood confined his attention to the entertainment of Miss Marsh. There were books to be talked over, pictures to be examined, and the an-

nouncement of dinner found the two in a very animated discourse. The children entered with the dessert, and Kitty confided to Mell, in a low whisper, that they were having "grand fun," in the nursery.

It was all like a fairy tale—the dainty table service, massive silver and cut-glass—well-trained servants who seemed to know just what you wanted, before you were more than half-conscious of wanting anything; delicate jellies and cooling ices, fragrant oranges and bouncing, rosy-cheeked apples; the warmth and fragrance which made a perpetual summer within the house, and the evidences of taste and wealth on every hand.

"O!" said Mell, as she sat in her room that night, and smiled to mark the contrast between it and the home of Doctor Sherwood, "I think I must have been born to live in the midst of elegance and beauty, I feel so at home among them;" sighing to think how improbable it was that she should ever be able to satisfy her sybaritical tastes.

During the following weeks, there were many such expeditions, and Mell grew as enthusiastic over Doctor Sherwood as ever Kitty had been, only the former kept her opinions to herself, which was, in itself, a dangerous symptom.

She was living in the present, without a thought of what was to result from this constant and familiar intercourse with one so much her superior in wealth and station.

But there came a June day when she thought of the poet's words,

"'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green or for sky to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living:'"

and as she listened, beneath the summer sky, in the midst of the beautiful verdure with which the season had decked the earth, with the balmy winds sweeping the sweet briars scents across her cheek and the boughs of a drooping elm waving above her—to the words of Doctor Sherwood's frank avowal, she realized that the love he offered was the blessing without which her life was incomplete.

"See here," said the gentleman, holding up something at arm's length, "here is an article I once found. Observe it closely and tell me if you ever beheld it before."

"O," cried Mell, springing after it, "that is my poor little, lost porte-monnaie."

"Yes;" holding it up beyond her reach;

"and before I return it, I expect to be, as the advertisers say, liberally rewarded!"

It was not the breath of June that swept over her flushed cheek and drank the intoxicating sweetness of her crimson lips.

"I found it directly after you had left the store, and learned your address from the enclosed card."

"Yes," said Mell, "and you sent me,

anonymously, a couple of bank bills, in order, I suppose, to quiet your conscience, which must have troubled you badly, for your dishonesty in retaining my porte-monnaie!"

Doctor Sherwood stayed the saucy words, in a summary manner, and Mell, breathless with happiness, marvelled that,

"Love's mystic words should take so sweet a tone,
And of all names, his lips should choose 'My Own.'"

ONCE.

BY P. L.

Yes, I remember, 'tis the same old place,
The mosses clambering over the roof,
The green and black knit in the woof,
But I look in vain for your sweet face.

The shade is dark from the roadside tree,
The garden walk is ne'er o'ergrown
With guelder roses, that now are blown,
But not for you, Elayne, to see.

The old flower plot, with weed and root
Is covered and must soon decay.

While sauntering down the walk to-day
I found the impress of your foot.

And quick as thought, I fancied you
There by my side—saw your fair face,
Clothed in that sweet, tender grace
That angels wear beyond the blue.

But the dream is past. Spring no more
Blooms in the tinted roses' heart;
The thorn appears—its cruel smart
Poisons the melody life once wore.

ON A MOUNTAIN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

RAFE DUBOIS and I were friends—friends at the northern boarding-school, "with all the advantages of a home," to which we were sent, he from the South, I from the West—friends and classmates in the halls of dear old Alma Mater—friends finally in the city which we decided to honor with our residence, and by the practice of our professions; a city in whose charming society we were received with that cordiality so universally extended to young men of good family and flourishing prospects. A charming society, indeed! What lovely women, what high-bred men, are to be met in that fair city of Baltimore! What more appropriate name could have been found for the fairest sister of the Rose family than "Baltimore Belle?" Maiden or rose, who could claim that title, must needs be queen among roses or maidens.

For the first five years of our residence in Baltimore, this diploma of pre-eminence was awarded successively to three most beautiful women, while a throng of lesser lights, any

one of whom would have been a marvel anywhere else, circled about the throne, and Rafe and I, intoxicated by the variety and conflicting charms of the rival beauties, flitted from one to another, admiring the figure of Georgiana, the features of Chloe, the piquant wit of Catharine, and the simplicity of little Nelly.

Suddenly a busy murmur began to pervade the joyous circle in which we moved. We were to have a new belle—a beauty who should eclipse our triumvirate of queens, as they eclipsed the whole world beside.

"Who is she?" was asked by everybody of everybody else, and the answer of those who knew ran in this wise:

"Her name is Eleanora, she is just nineteen years old, and belongs to one of the best northern families, on her father's side, as she does by the mother's to one of the best here. She thus inherits the wit and intellect of the North, with the grace and beauty of the South. She has been educated in England

and Paris, where her parents have resided for some years, and—she is an heiress.”

Rafe and I, chief among the *flâneurs*, were first in the crowd of courtiers at the foot of this new queen's throne. She was more than had been promised—she was perfect—and her manner, too, was something as yet unknown, combining the gracious dignity of the sovereign with the timid softness of the woman. What need to describe her? Those who have seen her, will never forget her—those who have not, could not comprehend her by any effort of pen-craft. Of course I fell in love with her—wildly, madly, completely. I poured out my soul to my friend, who listened silently, and for the first time in our lives, offered no sympathy, and no assent to my burning words. His coldness struck a chill to my own heart.

“Why do you not speak, Rafe? Is she not perfect?”

“She is very pretty,” said Rafe, coldly. “But I must bid you good-morning, or I shall be late for an appointment I have made.”

From that hour commenced an estrangement between my friend and me, more on his side than on mine, however. He never came to my rooms; was rarely at home or disengaged when I called upon him; and we, who had pressed each other's hands two or three times a day ever since we were men, did not now see each other oftener than we did our commonest acquaintances. This estrangement distressed me, and would have done so more but that every thought and sensation had become absorbed in my love for Eleanora, and in contriving plans to bring myself into her notice. I began to hope that I gained ground. Surely she listened more kindly to my murmured complaints than to those of others, smiled more graciously at my approach, and bowed more reluctantly at my departure. I ventured to offer her trifling gifts at Christmas, New Year's, and upon her birthday, but she would not accept anything more than flowers or some toy—such as receive their only value from the affection entertained for the giver.

At last, emboldened by her having told me she longed to smell some hyacinths, I made a collection of the most perfect I could find, placed them in rosy-tinted glasses, waited till they were beginning to bloom, and then despatched them by my servant, with a note to Eleanora begging her to accept them from me. After some delay, the man returned with a billet, as perfumed as the flowers, and

more gracious than I had dared to expect. That evening I called upon Eleanora, resolved to ask an interview with her father for the next morning, if I could read permission in the daughter's eyes.

She was surrounded by visitors, and I could not exchange one word with her alone. My hyacinths were blooming on the little table where she always sat to draw or write, and as she bowed at my entrance, a vivid blush tinged her cheek, like the reflection of the dawn on the Jungfrau's virgin crest.

“May I see you to-morrow morning for a few moments, and at what hour?” asked I of my stately host, as I encountered him a little apart from the group which filled the drawing-room.

“I shall be very happy to see you at any hour in the forenoon you may find it convenient to call, Mr. Norton,” replied the gentleman. And I returned home in a condition only appreciable by those who have been through a similar experience.

Upon the steps of my hotel I met Dubois.

“Is it you, Harry?” said he, in the genial tone of three months before. “I have just been up to see you. Shall I come back and smoke a cigar with you now, or are you busy?”

“No, no, Rafe—come in,” said I, forgetting, in the joyful throng of feelings which crowded my heart, that any break had occurred in our ancient intimacy.

Still an undefinable feeling prevented my telling to Rafe all I hoped for the morrow; and as we sat chatting over our cigars, and my part was principally that of listener, while he, after sundry complaints at the increasing heat of the weather, and speculations as to where this or that one would go for their recreation, suddenly proposed that we should set out upon a pedestrian tour through the New England States.

I shook my head. “Impossible, my dear fellow,” said I, decidedly; but just then a grim, ominous doubt intruded among my bright anticipations, and I added, in a lower tone:

“Perhaps, though, by to-morrow night I may be glad to say yes.”

“To-morrow night?” asked Rafe, eagerly; “why then more than now?”

“Because—because—I am going to see some one to-morrow,” said I, embarrassed as a girl at the question.

“And on ‘some one's’ answer to your offer—I should say proposition—depends your wish to leave the city or to remain.”

"Exactly, my dear Rafe."

A pause ensued. I, wrapped in rose-colored dreams, did not notice my companion, and indeed had quite forgotten his presence, when he seized his hat, and without looking at me, said, while opening the door:

"I will be here to-morrow night."

The night and the early morning, though containing seemingly at least forty-eight hours, passed at length, and at eleven o'clock I bounded up the steps which had so often kissed the sole of that tiny shoe, to whose pressure I longed to offer my neck. As I did so, I caught sight of a white-clad figure turning abruptly from the window.

"Timid darling," thought I, "she would not have me know that she watched for me."

My heart, beating joyfully with the sweet confirmation of my hopes, which I drew from this slight incident, I rang at the door, which was immediately opened by old Joseph, between whom and myself already existed a feeling of remarkable friendliness, considering the few words that had gone to establish it; but I fancied the old fellow knew and approved of my intentions, in so often requiring his services in opening his master's door for me. This morning, however, he was evidently embarrassed and ill at ease. He bowed in return to my "Good-morning, Joseph," with more than his usual politeness, but did not move one step out of the doorway to allow my entrance.

"Your master is at home?" said I, more affirmatively than interrogatively, making at the same time a step forward.

"No sir, master is not at home; he went out an hour ago, sir," replied Joseph, retaining his position.

"Are you sure? He had an appointment with me—did he leave no message?"

"No sir."

"Well, I will come in and wait. Miss Eleanora is at home, is she not?"

"Miss Eleanora is engaged, sir, but she said if you called upon her this morning, I was to hand you this note."

I took the note, and with an effort said, cheerfully, "O yes, I understand now, Joseph. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir," said the man, and closed the door.

I turned away and walked swiftly down the street, crumpling the little rose-colored billet between my fingers. I did not need to read it—I felt it. Felt it in the faint sickness that unmanned my heart—felt it in the bitter

gloom which darkened my eyes—felt it in the numb despair which paralyzed my brain.

It was not till I had locked myself into my chamber that I broke the seal of Eleanora's note. Then I read these words:

"Mr. Norton can neither be surprised nor offended that my father, at my request, has left home without seeing him, when he learns that I have been informed of the motive which has procured us the honor of his acquaintance. I have not communicated the intelligence to my father, as I do not wish Mr. Norton to fall by his hand, but hope, on the contrary, he will live long enough to see in its true light the insult he has meditated towards one who was disposed to think highly of him. Mr. Norton will agree with me that the easiest mode of dropping an acquaintance, now no doubt undesirable to both, will be to discontinue it at once and altogether. E. M."

I read these words again and again, without, however, gathering any idea from them except that my acquaintance with Eleanora was at an end.

Insult! what insult had I meditated toward her? Was it the offer of my life, which I had been so anxious to lay at her feet? This supposition did more to restore me to calmness than anything else could have done, for if that was Eleanora's meaning I could scorn the petty pride which dictated it, and there is no antidote to love like scorn. A knock at my door aroused me.

"A box for you, sir," said the servant.

I received a large paste-board box in my hands, laid it on the table, and relocked the door. Opening it, I found every little offering I had dared to make to my divinity. They were few enough in number, and so trifling in value, that to return them was an insult. Indeed, the principal contents of the box were the Bohemian glasses, in which, the night before, I had been so proud to see my hyacinths blooming. There they were; the water poured from them, but the plants remaining with their roots clinging to the empty glasses like starving birds to the wires of their cage.

I kindled a fire upon my hearth, feeding it at first with the little notes which I had written her from time to time, then as it grew stronger, laid upon it the turquoise-mounted riding-whip which Eleanora had allowed me to present her because I had broken hers—then a quaint old illuminated missal which I had purchased of a travelled friend—then a

pair of gloves which, as a sorry jest, had been sent her as a valentine, and which she had correctly imputed to me, though I had never acknowledged them—then some sheets of music, one or two engravings, and then I took the hyacinths from their glasses, kissed them one by one, inhaling their fragrant breath, and breaking their stems with an unconscious imitation of the executioner's *coup de grace*, laid them upon the fire and watched them shrivel and heard them crackle with the same creeping thrill which the sufferings of a sentient creature would have caused.

Nothing remained but the vases. I took a little hammer from my geological cabinet, and shattered them where she had placed them.

"So perish my rose-colored dream," muttered I, as they lay before me a heap of shapeless fragments; "perish like the glass—as rosy, brilliant, and as frail."

Another knock—I threw the box and its contents into the fire-place, put the screen again before it, and opened the door. It was Rafe.

"Are you busy? do I intrude?" asked he, with an excess of politeness which annoyed me.

"Of course you don't," replied I, roughly. "I expected you—to-night at least."

"Yes, but it is now nearly five o'clock, and I came to ask you to dine with me. We can talk about our tour then, that is if you have decided yet."

"I'll go—when can you start?"

"O, in two or three days."

"To-morrow morning, if at all."

"To-morrow morning! but you have made no preparations for your—your business."

"My partner will see to that; my preparations are made. I shall go to-morrow morning—somewhere—if you choose to accompany me, very well."

"Well, I will try," said Rafe, slowly, and trying, as he spoke, to look at my face, which I studiously averted.

"To give you more time for your preparations," resumed I, "we will not dine together; in fact, I am engaged, and must decline the invitation."

"*Allons donc*, I will be here at ten—shall we say—to-morrow morning?"

"Yes—ten—good-morning." And closing the door, I seated myself to a banquet of fierce and bitter memories and fancies, from which feast I did not rise till late in the night.

The next morning we commenced our journey—the particulars of which possess but

little interest for the reader, until one July afternoon, when Rafe and I, two embrowned and foot-sore pedestrians, found ourselves at the foot of Mount Washington, the king of the White Mountains. We were advised by the landlord of the hotel at which we dined, not to attempt the ascent before the next morning, as he foreboded a thunder-storm, and even if the weather were fair, we could not possibly accomplish the ascent and descent before night. But Rafe and I agreed that the thunder-storm would be witnessed to greater advantage from an elevated position, and that it would be worth while to spend the night in the open air for the sake of the next morning's sunrise. Accordingly, with laughing thanks for our host's caution and advice, we set out upon our upward journey, and laughing as we went, trusting to our youth and health and our water-proof ponchos against the ill effects of any ordinary shower.

Time, motion, absence and determination had effaced from my mind much of the despairing bitterness which had at first filled it, to the exclusion of every other feeling. I still loved Eleanora—at least I feared to think much about her, lest I should do so, and I had reasoned myself into the belief that she had been misled by some report prejudicial to me. I had resolved, on returning to the city, to write, requesting, in fact demanding, a full explanation. I felt that were I to see her, I could speak words which would make this haughty woman humble herself before me, as the injurer should before the injured, the unjust judge before the innocent condemned.

Many a time, as Rafe and myself walked in silent companionship, had I mentally depicted the interview, which I had resolved Eleanora should grant me, but I never confided the story of the past, or the determination of the future, to my friend, and though I must have been unconsciously silent for hours, he never inquired the subject of my reveries. In fact, Rafe was as much changed as myself. He, too, had long reveries, upon what subject he did not speak; and his manner towards me was uncertain and variable. Sometimes he was affectionate, almost humble in his demeanor; sometimes cold, silent, and almost fierce. I do not think that either of us took great satisfaction in being together, and yet a nameless sympathy seemed to bind us to each other, and to supply the place of our former serene friendship. So we journeyed on till we came to the July afternoon on which we were ascending Mount Washington.

We reached the summit a few moments after the sun set, and as he disappeared, the black thunder-cloud which had lifted to allow him to bid good-night to the world, dropped again before his couch, and seemed to shut out at once, with its black immensity, every lingering ray of light.

"How dark it grows!" exclaimed Rafe.

As if in mocking comment upon his words, a lightning bolt burst from the cloud, which, heavy with electricity, seemed passing down upon our head, and enveloping us for a moment in its sulphurous glare, struck a tree in the forest below us. The thunder at the same moment pealed about us, echoing from the surrounding pinnacles:

"Demanding and responding in God's name."

"This is awful," said I, as the last mutter died away.

"Fearful," responded Rafe.

The rain now began to patter and plash upon the rocks about us in great isolated tearlike drops. Descending the mountain a short distance, we sought and soon found a shelter beneath an overhanging cliff. The storm was terrific; lightning flashed and thunder pealed incessantly, and the fierce hissing rain came in between the great crashes like a wailing minor accompaniment.

Suddenly we became conscious that the water was running down into the hollow in which we crouched, with such rapidity as to entirely submerge us.

"Come, Harry," exclaimed Rafe, suddenly, "this wont do for me, nor you either. Sunrise is a fine thing, a very fine thing; but I don't think it will pay us for the rheumatic fevers which we shall both be laid up with, if we stay here all night. Let's go back to the hotel."

"But how are we to get there? It's quite dark now, except for the flashes."

"Well, one thing is certain, we can't stay here. We must try and find the path, and then try to keep it, going along very slowly of course; anything would be better than to be drowned in this fashion. Come, let us try; I will be guide."

"Very well. But stop; first let us take off our cravats, and tie them together; then you shall take one end and I the other in our hands. In this way we cannot become separated; and if one falls into danger, the other can save him."

"A very good plan. We had better tie them tight to our wrists, however, and make

the length greater by our pocket handkerchiefs."

I assented. And after having thus firmly connected ourselves, we stood up, waiting for a flash to guide us to the path. We waited long, for the storm, excepting the rain which still fell heavily, had abated, and the thunder whispered in the distance like the sobs of a child, who, after a fit of fury, has sobbed himself to sleep.

At last, however, a faint and quickly vanishing light showed us the path which we wished to regain, and we instantly went toward it. But the momentary light had only served to bewilder us, and the succeeding darkness seemed more impenetrable than before. I was just about to propose to Rafe that we should try to regain our partial shelter under the rock, when another flash of lightning, much brighter than the former, showed us the path distinctly, and he exclaimed, "there it is; now we have it; we can at least go some distance, and to be in motion, wet as we are, is better than sitting still."

"Lead on, then, if you are quite sure."

"Quite"—and for some moments we walked slowly and steadily on.

"We were quite in the right to start," said Rafe. "I was getting thoroughly chilled where we were, and I do not believe you were feeling very comfortable, were you?"

"I confess I was not; but we shall soon be all right. The moon must have risen long ago, and if these clouds break away we shall soon have light enough to see very well by."

"Yes, in an hour or so we shall be—O, good God—"

As the last words, uttered in a tone of agony which contrasted powerfully with the light tone in which the sentence was commenced, fell upon my ear, I felt myself violently dragged to the earth, and a sudden and heavy weight pulling at my right arm, to which the rope was tied connected me with Rafe. Instinctively groping about with my disengaged hand, I perceived that I lay face down on the brink of a precipice, over whose edge my arm was carried in a very painful manner, by the weight attached to it.

"Good heavens, Rafe, what has happened?" called out I, eagerly.

"Can you hold on, or shall I drag you over too?" replied Rafe, in a stifled voice. "I cannot help myself at all, for in my fall I have dislocated my arm; and the rock retreats so that I cannot use my feet. Can you draw me up, or even keep me where I am till morning?"

"I'll try, Rafe. Keep up a good heart, old boy. Do you suffer much?"

"Not so very much," replied the voice, faintly.

"Perhaps I can draw you up." And I tried to draw up my right hand sufficiently to reach it with my left. This, however, was impossible; and I perceived that every movement, so far from benefitting my friend, was depriving him of his only chance of life, by dragging me over after him. I desisted from my exertions, and only tried to make good my position. But a faint, numb feeling began to steal over me, and I was considering whether it would not be best to end our mutual agony by suffering myself to be drawn over the precipice at once, when I heard Rafe's voice faint and hoarse:

"Harry, listen to me. I am going to end this. I can feel that I am slowly dragging you toward me, and long before morning we shall both be dead, if I was base enough to permit it. I have something to say, and then I shall cut the cord which holds me to life. Strange justice, that I should die by the cutting of a cord," added he, with a wild laugh, that sent a shudder through my veins.

"Harry, I have wronged you bitterly—bitterly. You must forgive me, though, for I am a dying man. Do you forgive me?"

"Speak quick—Eleanora?" exclaimed I, fiercely.

"Yes; Eleanora. I loved her—loved her from the very first. But I saw that you loved her too; and you were handsomer, richer, more elegant, nobler than I. I knew that she could love you, and she did. I was frantic with love for her—with jealousy of you, and ancient friendship at war in my heart. I saw you that night—so proud, so happy—it roused a devil in my soul; and I went home and wrote—wrote to her."

The voice grew very faint and gasping; his strength was failing him through pain and anguish of body and mind. But I was pitiless in the storm which his last words had evoked.

"Go on," muttered I.

"I wrote—that—she ought to know the reason of your pursuit of her—that you—Harry, I am a dying man—say you forgive me."

"Go on."

"That you had made a bet that you would be her accepted lover in three months from the time you were introduced to her, and that you boasted among the young men that she encouraged you."

"Villain—you dared."

"Shall I cut the rope now, Harry, or will you say you forgive me first?" And the faint and humble voice pierced my anger, and reached my heart.

"Hold on, Rafe, as long as you can, and I will do so. Tell me, was there anything more?"

"Nothing more—except—except that you had trifled with the affections of several young girls before."

"O Rafe! and was this new, untried love worth so much more than the friendship of thirty years?" said I, mournfully.

"Can you—can you—forgive me?" and I could hardly hear the hoarse whisper.

"Rafe, I forgive you from my inmost heart. You loved her hopelessly, and you lost your reason. You have repented long ago. You would have told me this if we had not been here."

A sharp, hissing sound, like silk threads being severed under great tension, was heard, and I suddenly felt the strain upon my whole frame relieved. Not too soon, either, for, absorbed in the narrative, I had suffered myself to be drawn downward, until half my body projected over the precipice.

But Rafe! I stretched my head down into the black abyss before me. I strained my eyes until it seemed to me that luminous sparks shot from them. I called aloud his name, but the black night returned neither sight nor sound.

Drawing myself backward, I sought to rise, but a vertigo seized me. I sank down upon my face. Presently, recovering a little, I rested my forehead upon my folded arms, and fell immediately into a lethargic sleep.

From this I was aroused by some one shaking my arm, and speaking my name. Languidly opening my eyes, I saw in the dim morning twilight a form bending over me, which, after a moment of recollection, I thought to be my friend's spirit.

"What is it, Rafe," said I, feebly. "I forgave you."

"I know you did, Harry, and perhaps that was the reason my fall did not kill me. I can give you no other reason, for it was quite terrible enough."

"Then you are not dead?"

"No, Harry, not dead; nor do I wish now that I were, though I have for many weeks. Come, dear old friend, take my whole arm, for I believe you are more shaken by this night's work than I, and let us go back to the

hotel. From there I am going to write to Eleanora, and then pursue my journey alone, for I suppose you will be going home."

Rafe did as he had promised, and that afternoon we parted—never to meet again, for the next year my old friend died in Florence.

Soon after, I was in Baltimore, but did not call anywhere, until one day I received a little water-colored drawing, representing a simple bouquet of hyacinths, in whose graceful grouping and artistic coloring I should have recognized a familiar hand, had not my attention

been engrossed in the effort to decipher an infinitesimal scroll in the corner, which finally, under the scrutiny of a microscope, resolved itself into the words "Eleanora pinxit."

Not a week after that day, I enjoyed my promised interview with the father of the fair artist, and in less than a year she became my own dear wife.

We have as yet but one child, a little girl, to whom my wife has given the name of Hyacintha.

DEFEATED.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

ALL was confusion: Lemont lay at the feet of Alice Graham, still and pale as death, his friends bending over him to stanch the blood that gushed from the ugly cut in his forehead. Within, a group of awed bystanders pressed to the low windows of the breakfast-room, whence he had been carried into the fresh air.

Miss Graham gazed as one spell-bound into the face before her. So strong was the sensation of the moment that she was hardly conscious of a real thought. Sitting on the veranda in the cool of the summer morning, dreaming the young dreams of eighteen, those misty, rose-colored visions had suddenly vanished, as there came that indefinable feeling, that quick catching of heart and breath, that instant of agonizing suspense, which sometimes warns us of danger. There were strange sounds within, where, but just before, all had been laughter and gayety, and directly after Maynwaring and Harding had stepped through the open window and laid Lemont there, just at her feet, as it happened. All the clear, fresh color faded out of her face, but stooping quickly she held her vialgrette to restore him to consciousness. When did her breath on his cheek, the slightest touch of her hand, fail to move him before! Even in the apprehension of the moment, Maynwaring caught himself wishing it were he lying there lifeless, that over him the soft golden curls might be dropped, to aid him the small white hand extended. Nevertheless, this did not prevent Duncan Maynwaring from proving as helpful and tender, in his care for the young man, as

if he had been his brother instead of a dangerous rival.

In the doorway stood a gentleman whose attention seemed divided between that prostrated figure and the sweet blonde beauty of Alice Graham. Tall and fair herself, one would have expected him to be better pleased with Julia Maynard, a sparkling brunette, or, indeed, with almost any other lady than that superlative blonde, Miss Graham, whose hair outshone sunshine, and whose complexion was that of a white rose which has caught a faint flush from a crimson neighbor leaning on either side.

Under the strong, reviving influence of her ammonia, the power that held death-locked the consciousness of Lemont gradually gave way, and he stirred faintly. Very faintly, at first, but the movement was perceptible to the anxious watchers, and, in a little more, a shiver ran through his frame, color returned to his cheek and lip, and slowly the white lids unveiled the great dark eyes beneath. His gaze turned wonderingly around on the silent group, the blood-stained handkerchief, and was lifted at length to the face above him. Then it was as if heaven were visible in his eyes, a heaven reflected from within. With a smile of utter contentment he closed them again, while the eyes of the stranger, near by, grew cold and hard as the blue transparency of ice.

"Thanks to your hartshorn, Miss Graham, he's himself again," said Duncan Maynwaring, drawing a deep breath of relief. Then, the influence of alarm withdrawn which had held

their tongues speechless, there began a volley of eager questions and answers.

"How did it happen?" said Charlie Harding, sobered for once. "Why, Miss Maynard, we were sitting at breakfast just as usual, Lemont and I laughing at Maynwarding, when, all of a sudden, from no cause at all that I could see, unless he is growing delicate and a draft of air was too much for him, just as the door opened, Lemont melted away from his chair like a snow-wreath—at least, would have done so, if he had been one of you ladies, but, as it was, came down with a crash that startled us all, carrying plate and glass victorious before him, and lay prostrate on the floor. And that's all I know about it. Meanwhile, of course you will all lionize him ten times more than ever."

"O Mr. Harding," said the lady, playfully, "how absurdly you do talk! But you really must tell me who that gentleman is, the one by the further window. He must be a new arrival."

"Shall I bring him here to answer for himself?" asked Charlie, a little moodily.

"Yes," she answered, coolly, "if you know him, you may introduce him."

This was unexpected, but, veiling his annoyance as well as possible, Harding hastened to comply with her request, and after a few minutes left them together, with rather a vengeful glance at the new occupant of the seat beside Miss Maynard.

The usual common society ground of acquaintance was traversed, the beauties of weather, scenery, summer resorts, etc., had played their stereotyped parts, and Julia Maynard felt that she had advanced little toward her desideratum, a flirtation with Mr. Arbuthnot, who seemed the least plastic material her moulding hands had ever known. Politely unresponsive to her coquetties, his eyes turned, from time to time, to a far-away corner of the veranda, where a charming little picture might be seen: Alice Graham alone with Lemont, who, now recovered, leans against the pillar, with a handkerchief yet bound around his temples.

"Are you quite yourself now, Mr. Lemont?" asked Alice, suddenly breaking the silence. The great, dreamy eyes of her companion meet her own, as she looks up.

"Yes, quite myself, Miss Alice." And, after these simple words, speech dies away into a silence more eloquent.

What else exists, in all the world, beside these two, to whom heaven and earth change

places? what existed in Eden save its happy inmates, whose paradise lay not so much in that blissful country as in each other? What else existed there? Ah, but what entered? Not yet, however, has the flaming sword driven them from the charmed land; not yet, through miles of weary distance, do they look back to its sorrowful beauty.

Another sees the picture, framed in clustering bitter-sweet, and tries hard to choke down the hard, rebellious thoughts that arise in his heart at the sight. And he watches the sea not far distant, wave on wave creeping up the tawny sands to fall back baffled, restrained by the Power that saith, "Thus far and no farther."

"An emblem of my destiny; as useless as my efforts," he thought, as he gazed.

Nature cheers or saddens; chameleon-like, she takes the hue of our moods. The sea, blue, sunlit and scintillating near the shore, unfathomable purple afar, to others seemed opening into the beyond, unknown and beautiful, while Miss Maynard and her companion were talking of bathing, and trusting that the weather might continue pleasant.

In the hotel corridor, where the moonlight shone dimly through the window, Lemont met Arbuthnot. With a fierce gesture and a muttered oath, he caught him by the arm, and throwing open the door of his room, half dragging him in and motioning him to a seat.

"St. John, for God's sake, speak and tell me what it means!" but Arbuthnot looked at him with stony eyes.

"You mistake my name, sir, it is not St. John but Arbuthnot."

On Lemont's forehead the perspiration stood in drops. He clutched violently at the mantel to steady himself, gasping out:

"Great heavens! what a likeness!"

"Rather a tragical way of announcing it," sneered the other. "I assure you I know nothing of your friend, Mr. St. John, and—pardon me, Mr. Lemont, but I fear our farther conversation would only prove an unnecessary excitement in your present state." And bowing he left the room, while Lemont gazed after him with half-vacant eyes, offering no response to his good-evening.

The minutes dragged by unheeded, until nearly an hour had elapsed, while still he sat there, his face buried in his hands, only roused at length by noisy voices along the passage, as Maynwarding and Harding entered.

"Tip us a cigar, Lemont. Let us smoke in

honor of this occasion," said Charlie Harding, rather unsteadily.

"What occasion?" asked Lemont, looking up, gloomily.

"Why, the boating party! The fair Julie, my especial, and the divine Graham, are out rowing with Denvers and Mr. Arbuthnot. 'She's all my fancy painted her!' You haven't a dagger, or bowie-knife, or revolver, to lend me, have you?"

"I advise you to keep out of her sight, for to-night, at least," said Maynwaring, quietly, looking into the young man's flushed face.

"Hear him!" cried Harding. "Come, Lemont, where are your pledges? bring them on, old fellow, and we'll swear not to look on the wine when it is red."

"You would shut your eyes and drink it, then," said Maynwaring, "the first time Julia Maynard glanced in another direction."

"And how is it with the divine Alice, Lemont?" continued Harding; "if this philosopher wont allow us to pledge ourselves to abstinence, perhaps he will join us in drinking her health."

"I never drink," replied Lemont, quietly.

"That's too good!" shouted Harding, incredulously. "Come now, you mean to say you don't know the taste of wine?"

Lemont made no answer.

"Charlie," said Duncan Maynwaring, "it's evident that only politeness prevents Lemont from sending us away."

"O no," remonstrated Lemont, arousing himself from a fit of abstraction, "stay, by all means."

But Maynwaring dragged Harding off. The kindness was not lost on Lemont.

"When I die," he said to himself, "may Duncan Maynwaring's face be the last thing on earth I see."

Then another face arose before him, the moody sadness left his eyes, and with a half smile he gazed forth into the clear moonlight that seemed to beckon him. So out into the evening he went, the large bright stars overhead, the soft, dew-sparkled grass beneath, and wandered along a shady path in a dream-like, purposeless way, his heart full of a subtle intoxication.

Here and there the moonlight was obscured by the shadowy, sweet syringa, abloom with white tremulous stars. All beauty, whether of sight, or sound, or fragrance, touched a responsive chord in Lemont's nature. He threw himself down and breathed in the heavy, sensuous odor.

Some plants express whole histories in a single breath; one would think the very essence of a life's sweetness lay crushed up within their petals, so passionate, so sense—and almost soul-satisfying are they. Thus felt Lemont as the thick-woven syringas dropped their dew over him, while the lapping of the waves made far-off music, and the moon, with potent touch, transformed the common-place world into a fitting abode for angels or fairies.

For an hour or more he lay on the grass, careless of the balmy tears of the blossoms overdrooping, or the damp earth below, forgetful that too much happiness drains dry the cup of life, and that bitterest dregs underlie the froth and sparkle.

"Aren't you coming, Alice?" asked a voice, the clear treble of Julia Maynard. "No? well, then, good-night. But remember, there's madness in the moon."

"Worse madness in leaving it for anything more prosaic," laughed Alice, in reply.

"Ah, but where will be your roses to-morrow?"

"Moonlight never withered roses."

The nearing sound showed that Alice was coming straight toward the spot where Lemont lay, every nerve thrilling to the dying cadences of her voice, and her light step through the grass. Nearer still, she did not see him dark in shadow, her floating dress brushed him, as, in passing, she paused to break the syringa stems, dropping down the loosened petals amid a shower of spray. Then her gathered blossoms fluttered to the ground, and still humming a low refrain of an Italian love-song, she bent to lift them up. She touched his hair and he arose, checking her slight cry.

"O Mr. Lemont!" she said, her voice trembling, her heart throbbing with the exquisite thrill of that soft hair upon her fingers. "How you startled me! I fancied no one but myself had found out this sweet little nook."

Lemont did not tell her that, his window overlooking it, he had more than once seen her wend her way to this green retreat, wherein, accordingly, he had waited for her coming to-night, when she should return from rowing. Indeed, he did not speak, but only looked down at her in the moonlight. These silences on his part, though nothing new, never failed to embarrass her.

A shade of coldness seemed to grow upon her face, for, the barrier of speech withdrawn, Lemont had come too near. She felt the

warm magnetism of his presence too dangerous, and unwilling to surrender to this influence, made an effort to resist it.

"Mr. Lemont," she said, looking up with a smile shy in spite of itself, "the moonbeams on the waves, to-night, were positively magical. Such infinitesimal rainbows, prisms of perfect color, the oars threw up. My spirits were quite wild. Then we all grew imaginative and speculative; even practical Mr. Denvers; and Julia was a sibyl, and told our fortunes, and Mr. Arbuthnot, who says he is a physiognomist, read our faces. And then in some way the conversation turned on you, and Mr. Denvers declared you had a secret—"

"A secret?" repeated Lemont, "what sort of a secret?"

"O, one of the dark, mysterious sort, as far as I could judge. He says he has thought so from the first, and he related the legend of the man who always saw a face above his shoulder. Did you ever hear anything so absurd? and for a person like Mr. Denvers, too! If I had thought of it—"

"Well," replied her companion, very calmly, "what if you had fancied such a thing?"

"Why," replied the girl, surprised at something unusual in his manner, "they would have laughed at me; but as it was Mr. Denvers's sole deviation from common sense, I thought it would amuse you to see of what romance even he is capable."

"Yes," answered Lemont, "it was certainly amusing, and I am flattered that he should have selected me for his first essay at the fanciful. And now, what was your destiny as unfolded in the sibylline leaves, and your character as read by Mr. Arbuthnot?"

"For the first, my life will be very happy; and for the last—"

"But," interrupted Lemont, "happiness is so indefinite, it may mean anything."

"How can happiness be anything but itself?"

"There are all kinds for all persons: for some, pleasure, for others, renunciation. Forgiveness or revenge, love or hatred, we must look within for the definition."

"All that is too abstruse for my poor fortune, which consisted simply of the usual amount of love and jealousy, and lovers dark and fair."

"And which was chosen?" he asked, eagerly, as if the question was of the utmost importance.

"The blonde, I believe," she answered, blushing slightly.

"What utter—well, no matter. What did Mr. Arbuthnot say?"

"Ball-room compliments," said Alice, with a light laugh.

Lemont's face grew dark, then with one of his rapid changes, he bent toward her with a look in his eyes that she never forgot, mingled of love and longing, pain and passion infinite. It terrified her. She dared not yield, she dreaded the strength of the current that might sweep her along, the nature, so intense and fiery, that would absorb her own. Already, dizzy and bewildered as one who looks, fascinated, into a plunging torrent, shuddering at the might of its waves, she drew back from that long gaze.

"It is nearly eleven," she said, glancing at her watch. "I must go in. Mamma will tell me I was thoughtless."

Lemont drew her light shawl closer over her shoulders, and walked with her to the house. Quietly another figure, just beyond the syringas, moved away in the opposite direction.

Gradually matters began to go against Lemont. From a slight cause come serious effects; and that absurd fancy of Mr. Denvers was gaining ground. People now shunned him, although hardly able to express a more definite reason for doing so than was conveyed in the mysterious head shakings which greeted any mention of his name. But there is often more condemnation in a shake of the head than in a whole catalogue of accusations such as may be met and combated openly. Who knew anything of Lemont's antecedents, asked Society, which, charmed out of caution, at first, had taken him for granted, had petted and spoiled him, and now, at this late day, was inquiring into his previous life. Poor Lemont! An intangible shadow had clouded his existence, a shadow settling more and more heavily, and forbidding him to throw it off and step once more into the bright sunshine. Nor did he seek to escape its blight, meeting with haughty defiance the coldness of his former friends.

"Hang it, Lemont," said Charlie Harding, one day, "what's all this I hear? Everybody seems to be gossiping about you, but I can't for the life of me make out what it's all about. You haven't committed forgery, murder and the seven deadly sins? Make me your confessor if you have. If always seemed to me as if you ought to be a Catholic. There, by Jove! there's a stunning couple, Arbuthnot and Miss Graham. Julia told me, last night,

that it was not improbable, etc., etc., as Mrs. Graham was not averse, etc. She is wonderfully impressed in Arbuthnot's favor, it seems to me."

It was a peculiarity of Charlie Harding's that he could rattle on, for an indefinite length of time, with perfect carelessness of the feelings of others.

"Come, Lemont, you surely won't refuse to drink to the health of the prospective bride and bridegroom?"

"No," said Lemont, with sudden fierceness.

An hour afterward, out in the syringas, Arbuthnot and Alice Graham suddenly came upon a prostrate figure.

"Good heavens!" cried the latter. "It is Mr. Lemont. What is the matter? He is not dead?" fearfully, as she saw the white face and motionless form.

"No, not dead," replied Arbuthnot, with bitter scorn. "Let me take you to the house."

Although Alice, with her shuddering recollection of that scene, could never speak of it, the story was soon well-known—leaves, like walls, having ears—and it was rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongues of the young man's enemies.

"So fortunate, dear Mrs. Graham, that people had not yet begun to connect his name with Alice!" said a sympathizing friend.

"O, Alice had never any preference for him!"

Which came to the ears of Lemont.

Charlie Harding could not now bring against him a former complaint. Duncan Maynwaring strove steadily to hold him back from the ruin which seemed to lie before him; but Lemont, shaking off the restraining hand, would continue his reckless course. As the weeks passed by he grew thin and haggard, while dark circles around his eyes and lines about his mouth spoke plainly of the life he led.

"Poor fellow!" said Maynwaring, "they drove him to it with their idle gossip, suspicions founded on nothing." And all the more vigilant was his care for his unhappy friend.

"This afternoon, Lemont, for the sake of old times, come out with me; it will do you good," he begged, one day, and for once the good counsel prevailed.

"Now, my dear friend," continued Duncan, as they strolled together toward the shore, "I want to talk plainly with you. You are killing yourself."

"What if I am?" answered the young man, moodily. "Does that injure any one?"

"Yes," said Duncan, firmly; "no man has a right to destroy his life as you are doing. Life and death are solemn matters, whose adjustment is not for us."

Lemont snatched his arm from his companion's. "You will drive me mad!" he said, fiercely; and turning with a quick, impatient tread hurried off without a glance behind.

"I have offended him with my unsought advice," thought Maynwaring, looking after the lessening form. "Poor fellow! I'm afraid he will find experience a harder teacher yet. Well, I will not give him up, but by-and-by, when he is cooler, he will listen to me, perhaps. I will save him in spite of himself."

Lemont, leaving his friend, joined a group of loungers who were drinking and smoking together. Here, drinking recklessly and talking with a wild gayety far enough from any real mirth, he swallowed enough of the fiery poison to burn up reason and judgment without destroying that mechanical control of the senses over the body: then, leaving the others to calculate to a nicety how long a time would be necessary for his present course to kill him, he wandered moodily away, restless with the fire that was stinging blood and brain to an unnatural heat. In this mood he met Arbuthnot, who looked at him with a cold sneer, maddening to his excitement. He seized him roughly by the arm, but Arbuthnot, shaking off the unsteady grasp, said, with a hard, cruel emphasis:

"No violence, I beg. One trial is sufficient at the game of murder."

Lemont's arm dropped nerveless to his side, his cheek paling to a sudden, ghastly white, but recovering himself with an effort, he said, hoarsely:

"Who are you? what do you know? I will be answered!"

There was remorse, despair, almost frenzy in his face, but there was a fierce determination as well, which showed his mood not one to be trifled with. Arbuthnot looked at him for a moment with cool contempt, as if enjoying the storm he had raised, without, as it seemed, any intention of allaying it, then, some other thought prevailing, he said, after an instant's reflection:

"I am quite ready to give you any explanation which you may desire, Mr. Lemont. Shall we speak here or in your room?"

"Here!" said Lemont, impatiently. "For God's sake, whatever it is, let me hear it at once!"

The other, however, seemed in no haste to

assuage the tortures of his victim. Walking up and down the sequestered alley, he repeated, in a leisurely manner, a tale which silenced the words on his companion's lip, and called great drops of agony to his brow. At length, however, this frigid narrator warmed with his story, and it was with a dangerous, steely glitter in his cold, blue eyes, that he whispered, between set teeth, the concluding words:

"I swore, in that hour, sooner or later to have my revenge, to hunt you out in any retreat, and make your life a curse worse than any death. I have kept the first part of my promise; I have found you. As for the rest—you are very happy now, are you not? Your name is blackened in every mouth, your hopes are blasted, you are sinking into a drunkard's grave, and—Alice Graham, who loathes and despises you, will be *my wife*. Yes, Mr. Lemont, I leave you to decide if such an existence as yours is not *almost* as delightful as the fate you so kindly intended for me! And now, pardon me, I have an engagement."

And with a smile which, in its deliberate malice, its gloating gluttoned vengeance, seemed too fiendish for a human face, he turned away with the parting mockery of a low bow.

Lemont, leaning against the tree where he had staggered for support, followed with vacant eyes. Through the stupefaction on his face were visible strangely blended emotions: relief unutterable, fierce hatred, and mortal anguish. Still, with sharpest pang, came back the thought of Alice Graham's scorn and loathing for him—for him, who had lavished upon her, in one wild idolatry, all the intense, adoring love of which his passionate nature—strong alike for good or evil—was capable. And in return she hated him; she turned from his worship to the cool, critical admiration of his enemy, the man who had tortured his whole life, and now took away its one desire to gratify his own fastidious selfishness. Well, he acknowledged the justice of his own punishment; he deserved nothing better; yet if he might but gain one kind tone from her lips, one sweet glance from her eyes, before he left her forever! If he might only go away, knowing that she did not hate him!

Thus thinking, he lifted his eyes to see, with a thrill, the flutter of her light robe in an adjoining path. He went forward, eagerly, to meet her, but perceiving him she turned quickly down another of the winding ways. Lemont stood still, struck to the heart with a chill like the shiver of a sword-thrust. It was all true, then: she loathed and feared him,

she shrank instinctively from his presence. Well, he would relieve her of it; and so thinking, bitterly, he drew back again, mechanically, as he caught the tones of Arbuthnot's voice mingled with Alice Graham's sweet cadences. Then the wind brought him the concluding words:

"Well, Miss Alice, the boat will be ready in half an hour. I shall find you at the Shore Arbor? Very well. *Au revoir*."

Then the voices were silent, and the steps, turning in another direction, died away.

Lemont stood motionless, torn by contending emotions. Regardless of his sufferings, she, for whom he would have thought happiness cheaply purchased by any sacrifice of his own, was seeking her pleasure in the society of the man who had made his life one long torment. The blood surged hot through his veins, the subtle intoxication, dispelled awhile by the late terrible interview, began to riot anew, gleaming dangerously in his eyes.

"Let it end here!" he said, desperately, to himself. "One of us must die—and he says right, there has been enough of murder. *My* life is my own, at least."

He sighed restlessly at the remembrance of Maynwaring's words. "He is a true friend," he thought; "the only friend I ever had. If I could leave Alice to *him*, I might be content. No, no, Heaven knows I must hate the man that took her from me."

He went to his room, occupied himself awhile in writing; then, seeing that it was not far from the time set for the meeting of Alice and Arbuthnot, he rose, unlocked a drawer and took out a loaded revolver. Concealing it about his person, he left the house, taking his way toward the Shore Arbor, so called from the fact of its standing close to the beach, in an extreme end of the long garden.

Lemont entered and sat down. It was a lonely, deserted place, in general, the seawinds being rather too searching for the comfort of idlers. Around it ran a broad seat, with a rustic table, curiously twisted, in the centre. Lemont leaned his arm on the table and took up his revolver, examining it carefully, to see that the charges were all right.

"She hates me," he muttered, "she turns her back from me to meet him. Well, there will be three at the meeting—one they do not look for!"

A mad smile distorted his mouth, giving place the next moment to a gravity as fixed and desperate. He turned his face aside: the revolver was in his hand, his finger on the

trigger—when a flying shadow rushed between him and the sunlight, and the bullet, thrown upward with sudden force, went crashing through the roof of the summer-house. It was Maynwaring, who, following him with a vague apprehension of some calamity, had been just in time to avert the fatal shot.

"Lemont," he said, laying his hand upon the bowed head, "my poor friend, has it come to this!"

At the sorrowful sympathy of those tones Lemont lifted his head, but meeting the pitying eyes his own grew fierce again.

"Why not?" he cried. "Is my life so precious that I should hoard it up? Duncan Maynwaring, would you like to hear what a treasure you have saved?"

Then, in a few bitter words, he told the story of his life: how, from early youth, one man had been his evil fate, tempting him, taunting him, maddening his hot Cuban blood with every dangerous allurements of fashionable vice, until, one day, delirious with wine and goaded by the gibes of his persecutor, in one mad moment he had pushed him over the precipice on which they stood. Then he had fled from his native land, pursued everywhere by a haunting remorse, which quickened to a constant sting at the sudden appearance of this man, St. John, who miraculously escaping death, had followed his victim, to wreak under another name, the revenge he had sworn to take, and thus, denying his own identity, had been an unceasing torture to Lemont, recalling terrible associations and foiling every cherished hope of the future. This day, thinking his vengeance complete, he had told him all, with a cruel minuteness of malice that exulted in the agony it gave.

His few desperate words spoken, Lemont's head fell back upon the table, Maynwaring standing by, looking pitifully down upon him. Sitting beside him, then, he began to soothe and comfort him, seeking to turn away the darker side to let in a gleam of light upon his misery.

"It is no time for despair, my dear friend," he said, tenderly. "Whatever the sin and the suffering, your life has escaped that worse woe that overshadowed it. There is no stain of blood on your hands. Have comfort, and take up your life again, and with God's help, live it after a purer fashion."

But Lemont only stirred restlessly beneath these solemn words.

"I have nothing to live for, now," he said,

hopelessly. "I tell you, Maynwaring, *she* hates me. He said so, and I saw her turn away from me to meet him. I never will live to see her *his* wife!"

Maynwaring's lips were arrested, at the moment, by the sight of Alice Graham coming down the alley to her appointment. With sudden resolution he turned to Lemont.

"I will leave you now. By-and-by you will think more calmly of all this. Heaven comfort you, meanwhile!"

Then hurrying down the path he met Alice, to whom, very briefly, he related something of what had occurred.

"He is utterly desperate," he said; "and still resolved upon taking his life. He believes that you hate him. Alice, you alone can save him, and if it is not too late for that, remember that his life is in your love."

With that he turned and walked away, happier in the renunciation of his dearest hope than if he had realized its fullest fruition. Alice hastened on, trying to still the fluttering heart-beats that made her weak and giddy. On the threshold she paused an instant. Lemont had not stirred: his head laid on the table, his face hidden on his arms. Alice moved noiselessly to his side.

"Mr. Lemont," she said, softly, touching his hand with her own.

He started and looked up: through his yearning eyes his soul drew hers, until, speechless with love, dizzily happy, she sank into his arms.

"You do not hate me," he murmured, "you do not hate me?"

"I love you," she whispered, her faint lips close to his, her whole nature startled from its reserve by the magnetism of his touch. "Live for me, or let me die with you."

The long silence was broken by a step at the door. They looked up, to meet the eyes of Arbuthnot, wherein was a hell that might have more than satisfied his cruellest enemy. Seeking Alice at first in order to further his revenge, he had come at last to love her with all that strong, unscrupulous passion that would strike its object dead sooner than yield it to another. Baffled, powerless, desperate, he glared at them a moment with deadly rage and hate, and turning with a curse, left the lovers to their heaven.

We reprove our friends' faults more out of pride than love or charity; not so much to correct them, as to make them believe we ourselves are without them.

FRANK'S STRATAGEM.

BY MISS FLORENCE V. ROGERS.

CHAPTER I,

MISS AMANDA MELBOURNE was forty—or professed to be. With a lady, veracity on that point is generally good; so we will chronicle her as four times ten. Forty summers had left a wonderful bloom on her cheek—or else it was rabbit's paw lightly touched to a mysterious pink powder, in an oval box with lid all covered with gilt and French words, and conveyed therefrom to the sallow cheek of the youthful Miss Amanda. Her teeth looked splendidly. She said it was natural to the family; her father's teeth were all sound when he died, at the advanced age of seventy. So most of people envied her that natural beauty of her family—a set of splendid teeth, but I learned she paid money for them; and spirits, that walk when

“Night, driven along by the hours, has reached the middle of its orbit,”

would back me up in the assertion, had they taken an airy stroll through Miss Melbourne's chamber, at that hobgoblin hour; for there they reposed in a tumbler of cold water, every night, on a table near her bed. She was very precautions to place the stand near her bed, in case of fire I suppose, for I verily believe she would have perished in the flames rather than let the world know her strong, sound teeth decayed and dropped out in a single night!

And then those tresses! black, glossy and heavy. She sported a waterfall, too, Miss Amanda did, voluminous as any girl at seventeen; but the waterfall, with its beaded net, decked the aforesaid stand, each night also, and a front-piece coiled itself around the aforesaid tumbler.

There was another article that mingled with the group of “make-ups,” on that stand. There was a pair of them.

I will tell you how I learned the above. One morning I had risen early, and stepped from my window to the roof of the piazza, and went round to her sleeping-room window. It was very warm weather, and Miss Melbourne had been so indiscreet as to leave her window open and curtain up. So I opened the blinds, to bid her good-morning, and O horror! there laid an old lady, white-headed, toothless,

cheekless I might almost say, for there were two deep holes where her cheeks usually were. The sun shone full upon her sallow face, and kissed her white eyebrows, and I hastily closed the blinds for fear of awakening her, and hurried back to my apartments. The array on the stand had not escaped my eye, and had I not seen them, I should have been in great doubt whether that great-grandmother looking woman was Miss Melbourne, forty, or some ancient, dilapidated relation of whose arrival I had not learned. But I knew the teeth, the graduated beads on that net, etc., but what in the name of Art, was that pair of things beside them?

Curiosity was strong at eighteen, so taking off my slippers, I glided round to her window again, and peered through the blinds.

Miss Melbourne was sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to shake off “death's counter-felt,” by rubbing her eyes and giving musical little yawns—occasionally varying the performance by stroking her shoulder, as if coaxing off the rheumatism.

At this juncture, my handkerchief had almost disappeared, in my mouth, and both hands were clapped to my sides, to prevent explosion which might give warning to the enemy that I was in ambush; for I was bound to discover where that pair of pear-shaped, gutta-percha articles went, on Miss Melbourne.

While waiting for that denouement, I beheld what surprised me still more. As I live, Miss Melbourne reached down and brought from under the bed—an artificial leg! I always noticed a fault about her walk, but I thought it an attempt at the “Grecian wiggle,” so fashionable now-a-days.

At this juncture I was shaking visibly, and the handkerchief performed but half duty, for he was audible several times. Just then appeared my dear Frank, in the garden below, and commenced pelting me with gravel stones. Saucy fellow! to take advantage of my powerless position.

“Good-morning,” he shouted; but I only shook my head at him, and placed my finger on my lips.

“What are you doing at that window? where's your slippers?” were questions which followed, when I enjoined silence.

Turning round to give him a frown, and show my displeasure in the most efficient and silent manner, I beheld him clambering up the trellis, saying:

"If there is anything special to see, I'll see it."

I leaned over the edge of the piazza and took out my pen-knife and embroidery scissors, my only weapons.

"Now, Frank," I whispered, "if you don't get down immediately, I'll cut your fingers and clip your moustache." And as he was still rebellious, I sulked the action to the word and drew blood on that dear hand, and clipped off the turning-up hairs at the extremity of his moustache.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; and he wiped the wounded hand on my span clean white wrapper.

With that I gave him a gentle push that considerably accelerated his downward movement.

Once safe on the ground he looked up, his face filled with alarm.

"What ails you, Kate? gone crazy? looking in people's windows, slashing off, without mercy, a fellow's whiskers, and chopping up his hands! what in time is up?"

"Now Frank," I whispered, "go away, be a good boy. I am making a discovery. I will tell you all about it by-and-by," and back I tripped, to the blinds.

Miss Melbourne was now adding the finishing touches to her head gear, and my heart sank for fear those mysterious articles had gone to their duty. No, there they were, on the bureau, and Miss Melbourne took them up and slipped both into her mouth—one each side! Then I beheld a sudden plumpness to her face, and the mystery was out; and I left, just as the rabbit's paw descended to the oval box.

"Humph!" I ejaculated, as I entered my own window, "she stretches her cheeks over them to paint more easily, just as an artist stretches his canvas in a frame."

But what a predicament I was in! My wrapper must be changed. My hair all in disorder, where little slivers in the blinds had caught it; my pet handkerchief, with its red stripe and fluted border, very much resembled a dishcloth! but it was worth it—the discovery I had made was of inestimable value to me.

Frank was my lover, and a dear, good soul. My Uncle Henry was Miss Melbourne's lover. This was my uncle's house, and Miss Mel-

bourne was here on a visit. Uncle Henry had met her at some watering-place, and she had captivated his bachelor heart; and, though he was fifty-five, he appeared as foolish over her as my Frank did over me.

She was very rich, and I sometimes thought, her estate, on the banks of the Hudson, where he had visited her several times, weighed something in the balance, with uncle's love; but, if so, he didn't betray. They were soon to be married, and she had shown considerable authority in the house whose mistress I had been so long; and, moreover, had turned up her nose a little higher than nature made it to turn, at my Frank.

"A graceless scamp," I heard her say, one evening, to Uncle Henry, "is that boy who visits Kate." Explanation: Frank covered her poodle with burr, and Miss Melbourne's maid was two days extricating them from his fleecy covering—and she knew the culprit. "Yes," she continued, "a graceless scamp! and Harry dear, (my dignified uncle, "Harry dear!") if he is to become a member of your family, I think I shall go back to Maple Hall (her home), and resign my sweet hope."

A short argument here ensued, but uncle got the best of it. Seeing which way the wind blew, she finally sided round, and concluded to look over Frank's misdemeanors, with the final burst of:

"I always did hate a West Point popinjay! there were several at Saratoga last summer; but I'll never leave one cent of my property to her, if she marries him. I haven't a relation in the world, but I'll found a hospital, before he shall squander my money, after I am gone."

A flood of tears would have followed, if she had not been afraid of the paint; as it was she carried her handkerchief to her eyes, and gave a couple of hysterical sobs that would have done justice to a first-class actress on the stage.

Hereupon, my Uncle Henry stroked that wig—I wish it had dropped off!—and said:

"I'll see about it."

So we were enemies, she and I, from that moment. If I could get her out of our house and uncle disenchanted!

That evening, I unfolded our prospects to Frank, and we drew, in words, many a military plan to rout the enemy and gain our old ground with uncle; for he certainly showed signs of going over with the old maid, in opinion. He even called my dear Frank, Mr. Thornton, on several occasions!

Now, if there was anything uncle despised, it was deception.

"Don't!" he exclaimed, once, to me, when he caught me crimping my hair. "You can't add to the beauty of those heavy, black braids, by those frivolous crimps, stuck up on your head. Be natural, girl."

And he was going to marry a woman so natural! What would he do, the first morn of the honeymoon, to find Miss Melbourne so transformed! bald-headed, one legged, bleached eyewinkers and without those—the—the—that pair of things!

So I thought, as I donned a fresh dress, smoothed my hair and opened my drawer for a clean handkerchief. And then I went below stairs.

CHAPTER II.

No one about yet, save the servant letting the sunlight into the drawing-room, and dusting the furniture; so I stepped out to find Frank, and disclose.

I caught the glitter of brass buttons through the shrubbery, and ran round a turn in the walk to meet him.

"O Frank!" I began, but suddenly stopped, for that was not my Frank.

"Beg pardon," he said, bowing low, "but is Mr. Thornton in?" And then he grabbed me, and kissed me!

I was on the point of screaming for Frank, Uncle Henry, Miss Melbourne and the whole household, as visions of murder, abduction etc., flitted through my brain, when Frank's old, musical laugh rang out, and he exclaimed:

"How do you like a kiss *without* a moustache?"

"Mercy!" I exclaimed, "are you really Frank Thornton? Such a homely man, my dear Frank? O dear! how you look without a moustache—and I've invited my cousin Madeline from New York, on a visit—and she will see you—and I've told her how much you look like Louis Napoleon! O dear! what *made* you do it?"

"I only cut off half"—he smilingly answered—it was a real sweet smile he had; I never had seen the whole of it before—"This side," and he pointed to the left side of his upper lip. "You cut the other yourself. Do you suppose I was going about one-sided?"

"Now I get used to it," and I stopped to take a criticizing view, "I don't mind it so much—but grow it as soon as possible; for it was your moustache I fell in love with."

He knew I liked it, and cut it off to plague me, I know; for I shall always declare I only clipped the ends—and why didn't he trim the other side to match?

"Never mind you now, I've got something to tell you," I said, as I sat down on the grass.

Frank sat down opposite, and commenced to rock to and fro, putting out his tongue, exclaiming "and-er and-er," in imitation of the way young ladies tell a confidential story, to each other.

"Well," I said, "*you* tell the story."

"Dear Kate, I am all attention," and he leaned back nonchalantly and stroked his—upper lip!

"Bless me, Kate, I wish I had a moustache; I shan't know what to do with my hands."

"Well," I began, "Miss Melbourne is not Miss Melbourne."

"Who in the deuce is she then? Mrs. Henry Wayland?" And Frank started up in alarm.

"No, nor ever will be," I answered, and Frank fell back on his elbow. "She is an old woman sixty! and she paints—"

"I always knew that," he interrupted. "I asked her to smell the new, delicious perfume on my handkerchief, and pressed it against her cheek, to see what was what."

"No wonder she hates you, you saucy fellow, and," I resumed, "she wears false teeth—upper and lower set—and—"

"I knew that, too," he again interrupted. "The uppers fell down the other day, at the table, and clicked on her tea-cup, while drinking."

"And," I again commenced, "she wears false hair—"

"I knew that, too," he exclaimed. "That sort of bandelette she wears got moved a little and the wig slipped a little, and I saw a little patch of shaved head, here;" and he pointed to that portion of his forehead where the parting commenced.

"And," I said, holding my patience, for a woman always gets vexed, when she finds she cannot astonish in such an instance, "she wears two things in her mouth!" And I paused to witness the effect of such an announcement.

"Plumpers, by Jove!" And Frank rolled over on the grass, and roared.

"Well," I exclaimed, thoroughly vexed, "if you know so much about Miss Melbourne, you tell the rest."

"Dear Kate, go on. False hair, teeth;

paint and whitewash I knew she had—but the plumpers;” and he indulged in another roar till I warned him not to burst off every one of those brass buttons.

“But,” said he, sobering, “of the plumpers and anything further I was entirely ignorant.”

“Well,” I said, rising, “I shall not tell you the rest.” And I just walked off into the house, and Frank came rather crest-fallen, after.

Breakfast was ready, and Uncle Wayland already escorting Miss Melbourne to the breakfast-room. A crisp good-morning was all he deigned Frank and I.

Miss Melbourne could afford to smile a little, as uncle was gradually being won over to her side; so she looked over her shoulder as she passed through the door, and said:

“A beautiful morning, Mr. Thornton.”

“But not more lovely than yourself, Miss Melbourne,” he answered, gallantly, bowing low to keep from laughing; for I pinched his elbow, and asked him if he knew how much the plumpers were, a set.

A compliment told on Miss Melbourne. It almost counter-balanced the poodle, burs, etc.; and when he invited her and uncle to join us in a sail, that afternoon, she expressed herself as “very happy!”

During breakfast I could not keep my eyes off from her, wondering how she engineered all those things. Bless me! how could I eat toast, talk and laugh, all at the same time, with thirty-two bought teeth and those other things, all to be kept straight! I should sit still, and decline food on the plea of sickness, and try the power of suction to its uttermost. She began to look like a woman of genius to me.

As we rose from the table, I saw, by various signs, such as pointing your thumb over your shoulder, jerking your head in a certain direction, that Frank wanted me to step out into the garden again, instead of joining Miss Melbourne; as I usually did, for an hour or two, each morning.

“Now,” said Frank, as we stooped down ostensibly to examine a certain flower within the border, for Uncle Henry and Miss Melbourne came out immediately behind us, the morning was so tempting, “I’ve got a splendid plan, and we’ll make it work to a charm.” Then he hurriedly told me it, and the part I was to perform; and I clapped my hands, exclaiming, “Good! good!”

“What is it pleases you so, Miss Kate?” simpered Miss Melbourne, as she swept by on uncle’s arm.

“O, nothing,” I answered, “only Frank says you look younger and prettier than I do; and I *know* I am twenty-two years your junior.”

Frank, *sotto voce*, “If not fifty.”

Miss Melbourne smiled sweetly on Frank, but uncle frowned. He knew Frank thought anything but that, and did not relish the “goak.”

But the plan! let it unfold itself.

CHAPTER III.

We had dined; and I was in my chamber attiring for the sail.

Usually, I should have worn my pretty, laced boots, and made Frank carry me over the wet places; but now I put on my rubber ones. Usually, I should have worn my new gipsy hat with its vine of green leaves; but now I wore last summer’s ancient affair, and took off my empire head-dress, rings and watch; for I had a part to perform, that afternoon.

I met Miss Melbourne in the drawing-room radiant with a fresh coat of paint, and a rich India shawl wrapped about her. My conscience smote me.

“Why do you wear that shawl, madam?” I asked. “You may soil it.”

Frank got behind her, and shook his head disapprovingly at me.

“She is rich enough to get another,” he whispered, as Miss Melbourne took a parting survey of herself before the mirror; “and if you say anything else like that, you’ll explode the whole concern.”

“You don’t look near so pretty in that hat,” said Miss Melbourne to me, drawing on her lavender kids.

“I don’t care,” I replied, “if Frank don’t. I was afraid if we lingered till nightfall, the dampness might take the stiffening out of my other.”

What a lie! but it was necessary to our plan.

So we crossed the fields and came in sight of the river. Miss Melbourne and Uncle Wayland ahead, and we culprits bringing up the rear, several paces behind.

“Kate,” said my companion, “you can fib it with the most innocent look of any one I ever saw. See Miss Melbourne’s silk, and that pattern hat. How is your courage now, good?”

“My courage is all right, but it is kind of

too bad, isn't it?" and I looked rather wavering up to his face.

"Now, Kate," said he, gravely, "we've planned and must execute. We both hate her—she hates us. If we can hurry her back to Maple Hall, let's do it. Once place her in such a ridiculous light before Mr. Wayland, and his love will go down to zero, if not lower."

"Well," I assented, "go ahead. I'll be prepared."

We were now at the boat. Miss Melbourne was handed in and seated, and I sat down rather demurely by her side. Frank and uncle were using all their strength to push off. Soon we glided down stream, sailing till the pile of clouds in the west were crimson-tinted by the setting sun.

Miss Melbourne hinted at return, as already the early dew began to tell on her bonnet strings; and so we turned about.

We now were within a half mile of landing. The wind seemed suddenly to get fresh and flap our sail, which was very propitious for our plan.

Nearer and nearer we came to the shore, and I knew the moment was fast approaching by the stern look that settled on Frank's face. Another flaw of wind, a mismanagement of the sail, only known to Frank, and over went the boat!

A scream from Miss Melbourne, and she was splashing in the water! I was an expert swimmer and grasped Miss Melbourne about her waist with one hand, while Frank righted the boat and clambered in. Uncle came up on Miss Melbourne's other side. His sole anxiety was for her, knowing I was a perfect duck in water.

Frank grabbed Miss Melbourne first by the waterfall, but alas! her one hundred and ten avoirdupois could not be held by a dozen hairpins; and there Frank stood in the boat, with a waterfall in his hand, minus a head! Quick as thought he threw it overboard and grabbed Miss Melbourne's front hair. Alas! off that came, and Frank, standing in the boat, looked like an Indian chief fresh from a scalping expedition; and Miss Melbourne, looking like anything but a water sprite, threw her head back on the bosom of uncle's white coat, which was already pink with the fastly-disappearing bloom of Miss Melbourne's cheeks, and fainted.

Her mouth opened, and Frank, in his frantic endeavors to save her, somehow or other got his finger into her mouth and ex-

tracted both sets of teeth, and Miss Melbourne, incapable longer of suction, let the plumpers roll out on uncle's breast!

I guess the spark of uncle's love went out with the plumpers, for he actually smiled and said:

"Frank, if you can find a place that will hold, pull her in."

"Better let her drop?" ventured the saucy Frank, pausing a moment, as if for consent, and then took her in his arms and laid her in the boat's bottom.

Uncle and I were in a jiffy, with a helping hand from Frank. There laid Miss Melbourne shorn of all her glory; and I was just thinking I would tell uncle about the other artificial article, some time, when Frank exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, what is that?"

There was Miss Melbourne's artificial leg lying two feet away from her, on the bottom of the boat and under uncle's feet! In the rush it had become unfastened!

"Good heavens!" exclaimed uncle, "will this woman come all to pieces before we can get her home?"

"I'll run home and bring down a bushel basket to convey her in," said the cruel Frank. "I guess there is about two pecks of her, when we come to gather up the fragments."

We landed before Miss Melbourne came to herself. Uncle had gone for the carriage. I guess he did not care to be present when she revived.

She partially opened her eyes, saying, "where am I?"

"Calm yourself, dear madam," said Frank, soothingly. "A part of you is here—a part drowned, and—" But she heard no more, for, clapping her hand on her head and gnashing her gums, she collapsed again.

Uncle came in a few moments, and we entered the carriage and were driven rapidly homeward.

She revived, coming up the avenue; but "phancy her pheelinks," as uncle lifted her to the house, to see Frank coming along with the leg on his shoulder and saying, gallantly:

"I am so sorry, my dear madam, this accident occurred. That flaw of wind took me unawares. But, thank Heaven, you are safe."

It is needless to add, Miss Melbourne departed, as soon as recuperated energies came, and refused to see uncle at all, of which he was heartily glad; and I don't think he has scarcely looked at a woman since.

A few days afterward, Frank came in and

threw something into my lap. I took it up, thinking it some pretty shell, and lo! it was a *glass eye!*

"Where did this come from?" I exclaimed, dropping it.

"Why, I was balling out the boat, and found that in the bottom. I guess she feigned fainting to hide the hole this fitted," said he, placing it among the shells on the whatnot.

"As a work of art I admire that woman;"

after a pause he added, "but as one of nature's own beauties, I admire my dear Kate." And he dropped on his knee at my side.

Christmas came and a wedding. We would have been married before, but I waited for a husband with a moustache. It had got back to its old proportions, and I had the felicity of hearing Cousin Madeline say:

"O, *isn't* he handsome?"

A HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

I DON'T believe you would have noticed it unless somebody pointed it out, though it stood in the heart of the city, and high brick walls hemmed it in and crowded against it. This old-fashioned wooden house, with the half-dead poplar before it, and the front yard filled with long, straggling grass, mixed in with dandelions.

The postman, albeit he could ill spare the time, paused a second with his hand on the gate. "Why didn't I ever see this before?" said he, with an air at once of discovery and astonishment. He gave a low whistle and then he beat his heels against the wide, low steps, waiting impatiently for his double rap to be answered.

At last, an undoing of bolts and bars, and a narrow strip of sunshine leaped through the cautious opening. The postman, a brisk, cheery chap, laughed at the apparition thus appearing. The odd little figure, with its wizened-up face and ancient mob cap; with its wrinkled hands like birds' claws, made up a jumble of fierceness and grotesqueness akin to a Meg Merrilies or the Witch of Endor. The unimpressible postman, however, as he took up his tune and hurried away, was troubled with no such romantic notions.

"All run to seed together, there, I reckon," was his thought, with a careless glance backward.

After rigidly excluding the faintest shadow of the aggressive sunshine; after performing many intricate manoeuvres, with a view to reconstruction—of bars and bolts—Miss Crowninshield, her list shoes awaking no echo, crossed the dark entry, and, like a wary black spider, dropped up the winding, spindle-legged stairs.

A gloomy place this!

The old house, in its dreary soundlessness, seems as though holding its breath with dread and fear. This is the way it has seemed for many a day—nay, many a year. This is the way the two old maid Crowninshields have lived for nobody knows how long.

If you could look into the room at the right, you would see the other sister, a counterpart of the first. She always sits just so, with her hands crossed in her lap, as stiff and motionless as the straight-backed chair that holds her.

You would like to solve the mystery of this isolation and desolation? It is natural, surely. But the secret, the crime and shame, if any there be, is fast locked in two hearts.

Like dragons have these forlorn ones guarded it, and its bitterness, forever rankling within them, has deadened them to everything, even to each other. They eat at the same table, and they sleep together in the same bed, and their eyes are as strangers. It is sad, this death in life. When the life immortal releases them we will sing jubilate. Come, let us go. This chill emptiness, this hopeless lethargy oppresses one. Hist! what is that? A bird trilling? Probably! There are a few that still visit the poplar outside. In very pity it must be.

"Plato! thou reasonest well." But can a bird *laugh*, and like *that*? Ye gods! there it goes again. What do you think now? Can it be some mischievous fay, swinging on the grass tops and rattling off the dew?

It did indeed sound strange, this peal of genuine, girlish laughter, that so suddenly overflowed the stireless house.

Shout after shout came pelting down, upon Miss Crowninshield, grimly mounting the stairs. For a moment she clung to the banister, then, involuntarily and against her will, the

shadow of a disused ghost of a smile broke over her and she went on.

Nearer and clearer, but Miss Crowninshield's dry "rat-tat-tat" exorcised the merry glee. It vanished, and all at once as it had come.

"Laura,"—Miss Crowninshield's speech was as lifeless as her looks—"here is a letter."

Somebody crossed the floor with a bound, and a bright voice, still all a-quiver, cried:

"A letter! At last, then, I shall hear the news."

A soft white hand fluttered through the door and clasped the packet. The speaker otherwise remained invisible. But the hand, the soft, dainty, wee, white rounded thing! That was simply *irresistible*.

Perhaps you didn't notice how prettily the fingers tapered down into their rosy nests of nails, nor what bewitching little dimples were playing hide and seek across the back, nor—Bref! My friend, that was a hand for a sculptor to model, for a painter to go distracted about, and above all, par excellence, was it a hand for a lover to kiss.

The old house slumbers on, the merry voice, the burst of laughter must have been a dream. There sit the two Miss Crowninshields, as silently taciturn, as rigid, as pulseless as ever. No wonder they have grown benumbed, with their strange life. Do you suppose they ever think over the bygone times, when they were young and liked the sunshine?

Across the shrouded mirror, even now, a figure flits. Just so she looked on that one night so long ago.

The gleaming silken petticoat, the flowing train, the stiff farthingale, the powder and patches are all there. The grand curtsey and the ogling of the huge fan are all familiar to them. They do not stir—they sit still and dream on.

But a touch galvanizes them. They both start to their feet, and draw themselves up with a look of horror.

"Laura Shirley," they cried, "how dared you!"

The child—she was nothing more—turned pale before them. She half knelt on a low stool.

"I did not know—I did not mean—surely—I have done no harm," she stammered.

"Giri!" cried Miss Crowninshield, sternly, "what we have buried with our hearts' blood, we will not have torn up."

And her sister, regarding the kneeling figure with a shudder, put out both her hands as if to push it from her.

"What have I done?" implored the frightened girl. "I found these things, this costume, in an old chest in my room. It was only through sport I came to put them on."

"Go!" said Miss Crowninshield, trembling with excitement, and pointing to the door. "This is an unseemly jest. Go and hide yourself from sight till it is forgotten."

"Will you not say first that you forgive me?"

But Miss Crowninshield relaxed not when the soft blue eyes upraised themselves to her imploringly. Perhaps the fear that she would exasperated her still further.

"I will never forgive this," she said, stonily.

"I do not care." Laura Shirley turned defiantly. "I will go away, and forever. You smother me here. It is like a tomb. And you are wicked, you two."

"Wicked!" The Miss Crowninshields were paralyzed.

"You sit waiting, waiting, waiting all the time, and that is wicked," with a stamp of her foot. "It is wicked to shut yourselves up so; it is wicked never to make friends; it is wicked, above all, not to love each other. I will go and sweep the streets before I will live here."

She turned her back saying this, her cheeks on fire. The long silken train rustled majestically out of the room. She was gone.

Miss Crowninshield opened the window and pushed wide the blind. The June air floated in with its breath of balm.

"Let us repent," said she, to her sister.

As they clasped hands, and the light and perfume from outside met over them, the sister said:

"We have been wicked."

Then, after a little pause:

"We must be grateful to Laura, for she has awakened us. Let us go and ask her to forgive us. Let us go and beg her to stay."

Laura was busy packing, but when she saw them coming hand in hand, she stopped in astonishment.

"Dear, try and forgive us," said Miss Crowninshield, humbly. "We acknowledge the error of our ways. We beg of you to stay with us, and complete your good work."

"You know," said Laura, with her arms thrown about them, "that it was mamma's wish."

"And for her sake, because she was the daughter of our sister Laura, will we love and cherish you," said they.

"Am I never to know about it," said Laura,

with a look of inquiry at the discarded costume.

"A laughing face wore that dress away years ago. A face radiant even as yours, but,"—the tone grew tremulous—"but the face that came back in it, a few short hours afterwards, was an *idiot's*. She was our youngest and dearest sister, and— I can tell you no more. No living person, besides us three, knows so much."

While Miss Crowninshield spoke, she folded carefully the silken robe; she passed her wrinkled hand tenderly over the tiny high-heeled shoes, then she brought all to Laura.

"Keep it," said she; "it belonged to one you never knew; why should you not wear it and take pleasure in its beauty? If you will do this, we will think you have entirely forgotten our harshness. Only not before us, dear. Do not let us see it."

The green curtain fell on the last act of *La Traviata*, and the orchestra dashed into a brilliant galop. Chester Lawrence, dubbed "the don" by his more intimate acquaintance, shrugged slightly his well-made shoulders.

"All a bore," he said, to his companion, in a voice that fully bore out his words.

His friend gave a good-natured laugh. He was used to "the don's" ways. He watched him with an amused air, as he wearily lifted his lorgnette, and slowly took the range of the house.

A brave sight in very truth was the crowded opera-house. The brilliant lights flashed out many a dazzling toilet, many a fair face. It was plain, though, that to "the don" there was nothing worth looking at. "That it was all a bore." The jewelled toy he languidly held drooped in his salmon-tinted kids.

"Life is such a dreadful mistake, Hal," he went on, with his elegant drawl; "eighteen hundred years of the same thing. Just think of it. Ah! my Lady Blank, with her four perennial daughters—faith, there's five now—do you see them? The little widow keeps well, does she not?—see her eyes shine. By my spurs, old Parks's doll of a wife is got up largely to-night. I'd give a guess at the cost of her *parure*, if it wasn't too much trouble. Besides, I think it's deucedly vulgar, this putting one's self out about anything. I wonder, Hal, if it's as slow a thing to the women—I fancy that curl-papers and shopping do a great deal for them—but we, poor devils, we—I judge by myself—are left entirely without the means of redemption. If there was only

something to keep the masculine mind from utter stagnation—from— Hal, look quick! there, a trifle to the right."

The last sentence was poured forth with a fire and rapidity totally foreign to the half soliloquy that had preceded it.

Hal, otherwise Harry Trevor, very much at your, or any body else's service, betraying no astonishment, though secretly intensely delighted, levelled his glass towards the required spot.

"What is't that alarms thee?" queried he, with a most tender modulation. "Is't Mr. Tubbs, in vast expanse of waistcoat and royal purple complect? Fearest thou, O delicate youth, an apoplectic denouement? Fie! for shame, he will outlive—"

"Don't be absurd! In that private box, do you see it?"

"The don" was certainly a chameleon. But a minute ago he was the very essence of insipidity—now he was full of life and animation.

"Eh, it's an it?" said rattle-pated Hal, taking another survey. "The private box? There sits Madam Storer, overflowing, as is her wont, with good nature and embonpoint, and, yes, methinks in the dim background I trace a second form. Can that be a hand, clutching the ruby velvet?"

"You see it at last, do you? Is it not perfect?" "The don" was enthusiastic in the extreme.

"Very—pretty—effect," said Harry, looking at it with the air of a connoisseur, and affecting the drawl "the don" had dropped.

"Don't be a jackass," was the impatient response. "I tell you you may hunt the world over and find nothing like it."

"Don, where are you going?" asked Harry, a bit surprised, as his companion rose hurriedly. Not receiving any answer, he waved his hand gracefully. "*Au revoir*, then, go and win; as for me, it's 'all a bore.'"

As Chester Lawrence strode away, not deigning him a look, he settled himself comfortably in his seat, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"'Gad, what a fellow he is," thought Hal. "He is better than a play. First he considers living as the very lockjaw of martyrdom, and then at sight of five wee fingers and a thumb he is all up, like an eccentric balloon. Not well balanced. Needs to be shaken before taken."

He directed his attention again towards the private box.

"Whew!" said he, "they are giving him

the slip. I fancied madam was looking uneasy."

When Chester Lawrence appeared at Mrs. Storer's box, that lady, leaning on her husband's arm, hooded and cloaked, was just making her exit. Mr. Storer also supported upon his other arm a second lady. It was towards her that the newly arrived directed his scrutiny. Her face he could not see. A fold of her hood was arranged so as completely to conceal it. But the *hand!* As it rested upon Mr. Storer's broadcloth the don could hardly resist pouncing upon it, then and there. Mrs. Storer expressed regrets, etc., etc. "Such a frightfully early hour, is it not?" cried she, piteously. "To think of having to give up the divine Patti; but it's on account of one of the horses—fallen lame—got to be bled—and in such a case, you know, ha, ha!—one's gratifications must be—ha, ha!—really—of course you know all about it—thank you, good-night." And Mr. Chester Lawrence, having tenaciously followed Mrs. Storer to her carriage, found himself standing bareheaded in the street.

"Zounds," he began, gnawing his under lip savagely. "Hal ridicules me and Mrs. Storer hoodwinks me. A most inexplicable state of affairs, and, strangely enough, I feel something tingling inside of me. Item. Do all men march to their fate with the same accompaniment? The little intrigue of madam,"—with a suave bow into the darkness—"renders it thrice enchanting. In perfect recklessness I throw down the gauntlet. Behold, the hand-to-hand conflict is commenced."

The good people of the Miss Crowninshields' vicinity, being hard workers and early risers, knew naught of the stopping of a carriage before the shabby wooden gate.

"Good-night," said Mrs. Storer, "my skillful manœuvring has put me in the very best of humors. The little risk we run was a pleasurable excitement."

Laura Shirley danced lightly into the house, and a stealthy form, in a brigand's hat, chalked the door—I am speaking figuratively—and strode away.

"I kind of like this," said Laura, pausing as she meditatively unlaced her boot. "This having to hide for fear of discovery by a cruel guardian, is not without its charms."

In the midst of brushing out her long, golden hair, she made a second pause; taking her chin cosily in her hands she thus discursively discoursed:

"He is worth looking at. Now if he were

only like him. Well, perhaps, per-haps I wouldn't have run away as I did. But the idea of telling me who I must marry! I guess I'll marry just who—I—*please*. And I wonder who I'd please. Let's see; tall? O yes, and black, jet black hair with a wave, black eyes, and of course a moustache, with a curve down. Why, that's just like him, and Mrs. Storer says *he* is so conceited. Heigho! how sleepy I am. I'll let it go so to-night, and alter it in the morning. Three months more before I can show my face. Three months before I am eighteen and free."

In the morning Laura did not alter her ideal of a husband. She probably would if she had had time.

In the morning Chester Lawrence, rallied unmercifully at the club-rooms, before an unbelieving public, by his treacherous friend, Harry Trevor, did a very foolish thing, of which, more anon.

In the morning Mrs. Storer eloped clandestinely with her husband on a business trip, and was cruel enough to stay a week.

At length, however, Laura and Mrs. Storer went shopping together. Laura was careless enough to drop her glove. A gentleman bowed politely and restored it. She felt an electric shock as her hand touched his; she had on a thick vell, but she recognized her—ideal. She leaned back in the carriage feeling pale.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Storer, by way of re-assurance. "He probably didn't know it was you."

Laura was not refreshed, even with this view of the case. She twiddled the glove in her fingers, and finally began to draw it pensively on, but it had suddenly grown a mile too large.

"What!" cried Mrs. Storer, eyeing it. "A pair of Jouvin's best? I did not believe he could have made such a sacrifice. After such a proof can you any longer deny that the man is a jackanapes?"

"I'm sure, ma'am," said Laura, as red as fire, "I never did deny it."

"But," said Mrs. Storer, shaking her forefinger playfully, "we are young and we are romantic, and we have a pair of bewitching hands that are betted on fine mornings down at the club, and we have many, many pretty thoughts, that we wrap up in silver paper, and try to stow away out of sight."

Laura was speechless and unbecomingly flushed and uncomfortable. What a griffin-eyed woman was this Mrs. Storer. Could she

ever have been her mamma's bosom friend? And what if her hands had been betted on? It wasn't her fault; how could she help it? And could she never, without being thus fearfully dragged to light, think of—"

"That conceited creature," said Mrs. Storer, breaking in upon her reverie. "I haven't told you what he did this morning?"

Laura palpitated, but she would not so much as look as though she desired one crumb.

Mrs. Storer, happily, was thoroughly communicative.

"I had another call the"—running it up on her fingers—"the seventh, within five days, and I'd give my mosaics if I could only tell you what he said, word for word. You would have laughed for a week."

Laura was not so sure of that.

"However, you little chit, you abominable little coquette," ran on Mrs. Storer, "let it suffice you that you have had two offers before you were eighteen. Why, I was twenty-five to a day before I had even a beau."

Laura tried to speak, then she faltered and finally she burst into tears and hid her face.

"There, there, don't take on so," said Mrs. Storer, soothingly. "There's no harm done. I told him you were but a school-girl. That you liked to play with jumping-jacks and dolls, but a husband would be beyond your comprehension. I advised him to end all this by sending you a barrel of sugar-plums, which would be the most powerful plea for his forgiveness, which was all he might ever expect from you."

Laura still hid her face, but her sobs had ceased.

"I will not be insulted any longer," said she, in a strange, husky voice.

"That is right. I am glad you show proper spirit," cordially responded Mrs. Storer. "To be spied at and run after and betted upon by an insufferable coxcomb is enough to put any respectable girl to shame."

"I will end it at once," cried Laura, goaded to desperation.

"How?" asked Mrs. Storer, curiously. "If we could only devise some counterplot, and let him fall into his own trap. Why, the creature is so extremely enthusiastic that he has declared openly—what perfect absurdity—his willingness to marry you without even so much as a glimpse of your face beforehand."

"You are sure of it?"

Mrs. Storer nodded vigorously, and was about to ask Laura if she had the toothache,

her voice was so muffled, but Laura interposed with a second question:

"When is your masquerade?"

"In a fortnight."

"I have managed my plan, then, with the haughtiest of airs and looks."

"Queen Elizabeth!" cried Mrs. Storer, clapping her hands. "You look exactly like my picture of her, sentencing Essex."

But Laura neither smiled nor answered.

A bal en masque on the scale of Mrs. Storer's could not fail of success. Pig tailed Celestials and gentlemen from the reign of Henri Quatre; court ladies from the time of the first Louis up to Louis the XVI. inclusive, (exclusive though the ladies were); frisky friars, giggling nuns; fire, smoke, little Jacky Horner, and the sou' by sou'west wind (that is, persons representing these characters), effervescenced in an intoxication of exhilaration.

A wild Kalmuck, who surveyed the kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria through an eye-glass screwed into his left optic organ, and skillfully held there by no apparent earthly aid whatever, said, in the picturesque accent of his country, "Chawming!"

The untutored savage's utterance is expressive. Further words were hyperbole.

Of-times, however, there sits down with us to our gayest banquets a skeleton. Very many times the fairest rose is cankered at the centre.

So here, through this maze and whirl of festivity, stalked one unbending, incongruous guest.

Many a mocking laugh and merry sarcasm were launched at the tall, black domino, with the blood-red heart, who wandered incessantly to and fro—in the throng but not of it. Through his close black mask flashed two intensely dark eyes, piercing, sharp, watchful.

But the evening was nearly over, and the black domino's search, for such it evidently was, had been fruitless. He drew back impatiently into the shadow of a curtained doorway.

"I am burning with impatience," he muttered, clenching his hands, "but I am a fool to look any longer. It was but a jest. I was mad to believe in it."

"All is ready and waiting for you," whispered a voice in his ear.

As the black domino turned at the words, he confronted a figure closely masked like himself, who, throwing back his domino, pointed significantly to a white hand embroidered on the inside.

Without another word the two passed away together.

Through corridors lined with silk and cushioned with velvet, through suites of rooms fitted up with Eastern style and magnificence and ablaze with light; through the shadowy radiance of conservatories, where parti-colored lanterns, hidden like balls of fire among the leaves, showed out luminously, the tall, white lillies and the silvery flow of falling fountains.

The noise of the revellers, the crash of the music had ebbed away, wave after wave. A curtain was lifted, and the black domino followed his guide into an apartment hung with heavy, sombre-colored tapestry, and lit with a bluish lustre, that flung a strange soberness over the altar placed at the further end and the minister, in his clerical robes and stiff bands, standing beside it.

There were some gentlemen and ladies, in full masks, grouped near the altar. All wore dominos that completely covered their dresses. All except one, and she wore a flowing brocaded skirt and train, a stiff farthingale and a gleaming petticoat, that just showed the silken high-heeled shoes. Her handsome arms were bare to the elbow. Towards her the black domino passed eagerly, and catching one hand firmly within his own, passionately kissed it.

He trembled, so doing, and the little cold white hand fluttered under his kiss, and flushed warm. But now a hush fell around, as the minister began the marriage service.

It was over! Like magic the minister and the wedding guests had departed, and Chester Lawrence found himself alone with the object of his bewildering, all-absorbing love. His love, that in a single night had sprung up like an armed man and conquered him.

At this supreme moment, while he still clasped her hand, the perfect thing he had risked all to gain, a thrill, a shiver, an undefinable something, passed over him. He gasped for breath and tore his mask from his face, and his faith came back.

"My own, my darling, my wife," he whispered, "have I not proved my love? Do you not feel instinctively that it will stand true forever?"

There was no answer, but the hand tried to slide from his grasp.

"Not so," he said tenderly, retaining it. "Do not fear. If any secret is to be hid from me, if I am not yet to fathom the mystery that envelops you, you will find me a patient waiter. But one thing I must have, one thing I will

not wait for. I must see you face to face."

Still not a word in answer, only a long-drawn sigh, soft and shivering.

"Is it," asked he, as if with a sudden thought, "that some accident has happened? To your face, I mean? Nothing like that could touch me. It must be true and good."

Her hand raised itself towards her face; he could restrain himself no longer.

"Woman," he cried, "you torture me!" for she was passive in his grasp, and her hand grew like ice against his. He thought she moaned slightly.

"This sudden passion," he murmured, desperately, "I cannot control. It is beyond my power. I will know the worst."

With these words, he untied the strings of the mask. How could he notice, that the bluish light in the tapestried room suddenly shone out, bluer and ghastlier?

"My God!" he cried, as the truth broke upon him, "can it be?"

He bent forward only to crouch back again, with a shudder.

O, this bitter, bitter awakening! He clutched at his face, and buried it deep in his throbbing hands, trying to shut out the horror. For one second, the thoughts chased themselves through his reeling brain. His love outraged, his pride spit upon, his recklessness—and even that he had refined in the end—so fearfully punished.

"For life, for life," he groaned aloud. "Would to Heaven, I had not counterplotted to make the marriage real."

There was a heavy fall, and then a sharp click.

"Poor thing!" he said, springing forward with averted face. "She, at least, is not to blame." He raised her form from the floor. He had meant not to look at it again, but it lay so cold and heavy on his arm, that frightened, at he knew not what, he gave one hasty glance.

As if fascinated and under some spell, his eyes fastened and hung upon, nay hungrily devoured the fair pale face, that drooped against his shoulder. But it bewildered him. What did it mean? Was this a creation of his own unsettled fancy?

A look backward showed him the trick. There it lay. He could hardly see it so, without a shudder. The frightful staring face with its dead eyes. The hideous *idiot's* face, that for its brief reign had blocked out hope from his heart. Her fall had unloosed the spring. He understood it all now.

In his transport, Chester Lawrence forgot all but what he held in his arms. Under his fiery kiss, planted full upon her lips, Laura Shirley returned to consciousness.

She looked up wonderingly and put her hand to her face.

"O, I did not want to," she began, looking for her ghastly disguise; "but I promised and—" fuller thought dawned upon her—"but, I did not know that, I *did* not know that—"

"The marriage was to be a real one?" said Chester Lawrence, bending over her with radiant eyes.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Storer, making her appearance, in a perfectly apparent state of not-to-accounted-for perplexity. "What's all this?"

"Madam," said the gentleman, "my wife and I have no enemies to-night. Let us be friends." He offered his hand.

"Wife!" repeated Mrs. Storer, blankly, and looking to Laura for help.

"Yes ma'am," said the shameless creature, never flinching at her lover's encircling arm. "He says the minister was a real one. He managed it all."

"But you, you," stammered Mrs. Storer, still incredulous, "I didn't know you liked him. I'm sure, you said he was canceled."

"O no!" Laura was provoking in the extreme. "You said so. I only didn't say anything for fear you might think, because I was afraid you might say—"

"That you were in love, eh?" ended Mrs. Storer, brightening a little.

"It was natural to be bashful, you know," said Laura.

"You are bold enough now, however, you little deceitful hussy," cried Mrs. Storer, almost deciding to go into hysterics.

"O, but now there is all the difference in the world," said Laura, composedly flirting her fan. "We might as well make the best of what can't be helped."

Mrs. Storer decided against hysterics.

"Laura Shirley," said she, "you are only a child, no more fit to be married than a baby; but go home like a good girl, and Mr. Lawrence and I will talk it over. This is a strange ending to our practical joke."

Laura pouted.

"If I find this thing to be really so, I—for it is partly my fault—will try to help you out of your awkward position."

The two lovers smiled at each other.

"Yes," said Mrs. Storer, with a great effort,

"if you do really like him, and, he really likes you, and both of your hearts are set upon it, and this was a real marriage, the day you are eighteen, which will be in two months, you shall have another wedding from my house, and then everything will appear straight with the world."

"But those two months?" inquired Chester Lawrence.

"She must remain at the Miss Crowninshields'. You must not even see her."

"Impossible," cried the young man, "two whole, long infinitely-protracted months."

"Eight weeks," interposed Laura, sadly.

"Fifty-six wretched days," in a melancholic furore. "You might as well kill me at once. I cannot consent to it."

"Nonsense," fussed Mrs. Storer, "I see, I have two babies to deal with. I shall write to-morrow, to Laura's guardian."

Laura in an agony of supplication, threw herself before her.

"O, do not," she entreated, "we will promise, we meant to, we only wanted one little talk."

So that was settled, and the newly-made husband was permitted to conduct his baby of a wife to the carriage.

"You must forgive me," she said, "for you know it was very hard on me, to be laughed at all the time by Mrs. Storer, and to be betted on down at the club, and to be loving you all the time, and to be afraid that you were not in earnest."

"You must forgive me," he said, "for the fellows would make me bet, and that made me miserable. I loved you desperately, with no chance of getting to you, and Mrs. Storer's doublings made me wild."

"One thing I have decided upon, however. Never to wear this dress again," said Laura; "for if it had not been for this, I should never have thought of the idiot's face. But that is a secret."

"I wouldn't know it for the world, dear," answered her companion, gayly.

"Here is that hateful carriage."

"And an end to all our happiness."

"It is very hard!"

"Deuced hard," said Lawrence, with a catch in his breath, as he shut the door, and in a severely incensed voice commanded the driver who, as was his eminently proper and common custom, was half way round on his box, awaiting orders—to "drive on."

No sooner had coachee innocently turned to his horses than the strange young man

bawled, "Stop! Here!" he shouted, in an aggravatingly loud voice, thrusting his head and shoulders into the carriage. "Here is your—handkerchief."

A powerful imagination may possibly fill the long pause in the foregoing, with more satisfactory stuff than a daub of printer's ink.

HABITS OF SPIDERS.

A spider, when disturbed and alarmed, gives out a peculiar smell, very powerful, and much like the scent of the bean-flower. It is possible that this odor may have an effect upon the creatures it seizes, probably producing sleep, for many of the voracious insects seem similarly provided—the ant, for instance, having a strong pungent smell about him, which increases in power when danger threatens. Among the larger animals, there seems to be no creature so formidable for its size as is a spider. Provided with eight legs, at the extremity of each of which are pincers of great power, compared to which a lion or tiger's claws are mere trifles; with legs, too, of an enormous length, so that it can encircle its prey in its grasp, and thus hold it securely, whilst the long nipplers are buried in its body—the spider must seem to the insect-world a demon indeed. Fancy a tiger with eight legs, each twenty feet long, with teeth a foot in length, and capable of binding its struggling victim in a net, and we should indeed find tigers a fearful pest, and tiger-hunting even more dangerous than at present.

During the hot, close nights of the summer, spiders may really be made useful assistants in a bedroom. To sleep with the window open, is almost a necessity at such times, but the open window admits numbers of gnats and small insects, which, by their buzzing or bites, disturb the sleeper. If, however, a spider or two have chosen to construct webs before the window, the insects that would otherwise have annoyed us serve for the spider's supper. The common garden-spider is not a wanderer either, so he may be trusted in a room, for when he has once selected a corner, and built a web, he invariably keeps to the same locality, and destroys gnats and flies by the score, so that there is no chance of our suffering annoyance from his crawling over us at uncertain hours of the night.

There seems to be a rule throughout all nature, that the creatures which eat the most rapidly and consume the greatest quantity, can remain without food for the longest time. A spider that we obliged to emigrate from a

rose-bush to a pane of glass in a north window of our room, refused to build a web for four days; he then built a very small one, but caught nothing during three days more; he seemed, however, none the worse for a week's fasting. We then transferred him to a tin box, in which there were holes for ventilation, and covered the top of this with a piece of glass, in order to observe his proceedings. The spider at first could not ascend the slippery sides of the box, so it shortly set to work to gum on little bits of web, so that in two days it could lodge comfortably during the whole night on the side of the box. A fly which was placed inside was soon caught, but did not seem to be eaten with the same relish as when the spider resided in its web, though a week's fasting was certainly long enough to have given an appetite.

It is very rarely that two spiders really have a fair stand-up fight. If by chance two are placed in one web, the weaker or more cowardly instantly retreats, or is captured, and wound up by the stronger. Spiders are decidedly cannibals; they will breakfast off their brothers and dine off their sisters without any compunctions; and as regards what they eat, they seem to have no particular preference either for flies, gnats, moths, earwigs, daddy-long-legs, bees, wasps, or other small fry—all being eaten with the same eagerness.

When a spider has devoured all that is good belonging to a fly, he gets rid of the remainder by flinging it out of his web; this he accomplishes by the aid of his legs and claws, and he is very careful that it is not deposited in his web. It is very amusing to find a spider meeting and overcoming the difficulties of dragging a large fly among leaves and twigs up to its quiet retreat, the web by which it holds its prey often hitching in the jagged edge of a leaf, or over the extremity of a bud. The patience of the spider under these circumstances is extreme; he will again and again return to the entangled web, nip it in halves, or raise it carefully over its impediments, and at length succeed in dragging the fly into the selected position.

Spiders, when carefully watched, are admirable barometers, indicating when the fine weather is coming, or when wet or cold is likely to occur. If a spider commences early in the night to make a fresh web, we may safely count on a fine night and a clear bright morning; when, however, we find several old webs remaining in the morning, and the

spiders disinclined to make fresh nets for their prey, rain or damp may be expected.

It is curious to find, even among creatures apparently so similar as spiders, a marked individuality of character. One spider upon finding a fly cast into his web, will rush upon it at once, seize it, and after rolling it up, will carry it to the centre of the web, and feast on it. Another spider, apparently identical in every way with the former, upon being given a fly under the same conditions, takes alarm, and retreats rapidly along the guys of his web, as though anxious only to escape some great danger. There is a fly very common in most gardens, called the hoverer-fly. This creature looks rather like a bee at first sight, but has no sting; some spiders, however, always treat it with suspicion, and approach it with the greatest caution, whilst others treat it with no apparent respect, but roll it up with web as though it were merely a common fly.

If a bee or a wasp is caught in a spider's web, a very cautious proceeding is adopted on the part of the spider, which dodges and practises as many arts as a prize-fighter in order to escape the formidable poisoned lance of his adversary.

Next to the garden-spider, the hunting or zebra spider is the most common. This little creature is small, but very powerful, is striped black and white like a zebra, makes no web, but hunts for its prey on sunny walls and palings, stalking and springing on it like a tiger, and carrying off a fly much bigger than itself with apparent ease. These spiders move along a wall in a jerky manner, rushing on two or three inches, then stopping to look round them, again moving forward, and so on. When a fly or other insect is observed—and this spider is wonderfully quick-sighted—the spider approaches with the greatest caution, creeping up to its prey as a cat crawls toward a bird; should the fly move, the spider remains still, and bides its time for a more favorable opportunity to advance. When the spider has reached to within about eight or ten times its own length of the fly, it gums down on the wall a thread of web, works its legs as does a cat before it springs, and then dashes on to the back of its prey with a bound so rapid as scarcely to be visible. The fly finding itself thus attacked, takes wing at once, but the spider retards its movements, and is held in check by its thread of web, so that the fly falls against the wall, and its capturer instantly grasps this foundation, and there holds on, in spite of the

struggles of its prisoner. Even before its victim is dead, the spider drags it off into a secure retreat, and immediately commences his feast.

In consequence of the greater amount of activity required, and also from having no web to make, the hunting-spider is not such a great eater as is the garden-spider, and is not therefore so useful as a guardian to our open windows; he is, however, a most interesting creature to observe, for to watch him capture his prey is very much like having a bird's-eye view of a fight between a tiger and a buffalo.

ENGLISH LOTTERIES.

In England, when such enormous prizes as forty thousand pounds were to be got, and the end of the drawing came near, the town grew almost frantic with excitement. I dare say the business was managed fairly; but it was certainly strange how those enormous prizes did always remain until almost the very last, as though they had been in solid gold, and their very weight had kept them down in the wheel. I cannot cite a single instance of the chief prize being drawn during the first day. In 1798, the *last drawn blank* was entitled by the conditions of the lottery to twenty thousand pounds, and during the closing-day, tickets could scarcely be got at any price, while even the night before they fetched one hundred and twenty guineas. Once only, thirty years before that, were tickets ever sold at less than the original price (thirteen pounds) paid for them to government.

Delivered up, indeed, as people were to this evil spirit of speculation, they wished to secure themselves as much as possible from the consequences of their own folly; nothing, therefore, was more common than to *insure* a lottery-ticket, and there were a dozen offices of repute and respectability where this could be done. Out of this custom the circumstance arose which I here tell. I dare say even my younger readers are aware how the public drawing of lotteries was conducted; they have probably seen prints of the great Wheel of Fortune, and of the two Bluecoat boys, one of whom pulled out the numbers, and the other, at the other wheel, the corresponding blanks or prizes. I was a bluecoat boy at that time myself, and though I never was employed in this particular office, I had an acquaintance of the name of Thornhill who was. It was no great task to put your hand in a wheel and bring out a number, which

It was *his* part of the matter to do—to bring out the prizes, which was the other boy's work, was exciting enough, and commanded the deepest attention from all present, evoking sometimes quite a tempest of feeling; but Thornhill thought otherwise, and magnified both his office and himself. He was returning home one afternoon at the close of his first day's drawing, when he was accosted by a person of gentlemanly appearance, who informed him that he was a friend of his father's, and mentioned certain circumstances which induced the boy to believe such was the case. As he also asked him to dinner, and gave him a very good one, he did not need much persuasion to credit the assertion; and they soon got to be friends. Over their wine they began talking of the lottery, upon which poor Thornie, as we used to call him, was very eloquent, I have no doubt, and did not lack encouragement upon the part of his entertainer.

"I suppose," said his host, "they look very sharp after you at that wheel, so that it would be impossible to take two tickets out at a time?"

"Well, it would be difficult, but not impossible; and besides, what would be the gain of it?"

"Very true, my boy," said the gentleman. "No improper use could, of course, be made of it; but still I would very much like to see a lottery-ticket that is in that great wheel, and before it is drawn. I will give you ten pounds if you will put such a one into my hand to-morrow evening, and I solemnly promise you shall have it back within twenty-four hours."

"It would not be stealing?" returned Thornhill, hesitatingly, to whom ten pounds seemed a prize in itself.

"Certainly not," replied the other, "for its absence cannot possibly hurt anybody, and you have only to put it back just as you pulled it out. Who will ever know anything about it except our two selves?"

The next afternoon, having been persuaded by these arguments, and by the ten golden reasons which this liberal gentleman handed over to him, Thornhill pulled out from the wheel two tickets instead of one, and managed, unobserved, to place the second in his sleeve while the clerk was calling out the number of the other. The ticket secreted was 21,481; and this he presented, according to agreement, to the friend of his father. This occurred on a Wednesday night, and on the

ensuing evening, he receive it back again.

"Now," said his host, "you have not quite earned your money yet; but what I require you to do is not more difficult than what you have already done. I shall be in the gallery to-morrow while the drawing is going on, and when I nod at you—thus—but not before, replace this ticket in the wheel, only be sure you do not leave of it, but draw it forth exactly as if you had just taken it out in the usual way. That is all I have to ask, and you shall receive five guineas more for your trouble."

On the Friday morning, Thornhill kept his eye on his friend in the gallery, and when he gave the sign agreed upon, after the drawing had gone on for an hour or so, out came number 21,481, which, I believe was a blank. It really seemed as if no harm could possibly have been done to anybody, or any object gained, by the transaction. But for all that, I well remember how wretchedly ill poor Thornie looked throughout the previous day, and how silent he was concerning his own part in the proceedings, about which he was usually very boastful, telling us how the ladies in the gallery had smiled upon him, and bade him bring them luck, and how the lord mayor himself had patted his curly head. He knew he had done something wrong, even if no mischief should actually come of it, and, as he afterwards confessed, he was racked by the idea, that the friend of his family might not return the ticket, in which case, exposure and disgrace were certain; and they came about, although not quite in that way.

Upon the Thursday, when the ticket was not in the wheel, the man who had given the bribe went about to all the offices insuring the ticket against being drawn on the next day; and it was probably only his greediness which betrayed this promising scheme of fraud, and prevented it from being carried out again and again. The fellow had insured in one office no less than six times over, and his pertinacity so excited the suspicions of the office-keepers, that when the ticket was drawn, as I have stated, both Thornhill and himself were arrested, and the former was easily induced to reveal all the circumstances. Neither he nor his tempter was punished judicially, for, as it happened, the particular offence had not been contemplated by the law. But I shall never forget poor Thornie's face when he was publicly expelled from our school, nor the face of his widowed mother, who had come to intercede with the authorities, in vain.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE NEEDLE.

Few persons, looking at this delicate little instrument, ever think how much care and labor are expended in its production. Yet in the process of manufacture, the needle is subjected to almost one hundred different operations at the hands of as many workmen.

At the present day, needles are made principally at Redditch, about fourteen miles from Birmingham, England, and on the Continent of Europe, at Aix-la-Chapelle and at Borcetta. The English factories make the best, and supply the greater portion of those now in use in the civilized world.

The needle-maker is furnished with coils of wire of the proper size, from which he selects such as are of the same diameter, and cuts them into pieces, each the length of two needles. These pieces having just come from the coils, are, of course, more or less bent.

To remedy this, several thousand are placed within a couple of rings, and after being heated to redness, are laid, still retained in the rings, on an iron plate. The workman then takes what is called a smooth file, having two slots cut lengthwise in it, into which the edges of the rings are inserted. By means of this, he rolls the rings backward and forward until the wires, by their friction against each other, become perfectly straight.

The next step is pointing the wires. For this purpose, workmen, seated before rapidly-revolving grindstones, take in their left hand a number of wires so arranged that the ends project slightly over the fingers and hand, and, by a peculiar motion of the right hand, roll the wires over the stone in such a manner as to produce a fine and nicely-proportioned point. Pointing is very injurious to the health of the persons engaged in it. The minute particles of steel rubbed off by the grindstone penetrate the lungs, and produce what is known as "grinder's asthma." Men thus employed seldom live beyond the age of forty years. A number of safeguards have been designed for them, but they will not avail themselves of them, fearing that their employers will decrease their wages with a diminution of the risk.

The wires are pointed at both ends, and the centre of each is flattened, and a groove is made on either side, with a small indentation at the spot where the eye of the needle is to be made. This operation is performed with a stamping machine; and though each wire is adjusted separately, an expert operator can stamp from two thousand to four thousand needles in an hour.

The eyes are pierced by small hand-presses worked by boys. They manage them with great rapidity, and it is said they are so expert that they can pierce one human hair and thread it with another. The needles are hung on small wires, and the bar formed by stamping out the eyes is filed off. The wires are cut in two and the lengths separated. The heads are then filed into shape, the operator holding the needles in his hand. This completes what is known

as the softening process. They must now be hardened.

The needles are black, soft, and dingy-looking. They are placed on an iron plate, heated to redness, and plunged into cold water or oil, being kept constantly in motion. They are then heated again, and cooled more gradually, until by their color they indicate that they have arrived at the proper temper. The crooked needles are picked out and straightened, and any other imperfections remedied.

The next step is to scour and polish them. This is done by washing them in a peculiar manner with canvas and a composition of soft soap, emery and oil. This washing is continued seven or eight days. After being polished, the needles are assorted, and put up in papers for sale.

The whole process is exceedingly interesting, and we are sorry that the limits of this article prevent a more complete description of it.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Ladies who delight to adorn their persons with these beautiful fabrics, little dream of the immense amount of labor necessary to produce them. The shawls with the most tasteful ornaments are made upon the loom without the shuttle, each colored yarn of the wool being worked upon the warp with a separate wooden needle. This process is so slow, that it is usual to divide the fabric among several looms, after which the pieces are so nicely put together, that the seams cannot be detected. The very finest shawls are made in a single piece, and require three years of constant labor. These, however, are liable to injury from moths, or may fade in this extended period, so that they are rarely attempted. The fine shawls are usually made in twelve pieces, on as many looms, and then put together. They require six or seven months in their manufacture, and are worth in Cashmere from five hundred to eight hundred dollars. They have sold in London and Paris as high as two thousand dollars. The majority of the shawls in use in this country are made in Paris, and cost there from sixty to one hundred and forty dollars.

THE PIANO-FORTE.

The piano-forte was not at first very popular, and for this reason we cannot learn anything with certainty concerning the exact date of its invention or the name of its inventors. Christopher Gottlieb Schroter claims to have been the first to use the system of keys, springs and hammers, and his claims are rendered plausible by his assertion that on his instruments the performer "at pleasure might play *forte* or *piano*," that is, loud or soft. This is the first instance in which we find these terms applied to the instrument. In 1747, Frederick the Great was so well pleased with the piano-forte, that he purchased fifteen from a German manufacturer. The first piano known in England was made about 1757, by a

German monk. In 1767, it was "a new instrument" in England, and is advertised as such in a Covent Garden play-bill now in existence. The first American manufacturer of prominence was Mr. Jonas Chickering, of Boston, who invented many of the most valuable and excellent improvements on the original form.

The changes that have been made are very radical, and the piano of to-day is almost entirely a different instrument from that of 1747, which so charmed the great king of Prussia, or even from those upon which the "grand old masters" wrought out their strains of heavenly harmony. Just think of it! Wouldn't Mozart have rejoiced in a modern "Grand?"

A REMARKABLE SUPERSTITION.

There was a queer superstition entertained by a certain class of people in Scotland about eighty years ago. A Mrs. Elizabeth Buchan, who had been bred in the Scotch Episcopal Church, and who had left it to become a Dissenter at her marriage, commenced to preach doctrines of her own. She gained a number of followers, and deserting her husband went with them to a farm-house about Dumfries, which they purchased. Here they established a tabernacle, and waited for the day of judgment, shunning all fleshly vanities, and fasting for weeks, in the belief that they would be fed "like the young ravens that cry." When upon her deathbed, Mrs. Buchan called her disciples around her, and informed them, as a secret, that she was the Virgin Mary, who had been wandering through the world since the death of the Saviour, and that she was only going to sleep then. She promised to return soon, and conduct her followers to the New Jerusalem, but doubtless forgot to keep her word, or overslept herself. Her disciples, filled with the hope she held out to them, refused to bury her until forced to do so by the civil authorities.

BUCKWHEAT.

The buckwheat is supposed to be a native of Asia, and is called by the French, "Saracen wheat," as it is believed that the Moors introduced it into Spain. It grows in poor soil, and farmers generally plant it in localities that are not fertile enough for other crops. It grows very rapidly, and is sensitive to cold. It is reaped before it is all ripe, in order to save it from frost. It does not exhaust the soil by its quick growth, and its dense shade effectually prevents the growth of weeds. It is frequently turned into the ground as a fertilizer, and is in some districts grown exclusively for that purpose. It furnishes an excellent food for horses, being superior to oats, and when given to hens, is very efficacious in making them lay eggs. In the United States and England, the flour made from the grain furnishes a favorite article of diet, in the shape of buckwheat cakes. In France, especially in the province of Brittany, a heavy, dark bread is made from it; and in Germany and Poland, it is used as a gruel.

BUTTER.

This substance, which we regard as a delicacy, was used by the ancients as an ointment for the body. Plutarch relates that a Spartan lady once visited Berenice, the wife of Deiotarus, and that the former

smelt so strongly of sweet ointment, and the latter of butter, that neither could endure the other. At the present day, in some of the countries of Southern Europe, butter is sold by the apothecaries as a medicine, the people using olive and other oils in its place. The butter trade of the United States is very large, and is increasing every year. As far back as the year 1850, it amounted in value to fifty million one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in value. The State of New York produces about one-fourth of the whole amount made. In the year 1855, the total product of the State was ninety millions two hundred and ninety-three thousand and seventy-three and a half pounds, of which amount seven counties produced twenty-three millions of pounds. The increasing wealth and population of the Union is met every year by a corresponding increase in the amount of butter produced and consumed, for in no other country are the people such butter eaters as in this.

THE POLICE.

The establishment of a regular police force, as distinct from the old-fashioned constables, is due to the efforts of Henry Fielding the novelist, who, in 1757, while magistrate at Bow street, stated as a matter of public notoriety that the streets of London were not safe for citizens after nightfall, and that highway robberies, murders, and other flagrant crimes, were of common occurrence, and that their perpetrators were seldom or never detected or arrested. He suggested the establishment of a paid police force under the orders of the acting magistrate in Bow street. In 1763, a small force of this kind was organized, but met with so much opposition from the people, that it was soon disbanded. A permanent force was established in 1792, which was the basis of the present organization. In the United States, the present police system is of very recent date. Even in our large cities a few years ago we had, instead of the splendid system of to-day, feeble and infirm old men, generally known as the "night watch," for whom the law-breakers cared nothing at all.

PETER'S PENCE.—In former times in Catholic countries there was paid to the Pope by the people, on the festival of St. Peter, a sum of money, regulated by law, called Peter's Pence. Now the name is given to voluntary contributions to his holiness. Sometimes these contributions are very large. That of 1860 was over two millions of dollars.

A PENNYWEIGHT.—"Twenty-four grains make one pennyweight," says the Troy weight table. This was the weight of the silver penny of the reign of Edward I., and it has ever since remained one of the units of weight for precious metals.

HOW CONVENIENT.—Women who have become bald by frequent burning of the hair for crimping, are introducing the fashion of wearing top-knots in Paris. The empress smiles upon it.

POPULATION OF NEW YORK.—The entire population of New York city and its suburbs is 1,458,363. Of these 850,980 are natives, and 607,403 are foreigners. Of the latter the Irish preponderate, then Germans, English, Scotch, French, Swiss.

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

And gently, as clematis' clasping stem
Twines the sore leaf, and screens it from the blast—
So filial hearts their tender care must cast
Around the mother-plant that once supported them.

Campanula.

Beautiful herbaceous plants, natives of Europe and Asia; the greater part of which are perennials. There are also some handsome hardy biennials and annuals, and one or two greenhouse species. Many of the hardy perennials are dwarf plants, which produce a profusion of flowers, more conspicuous than the leaves; which renders them particularly adapted for rockwork, or growing in pots. Some of the species are so tall, as to require to be planted at the back of borders, or in a single row, along with other tall plants; such, for example, as the pyramidal Bellflower, the Throatwort, etc. The former is one of those plants that by repeated re-potting can be brought to an extraordinary size, either as a narrow cone covered with deep blue flowers from the base to the summit, or trained against a frame in the fan manner. By either mode it makes a very splendid object; and all the art required to produce it, consists in employing rich soil, and in shifting the plant for two years into pots always a little larger and larger, so as to prevent it from coming into flower till it has acquired extraordinary vigor.

The Ladies' Slipper.

Terrestrial orchideous plants, mostly natives of North America. They should be grown in peat soil in a shady border, and covered with a hand-glass, or in some other manner, so as to keep them dry during winter. These plants are among the most beautiful and curious of all our native plants. The yellow species, *Cypripedium pubescens*, is the most common, being frequently found in rich shady woods. The white and pink *C. spectabile*, is the most elegant as well as the rarest species, and is generally found in swampy woods. They may all be cultivated in the garden by placing them in a shady border, the soil of which is composed of leaf mould and peat brought from the woods and swamps, and their unique blossoms render them highly deserving of this care. The best time for transplanting them from their native localities is when they are in bloom, and they should be removed with a ball of earth attached to the roots.

Clematis.

Half-hardy and hardy climbers, with white and purple flowers; desirable plants, easily cultivated in a light rich soil, and readily propagated by cuttings of the young wood, or seeds.

Cattleya.

Orchideous plants, with large and splendid flowers, natives of South America. They may be grown either in pots, in peat mixed with lime rubbish, or on pieces of wood or cocoa husks hung up in a hot-

house, the roots being wrapped in wet moss. All the species of cattleya are easily propagated by dividing their roots; and they are particularly valuable, as they will thrive in a common hothouse if well supplied with water, without requiring the excessive heat and moisture generally necessary for the tropical orchideae.

Olethra.

Hardy and half-hardy shrubs, with white flowers; of which *C. arborea* forms a very handsome small tree, when planted out in the free soil in a conservatory, or in a sheltered situation in the open air, producing a great profusion of spikes of white flowers from August to October. *C. alnifolia*, and some other species, are quite hardy. All the species thrive well in a mixture of loam and peat, and they are all readily increased by layers, cuttings, or seeds.

The Coral Tree.

Stove and greenhouse shrubs, with splendid coral-colored flowers. *E. laurifolia*, and *E. Christa-galli*, will grow in the open air, and they will flower magnificently in a warm sunny border, if sheltered by a south wall. The soil should be a sandy loam, or loam and peat; and they are propagated by cuttings of the young wood struck in sand under a glass, but without bottom heat.

Cytisus.

There are above fifty kinds of Cytisus; but the kinds best known are the Laburnums, the common Broom (*C. scoparius*), and the Portugal Broom (*C. albus*). The common Laburnum (*C. Laburnum*) is a well-known tree, which if it were less common would be thought extremely beautiful. There are only three or four distinct varieties, but the plant varies very much in the size of its flowers, in their color, and the length of the racemes in which they are disposed, and in their fragrance. The Scotch Laburnum (*C. alpinus*) is much more beautiful than the common kind; both the flowers and leaves are larger, and the flowers are more frequently fragrant. They are also produced much later in the season, not coming into flower till the others are quite over. This is the plant which the Italians call May, as we do the Hawthorn. The French call both species False Ebony, from the blackness of the wood; which, however, is much darker in *C. Laburnum* than in *C. alpinus*. Both kinds will grow in any soil and situation, but they do best in a deep sandy loam, and a sheltered situation.

Shepherdia.

Beautiful shrubs with silvery leaves, formerly considered to belong to the genus Hippophae. The silvery appearance of the leaves is produced by their outer surface being of a bluish green, and their lower surface lined with a soft silky down of snowy whiteness. Natives of North America, and may be grown in peat or sandy loam.

The Housewife.

Fillet of Beef.

Take a sirloin or second cut of the rib; take out the bones with a sharp knife; skewer it round in good shape; lay the bones into a large saucepan, with two onions, one carrot, a dozen cloves; then the meat, with beef-stock or water enough to just cover it; let it cook slowly two hours; dish the meat; skim all the fat from the gravy; add some flour mixed with a little water; two spoonfuls of soy or walnut catsup; give it one boil; turn a little gravy over the meat, and serve the rest in a gravy-tureen.

Whole Chickens curried.

Put the chickens whole into a saucepan, with a little pepper, salt, and a few pieces of pork; cover them with cold water. When about half done, add a cup of rice, and a little more water if required. Let it boil until the chicken is quite tender; then put the chicken on a dish, and mix with the gravy a large spoonful of curry; stir it in well, and turn it over the chicken.

Beefsteak smothered with Onions.

Cut up six onions very fine; put them into a saucepan with two cups of hot water, a piece of butter the size of a cup, pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour; let it stew until the onions are quite soft; then have the steak broiled; put it into the saucepan with the onions; let it simmer about ten minutes; send it to table very hot.

A boiled Indian Pudding.

Take two teacups of Indian meal; scald it with a pint of boiling milk; add to it a cup of flour, a large cupful of beef or veal suet chopped fine, half a gill of molasses, two cups of dried apples, and a spoonful of salt; mix all this together; tie the cloth so as to allow the pudding to swell one-third, and boil it five hours.

Oustard Pie.

Seven eggs beat with two teacups of sugar, the rind of a lemon grated, a little cinnamon, and a quart of milk. Line a soup-plate with paste; tip up the edge with the thumb and finger to make a rim; fill the plate with the custard; bake about half an hour. This custard will make two pies.

Cream Pudding.

Beat up four eggs a little; strain them; add a teacup of fine white sugar, the rind and juice of a lemon, and a pint of cream. Line a pudding-dish with puff paste; put in the above. Bake half an hour.

To Ragout a Breast of Veal.

Lay a breast of veal in a pan with a pint of water, a little salt, pepper and mace; stew it an hour and a half, and turn it once or twice; make some forcemeat balls, with a little veal chopped fine, a few bread-crumbs, sweet herbs, salt, pepper, a little butter, and

one egg; mix it well together, and make it into small balls, and lay them on the meat; baste it with butter, dredge on a little flour, and set it into the oven to brown about twenty minutes, and dish the veal; add to the gravy a glass of white wine, a little butter, and a little flour; give it one boil, and pour the gravy over the meat.

Apple and Rice Pudding for Invalids.

Boil half an ounce of Carolina rice in a gill of milk until very tender, then add a very small piece of butter, sugar, a little cinnamon, and a grain of salt; then peel, core and slice a middling-sized apple, and put into a stewpan, with a small piece of butter, a little sugar, and a drop of water, and stew it until tender; when done, put the apple in a small tart-dish, mix an egg with the rice, which pour over the apple, and bake ten minutes in a moderate oven; it may also be made quite plain, if preferred.

Rhubarb Tarts.

Peel and cut the rhubarb into small pieces, and put them into a saucepan with a little sugar. Stew it until it is tender. Put it in a flat dish, and add more sugar, a little butter, mace, or cinnamon. Line some small tin plates with paste, put a rim of puff paste, and fill them with the rhubarb. Strips across the top add to the appearance of tarts. Bake them until the crust is done.

Rhubarb Pie.

Peel the rhubarb; cut it into very small pieces; line a deep plate with common paste; fill the plate half full of rhubarb; put in a plenty of sugar, a little cinnamon; then fill the plate full of rhubarb, some more sugar, and a small piece of butter; cover the pie with a good paste; bake until the crust is done; then let it stand in the oven, with the door open, ten or fifteen minutes.

Boiled Halibut.

Some like the tail best, but the next cut is nicest, and a much handsomer piece to dish. Rub a little salt over it, and lay it in cold water a little while; then wash it, and scrape it very clean; put it into a floured cloth, and then into boiling water. A piece weighing eight pounds will require thirty-five minutes to cook.

Broiled Chickens.

Chickens to broil should be very young and small. Split them through the back, and skewer the legs and wings down firmly. Broil them twenty minutes slowly, and season them with salt and pepper, and plenty of butter. Send them to the table very hot.

White Fricassee.

Boil a chicken; joint it, and lay it into a saucepan, with a piece of butter the size of an egg, a large spoonful of flour, a little mace and nutmeg, white pepper and salt; add a pint of cream; give it one boil.

Curious Matters.

A new Invention—Paper Socks.

Paper is certainly a "progressive" article. Not content with forming the materials out of which collars and cuffs are made, it aspires to still further encroachments upon the domain of linen, cotton and wool. The newspapers now announce the introduction of paper socks. In regard to the last addition, the *Scientific American* says: "The object of this invention consists in producing a new article of manufacture, viz: socks made of paper and muslin combined. It is well known that paper is one of the best materials for keeping in or causing the body to retain its natural heat—in other words, it prevents the cold air reaching such parts of the body as may be enveloped in it. The inventor designs his socks particularly for use under or over a pair of ordinary socks or stocking, to be worn in cold weather; but it is obvious that they can be made of a kind of paper which will last as long as an ordinary pair would keep clean, and they can be made so cheaply, that their cost will not equal the price of washing." Surely the world is advancing, for paper socks, indeed, will prove a novelty. If they can be manufactured as cheaply as the inventor claims, they will rapidly grow into general use, and thus lessen the profits of the washer-woman.

Are Green Carpets injurious to Health?

The fears entertained by some persons that the use of carpets with green tints is injurious to health, may be dismissed when they know the results of chemical examination. The green used in the manufacture of carpets is not the poisonous color respecting which so much has been said and published. The carpet green is dyed with fustic and the sulphate of indigo, neither of which is injurious to health or life. The poisonous green is only applied to paper and some cotton fabrics; never to silk or woolen fabrics. The poisonous green (Schule's French green) consists of arsenious acid and the sulphate of copper oxidized, and is used as a paint or dye for vegetable fabrics. Chemists have not yet learned how to apply it to wool or silk, and it is too expensive to be so applied. The dust of all woolen carpets, however, is unfavorable to health. There was much less consumption and lung disease in this country when painted floors were the rule, and carpeted floors the exception.

Taking Geometric Plans by Photography.

It is announced in Paris that M. Chevalier, the optician, has succeeded in arranging an apparatus for taking geometric plans by photography. According to the "Journal of the Society of Arts" the instrument is provided with a meridional telescope and a compass, in order to set it to any given point. A circular collodionized glass is placed at the bottom of a camera-obscura formed of copper, and moved by clockwork, so as to describe within a given time the outer circle, of which the station chosen is the centre, and the various objects as they are received in turn by the lens, are photographed on the circular plate through an exceedingly narrow slit in the side

of a copper box. The operation is repeated at their stations, in order to avoid error, and the result is said to be highly satisfactory. The thin, circular plates are used to lay down on paper all the points of the plan described.

Bronzing.

Dissolve copper filings in aquafortis; when the copper has impregnated the acid, pour off the solution, and put into it some pieces of iron, or iron filings; the effect of this will be to sink the powder to the bottom of the acid; pour off the liquor, and wash the powder in successive quantities of fresh water. When the powder is dry, it is to be rubbed on the figure with a soft cloth, or piece of leather; but observe that previously to the application of the bronze powder, a dark blackish sort of green is first to be laid on the figure; and if you wish the powder to adhere stronger, mix it with gum water. Lay it like paint, with a camel's hair brush, or previously trace the parts to be bronzed with gold size, and when nearly dry rub the powder over it. Gold size is prepared from a pound of linseed oil with four ounces of gum animi; the latter is reduced to a powder, and gradually added to the oil while being heated in a flask, stirring it after every addition until the whole is dissolved; the mixture is boiled until a small quantity, when taken out it is somewhat thicker than tar, and the whole is strained through a coarse cloth. When used it must be ground with as much vermilion as will render it opaque, and at the same time be diluted with oil of turpentine, so as to make it work freely with the pencil. An important ingredient in bronzing is gold powder, which is prepared in the following manner:—Leaf gold is ground with virgin honey on a stone, until the leaves are broken up and minutely divided. The mixture is then removed from the stone by a spatula, and stirred up in a basin of water, whereby the honey is melted and the gold subsides; the water is then poured off, and fresh quantities added until the honey is entirely washed away; after which the gold is collected on filtering paper, and dried for use.

Photography.

Mr. Warren De la Rue's lunar photographs are not only interesting as pictures of our satellite, but are found to be of great importance in a scientific point of view, for an eminent astronomer has declared that, in rectifying our knowledge of the moon, more has been accomplished by these photographs in one hour than by forty years' observation of occultations. This is a promising corroboration of what has been already remarked concerning photography, that it will become of essential importance to astronomical science. For example, the moon's libration is a phenomenon of which the observation has long overtaxed the patience and ingenuity of observers; but with photography it will be at once comparatively easy and exceedingly accurate. Henceforth, a photographic department will have to form part of every good observatory.

Facts and Fancies.

TRYING TO BE GENTEEL.

Everybody in Rippleton knew "shallow-brained Sally," as she was generally called; an addle-pated, simple old maid, who endeavored by all means in her power to make people believe she was high-minded, and of cultivated taste. Though she had never acquired more than the rudiments of a common-school education, and possessed no talents, she had got imbued with the idea that she could mount Pegasus as gallantly, and soar in the realm of fancy as loftily, as Parson Squiggs, or any other college-bred man therabouts.

Of course, this erroneous impression often made her appear like a second Mrs. Partington, and for years she had been the laughing-stock of the town. To gratify their mirth, many invited her to attend tea-parties, and social gatherings, where her wretched attempts to use "big expressions" with natural fluency, would, had he been present, even made the most solemn anchorite grin.

To get into fashionable society was the greatest desire of her heart; and she considered herself supremely blest, when asked out to tea by the wife of the village minister, whose church she attended, or the lady of the editor of the "Rippleton Standard." Pitying, and wishing to please this unsuccessful sustainer of gentility—whose efforts though somewhat dimming the effulgence of the cause in R—, were yet given with well-meaning fervor, they occasionally "put up" with her presence, and ill-timed, ludicrous remarks.

A few evenings since, she received an invitation to drink tea with Mrs. Squiggs, for which favor the old maid had been hinting and fishing for the past month. As the weather was a little unpropitious, and no company was expected at the time, Mrs. S— run the risk of enduring her presence for a few hours at the parsonage; yet she would not have any of her fashionable callers, or out-of-town visitors present, for a goodly sum.

In a flutter of excitement, Miss Sharprasp hurriedly dressed in her best rig, and prancing with head thrown back, along the principal street of the town, sought the handsome residence of Parson Squiggs; and with great dignity announced her arrival, through the servant, to the lady of the house, and was ushered into the sitting-room. With ceaseless volubility, she rattled off the most ungrammatical and senseless prattle imaginable, to which the minister and his "better-half" had no desire or chance to reply, save in monosyllables; yet, spite their usual gravity, they came near laughing outright in her face, at several very ridiculous blunders unconsciously made.

Just as they were sitting down to the tea-table, to the intense discomfiture of Mr. and Mrs. S—, a brother minister from the city of B—, and two elegant-dressed ladies stepped from a coach at their door. What to do they knew not; for to have them listen to the comical remarks Miss Sharprasp would be sure to make, seemed terrible; for the approaching divine was one of the most fastidious and precise

gentlemen extant. They could not tell her to go home, yet, hoping she would have sufficient sense to depart, they prepared to receive their distinguished guests.

In a moment they had entered, and were seated in the parlor. Miss Sharprasp, however, exhibited no special concern, and gave no indications of departure. So, poor Mrs. Squiggs (Heaven forgive her!) was obliged to tell a white fib—perhaps not far from the truth after all—to the effect that the strange visitor to whom they would shortly be presented, was a partially demented creature; an object of charity, living near by, addicted to singular *mal-a-propos* expressions.

They were accordingly introduced, and managed to keep sober faces—though her remarks were interlarded with grotesque mistakes—till after being seated at supper, when, on receiving a second cup of tea, Miss Sharprasp expressed her opinion of the excellence of that liquid, in this way:

"Why, Mrs. Squiggs! Your tea is 'splendid!' the superfluity of the sugar so superannuates the Chinese product, as to render it quite *obnoxious*."

This was too much for human endurance; while the face of the hostess crimsoned with suppressed laughter, the city clergyman haw-hawed right out in which Mr. Squiggs and the lady visitors heartily joined; in an instant accompanied by the uncontrollable titter of Mrs. S—.

"What, in the name of goodness, 'tickle-rates' you all," continued the old maid, in genuine amazement. "Didn't I expatiate in the 'properest-tense?'"

But the Rubicon was passed, the floodgates of mirth had broken bounds, and they were convulsed for several minutes; while the author of the laughable impropriety sat abashed with wonderment.

She soon after took her departure homeward, saying, as she left, "I guess you all must have seen something out doors very 'pictur'squeal,' (pictur-sque) the way you laughed!"

As soon as she had gone, the good parson solemnly advised his wife not to invite her again to the parsonage, for at least six months; and she resolved to heed the instruction.

THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

The "John Bull" newspaper, a high weekly, edited by Theodore Hook, frequently indulged in offensive personalities, in remarking on the conduct and character of public men. A military hero, who would persist in placing himself conspicuously before the world's gaze, received a copious share of what he considered malignant and libellous abuse in the columns of said "Bull." His soldier's spirit resolved on revenge. An officer and a gentleman could not demean himself by calling on a hireling scribbler for satisfaction. No! he would horsewhip the miscreant in his own den—the Bull would be taken by the horns! Donning his uniform, and arming himself with a huge whip, he called at the office of the pa-

per, and, scarcely concealing his agitation, inquired for the editor. He was invited by a clerk to take a seat in the room; he complied, and was kept waiting, while the clerk, who recognized the visitor, ran up stairs, and informed the editorial responsibilities of his name and evident purport. After an aggravating delay, which served considerably to increase the ill temper of the officer, the door opened, and a coarse, rough-looking man, over six feet in height, with a proportionate breadth of shoulder, and armed with a bludgeon, entered the room. Walking up to the surprised and angry visitor, he said, in a voice of thunder:

"Are you the chap as wants to see me?"

"You? No. I wish to see the editor of the paper."

"That's me! I'm the werry man."

"There must be some mistake."

"Not a morsel! I'm the *head-kitter* of this Bull," said the fellow, bringing the nobbed end of his bludgeon within fearful proximity of the officer's caput.

"You the editor? Impossible!"

"Do you mean to say as I'm telling a lie?" roared the ruffian, as he again raised his "knotty argument."

"Certainly not—by no means!" said the officer, rapidly cooling down, and dropping his whip and his wrath at the same time.

"Werry well, then! what are you wanting wif me?"

"A mistake, my dear sir—all a mistake! I expected to meet another person. I'll call some other time." And the valiant complainant backed to the door, bowing to the brawn before him.

"And don't let me ketch you coming again, without knowing who and what you want. We're always ready here for all sorts of customers—army or naval, civil or military—horse, foot and dragoons."

The officer retired, resolving to undergo another goring by the "Bull," before he again ventured to encounter the fighting editor.

When the clerk informed the occupants of the editorial sanctum of the visit of the irate colonel, neither Hook nor the publishers cared to face the horsewhip. A well-known pugilist, the landlord of a tavern in the vicinity, was instantly sent for; a slight preparation fitted him for the part, in which he acquitted himself with complete success. The story rapidly circulated, and the reputation of the fighting editor of the Bull prevented further remonstrance from persons who fancied themselves aggrieved by the liberty of the press.

TEUTONIC ANGUISH.

Dick Pomroy relates the following story of Teutonic anguish:

A few months since, the country remembers that a steamer, the *Lady Elgin*, was lost on a trip from Chicago to Milwaukee, and about three hundred persons on board were drowned. The first report was that all had perished, but several had escaped and returned to their homes, after an absence of from one to three days. There lived in Milwaukee, at that time, a burly German, named Triebelster Dotswinger, who rejoiced in a three-cornered lager beer saloon, an eight-square vrow, and an oval-faced cherab of eighteen summers, boy by nature, Schneider Dotswinger by name, and graceful as a young Bologna sausage in all its pristine bloom.

Schneider coasted his two derivatives to go on the ill-fated steamer. News came that she was lost. The anguish-stricken Teuton, in a paroxysm of grief, called on us in the editorial rooms, to inquire about his boy. We told him, as we were informed, that all were lost, and of course, his boy was a goner. He seated himself on a pile of books, and thus held forth:

"Mein Gott—mein Gott, Mr. Bumroy, 'tis always shust so as it never vash since it vash so, and I know es! I have so mooch droobles dis day as never vash since I make start mit mine lager peer grocery. It is shust so all der time, and I feel so pad *all down here* mit mine pelly. Let us go und make some lager peer drink, and I dells you pent dat Schneider what shust now lost me in ter Lady Helahin."

We accompanied the grief-stricken one to a saloon where lager was held forth, and over a glass of beverage he thus continued:

"Now, Mr. Bumroy, mine heart be aus ka spiekt (played out). I make so mooch loves ver dat Schneider as vot no man ever makes for his poy. I've had so mooch trooble mit him doo. Ven he vos un fine leedle poy, dat shust like un leedle pig, he had so much worms ash no poy never had, und it takes more as swei barrels of goot lager peer to get dat poy out of der worms. *Take some more peer, Mr. Bumroy!*

"Und den, mine friend, he makes ter leedle messels, and goomes out all over in und solid leedle spoats, shust like un papy vot is freckled as never vash, und it cost me more as doo tollars to get dat Schneider away from dem spheeces. Und I makes play mit him on der vloer und have such fun spenking him as never vash, und den he makes such growl, und goes out ter door ven he wants to, shust like nobody, so it does his poor fadder's heart so much goot to watch him as you never saw! *Take some more peer, Mr. Bumroy!*

"Und den he make grow shust like notinks. Und he gets so pig in his leedle sthummack like his fadder! Und shust like his muddler, doo. He vas shust such a boy as never vash. Und he makes himself grow big, und he drinks so much lager peer as his fadder, und is so much help in mine grocery. He draws peer so goot as I does, und I sitz all der times seeing Schneider draw peer, und I smokes my bipe to shleep all ter viles! Und now I veels so pad down here! *Take some more peer, Mynheer Bumroy!*

"Und now dat Schneider vas gone make himself drown on ter Lady Helahin! He vash so good poy as never vash, und I must make myself get odder little Schneider shust like him. I dells you, Mynheer Bumroy, I never make myself veel so pad since dat poy vas notink!"

Just then, the door opened, and in came Schneider, a living witness fresh from the disaster, brought up by Dannison on the cars.

"O mein Gott, there comes dat Schneider!" Jumping up. "O Schneider, you big rascal, kiss your fadder! Goom to your poor fadder's arms!" They embrace. "Now take some lager peer mid your fadder. Go kiss your mau dder, you big rascal! Here, kiss your fadder, you big rascal vot drowns in der Lady Helahin; und you big rascal, ven next you goes mit der Lady Helahin to ride, you sthay here und sell lager peer, and lets your poor fadder got have fans not by a great sight! O mein Gott, how I makes love dat boy! *I'd rather find fifty dollars in gold as drown him mit ter steamboat!*"

A CUTE YANKEE.

Andy Cummins, who used to live out near Framingham, was a "cute down-easter"—a real live Yankee, hard to beat. He was once in a country bar-room "down South," where several gentlemen were assembled, when one of them said:

"Yankee Cummins, if you'll go out and stick your pen-knife into anything, when you come back I'll tell what it's stickin' in."

"Yer can't do no such thing!" responded Cummins.

"I'll bet ten dollars of it," answered the Southerner.

"Wal, I rather guess I'll take that ere bet! Here, captain" (turning to the landlord), "hold stakes, and I'll just make half a saw-horse in less than no time."

The parties deposited an X apiece, and Cummins went on his mission, but in a short time he returned, saying:

"Wal, neighbor, what is it stickin' in?"

"In the handle," replied the Southerner, holding out his hand for the stakes.

"Guess not; jist wait a minute," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of the knife, minus the blade. "I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driv clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out thar."

Cummins, of course, won the wager, and the Southerner sloped for parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

A GREAT SHOW.

People in the country are blessed with some great exhibitions, combining more real fun than anything to be seen in the city. For instance, who would not laugh to witness the following rich bill of fare, served up in a neighboring State?

JUST OPENED, WITH 100,000 CURIOSITIES,

And performance in Lecter Room; among
which may be found

Two live Boar Constrictors
Mail and Femall.

Also!!

A Striped Algebra, stuff.

Besides!!

A pair of Shuttle Cocks and one Shuttle
Hen—alive!

The

Sword witch General Washington Fit with
At the Battle of Waterloo!

Whom is six feet long, & broad in proportion.

A Enormous Rattle Snake—a regular
whopper.

And

The Tushes of a Hippopotenuse!
Together with!

A Bengal Tiger! Spotted Leprosy!

GREAT MORAL SPECTACLE OF
"MOUNT VERSUVIUS!"

Part One.

Seen opens. Distant moon. View of the Bay of Naples. A thin smoke rises. IT IS THE BEGINNING of the EMOUTION. The Naple folks begin to travel. Yellow fire, follied by silent thunder. Orful consternation. *Suthin rumbles*. It is the Mountain preparing to Vomic! They call upon the Fire Department. *It is no use*. Flight of Stool pigeons. A cloud

of impenetrable smoke hangs over the fated city, through which the Naplers are seen making tracks. Awful explosion of butts, kurbs, forniquets, pin-wheels, and serpentes! The Mounting Laver begins to splash out!

End of Part One.

COMIC SONG.

The Parochial Beedle,.....Mr. Mullet.
LIVE INJUN ON THE SLACK WIRE.

Live Injun,.....Mr. Mullet.
OBLIGATIONS OF THE CORNUCOPIA

By Signer Vermicelli.

Signer Vermicelli,.....Mr. Mullet.

In the course of the evening will be an
Exhibishun of

EXILERATIN' GAS UPON THE LAFFIN HIGHENA!
Laffin Highena,.....Mr. Mullet.

Part Two.

Bey of Naples 'luminated by Bengola Lites. The Laver gushes down. Through the smoke is seen the city in a state of conflagration. The last family. "Whar is our Parents?" A red hot stone of eleving tuns falls on 'em. The bareheaded father falls scentless before the Statoo of the Virgin! *Denumong!*

The whole to conclude with a

GRAND SHAKSPEREAN PYRELYGNEOUS DISPLAY
OF FIREWORKS!

Maroon Bulbs changing to a spiral wheel, which changes to the Star of our Union; after, to budifful pinte of red lites; to finish with busting into a Brilliant Perspiration!

During the evening a number of Popular Airs will be performed on the Scotch Fiddle and Bag-Pipes by a real Highlander.

Real Highlander,.....Mr. Mullet.

[?] Any boy making a muss will be injected at onct.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

A young lady who was a firm advocate of total abstinence, when riding from her father's country seat to a neighboring village, met a young man on foot who was carrying a suspicious-looking jug. She at once reined in her horse and asked him what he had in "that jug." Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and smacked his lips, to indicate that it contained something good. The young lady, supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance; but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her just one simple question. "What is it?" she inquired. "It is this," he replied. "Why is my jug like your side-saddle?" She could not tell "It's because it holds a *gall-on*," said he. "What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued, "Young man, you do not perceive—" "Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, "and then I'm done. Why is my jug also like the assembly-room of a female seminary at roll-call?" "I'm sure I don't know," petulantly replied the young lady. "Well, it's because it's *full o' lasses*," said the incorrigible auditor. The fair lecturer touched her spirited horse with her whip, and was soon out of hearing of the rude young man's laughter.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



Irritated Gent:—"Now, then, young 'un, what are you a-starin' at?"
 Intelligent Newsvender (who sells the Flag and the Union, continuing to look fixedly at I. G.):—"O, nothin', I was only a-gazin' into vacancy!"



Nervous Individual (in an excited tone)—"Go away from here! We don't want you!"
 Organ-grinder (firmly but sadly)—"No sir, I knows my rights! I moves on for ten cents—no less."



Mr. Jollygreen is recommended to ride horseback for the dyspepsia, and this is his first appearance on the road. He don't appear to like it.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Master Reginald's tender years having prevented his attendance at the Pantomime, Messrs. Tom, Charlie & Co. kindly give him a resume of the evening's performance.



Clara (who is going out shopping)—“Auntie, dear, what size shall I get your gloves?”
Aunt Maria (complacently)—“O, my dear, get me the same as your own. There can't be much difference between our sizes, either in boots or gloves!”



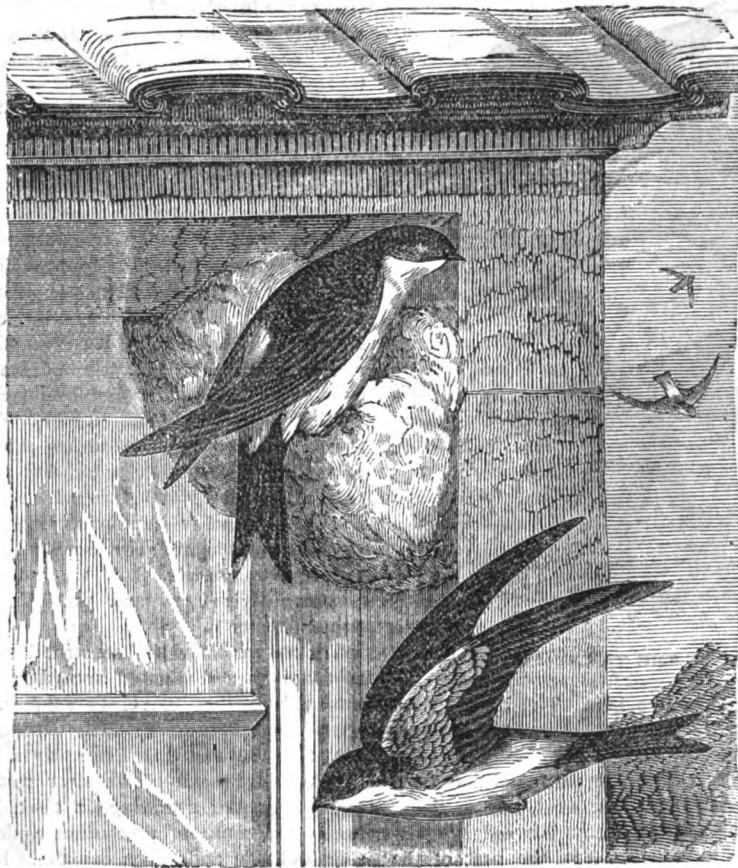
SEASIDE AMUSEMENT FOR THE JUVENILES.

Clara (who holds a shovel)—“Now, Sammy, if you make any more noise, I'll rap you on the head, and then bury you in earnest. Wont we, Dick?”

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 3.....SEPTEMBER, 1866.....WHOLE No. 141.  
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BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.



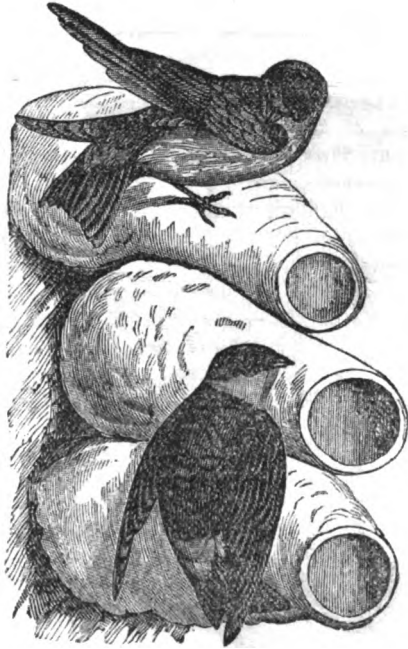
NEST OF THE WINDOW SWALLOW.

THE chief care of birds is to conceal their nests from the eyes of their enemies, and to render access to the nests difficult. The bird most commonly succeeds in fulfilling these conditions, not only by the form, but also by the composition of the nest. It is generally

formed of two or three layers of different materials; first, the external coating, that which must sustain the edifice, is composed of the coarsest; the second layer is of finer materials; and lastly the interior, or lining, which is the softest. Most of the nests built

on trees or their branches are constructed according to these rules, but large birds employ coarser materials than small birds. The nests of birds of prey and of crows are composed externally of dry sticks, strong and tender, then of finer stalks and roots, and lined inside with hair and moss, and other substances. The middle layer is frequently mixed with earth and clay, which imparts greater solidity to the structure.

Most of the nests of small birds are constructed on the same plan, only with finer materials; for while the crow conveys entire bundles of pig's bristles to its nests, the robin



NEST OF THE TAWNY SWALLOW.

puts horse-hair into hers. The interior of a large number of the nests of the small singing-birds is lined with extraordinary delicacy, but each species selects its particular materials. Many employ feathers, wool, cotton, hair; others, one of these materials only, and always the same. Thus, in the nest of the whitethroat only a few hairs are found; in that of the linnet, always cotton or wool, rarely hair; in that of the long-tailed tom-tit, there are feathers only; but in many other nests we find all these materials combined. There are among them some architects so capricious, that in the choice of these materials

they display a very peculiar taste. The peewit, for example, lines its nest with the feathers of the partridge only.

Thus, many species of birds have their favorite materials, and when they find them in their neighborhood, they employ them exclusively in the construction of their nests. The linnet, for example, finds, in the places it resorts to, a large quantity of a certain plant—the *Gnaphalium dioicum*, or cat's foot. So, also, all the individuals of the species which nest in this country line their nests with this soft little plant. The blackbird, when it constructs its nest of twigs, lines it with tempered clay; but when it builds in a hole in a tree, lines it with moss instead. The thrush constructs the interior of its nest of rotten wood, which it carefully prepares. It then glues it with its saliva, and spreads and kneads it with its beak.

Birds are no less capricious in the choice of the external materials of their nests. Thus, the very artistically constructed nest of the yellowthroat has always a lot of little morsels of bark, or rather of the white pellicle of the birch-tree; and when the tree does not grow in the neighborhood, this bird employs the remains of chrysalids, and the silk and threads of their several insects. The magpie builds its nest with shells, lining it with earth, upon which it places tender roots and delicate vegetable fibres, to form a bed for its eggs, the whole being covered with a roof or dome of thorns. The entrance is on one side. The nests of the crow are similar, but they are not all roofed. Many birds which nest on trees and branches build with sides so thin that the nest can be seen through, and it is not easy to conceive how they succeed in hatching their eggs and protecting their young from cold.

The materials for the construction of the nest are always selected according to the time and place of the bird's sojourn. This remark especially applies to the external coating, and the nest has frequently a special envelope composed of whatever material is found in greater abundance in the neighborhood—a measure of precaution against the search of man and other enemies. It is impossible not to admire the prodigious art with which the long-tailed titmouse and the finch clothe the exterior of their nests with the gray mosses and lichens which grow upon the same tree, or upon other trees of the same sort. The most practised eye would see nothing but a branch covered with moss. A

naturalist states that one day he saw a nest of the long-tailed tom-tit built amid the stalks of a hop-plant, without any signs of moss or lichen on the outside. It was, in fact, unnecessary, for none of these cryptogamous plants grow amid the green branches and leaves of the hop; and if the nest had been covered with them as usual, it would have been easily detected. It was therefore necessary for the bird to employ other means to effect its object, and the ingenious little architect constructed its nest of green moss, which could not be distinguished amid the green leaves.



NEST OF YELLOW-HEADED WEAVER BIRD.

Many birds which construct their nests with less art than the preceding, select always with a preference the materials best suited to their brood—thus, amid the fields we see them construct their nests of blades of dried grass, amid moss, with moss, etc. The species which nest in marshes take aquatic plants, reeds, rushes, etc., like the buzzard and the species of reed-warblers.

Aquatic birds and most of the marsh birds, as well as the *Gallinaceæ*, always nest in the vicinity of places where suitable materials for their purpose are found in abundance, and they carry them in their beaks, walking or swimming. The feathers found in the nests of ducks are those of the duck herself, which she plucks out while setting. The wild goose often carries rushes to the summit of an old willow, but it never goes far in search of them; it takes the nearest it can find, runs with them to the foot of the tree, and then flies up to the top. The divers seek their materials at the bottom of ponds, tearing up the aquatic plants which are beginning to

decay, and bringing them to the surface of the water. Both the male and the female engage in this work, and frequently bring together large masses of different species of these plants to construct a floating nest. Birds of prey carry the materials of their nests in their claws; almost all other birds in their beaks.

Under ordinary circumstances, birds build but one nest, and rear one brood in a season. If, however, by accident or design, their nest is destroyed, or their eggs stolen, or the young brood carried off, they set to work to repair the injury, and build another nest. The instinct to propagate their species overrules every other desire or habit.

In the engraving on our opening page the construction of the nest of the window swallow is shown. It is made of a soft, hairy substance, and fastened to the upper cross piece of the window frame from which it hangs down presenting a not ungraceful appearance.

The engraving on page 174 represents the nests of the Tawny Swallow, which are simply



NEST OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

long pouches of earth and twigs, and lined inside with warm, soft substances. They are generally found in groups, and lie one above another as shown in the engraving.

The third picture is a view of the nest of the Yellow-Headed Weaver Bird. It resembles a small, rude basket of osiers, somewhat longer than it is wide. It is generally concealed among the branches of small trees.

The nest of the Baltimore Oriole, shown in the engraving on this page, is the habitation of a bird peculiarly American. It is found from Canada to Brazil. Belonging to a family which usually lives in the tropics, where an

inaccessible nest is necessary for protection against monkeys and serpents, the Oriole retains the habit of suspending its nest, even in countries where these dangers do not exist. In the South the nest is made from the lightest moss, while in New England, the softest and warmest materials and the sunniest location are selected. The nest is placed at the bottom of a very skillfully-constructed network of strings and fibres, suspended like a pouch, from the end of a branch, and shaded by the overhanging leaves. They are so little fearful of man that they build in the trees of a city, and over the planter's door as readily as in the silent woods. It is one of the handsomest birds that appear in the Northern States, and is consequently much admired; and only vandals kill it, or rob its nest. But our space will not permit us to enlarge on the subject of birds and their nests, so we must turn to other matters.

THE ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA.

Hawaii the largest of the Sandwich Islands, is noted for its numerous and remarkable volcanoes. Of these the most wonderful are Kirauea and Mauna Loa. The former, though over three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, is not a mountain, but its crater is found in a depression which is more than a thousand feet below the surface of the adjacent country. The circumference of this depression is between fifteen and sixteen miles.

Sixteen miles distant from Kirauea, and at an elevation of nine thousand seven hundred and ninety feet above it, is the crater of Mauna Loa. This may be considered as the summit crater of a mountain, of which Kirauea is a lateral one.

The form of Mauna Loa is its most remarkable feature. The idea of a volcano is so generally connected with the figure of a cone, that the mind at once conceives of a lofty sugar-loaf ejecting fire, red-hot stones, and flowing lavas. But in place of slender walls around a deep crater, which the shaking of an eruption may tumble in, the summit of the Hawaiian volcano is nearly a plane, of which the crater, though six miles in circuit, is like a small quarry-hole, the ancient orifice being not less than twenty-four miles in circumference.

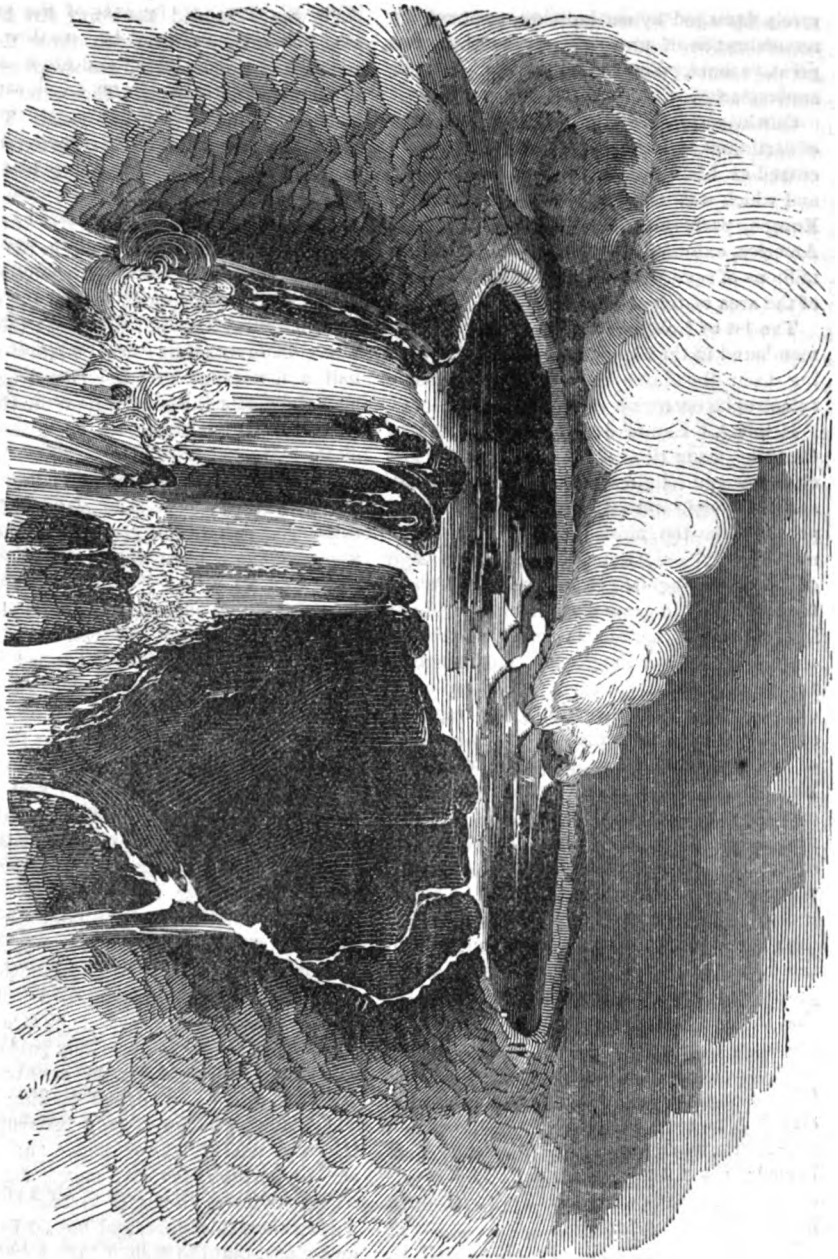
A memorable eruption of this volcano took place in January, 1843. The engraving on page 177 gives a view of the crater during the eruption, which is thus described in a letter of an American missionary:

"On the 10th of January of the present year, just at the dawn of day, we discovered a rapid disgorgement of liquid fire from near the summit of Mauna Loa, at an elevation of about fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This eruption increased from day to day for several weeks, pouring out vast floods of fiery lava, which spread down the side of the mountain, and flowed in broad rivers, throwing a terrific glare upon the heavens, and filling those lofty mountainous regions with a sheen of light. This spectacle continued till the molten flood had progressed twenty or thirty miles down the side of the mountain, with an average breadth of one and a half miles, and across a high plain which stretches between the bases of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. After many weeks—in company with Mr. Paris, the missionary for Kau—a station south of Hilo—we penetrated through a deep forest, stretching between Hilo and the mountain, and reached the molten stream, which we followed to the top of the mountain, and found its source in a vast crater, amidst eternal snow. Down the sides of the mountain the lava had now ceased to flow upon the surface; but it had formed for itself a subterranean duct, at the depth of fifty or one hundred feet. This duct was vitrified, and down this fearful channel a river of fire was rushing at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, from the summit to the foot of the mountain. This subterranean stream we saw distinctly through several large apertures in the side of the mountain, while the burning flood rushed fearfully beneath our feet. Our visit was attended with peril and inconceivable fatigue, but we never regretted having made it, and we returned deeply affected with the majesty, the sublimity, the power, and the love of that God who 'looketh on the earth and it trembleth, who toucheth the hills and they smoke; whose presence melteth the hills, and whose look causeth the mountains to flow down.'"

GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

Earthquakes, which are the greatest mysteries of nature, have long been the object of the most thorough investigations of scientific men. At the present day the *savans* have returned to the old theory of the ancients which assigned the cause to the effects of a vast fire which exists in the centre of the earth. Further than this nothing is asserted with accuracy. Various opinions exist in different countries. In regions subject to them it is

THE ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA.



generally supposed that they cannot occur without being preceded by some sign. In Italy the opinion prevails, that long calms, an oppressive heat and a foggy sky are sure heralds of the approaching disaster. It has been proved, however, these conditions have frequently occurred without having been followed by earthquakes, and it may be here

remarked that the signs regarded in all other countries as infallible have been discovered at fault sometimes by science.

The terror with which they are regarded by Europeans and their descendants is well known to all who have examined the subject. In South American countries, however, the natives, who live in light reed huts, which are

rarely damaged by earthquakes, preserve the remembrance of unusually severe shocks as great events, keeping festivals on their anniversaries.

Our intention is not to discuss the theory of earthquakes, but to describe one which occurred at Lisbon more than a century ago, and which was felt in the greater portion of Europe, parts of Africa, and even in North America, extending over a space of fifteen millions of square miles, or nearly one twelfth of the area of the globe.

The 1st of November, 1755, will be long remembered in the annals of Portugal, as having been the day upon which this terrible catastrophe occurred.

It was All Saints' day, which is in Roman Catholic countries a high festival. The churches and religious houses were crowded, and the people were thus collected in what proved to be the most fatal localities. The morning broke clear and bright, with no sign of the impending danger. About nine o'clock the sun began to grow dim, and half an hour later a rumbling noise was heard, which proceeded from under the ground, and resembled the rolling of heavy carts. This noise increased gradually and with great rapidity, and in a few seconds resembled the discharge of heavy ordnance. At a few minutes after nine o'clock, when this noise was loudest, the earth became violently convulsed, and the first shock was felt. This was extremely severe, and levelled the palace of the Inquisition, and many other large buildings, to the ground. There was a short pause of not more than a minute in duration. Then followed three terrific shocks, which threw to the ground every building of any considerable size, including all the churches, palaces, and government buildings in the place. In less than five minutes after the first shock was felt nothing was left of a large and flourishing city but a mass of fearful ruins, beneath which thousands of human beings were buried; some being instantly killed, while others were compelled to linger through hours of agonizing torture.

But this was not all. In about half an hour after the severe shocks had ceased, the sea rushed with terrific violence into the Tagus, rising more than forty feet above high water mark. Fortunately the large bay which the river forms opposite the Portuguese capital permitted this vast body of water to spread itself, but for which circumstance it would have covered more than half the town.

As it was it flooded the lower streets, and a strong stone quay on which three thousand people had taken refuge, was swept away and every person drowned. The water had retreated as quickly as it had come. This was repeated several times before the sea returned to its usual level, the wave being less powerful each time.

Sixty thousand persons were buried beneath the ruins and drowned in the Tagus. During the evening a smart shock was felt, which was strong enough to split the walls of several houses that had still kept their position. The rents thus caused were more than half a foot wide; but they closed again immediately after the cessation of the shock, so firmly that no trace of them could be discovered.

In honor of the festival the altars of the various churches had been elaborately decorated with lighted candles. When the buildings fell these were not extinguished, and gave rise to a new horror. As soon as it was dark the city was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Davy, an English merchant, residing in Lisbon, who witnessed the disasters, thus describes this terrible *finale*:

"As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself, little less shocking than those already described—the whole city appeared in a blaze which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress. It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified, that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their substance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of women and children calling on the saints and angels for succor, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and indeed I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together."

The engraving on page 179 presents a spirited view of the appearance of the city during the severe shocks which destroyed it.

The country immediately around Lisbon was terribly affected. The high mountains were greatly damaged, and some had their summits split in two. The whole coast of

Portugal and a part of Spain shared in the suffering. Oporto, Sebutal, Ayamonte, Cadiz and Gibraltar were more or less injured by the shocks and the sudden rising of the sea.

As a consequence of all this, the inhabitants of countries subject to earthquakes never feel secure. They know not at what moment

one of these terrible visitations may overwhelm them, and blot out their existence, or strip them of all their possessions. We who are exempt from such a scourge have great cause to be thankful that we are not exposed to the inflictions of a calamity that is often so fearful in its results and widespread in its desolating ruin.



THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

ON THE LAKE SHORE.



When the summer sunset's purple billows
 Fade away in the glowing west,

And the level sun through the clump
 of willows,

Glints amber hues on the waters' breast;

And myriad star-gems softly sparkle
 Mid the blue of the waters' deep,
 Their dancing reflex the wavelets
 darkle

Where their silver shadows softly
 sleep.

'Tis then my wandering footsteps
 stray

By the lake's rippled, pebbled rim,
 While thought and fancy float away
 On the sailing mists of the evening
 dim.

The sound of oars, dipped faint and
 still,

Above the river's distant bend,
 So sweetly with the wild-birds' trill
 And the night-wind's fairy music
 blend.

But she who roamed with me alone
 The silent, pebbly shore along,

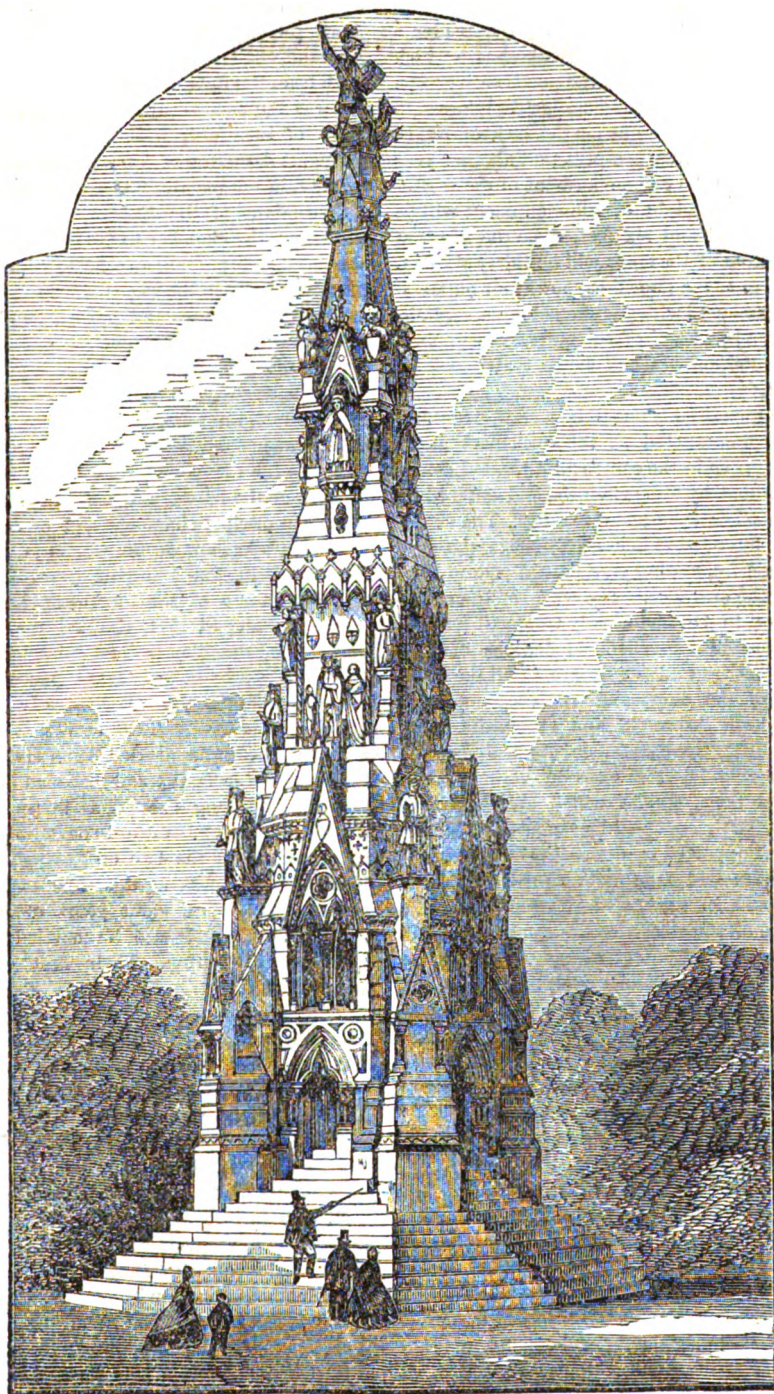
No more will list the tender tone
 Of oarsmen's stroke or wild-birds'
 song,

Her glance, as in the days of old,
 No more will radiate from her eyes;
 Those starry orbs in death are cold,
 And her spirit warbles in the skies.

But ever when diurnal hours
 Their storied, happy memories bring,
 I think of her in fadeless bowers,
 Who used with me to laugh and sing
 Sweet songs of yore, whose music
 sweet

Floats through tenacious memory
 yet;

Although her form I may not meet,
 Her love I never can forget.



PROPOSED SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

On page 181 we present to the reader a view of the monument to Shakespeare which it is proposed to erect at the poet's native town of Stratford-on-Avon. The project is forced to lie over for the present for the lack of funds, but there is every prospect that another year will witness the commencement of the work.

The total height of the monument will be one hundred and six feet, while the width at the bottom of the steps will be thirty-six feet. The plan at the floor line shows four buttresses, ornamented with angular columns, capitals, and panels. Each of the buttresses supports a pedestal, on which a large statue will be placed.

The memorial is not to be a solid structure, but so constructed at the lower part as to form a space in the centre for a vaulted chamber, lighted by four windows, and entered by an arched door on one side only. The chamber is intended to contain a marble statue of Shakespeare, resting on a carved pedestal opposite the entrance. The walls of the chamber are to be historically treated, by tinted sculpture in bas-relief. Medallions of dramatic writers and actors are to fill the spandrels of the doors and windows, and other parts, both internally and externally. The form of the statue chamber is indicated on the design outside, as it rises by various architectural lines, amidst which are four large gables, partly occupied by the arms of Shakespeare, supported by dramatic characters.

In the second stage more figures are shown, singly and in groups, illustrating personages in some of the chief plays of ancient English life, some being under canopies. The upper tier of statues is shown upon the third stage, which, with those below, and the crowning group at the top, St. George of England slaying the Dragon, number between thirty and forty. It is estimated that this handsome memorial will cost when completed, between eighteen and twenty thousand dollars, not in greenbacks, but in gold.

In Manchester they have selected a very different method of honoring the memory of the poet. They have founded one scholarship of the value of two hundred dollars per annum, in Owen's College, and two of the value of one hundred dollars, each, per annum, in the Manchester Free Grammar School, to promote the study of the English language and English literature.

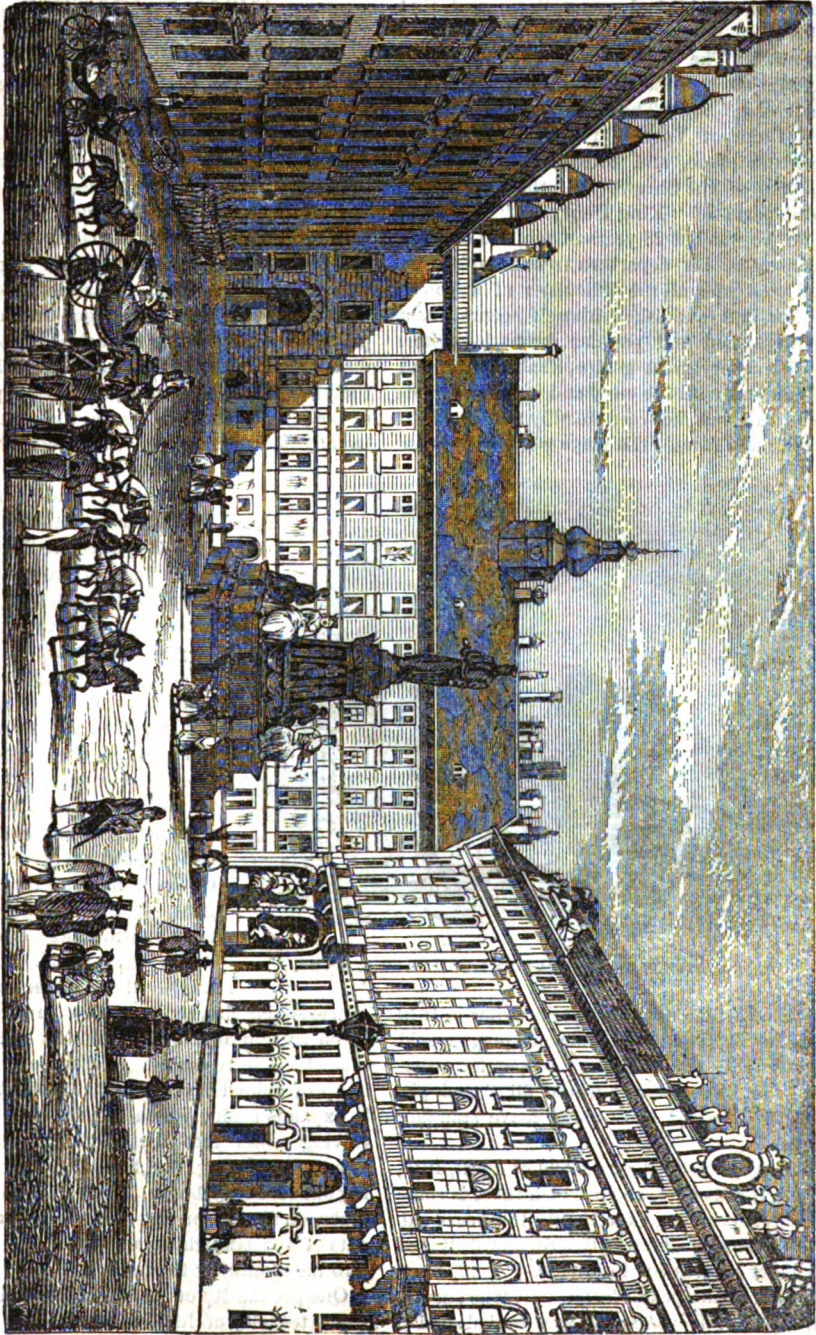
The exact date of Shakespeare's birth is not known with certainty. He was born at

Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564—the 25th of April, the anniversary of the tutelary saint of England, St. George, is generally believed to have been the date of this auspicious event. He was the son of John Shakespeare, a resident of Stratford, who married Mary, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden of Willmecote, in the parish of Aston Cauntlow, and a descendant of the Robert Arden who was groom of the chamber to Henry VII. John was a thriving man, a respectable wool-stapler, who early in life was enabled to purchase two copyhold houses and gardens, and at the age of twenty-seven became a Burgess of the corporation of Stratford. The year afterwards he was one of the four constables of Stratford, and in 1559, he gained the office of affeeror, whose duty it was to fix and determine the fines leviable for offences against the by-laws of the borough. In 1561, he was one of the municipal chamberlains; and in 1564, he was a member of the Common Hall of Stratford. In the following year, 1565, he was elected one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford; and in 1571, attained the highest dignity by being chosen chief alderman.

Thus it will be seen that the poet came of a respectable family. Of his early life we know comparatively little, save that at the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, between whose family and his own a close intimacy had long existed, as is proven by the records of the Stratford court. His marriage bond bears the date of November 28th, 1582. His wife was at this time twenty-six years of age, being eight years older than Shakespeare himself, and he married her to save her reputation. Their first child, a daughter, was born in May, 1583. They lived together in Stratford, until 1585, during which time they had three children. At the end of that time, Shakespeare, not finding his lot a very pleasant one, left Stratford and went to London. He became attached to the theatre, and had a house in Southwark, where his brother lived with him; and it is probable that his wife was his frequent companion there.

His attachment to the stage is easily accounted for. At Stratford he had had frequent opportunities of witnessing stage plays, and becoming acquainted with actors. As early as 1569, the queen's players and the Earl of Worcester's players visited Stratford and performed in it. Besides this he had frequent other opportunities, and it is supposed that when Queen Elizabeth made her grand historical visit to Kenilworth Castle, William

FRANCIS PLATZ, AT VIENNA, AUSTRIA.



Shakespeare, then eleven years of age, was present at the festivities.

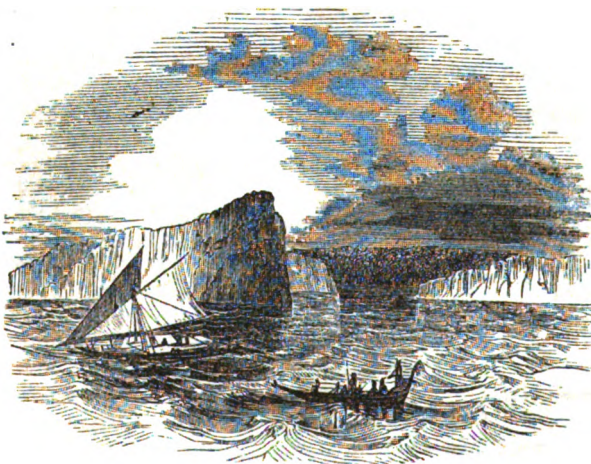
Concerning his merits as an actor, writers differ. Some assert that he never rose beyond the position known to the modern stage

as "general utility," while others claim for him considerable ability.

It is believed that he began his career as a play-wright by writing in company with Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe, who had

achieved established reputations, and that with them he produced "The Taming of a Shrew," "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," and "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York." These he afterwards re-wrote alone, and brought out as "The Taming of the Shrew," and the second and third parts of "King Henry VI." By 1592, when he was but 28 years of age, and only six years after his departure from Stratford, he had overcome all the difficulties of a young author, and established himself securely as a distinguished and popular dramatic writer.

Like every great genius, Shakespeare had to contend with the envy and malice of jealous rivals, but he rose steadily above all to wealth and fame. His plays were as popular



CORAL ISLAND, ELEVATED BY EARTHQUAKES.

in his own time as to-day, for a writer in 1640 tells us that when Ben Jonson's plays would hardly bring money enough to pay for a sea-coal fire, Shakespeare's would fill "cock-pit, galleries, boxes," and scarce leave standing room.

Shakespeare died on the 23d of April, 1616, being, if this date, about which there is some dispute, is correct, exactly fifty-two years old. The following entry in the Stratford Burial Register records his interment—"1616, April 25, Will Shakespear, *Gent.*" His wife survived him seven years, and was buried beside him on the 8th of August, 1623. The first folio edition of his plays was published in the same year. The poet's grave is on the north side of the chancel of the church at Stratford.

CORAL FORMATIONS.

Those who have sailed in the Pacific and Indian Oceans have seen the wonderful formations which are continually springing up in those distant waters, and which are due to the constant and ceaseless workings of those wonderful polyps known as the coral animals.

In appearance the coral insect is extremely beautiful, rivalling in its hues the richest flowers of our gardens. It is partly a flower and partly an animal, and in some degree resembles a garden aster. It has like the aster a disk richly colored and fringed around with petal-like organs called tentacles. Below the disk, in contrast with the slender pedicel of the plant, there is a stout, cylindrical pedicel or body, often as broad as the disk itself, and usually not much longer, which contains the

stomach and internal cavity of the polyp; and the mouth, which opens into the stomach, is placed at the centre of the disk. Here the garden flower and the flower animal diverge in character. These polyps are attached to the submerged rocks of the shore, which serve them as a foundation for their structures, and from which they extend in various directions. The mouth is devoid of teeth, or appendages of any kind. The tentacles, which are the petals of the flower, are tubular organs, and communicate internally with the exterior cavity of the animal. It contracts when disturbed, and

conceals the flower by rolling inward over it the margin bearing the tentacles; and in this shape it resembles a shapeless, lifeless lump of animal matter. After a short time, it expands again, which is produced by receiving water into the interior through the mouth, and filling the tentacles, and swelling out its fleshy body. Its food consists of crabs, shell fish, or any other small inhabitants of the sea, which are seized and forced into the mouth by the tentacles.

One peculiarity of these polyps is their extreme tenacity of life. If one is cut into a hundred pieces, each piece will grow to a separate polyp.

Another remarkable feature is their mode of reproduction, which is accomplished by budding. This process is similar to the pro-

duction of buds in vegetables. A slight prominence is first seen on the side of the parent; this continues to enlarge until a circle of tentacles comes out, with a mouth at the centre, and finally the young equals the original flower in size. This enables the animals to carry on their work to an almost indefinite extent. The constant budding keeps pace with the work of building, and the original polyps die out in the same proportion.

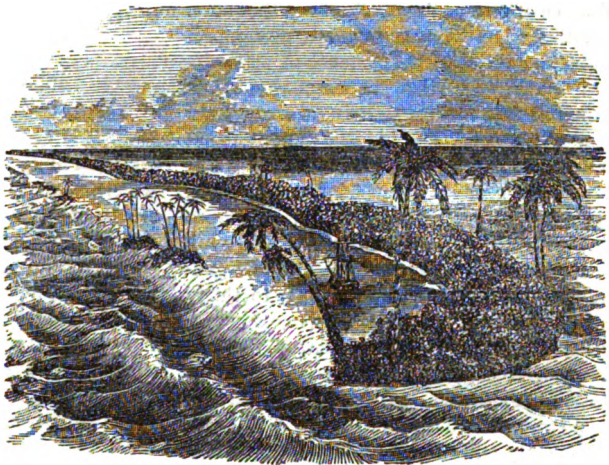
The secretion of coral by these animals is not, as is supposed by some persons, an effort with them. It is as natural and involuntary with them, as the secretion of milk by cows. The secretion is formed in the internal cavity of the polyp, the material being provided by the shells of its favorite food. The coral is deposited first on the base of the substance to which the animal is attached, each new polyp adds to this, and the structure rises in the water towards the surface. After a certain limit is passed the polyps at the base die out, but the work of reproduction at the top is continued with unceasing activity. Thus the working force is maintained unimpaired.

Coral formations under the surface of the water present scenes of beauty not surpassed by those afforded by the objects of our world. Trees of from six to eight feet in height, and beautifully branched are common; and scattered over the domain of these wonderful creatures are imitations of all kinds of vegetation. Besides these, there are also solid domes, ten or twenty feet in diameter, whose surface is arched with the greatest nicety, and exquisitely modelled vases, some of which are three or four feet in diameter. The trees and vegetation are covered with a luxuriant foliage, consisting of these many colored flower animals, the vases are adorned with sprigs of them, and the domes are studded with polyp stars of purple and emerald green. Through these fairy-like haunts fish of the most gorgeous hues roam. The exquisite lines of Percival, in which he so vividly portrays the beauties of these "coral groves," are said by naturalists to be no exaggeration.

Not less wonderful are the structures of the coral polyps which are seen above the waves.

The engraving on this page represents the coral island as it is usually seen, and that on page 184 an island of this kind which has been elevated to a considerable height above the waves by an earthquake. These islands are to be found almost entirely in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Some are many miles in extent, others are very small, while others still do not rise above the water, but form dangerous reefs, which render the navigation of those waters extremely uncertain and hazardous.

The first engraving under this head is a view of an atoll or lagoon island. It consists of a chaplet or ring of coral enclosing a portion of the ocean. The average breadth of the part of the ring above the surface of the sea is about a quarter of a mile, and its height about six to twelve feet above the waves.



A CORAL REEF AND ISLAND.

Hence, lagoon islands cannot be seen except from a very short distance, unless they are covered with a growth of cocoa-nut, palm, or the pandanus, which is frequently the case. On the opposite side of the lagoon the coral formation is much lower, and the breakers dash over it with a thundering sound. This noise enables sailors to tell their proximity to an atoll long before it can be seen. The water enclosed in the lagoon is calm and still, and generally deep enough for the largest ships. There is commonly an easy entrance at some part of the island, and a safe harbor is almost always to be found there.

That portion above the waves contains no living polyps, as they cannot exist except at a certain depth below them. A short distance below the surface the structure is covered with

them; deeper still they are dead, and their place is supplied by animal substances to keep the coral from the washing influence of the waves.

In the Indian Ocean are many interesting coral islands. The Maldivé and Lacadive Archipelagoes, both nearly parallel to the coast of Malabar, are among the most perfect specimens. The former is four hundred and seventy miles long by about fifty miles broad, with atolls arranged in a double row, separated by an unfathomable sea, into which their sides descend with more than ordinary rapidity. The largest island is eighty miles long and twenty broad; three of the group are inhabited.

There is another species of coral formations called the Encircling Reef. They commonly form a ring round mountainous islands at a distance of two or three miles from the shore. Tahiti, the largest of the Society group, presents the most beautiful instance of an encircled island. It rises in mountains seven thousand feet high, with only a narrow plain near the shore. The lagoon, which encompasses it like an enormous moat, is thirty fathoms deep, and is hemmed in from the ocean by a coral band of the usual kind, at a distance varying from half a mile to three miles.

Barrier reefs—still another formation—generally lie at a distance of twenty to thirty miles from the shore. The great reef which extends along the northeast coast of the continent of Australia, is the grandest coral formation in existence. It has a breadth varying from two hundred yards to a mile, is at some points sixty miles distant from the mainland, and is twelve hundred miles in length. The arm of the sea lying between it and the continent is from ten to sixty fathoms deep, with occasional transverse openings by which ships may enter, and may be safely navigated for its whole extent. The noise of the rolling billows along this reef is said to be overwhelming and majestic.

FRANCIS PLATZ AT VIENNA.

Everything that relates to Austria at the present time is of interest. Her rulers, military leaders, and chief cities are all of importance in our eyes. When a great nation like Austria is at war, or preparing for war, Americans like to know all about its resources. We may not be able to give much information, but we will do the next best thing, and present on page 183 to our readers

an engraving representing one of the principal squares at Vienna, and also a view of the statue of Francis I. The latter is of gilt bronze, and is one of the best pieces of workmanship in the country. The emperor is represented as blessing his people, and they need it. We have on hand several other engravings of noted foreign views, which our readers will see in due time.

THE SPRINGFIELD ARSENAL.

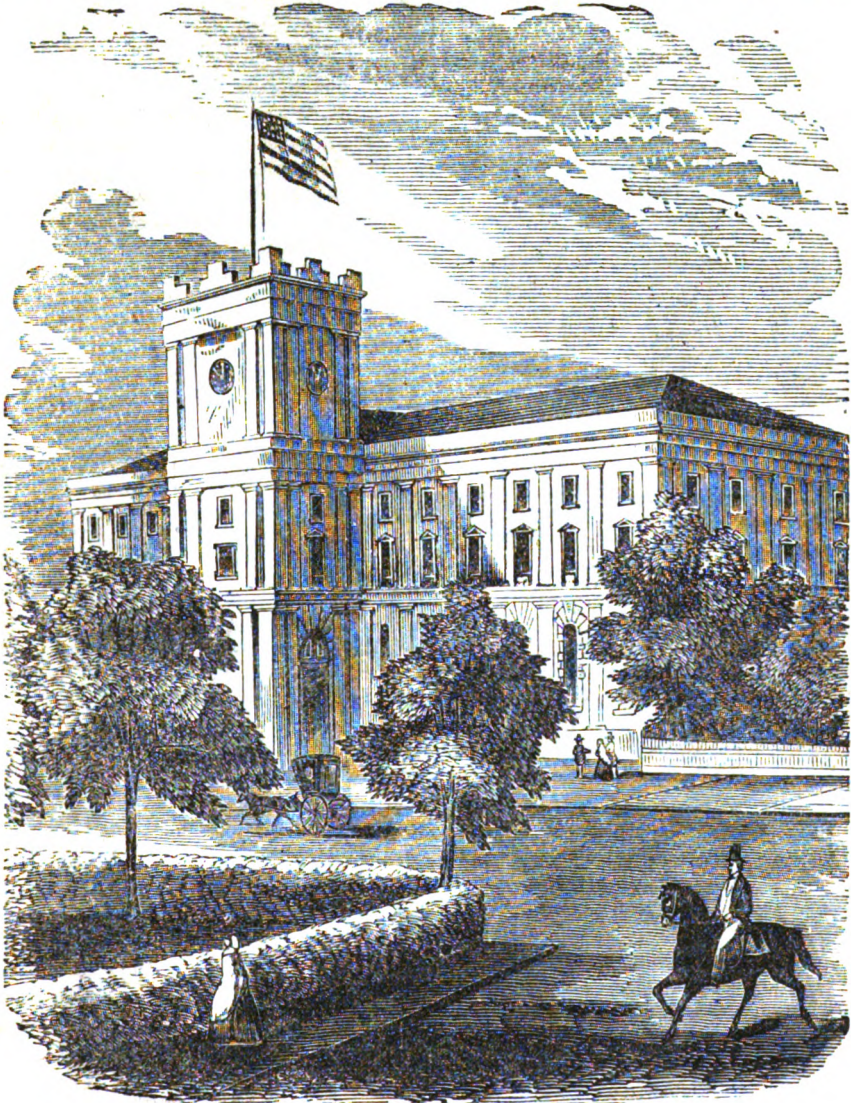
On page 187 we give our readers a picture of the Springfield Arsenal, where United States rifles are stored and kept in excellent order for use. The workshops where the rifles are manufactured, are near the arsenal, the whole being enclosed with a stout fence. During the war, more guns were made at the Springfield works than at any other place in the country.

THE CITY OF MECCA.

Mecca, the capital of Hedjaz, may appear handsome enough to eyes of travellers acquainted only with the tortuous lanes by which Arab towns are intersected. Broad streets, lofty houses, whose fatiguing whiteness is relieved here and there by green balconies, gracefully interwoven with palm leaves; a thousand awnings of a thousand hues hanging from these airy dwellings where the evening breeze plays so deliciously; all these give to certain quarters a character which is only found in the large cities of the East. In front, palaces and schools lift their walls above the uniform terraces of other houses; further off, baths, caravanserais and tents, where entire caravans encamp, are ranged in amphitheatrical form to the base of the rocks. The streets, sandy and unpaved, are covered with fine dust, which the slightest breeze raises in thick eddies. To these inconveniences, common to all cities of the East, must be joined the scarcity of water—almost always brackish and nauseous. Still on one of the hills, you distinguish, afar off, the ruins of an aqueduct, built by the beautiful Zobelde, the favorite wife of the hero of the Arabian Nights. On this ungrateful soil, which cannot nourish its inhabitants, commerce is a nullity; all human industry is confined to the location of hotels and the sale of rich stuffs, a strip of which each of the faithful is eager to hang on the walls of the Kaaba. In the middle of the city, which occupies a circle of about a mile in diameter,

risers the temple to which it owes its celebrity, and which is accurately depicted in our illustration. The mosque, composed of an infinite number of buildings of all ages, is in the form of an immense parallelogram, the walls of which, bare of all ornament, are whitewashed.

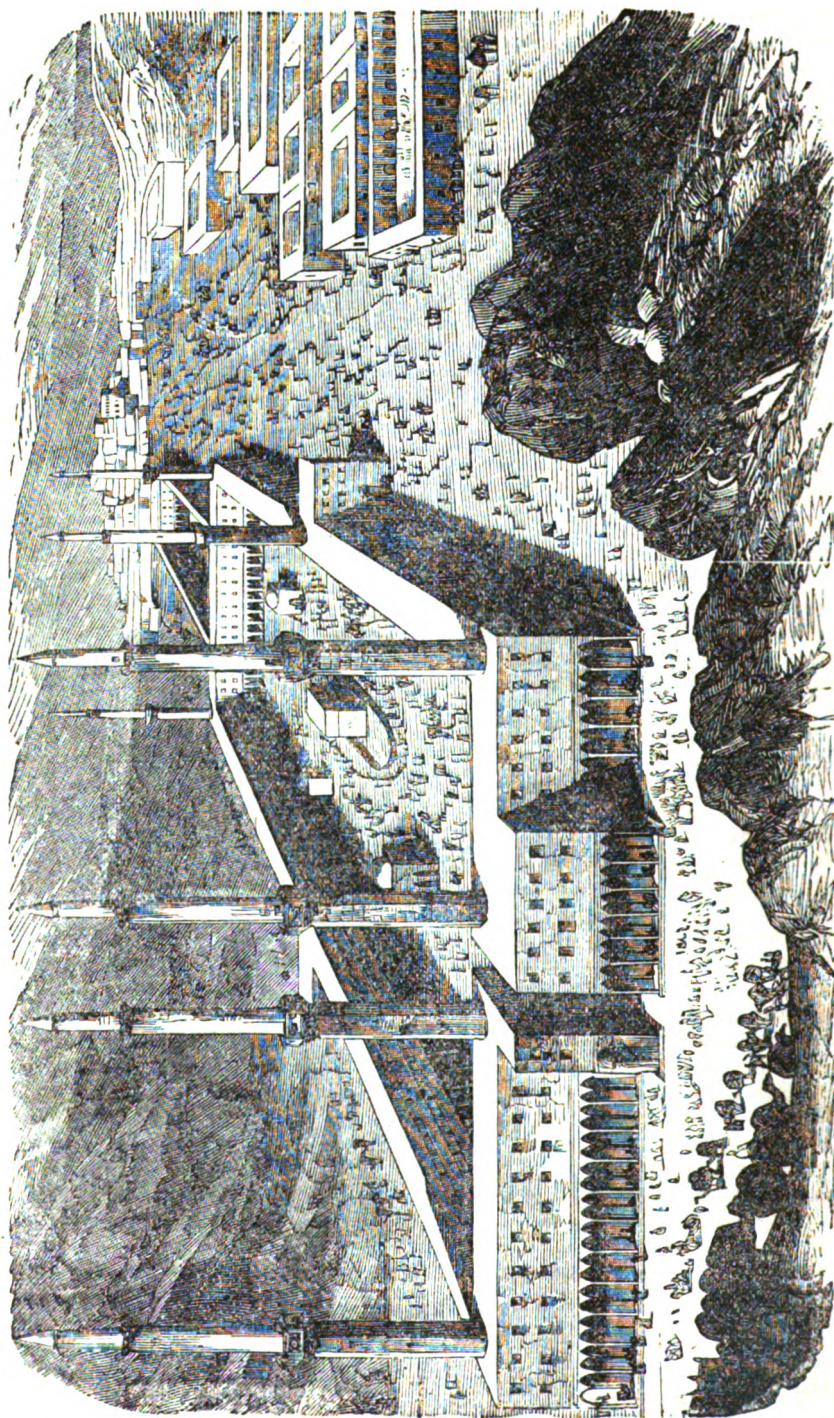
ly, graceful minarets, of the mysterious number of seven, irregularly placed, surmount the edifice. It is only on entering the mosque that you can obtain an idea of its immense extent. More than a thousand columns, thirty feet high, of the most precious mar-



THE SPRINGFIELD ARSENAL.

Nineteen doors, always open, admit the faithful. On the north face, a gallery opens outward by a succession of columns sustaining ogival arcades; here sick persons desirous of dying under the shelter of the sacred porticos cause themselves to be carried. Finally,

bles, sustain, with the external walls, three ranks of arches, terminated by arcades, in which the ogive and the central arch destroy all beauty. Here the faithful, lighted night and day by lamps of massive silver, accomplish the rites of the Mahometan religion.



THE CITY OF MECCA.

A PAIR OF EYES.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORBEY.

O, soft blue eyes, I mind me yet
Of all your thrilling witchery;
Each smile I saw, each glance I met,
Was full of love's sweet mystery.
And softly as a summer stream
That runs through scenes of radiant guise,
There floats a memory of the dream
That wrapped me when I saw those eyes.

Twin stars they seemed, and in my soul
I bowed in worship at their shrine;
A joy that could my heart control,
Sprang up beneath their light divine.
I turn me to the past, and while
The weary present quickly flies,
Again I live beneath thy smile,
And in the splendor of those eyes.

O, softly shine, and mildly beam,
And fill my soul with sweet content,
And let me feel once more the dream
That in its wildness once was sent.

When daily with a new delight
I saw each morning's sun arise,
And life with hope and love was bright,
Beneath the radiance of those eyes.

I mind me now of sunny days,
Within whose light my soul was blest,
Of nights when every star that blazed
Seemed softly whispering of rest.
Of winds that bore from orange grove
Their offering of balmy sighs,
And every twinkling star-gem strove
To match the splendor of those eyes.

Alas! no longer in their ray
I mark the hidden thoughts that dwell;
Those tender thoughts, that ever lay
Their sweetness round me like a spell.
About me now the shadows cling:
I catch at Hope—she mocks and flies;
My life was darkened at its spring,
When paled the splendor of those eyes.

"THE COURT OF THE KING."

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

NOT the least among the minor necessities of life is that of having something to talk about. We found that out at the hospital, after three monotonous months. Thrilling adventures had been recounted till they ceased to thrill, and became flatter than commonplace; as there is no more insipid drink than a collapsed effervescent. Descending the scale of topics, the daily grievances of worms in the mush, beautiful grass-green streaks in the beef, and the inevitable quinine, had become threadbare from much handling. The northern breeze which the army had carried down into Aceldena with them kept the weather from being noticeably hot. To see men suffer, and bleed, and die was an old story, and rumors of battle in the distance had not sufficient eclat to suspend a breath in the listener. In short, ennui was settling over the hospital, and particularly over "our ward," when Early's raid in July '64 offered a welcome diversion.

The news came something after this fashion:

1. *Visitor.* "By the way, they say there's a raid up the valley."

Our pet Pneumonia sleepily opened his eyes, wheezed, and closed them again. Gossiping groups of convalescents just glanced up, then returned to their *moutons*.

2. *Enthusiastic state agent.* "Great raid, sir! Moseby coming up with his cut-throats, blast 'em! Beg pardon, mem!"

Heinrich Shaeffer, a wounded German, turned, moaning, in his bed. "I'd be mosh oblige to dat man of Moseby's dat cut my hand off, if he'd send me der ring dat was on der finger."

"Weddin'-ring?" inquired an inquisitive chronic diarrhoea.

"No sir!" in a frosty manner.

"O yes! hem! 'kacuse me!"

Sergeant Blackmar raised his swarthy, bilious face from the pillow and glowered at the news-bringer. "I don't believe in any raid worth telling about. It's a sensation story."

"Fact, sir. People that way are coming in with their houses on their backs. You'll believe it when a shell comes and takes your

right leg off as nicely as the surgeon took the left one."

"I wouldn't care if they took my head, and be damned to them!"

"Is that a quotation from Byron, sergeant?" inquired Milady at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon!" stammered the soldier. "I didn't know that you were near."

3. *Convalescent with one leg, looking up from reading the "Evening Star."* "Ah, you fellers with two legs, here's a right smart march for you! Lee's just out of the city with forty thousand Johnnies. Who wants my odd boots now?"

A stout convalescent approached the nurse with his hands pressed over his stomach, and a most miserable expression of countenance. "If you'd jest give me a drop of laud'num, ma'am. I feel bad."

4. *Carl, the wardmaster, standing in the door, his fair, boyish face glowing with excitement.* "Every man able to go out on a pass on with your blouses and go down to the office to be examined. There's a big army close to the city, and every man in Washington who can carry a rifle is ordered out. 'Lincoln expects every man to do his duty.' Hurry up! Out of that bed, Banks!"

"But, Carl, my stomach feels bad."

"Bah! my stomach feels bad when I look at you. Off of that bed, you bummer! Those who start quickly are sent to Camp Distribution. Bumpers go straight to the front."

5. *Chorus from convalescents.* "O, Camp Destruction!" "Ah, Camp Destitution!" "Rather go to the front." "Don't have to bring dinners onto the table; it comes itself." "Yes, and crawls down your throat, and squirms after it's down."

"Hurry up your men, Carl," said an orderly at the door; "nurses and all."

"But what am I to do?" asked Milady, faintly.

"I shall remain," answered Carl, with an air of consequence.

"O Carl, you know that you have grown dreadfully lazy. You wont mop the floors, nor distribute extra diet, nor bathe the men, nor get clean clothes. And as to helping me give medicine—you remember the time you let all the fevers off from quinine for three cents each, and bought lager with the money, and treated all the chronic diarrhoeas to lemonade, and put the poultice on the wrong arm, and gave Kohn chloride of soda instead of morphia solution, and put a mustard plaster on a shell-cut, and put an iodine paint on a

fever instead of on a pneumonia, and spilt iron all over my clean white table-cover, and—and—so forth. And if you were ever so good, who is to fan and ice eight fevers at once?"

"No need of fanning, with such a draft," says Carl. "We can rig up mosquito-bars to keep the flies off. Then for icing, see how neatly I can do it. I'll sit here by the medicine-table, with a pail of ice-water beside me, and taking a syringe, this way, can fire away in rotation—so!"

"Carl, I wont have it! These men are ill. Now see how you've drenched Tommy!"

Tommy, an enormously overgrown boy of fifteen, who was just getting up from a fever, raised his head at this *jet d'eau* and showed a shaven skull, and a quaint, sensible face, with small, bright gray eyes, and high cheek-bones. He good-naturedly wiped his dripping nose and chin, then put his head a little on one side and assumed a half-coaxing, half-braving expression.

"Milady, I reckon I'll go down to the office," he said, in his short, nasal way.

"What for, pray?"

"I k'n hold a rifle 'z well 'z any on 'em."

"Nonsense! You're a skeleton. You look like somebody on stilts. There isn't a pair of pantaloons in the hospital long enough for you. Besides,"—triumphantly—"you have no blouse."

Tommy glanced mournfully down at his long legs, rubbed his left ear, then put his head a little on the other side. "These trowsls 'most reach my socks. An' that 'ere man with his arms cut off will len' me his blouse. A piller-case will do for him."

"He wants his blouse himself to—to keep his tobacco in the pocket. You are not to go. I haven't been giving you quinine every four hours for six weeks to have you go off fighting before you're off special extra diet. You keep quiet, and grow some hair on your head."

Tommy threw himself onto his bed, hid his face in the pillow, and burst into uproarious weeping.

"Poor baby!" said a scurvy in the next bed. "He shouldn't be abused! He might go 'n git cut down to suit his clo'es, b'ees him!"

"You shet up!" flared Tommy. "My legs growed in this bed. Afore I was sick they wa'n't no longer'n yourn, 'n my trowsls was long enough. I b'lieve it was that—darned quinine!"

Milady contemplated the blubbering hero, and softened. "Tommy, do you wish to go very much?"

"Well, I gu-gu-guess I do!" he sobbed.

"You may go down and see what the surgeon says about it."

The boy gave a joyful laugh, wiped his face, and started for the office. Presently he returned, looking somewhat crest-fallen.

"Well, what did the surgeons say?"

Tommy grinned in awkward embarrassment. "Dr. Davis said if I was a little wider I might go as a pontoon bridge."

"Well, Tommy, never mind. He is a little short man, and doesn't know any better. A soldier who has been riding about after Sheridan as long as you have can afford to let the stayers-at-home laugh a little."

The men came back from the office presently, not one having been refused, and there was all the bustle of hasty preparation for departure. Boxes and bundles were brought to Milady for safe-keeping, and messages left with her for friends—"in case." In return, she bestowed on them all her hoarded goodies, not forgetting a surreptitious bottle of wine for a stirrup-cup, shook hands with them, tried hard to smile, and stood in the door watching them down the hall till her eyes grew too dim to see. Then out to battle with them, and back to the sick with her.

"I say!" came in a hissing whisper as she entered. It was a tall, gaunt man, wasted by sickness, his bones showing frightfully through the shining skin, his eyes protruding large and blue. "Could you finish that letter now?"

"Yes, if you are rested enough to dictate. Here it is. You remember you had told your wife about the farm, and directed the boys what to do—"

"Did you begin 'My dear wife 'n children?' I always begun my letters so."

"Yes, every word is just as you said. Have you thought of anything else to say? Don't hurry. Take this wine. Now, have you a daughter?"

"There's little Rosy," he whispered. "She used—to run down—the lane—to meet me. Tell her—to—be—a good—girl—and—pray—for—father!"

"There, that is written. Now what—Sanders!"

A faint sigh, the eyes could not be more glassy, and "little Rosy" was fatherless!

"O Carl, this was a good man! He said he came out as substitute for his eldest boy, because he 'could stand hard work better than Johnnie could.'"

"The poor fellow is gone, is he? Gallaby wants to see you when you're through."

"Let me cut a lock of hair to put in the letter. Poor 'little Rosy!' She wont run down the lane to meet her father again. Dress him nicely, Carl. Well, Gallaby?"

"Have you asked if there's any letter for me?"

Gallaby was a poor little freckled, timid one-hundred-days man, who, like the majority of his fellows, had spent the greater part of his hundred days in hospital. A fever contracted at Morris Island was slowly consuming him, burning mildly, a half-sated monster, whom a little resolution and cheerfulness would have easily cast off.

"O Gallaby, I forgot. There is no letter, but there is something else. Guess what! What would you rather came than a letter?"

A quiver caught the weak mouth, a dimness came over the eager, homesick eyes.

"Guess who has come?"

"Marm!" he quavered out.

"Yes, your father and mother all the way from Ohio. They were too late to be admitted to-night, but will come in to-morrow morning. Isn't that nice? Now down with your quinine without making a face."

The fellow actually smiled as he took the dose.

Milady came round to the bed of a dying Switzer, over whom leaned kind Mrs. H., the consul's mother. This man, who was of good family, had wandered to this country, of whose language he knew not a word, had got entangled in the army, he scarce knew how, had sickened, and was dying in spite of every care. His face was gray and drawn, and his hair had become perfectly white during his illness.

Mrs. H. left the bedside. "I have sent for some more flour soup at my house, but I don't think he can eat it. And here is some nice port wine. I wouldn't give him Madeira, dear. Poor Rudolf!" And the lady sighed as she turned to go away. It was late, she could do him no good, but Milady lingered a moment longer. She remembered the passion of grief with which he had cried out, "*Ah, mon pere!*" when she had asked him of his friends at home. Poor exile!

The Swiss nurse (sent from the consul's) sat and waved his fan silently to and fro, watching every change of his patient's face.

"*Bon soir,*" whispered Milady, taking the hand already cold.

The broad eyelids slowly lifted, the parched lips parted. "*Bon soir. Dormez vous bien!*"

Was it that he could not forget courtesy even in dying? Or had his mind gone back

to that far-away country, and did he fancy that he heard some good-night of loved ones in dear old Zurich?

"*Dormez vous bien !*" echoed Milady, three hours after, when his lifeless form was borne out past her door.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Gallaby entered and took possession of the ward.

Looking at them and at their son, one remembered the mountain that brought forth a mouse, so out of proportion and irrelevant did he seem. Mr. Gallaby was not only tall, but enormously fleshy. The width of his shoulders and the size of his waist were wonderful to behold, and that he had eyes was rather a matter of faith than of sight. He walked and spoke with ponderous slowness, and when he turned at all his whole body turned. Altogether, the earth must have been sensible of Mr. Gallaby's weight; and, indeed, the poor man seemed to be a burden to himself.

"Marm" was the ideal Yankee—tall, muscular, angular, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, "neat as wax," sharp, nasal, and she had small gray eyes, and her thin gray hair was all combed smoothly and tightly back, and twisted into a comical little wib at the top of her head.

When I say that *they* took possession of the ward, I mean Mrs. Gallaby; for in matters of authority it was evident that "*Madame D'Acier est le pere.*"

Milady was routed. No longer the windows and shades opened or closed in obedience to her mandate. No longer silence fell on the ward when some feverish eyelid dropped in refreshing slumber; no longer the sacred medicine-table stood in unapproachable state to all save the lady-nurse or some favored proxy; no longer, standing at the door of the long white-washed, evergreen-decked, many-bedded ward, and "gazing from end to end," she complacently felt herself to be monarch of all she surveyed. Noon sun glared in, and drafts were shut out, ponderous, deliberate boots, and vigorous, peremptory heels tramped over the floor; bony, work-scarred hands defiantly gave untimely doses, mussed the trim-ordered bottles, soiled the shining glasses, even daring to take the little measurer from its morocco case.

After half a day of this, Milady addressed Carl. "Carl, I'm too much out of spirits about the men going away to contend, but I can't look at that woman. You be good and take charge this afternoon, and let me go up to Columbia Hospital for a little change."

"*Yah, fraulein,*" answered the little Pennsylvania Dutchman, in his bright, pleasant way. "I'll stay in and take care, I really will. And you'd better be off pretty soon, for there's going to be a shower. I'll settle the old lady."

"Now Carl—"

"O, I'll be as polite as a Frenchman to her. Never fear."

Sure enough, the horse-car was scarcely on Fourteenth street before it was raining *a verse*. And through the gray sheets of the pouring southern shower, to right and to left, before the car and behind it, hemming it in and keeping the horses down to their own rout step, was a far-stretching host of soldiers. The sixth corps was going out to defend the capital.

They plodded steadily and gravely through the mud, and the spouts of rain, their army blue stained and faded in many a march, and bivouac, and fight. It made one's heart ache to fancy what they might be thinking of, thus on the eve of battle, and to fancy, too, what might be the fate of any one of them. The possible event dignified every roughest man there in the eyes that looked on him. Any worn and stooping form there might be that of a martyr before the sun should go down, and any scarred and hardened veteran might be about to receive the sacred baptism of blood!

And still they marched on, in silence save for that muffled, multitudinous trampling. How blue their eyes looked from their brown faces!

The car had moved so slowly in that crowd, that when it reached the turning at the foot of the hill the rain had almost ceased, and the sun was breaking in gold through the clouds. Milady alighted, and walked up the college grounds, talking with a member of the 6th Maine, and wishing that some far-away wife, sister, or mother were in her place, perhaps somebody to speak to that footsore man, who hobbled along with his shoes in his hand.

An officer drew his bridle-rein close to the side-walk, and touching his hat, made some inquiry about a family in the vicinity. A fine, manly face, delicately cut, with auburn hair, and clear, bright eyes. Delicate, but she felt surely that the slight frame was the sheath to a soul like a sword, and that, though he might pale before the cannon's mouth, he would not swerve.

"God save him!" she breathed, and would gladly have said it aloud, but for a foolish timidity. Then the dark stream of men flowed

on, and she went sadly up the hospital steps.

"Thee is welcome!" said a gentle quakeress, kissing her. "Let me shake the rain-drops from thy veil—water spoils crape. Is thee on thy way to the front?"

"I wish I were, Mrs. Fernly."

"Thee would need to shorten thy skirts a bit. And, verily, it were not well Miss Dix saw such a train to thee, or caught a glimpse of the brooch that fastens thy mantle."

"Mrs. Fernly," cried Milady, entirely oblivious of the terrors of Miss Dix, "I have done with sighing over the sufferings of Christ. I tell you, he felt the greatest rapture that earth can give. He died for his beloved! Now if two stakes were put up outside there, wouldn't you and I be willing to be tied to them, and burned alive, if so we could bring peace, or even save those men who have just marched by? And wouldn't we be almost dead with rapture before the flames touched us? But we can do nothing!"

"Friend, to hear thee talk one would think what is not true—that thee did not love the Saviour. Yes, he died for his beloved; and therefore is every charitable and obedient death blessed forever. The soldier's death is blessed. Dry thine eyes. It makes the men sad to see women weep. Let me smooth thy hair."

"How cool and gentle your hands are!"

"And yet thee would scorch them in the flames! Thee would burn me at the stake, and leave my forty men with their wounds undressed, their hair uncombed, and their hearts uncheered. Come; there's a little boy waiting for me who has lost an arm, and has got four ugly wounds where a ball went in at the temple, came out behind the ear, went in again at the shoulder and was cut out at the back. He is but fourteen, and he is tormented all the time with a trembling in the stump of his arm which will not keep still, and with the pain of his wounds, and with a stiffness in his neck that is greatly swelled. And he knows that he will die. Yet he never complains, but has always his smile and joke. Come, and let him teach thee and me the beauty of resignation."

Soothed, cheered, and happily laden with a package of dried currants, and two little jars of wonderful, transparent barberry jelly, which one of the nurses had received from home, Milady took her way down town in the gloaming. There was noise and confusion, and the streets were crowded with artillery, and ambulances, and squads of citizens marching out

as impromptu guards, but in the square where the hospital stood all was quiet. The gas burned already in the long hall, throwing Rembrandt lights up among the white-washed rafters. Here and there a solitary figure moved swiftly through the alternate light and dimness—the officer of the day answering some sudden call to a convulsion, an artery sloughed off, or a patient unexpectedly dying, a lady-nurse dropping into another ward for a social word, or some privileged visitor going out so late. On either side the alternate wards branched like leaves from an elm-twig, each one brightly lighted, and gay with colored paper ornaments, evergreen wreaths, and fancifully-framed pictures. Then "our ward" at the left, with its familiar faces, its pretty cornice of cedar, and the portrait of Grant facing the entrance. On inspection-days, and other dignified occasions, Milady was wont to hang a photograph of Colonel Robert G. Shaw under the lieutenant general, in spite of the frowns of her Virginian surgeon. For Doctor Scott had commanded a rebel regiment at both battles of Manassas, and only left them when he despaired of their success. Or, perhaps, he hoped to serve his cause better at Washington than in the field.

Tommy met Milady at the door, having been on the watch. "Them pickles is come!" he announced, with a shining face, trying to moderate his smiles, and to speak as though telling an ordinary piece of news.

"Them pickles" will be best explained by the following letter sent to the North a few weeks before:

"I want pickles. The weather is hot, and everything is tasteless except when the beef gets tainted.

"Don't talk to me of commissions. They are excellent, no doubt, but—I want pickles. There are in the city two, to me, unknown localities where certain technical persons go and do what some call "draw," and other some call "dror" things. After various petitions, each having an acid flavor, I have received the following articles, neither of which was asked for:—2 hair-brushes, 2 papers of pins, 1 bottle of wine, and 69-by-11 inch pocket-handkerchiefs made from the 'proper length' of old shirts. Now don't accuse me of finding fault, nor of anything disagreeable. Great is Diana of the Eph—I mean great is the Sanitary Commission! All the country is full of its praises! Its agents are angels in white linen blouses and balmoral petticoats, who fare sump—I mean, who toll not neither

do they—I mean to say, who—I’ve forgotten what I meant to say. But, I WANT PICKLES!

“The Christian Commission did its best, and there appeared some astonishingly developed fruits of the vine, brown in color, and salt in taste, the vinegar having been omitted in their composition. Cæsar, the colored barber, who looked over my shoulder as I eagerly uncovered them, shrieked and fled.

“Them cyowcumbers?” exclaimed Van-aken, a lank Pennsylvanian, to whom I blushing presented one. ‘I sh’d think they was sunburnt wotter-millions.’ Being persuaded to try one, he took one bite, then gave me a reproachful glance that went to my heart, and stretching his long neck from the window, he deliberately spat out every bit of it.

“Take pity on our miserable condition! We are in a pickle because we are not in a pickle; and if we were in a pickle, then we should not be in a pickle. It makes one feel twisted to think of it.”

And here they were! The cask was taken into the scullery, and an eager company gathered about Carl who brandished a hatchet. “I move we sing Hail Columbia first,” he suggested.

“O fie, Carl! pound away! Perhaps they will turn out to be ten-penny nails. I heard something rattle.”

The faces bent nearer as Carl piled his hatchet, the handsome, dusky face of Cæsar, Tommy’s absurd phiz, the round head of Mike, our jolly Hibernian scullery-man, the little charcoal *bijou* of snowflake, Cæsar’s five-years-old son, and in close proximity to the little braids that curled all over his head, Milady’s abolition rats. The one who sent that cask of pickles should have looked in on the eager group who received it, lighted up as they were by a bright jet of gas.

The heading was shivered and removed in a twinkling, and there lay the desire of their hearts, cool, green and crisp. “Bless their sharp little souls!”

“Amen!” says Mike, with both hands full.

“For shame, Mike!” cried Carl, grasping as many as he could hold, “They’re Milady’s.”

“O, fling us one,” said a longing voice which seemed to come from the skies, and looking up, they saw a face just over the partition, the door having been locked to keep out intruders. Whether it was a well-directed pickle from the hand of Carl, or Milady’s indignant glance, or a rear attack, it is not easy

to say, but the visage disappeared in a sudden manner, with a heavy thump outside.

Mrs. Gallaby stayed in the ward that night without leave or license, sitting bolt upright by the side of her son who slept like a top, and awoke without a sign of fever. She looked as unwearied as a machine when Milady went in.

Early as it was, Mr. Gallaby appeared at the door and tramped up the ward, his manner conveying unmistakable signs of hot haste and dire excitement. “The tarvren’s blowed up! The tarvren’s blowed up!” he panted.

“The tarvren blowd up?” cried his wife, her shortly-bitten sentences in striking contrast with his heavy speech, which could not hurry, his tongue seeming to stumble over the words if he hastened it. “The tarvren blowed up!” she repeated. “What blowed it up?”

“Garz!” he ejaculated, dropping into a seat.

“Garz?”

“Garz!”

“I knowed it!” she cried, in triumph. “The folks ter home was allers warntin’ garz, but I said I’d stick to ile!”

Mr. Gallaby put his two hands on his two knees. “My chamber’s all blowed to flinders!”

“Dew tell! How did it happen?”

There was a moment of triumph for Mr. Gallaby. Sally was astonished and curious. Sally was actually stopping in combing her son’s cropped sandy hair to regard him with interest. He drew a long breath of intense satisfaction, and began:

“When I went out er the ’orsepittle larst night—”

“O, begin at Ardem ’n Eve! Begin at Ardem ’n Eve!” cried Sally, with disdainful impatience.

“You warnted me to tell yer,” in an injured tone from her spouse.

“But you needn’t begin at Ardem ’n Eve. What for land’s sake has your goin’ out er the ’ospittle larst night ter do with the tarvren bein’ blowed up?”

“Well, wait till I tell yer. I sot in the parler about an hour talkin’, an’ when it came nine o’clock I told the waiter ter carry some hot wotter up chamber—”

“Hot wotter!” Sally pounced upon the word. “What did you have bussides hot wotter?”

Gallaby looked foolish a moment at having betrayed himself, then blurted out, “Sugar!”

Sally sat like a post, her eyes like gimlets,

her mouth puckered. "An' what did you have bussides sugar?"

"Why—er—hot wotter," trying to be jocular.

"Rum! Rum!" cried his wife, discharging the words like percussion caps.

"Well, that's northin' ter do with the story."

"I didn't bring in the hot wotter," cried Sally, tossing her head.

"No, the waiter brought it in. Well, after I'd drunk the hot wotter 'n sugar—"

"'N rum!" interpolated Sally.

"Arfter I'd drunk 'em, I took mer pocket-book out er mer pocket, cyounted mer money, put mer pocket-book back inter mer pocket, orndressed merself, blowed out the garz, 'n went ter bed."

"You blowed out the garz!" screamed his wife.

"I blowed out the garz an' went ter bed," he repeated with heavy accuracy.

Mrs. Gallaby lifted both hands and eyes toward the ceiling, and addressed some invisible person there. "He blowed out the garz!" Then bending toward her husband with emphasizing finger and a stage-whisper—"Josh Gallaby—you—blowed—up—that—ere—tarvren."

The poor man seemed to feel indignant at last. "I blowed up that ere tarvren? D'ye s'pose I k'n blow hard enough ter blow all the plasterin' off er the walls, smash all the glasse out er the winders, 'n the vases on the mantelpiece, 'n the bowl 'n pitcher, 'n stave every stick er the furnitoor inter toothpicks, 'n I with the teerzick!" spreading both hands over his huge chest, and dropping into his chair again.

Another upward glance as who should pray for patience, then Sally made a poke at him across the bed with a tattered palm-leaf fan. "But yer blowed out the garz!"

"Of course I blowed it out! D'ye s'pose I was goin' ter sleep with the room all a blaze o' light?"

Another upward appeal, then Sally took her husband's sleeve between her fingers and thumb. "You come here, Josh Gallaby!" and led him to a near gas burner.

"Now," watching his face closely, "when you warnt ter light the garz, you scrape a match—so—'n turn this stopper—so—'n the garz is lighted!" waiting a moment for the lesson to sink in.

"I've seen that done afore," remarked Josh.

Sally puckered her mouth superior. "'N when you warnt ter put the garz out, you turn the stopper—so—back where it come from. The garz is out!"

"'Twas out when I blowed it out," said Josh, unabashed.

"The fire was out, but the garz wasn't out.

When you don't turn the stopper, the garz keeps comin' out, 'n it fills the room, 'n it chokes you in yer bed, 'n if a light is brought inter the room, it busts! It busts, I say! 'n staves every thing like gunpowder. Josh Gallaby, if by the massy of Providence you hadn't er got out er that ere room afore there was a light brought in, you'd er been a roasted man! a roasted man!"

"Dew tell!" gasped the convicted Gallaby, sinking into a chair.

There was a moment of expressive silence, punctuated with short nods by Mrs. Gallaby.

"I lost mer trowsls," at length said her husband, speaking with the calmness of despair.

She glanced sharply round the corner of the bed to see what he had on.

"'N I lost mer trowsls pocket with the money in it."

"You lost your trowsls pocket with the money in it!" shrieked Sally, rampant again.

"'F course, if I lost mer trowsls, I lost mer trowsls pocket," he answered, logically.

Mrs. Gallaby shot like an arrow down the ward, rushed into Milady's room, and instantly appeared again tying her bonnet on much awry, and holding on to her shawl which streamed out behind like a banner as she disappeared.

"Attention!" said Carl, and the surgeon entered.

"A dozen or so of wounded have come up from Petersburg," the surgeon said. "Have you any empty beds?"

"We can send some men into the convalescents' room, sir."

"Very well; do so. I have ordered three brought here."

They entered while he spoke; first, one borne on a stretcher, immovable and covered with blood, then a fresh-looking young man dressed in gray with a lieutenant's badge, last, a wiry little man with a ludicrously swollen face, who saluted the surgeon in the most ceremonious manner, then walked up the ward with a sharp, soldierly tread, made an abrupt halt where Carl pointed out his bed, faced about, and seated himself upon it to await further orders.

"Doctor Thorne from the next ward put his head in at the door. "I say, Scott, you got more than your share. I just missed that fellow," glancing with longing eyes toward the blood-dripping stretcher.

"Come and help me if you want to," was the reply.

The invitation was eagerly accepted, the gentleman's eyes beaming with professional enthusiasm at the prospect of an "interesting case."

This sanguinary-looking patient had left the field with only a wound in the leg, but had fainted and rolled out of the ambulance, the wheels of which went over him.

The surgeons cut away the soaked clothing, found the minie wound, glanced at bruises, examined a crushed foot, punched here and there, and pulled and twisted joints.

"Plague take the fellow!" exclaimed Doctor Thorne, in disgust; "there isn't even an artery to take up! But," turning again with a faint hope, "perhaps that foot will have to come off."

"No, yer don't!" broke out the patient, who had revived under their pungent handling.

"I reckon we'll wait for that," laughed Doctor Scott.

The second patient, who proved to be a rebel lieutenant, needed no attention, and the surgeon turned his attention to the man of the swollen face, then prepared to go. "Any wants, Milady?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I want a dozen copper and opium pills, some cough mixture, an air pillow, an order for ten pounds of ice at noon, and another nurse, and—please, doctor, send the Gallabys away."

"Couldn't you mention something else?" inquired the surgeon, gravely, writing orders.

"Thank you, not till evening. But I am particular about the Gallabys. The young man's time will be out in a week or two, and he may just as well have his discharge now. He need not stay here, for he is quite well. Besides, *pere* and *mere* are not to be borne. They make Jones laugh so that the bandages wont stay on his shoulder; and the way her hair is done annoys me. Besides, Mrs. Gallaby has promised that as soon as she gets home she will send me a cask of pickles."

"Mem.," said the surgeon, writing. "The United States will please to discharge private Gallaby immediately, although he is in perfect health, and his time is not yet out, and will, moreover, send him to Ohio by the first

train. Said U. S. will attend to this without delay, in order that Milady may get a cask of pickles in that event to be forthcoming."

"Precisely, doctor."

The next day the Gallabys departed with great eclat (the missing trowsers' pocket having been found.) Mr. Gallaby, who had a generous heart in his unwieldy body, shook hands with everybody in the ward, and invited each one to come and see him; but madam and her son marched out without a single leave-taking, Cæsar performing antics and grimaces "behind their faces," whenever he could escape the eyes of authority, little Snowflake watching his father with unbroken gravity and earnestness.

After a last obeisance, which amounted almost to a summersault, Cæsar put his head in the ward. "Any gentleman want to be shaved?" he asked, in his rich, suave voice.

"Come here, you rascal!" called out Lieutenant Reginald, the young rebel.

The free man's eyes flashed, and his mouth opened for a retort; then he stared, walked up the ward, and finally exclaimed, "O Lord! Mas'r Clive!"

"That you, Cæsar?"

"No mistake 'bout dat," said Cæsar, complacently. "All well down in Loudon county, Mas'r Clive?"

"None of your chaff!" cried the young man, exasperated at the expression of the other's face. "You'll soon find your old quarters, you runaway."

"Jes' so!" said Cæsar, bowing. "When mas'r 'n missus is 'fiscated I'se gwine for to take de ole place."

"We'll confiscate your head first," said "Mas'r Clive."

"'Pears like it," remarked Cæsar, sagely.

"Give me that ice-water," ordered the rebel.

"Couldn't nohow, Mas'r Clive. It's two foot off. Sh'd hab ter take mos' two steps a purpose. Sh'd be happy ter obleege yer 'f I could. Sorry yer ha'nt got no beard yet. Too young, aint yer? When yer gits old enough I sh'd be happy to shave yer. How's yer mar?"

"Clear out, you dog!" cried Mas'r Clive, vexed at the smiles which he saw.

"O, time 'nuff, time 'nuff," said Cæsar, lelsurely. "An' let me 'dvice yer, Mas'r Clive, ter go home t' England t' yer mar. She mus' be anxious 'bout yer."

The young man was, indeed, English. He had taken a fancy to run away from home,

and visit an uncle in Virginia just at this time. Entering the Confederate service, he had, in his first fight, been taken a prisoner, after having received two compliments from Yankee steel.

The young man's nationality, as well as his Southern predilections, soon became unbearable, and many a poor soldier ground his teeth to keep back the retort which he found it best not to make. For the surgeon was careful not to hear any disloyal or insulting remarks which the youngster saw fit to utter, and frowned upon any attempts to report him.

Fortunately Milady's senses also grew obtuse about the same time, thus keeping the balance. A stop must soon be put to these offences, but meanwhile she kept up an armed neutrality. She laboriously never saw projectiles in the shape of paper wads or peach-stones that occasionally shied across the ward *en route* for Lieutenant Reginald, after one of his more than ordinarily impudent speeches, or sudden *apropos* sprits of water from a concealed syringe, and she never heard a word of the song that Tommy sung in his ridiculous nasal voice, out of tune, but with excellent expression:

"Jonnie Bull, beware!
Keep at proper distance,
Else we'll make you stare
By our firm resistance.
Let alone the lads
Who are freedom tasting;
Recollect our dads
Gave you once a basting.
Pickaxe, shovel, spade,
Crowbar, hoe and barrow—
Better not invade,
Yankees have the marrow."

Being part of an old song the lad had heard his Yankee grandmother sing.

"Mas'r Clive" crossed one foot over the other as he lay on his bed, and whistled "Rule Britannia," which was quite thrown away on Tommy who didn't know the tune.

"Lieutenant Reginald forgets himself," said Milady.

He stared, colored angrily, and stopped whistling.

"And, Tommy, you go up and sit by George, the man with the wound in his head. Keep the flies away, and keep the ice on his head all the time. He doesn't seem to want me to stay with him. Try to persuade him to let you write to his friends. He won't let me. But don't talk to him much; and, Tom-

my, be very quiet and very tender of him. He is going to die."

"Yes, Milady."

"And, Tommy, don't mind if he tears up the palm-leaf fans; only, when you have a chance, put the old ones near him. He doesn't know what he is doing, and it is the only way in which he shows pain."

That afternoon the vice-consul of S— and his lady kindly took Milady on a little excursion down to Alexandria, going by steamboat, and returning by land, coming out onto Arlington Heights just in time to see the capitol by sunset.

"It is not unlike Rome," said the chancellor, ordering the driver to stop. "The capitol you can fancy to be St. Peter's, the Potomac is the Tiber."

"I have never seen Rome," said his wife, in her rare, soft voice. "But my husband knows every stone in it."

A lace-work of spiders'-webs draped both sides of the Long Bridge, and myriads of large black spiders were out and busy about something. "Sign of rain," said the gentleman.

"I have heard it said that they weave shrouds," said Milady, and sighed. For how many of her charge might need such before another evening!

The soft twilight settled down on the troubled heart of the nation half whose inhabitants slept not, some watching from fear, some from guilt, some from duty, and some, ah, how many! from pain. But there was no sign of war in the tranquil stars that stole out with gradual lustre. All above moved in sweet and serene peace.

After looking into such lofty quiet the hospital was oppressive. The walls crowded, the light was lurid, the air was heavy, the sounds discordant. It was prayer-meeting night, and even the hymn they were singing in the great dining-hall, reminded one of anything but devotion.

Nearing her own ward, Milady heard there a sound of singing. Cæsar, surrounded by half a dozen of the lame, halt and blind, was giving a little entertainment under cover of the somewhat vociferous hymn in the hall. She drew back into her room and listened. It was evident that they were paying off scores to "Mas'r Clive," who was half reclining upon his bed, his face very much flushed, and his eyes flashing angrily. The little music-party, on the other hand, wore each the most complacent expression of countenance.

"It's agin the rules," Cæsar was saying, "but I'll sing jes' one. Can't make no more noise than they'se makin' down to the prayer-meetin' 'n over to the meetin'-house, can't nohow. Here's my song, gentlemen:" and he began to the tune of Boyne Water:

"'Backside Albany, on Lake Champlain,
One leetle pond, 'bout half full of water;
An' Platyburg he be dar too,
Town small, grow bigger here arter.
An' Uncle Sam he set he boat dar,
An' Massa Donough he sail 'um,
While Gobornor Probosc he make Platyburg he
home,
Wid de army whose courage neber fail 'um.

"'On de lebenth day of Septitober,
In eighteen hundred an' fourteen,
Gobornor Probosc wid the British sojer
Come to Platyburg a tea-party courtin',
An' de boat come dar after Uncle Sam boat—
Massa Donough look sharp out de winder,
While General Macomb—ha! he allers at home,
Touch fire to 'um jes' like tinder.

"'Bow-wow-wow den de cannons 'gin to roar
Near Platyburg, 'n all 'bout dat quarter,
Massa Donough try he han' upon de shore,
While de army take dere luck upon de water.
Break her leg, break her shin, 'tave her calf in;
While General Macomb he send ole Probosc home—
Ha! to-night my soul den I mus' die laffin!

"'Probosc he skeart so he leabe all ahin',
Powder, ball, teapot, 'n kittle;
Some say he cotch cold, ha! guess he perish in he
min',
Forced to eat so much raw 'n cold bittle.
Massa Donough he sorry he hurt heself so,
Hope he nuss heself up once an' hearty.
Now General Macomb an' ole Probosc gone home,
Wonder when dey'll notion for 'noder tea-party! "

Just at the last word Lieutenant Reginald saw his chance, and a heavy boot struck the singer in the mouth.

This filled the measure of the young rebel's transgressions, and in fifteen minutes, thanks to a loyal officer-of-the-day, and to one of the prompt lieutenants in charge, the young man was cooling his temper in the guard-house.

INTRODUCTION OF STOCKINGS.

The introduction of silk stockings must have been welcomed heartily by all who could afford to buy them. Mezerai asserts they were first worn by Henry II^d of France, at the marriage of his sister in 1559; but before that, Edward VI. had graciously accepted a pair from the merchant-prince, Sir Thomas

Gresham, who imported them from Spain, the land where they were first manufactured. The story goes, that a loyal-minded grandee, the happy possessor of one of the first pairs of silk stockings made in Spain, thought he could not do better than present the novel utilities to his queen, and to that end placed them in the hands of the first minister of the crown, greatly to the discomposure of that modest man, who astonished the innocent-meaning noble by returning him his stockings, and bidding him remember that "the queen of Spain had no legs!" Even Queen Elizabeth, not ashamed to own that she had legs, received a similar gift in a very different manner. Soon after her accession, her majesty's silkwoman, Mistress Montague, tendered her as a New-year's gift a pair of knitted black silk stockings—the first of the kind made in England. Elizabeth lost no time in putting the gift to its proper use, and was so pleased with the result, that she sent for Mrs. Montague, and inquired where she procured such comfortable foot-gear, and if she could get any more like them. "I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majesty," replied the silkwoman; "and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand." "Do so," quoth the queen; "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings." And she kept her royal word, and would have laughed at the economy of the Margrave John of Custrin, who, seeing one of his councillors wearing silk stockings on a week-day, said to him, "Barthold, I have silk stockings too, but I wear them only on Sundays and holidays."

GARDENING.

Landscape gardening is artificial nature—the finest of the fine arts. He who lays out grounds and gardens, calling new beauties into existence, not only for his own gratification, but for that of his contemporaries and successors, is exercising a benevolent power which makes him a species of creator. Like all the pure and simple pleasures, there is an enjoyment which rewards itself, and retains its attractions under all circumstances, and at every period of life. The word paradise is synonymous with garden, and the Elysian of the ancients consisted of sylvan fields. Happy the man who can secure a living apotheosis amid the beatitudes of a terrestrial garden.

THE STORM.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

O, fold me in thine arms, fierce storm!
I long to lie against thy heaving, billowy breast;
To feel thy cool and dripping arms about me preat,
And share the bounding tumult of thy wild unrest,
So long hath been the calm, and warm.

Look on the old, familiar hills!
They bear their kingly brows, and upward lift their hands,
To greet the rain's pure baptism, pouring o'er the lands,
As saint in some old sketch, waiting the blessing stands,
The consecrated cup distills.

O, the grandeur of the storm!
When from the north it sweeps adown so wild and free;
Anon with fury raves, and then with seeming glee
Crushes the patient flowers, there hums a lullaby;
O, changeful, treacherous storm!

Look at old Ocean 'neath its spell!
See how he grasps the mantle that the storm doth wear,
And shreds it into foam, and tears his hoary hair;
Yet he no malice to the god of storms can bear,
But like a brother, loves him well.

'Tis over now, the landscape all
Is like a shining palace, newly-washed and clean;
The distant trees and hills, in the clear ether seen,
With grace and majesty, against the blue sky lean,
Like pictures on the palace wall.

When life's dark storms shall come and go
O'er the spirit's ambient sky of tender hue,
Dimming the sunny brightness of its bending blue;
So may the heart's rich soil be purified anew,
Where holiest flowers shall grow.

GOODY GRACIOUS, AND THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

ONCE there was a little bit of a thing—not more than so high—and her name was Ruth Page; but they called her Teenty-Tawnty, for she was the daintiest little creature you ever saw, with the smoothest hair and the brightest face; and then she was always playing about, and always happy: and so the people that lived in that part of the country, when they heard her laughing and singing by herself at

peep of day, like little birds after a shower, and saw her running about in the edge of the wood after tulips and butterflies, or tumbling head-over-heels in the long rich grass by the river-side, with her little pet lamb or her two white pigeons always under her feet, or listening to the wild bees in the apple-blossoms, with her sweet mouth "all in a tremble," and her happy eyes brimful of sunshine—they used

to say that she was no child at all, or no child of earth, but a Fairy-gift, and that she must have been dropped into her mother's lap, like a handful of flowers when she was half asleep; and so they wouldn't call her Ruth Page—no indeed, that they wouldn't!—but they called her Teenty-Tawnty, or the Little Fairy; and they used to bring her Fairy Tales to read, till she couldn't bear to read anything else, and wanted to be a fairy herself.

Well, and so one day, when she was out walking in the sweet-smelling woods, all alone by herself, singing "Where are you going, my pretty maid, my pretty maid?" and watching the gold-jackets, and the blue dragon-flies, and the sweet pond-lilies, and the bright-eyed glossy eels, and the little crimson-spotted fish, as they "coiled and swam," darting hither and thither, like "flashes of golden fire," and then huddling together, all of a sudden, just underneath the green turf where she sat, as if they saw something, and were half frightened to death, and were trying to hide in the shadow; well and so—as she sat there, with her little naked feet hanging over and almost touching the water, singing to herself, "My face is my fortune, sir, she said! sir, she said!" And looking down into a deep sunshiny spot, and holding the smooth hair away from her face with both hands; and trying to count the dear little fish before they got over their fright, all at once she began to think of the water-fairies, and how cool and pleasant it must be to live in these deep sunshiny hollows, with green turf all about you, the blossoming trees and the blue sky overhead, the bright gravel underneath your feet, like powdered stars, and thousands of beautiful fish for play-fellows! all spotted with gold and crimson, or winged with rose-leaves, and striped with faint purple and burnished silver, like the shells and flowers of the deep sea, where the moonlight buds and blossoms for ever and ever; and then she thought if she could only just reach over, and dip one of her little fat rosy feet into the smooth shining water—just once—only once—it would be so pleasant! and she should be so happy! and then, if she could but manage to scare the fishes a little—a very little—that would be such glorious fun, too—wouldn't it, you?

Well and so—she kept stooping and stooping, and stretching and stretching, and singing to herself all the while, "Sir, she said! sir, she said! I'm going a milking, sir, she said!" till just as she was ready to tumble in, head first, something jumped out of the bushes

behind her, almost touching her as it passed, and went plump into the deepest part of the pool! saying, "*Oncel! oncel!*" with a heavy booming sound, like the tolling of a great bell under water, and afar off.

"Goody gracious! what's that?" screamed little Ruth Page, and the next moment, she began to laugh and jump and clap her hands, to see what a scampering there was among the poor silly fish, and all for nothing! said she; for out came a great good-natured bull-frog, with an eye like a bird, and a big bell-mouth, and a back all frosted over with precious stones, and dripping with sunshine; and there he sat looking at her awhile, as if he wanted to frighten her away; and then he opened his great lubberly mouth at her, and bellowed out, "*Oncel! oncel!*" and vanished.

"Luddy tuddy! who cares for you?" said little Ruth; and so, having got over her fright, she began to creep to the edge of the bank once more, and look down into the deep water, to see what had become of the little fish that were so plentiful there, and so happy but a few minutes before. But they were all gone, and the water was as still as death; and while she sat looking into it, and waiting for them to come back, and wondering why they should be so frightened at nothing but a bull-frog, which they must have seen a thousand times, the poor little simpletons! and thinking she should like to catch one of the smallest and carry it home to her little baby-brother, all at once a soft shadow fell upon the water, and the scented wind blew her smooth hair all into her eyes, and as she put up both hands in a hurry to pull it away, she heard something like a whisper close to her ear, saying, "*Twicel! twicel!*" and just then the trailing branch of a tree swept over the turf and filled the whole air with a storm of blossoms, and she heard the same low whisper repeated close at her ear, saying, "*Twicel! twicel!*" and then she happened to look down into the water—and what do you think she saw there?

"Goody gracious, mamma! is that you?" said poor little Ruth; and up she jumped, screaming louder than ever, and looking all about her, and calling, "Mamma, mamma! I see you, mamma! you needn't hide, mamma!" But no mamma was to be found.

"Well, if that isn't the strangest thing!" said little Ruth, at last, after listening a few minutes, on looking all around everywhere, and up into the trees, and away off down the river-path, and then toward the house.

"If I didn't think I saw my dear good mamma's face in the water, as plain as day, and if I didn't hear something whisper in my ear and say, "*Twice! twice!*"—and then she stopped, and held her breath, and listened again—"if I didn't hear it as plain as ever I heard anything in my life, then my name isn't Ruth Page, that's all, nor Teenty-Tawnty neither!" And then she stopped, and began to feel very unhappy and sorrowful; for she remembered how her mother had cautioned her never to go near the river, nor into the woods alone, and how she had promised her mother many and many a time never to do so, never, never! And then the tears came into her eyes, and she began to wish herself away from the haunted spot, where she could kneel down and say her prayers; and then she looked up to the sky, and then down into the still water, and then she thought she would just go and take one more peep—only one—just to see if the dear little fishes had got over their fright, and then she would run home to her mother, and tell her how forgetful she had been, and how naughty, and ask her to give her something that would make her remember her promises. Poor thing! little did she know how deep the water was, nor how wonderfully she had escaped! once, once! twice, twice! and still she ventured a third time.

Well and so—don't you think, she crept along, crept along to the very edge of the green, slippery turf, on her hands and knees, half trembling with fear, and half laughing to think of that droll-looking fat fellow, with the big bell-mouth, and the yellow breeches, and the grass-green military jacket, turned up with buff and embroidered with gems, and the bright golden eye that had so frightened her before, and wondering in her little heart if he would show himself again; and singing all the while, as she crept nearer, "Nobody asked you, sir, she said! sir, she said! nobody asked you, sir, she said!" till at last she had got near enough to look over, and see the little fishes there tumbling about by dozens, and playing bo-peep with the flowers that grew underneath the bank, and were multiplied by thousands in the clear water, when, all at once, she felt the turf giving way, and she put out her arms and screamed for her mother. Goody gracious! how she did scream! and then something answered from the flowing waters underneath, and from the flowering trees overhead, with a mournful sweet sound, like wailing afar off,

"*Thrice! thrice!*" and the flashing waters swelled up, saying, *Thrice! thrice!*" and the flowering branch of the tree swept over the turf, and the sound was the same, "*Thrice! thrice!*" and in she went, headlong, into the deepest part of the pool, screaming with terror, and calling on her mother to the last; poor mother!

Well and so—when she came to herself, where do you think she was? Why, she was lying out in the warm summer air, on a green bank, all tufted with cowslips and violets and clover-blossoms, with a plenty of strawberries underneath her feet, and the bluest water you ever saw all round her, murmuring like the rose-lipped sea-shells; and the air was full of singing-birds, and there was a little old woman looking at her; with the funniest cap, and a withered face not bigger than you may see when you look at the baby through the big end of a spyglass; the cap was a morning-glory, and it was tied underneath the chin with bleached cobweb, and the streamers and bows were just like the colors you see in a soap-bubble.

"Goody gracious! where am I now?" said little Ruth.

"Yes, my dear, that's my name," said the little old woman, dropping a low courtesy, and then spinning round two or three times, and squatting down suddenly, so as to make what you call a cheese.

"Why, you don't mean to say that's your real name," whispered little Ruth.

"To be sure it is! just as much as—and pray, my little creature, what's your name?"

"Mine! O, my name is Ruth Page, *only* Ruth Page," and up she jumped, and spun round among the strawberries and flowers, and tried to make a courtesy like the little old woman, and then they both burst out laughing together.

"Well," said Goody Gracious, "you're a nice, good-natured, funny little thing, I'll say that for you, as ever I happened to meet with; but haven't you another and a prettier name, hey?"

"Why, sometimes they call me Little Teenty-Tawnty," said Ruth.

"Fiddle-de-dee, I don't like that name any better than the other; we must give you a new name," said the little old woman; "but first tell me,"—and she grew very serious, and her little sharp eyes changed color—first tell me how you happened to be here, in the very heart of Fairy-land, with nobody to take care of you, and not so much as a wasp or a

bumble-bee to watch over you when you are asleep."

"Indeed, and indeed, ma'am, I don't know," said little Ruth; "all I know is, that I have been very naughty, and that I am drowned, and that I shall never see my poor dear mamma any more!" And then she up and told the whole story to the little old woman, crying bitterly all the while.

"Don't take on so, my little dear, don't don't!" said Goody Gracious; and out she whipped what appeared to Ruth nothing but a rumpled leaf of the tiger-lily, and wiped her eyes with it. "Be a good child, and, after a trial of three days in Fairy-land, if you want to go back to your mother you shall go, and you may carry with you a token to her that you have told the truth."

"O, bless your dear old-fashioned face," said Ruth; "O, bless you, bless you! only give me a token that will make me always remember what I have promised my poor dear mother, and I shall be so happy! and I won't ask for anything else."

"What, neither for humming-birds, nor gold-fish, nor butterflies, nor diamonds, nor pearls, nor anything you have been wishing for so long, ever since you were able to read about Fairy-land?"

"No, ma'am; just give me a ring of wheat-straw, or a brooch from the ruby-beetle, if you like, and I shall be satisfied."

"Be it so; before I change you to a fairy, you must make choice of what you want to see in Fairy-land for three days running; for, at the end of that time, I shall change you back again, so that if you are of the same mind then, you may go back to your mother, and, if not, you will stay with us for ever and ever."

"For ever and ever?" said Ruth, and she trembled; "please ma'am, I should like to go now, if it's all the same to you?"

"No! but take this flower," and, as she spoke, she stooped down, and pulled up a forget-me-not by the roots, and breathed upon it, and it blossomed all over; "take this root," said she, "and plant it somewhere, and tend it well, and at any time after three days, if you get tired of being here, all you have to do will be just to pull it up out of the earth, and wish yourself at home, and you will find yourself there in a moment, in your own little bed."

"Goody gracious! you don't say so!"

"But I do say so."

"I declare, I've a good mind to try!"

"What, pull it up before you have planted it? No, no, my dear. It must be left out three-score and twelve hours, and be watered with the dews and the starlight of the South Sea, where you are now, thousands and thousands of miles from your own dear country; but there is one thing I would have you know before you plant the flower."

"If you please, ma'am," said little Ruth.

"It is given to you, my dear, to help you correct your faults; you mean to do right, and you try pretty hard, but you are so forgetful, you say."

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, now, but just so long as you tend this plant with care, and water it every day at the same hour—you will be growing better."

Ruth was overjoyed.

"But," continued the fairy, "if you neglect it for a single day, it will begin to droop and wither, the leaves will change, and some of the blossoms will drop off, and your mother will begin to feel unhappy and low-spirited."

"O yes; but I never shall, ma'am—never, never!"

"Don't be too sure; and if you neglect it for two whole days running, all the flowers will drop off but one, and your mother will take to her bed, and nobody but you will know what ails her."

Poor Ruth began to tremble, and the tears came in her eyes.

"But," continued the fairy, "but if you should neglect it for three days running, my poor child—but for three days running—the last flower will drop off, and your mother will die of a broken heart."

"O, mercy, mercy!" cried poor little Ruth. "O, take it! take it! I wouldn't have it for the world!" and she flung it down upon the loose earth, and shook her little fingers, just as if something had stung her.

"It is too late now. See, my dear, it has already taken root, and now there is no help for it. Remember! your mother's health, happiness and life depend upon that flower. Watch it well! And now, daughter of earth," and, as she spoke, she stooped, and pulled up a whole handful of violets, dripping with summer rain—and repeating the words, "Daughter of earth, away! Rosebud, appear!" shook the moisture all over her; and instantly the dear child found herself afloat in the air, with pinions of purple gauze, bedropped with gold, with millions of little fairies all about her, swarming like butterflies

and blossoms after a pleasant rain, and welcoming their sister Rosebud to Fairy-land.

"Well," thought Rosebud—we must call her Rosebud now—"well, if this being a little fairy isn't one of the pleasantest things; and then she recollected that she had only three days to stay there and see the sights, and she looked round her to ask if there was anybody near to help her, and take charge of her, and tell her what to do, and where to go.

"Daughter," said a sweet voice that she knew, though it appeared to come out and steal up from the leaves of another morning-glory—"Daughter!"

"Mother," said Rosebud.

"You may have your choice to-day of these three things—a butterfly-hunt, a wedding, or a play."

"O, a wedding, a wedding," said Rosebud. "O, I have always wanted to see a wedding."

"Be it so," said the voice; and instantly a sweet wind arose, and lifted her up, and swept her, and thousands more like her, over the blue deep, so swiftly that nothing could be seen but a mist of sparkles here and there, till they all found themselves on the seashore, at the mouth of a deep sparry cave, all hung about with the richest moss, and lighted with pearls in clusters, and with little patches of glow-worms, and carpeted with the wings of butterflies. In the midst, were a multitude of little fairies, hovering and floating over a throne of spider-net ivory, on which lay the bride, with a veil of starlight, interwoven with the breath of roses, covering her from head to foot, and falling over the couch like sunshine playing on clear water.

By-and-by a faint, strange murmuring was heard afar off, like the ringing of lily-bells to the touch of the honey-bees, growing louder and louder, and coming nearer and nearer every moment. Rosebud turned toward the sea with all the other fairies, and held her breath; and after a few moments, a fleet of little ships, with the most delicate purple and azure sails, so thin that you could see the sky through them, came tilting along over the sea as if they were alive—and so they were—and drew up, as if in order of battle, just before the mouth of the cave; and then a silver trumpet sounded on the shore, and a swarm of hornets appeared, whizzing and whirring all about the cave; and then there was another trumpet, and another, about as loud as you may hear from a caged blue-bottle, and compliments were interchanged, and a salute fired, which frightened the little lady-fairies

into all sorts of shapes, and made the little fairy-bride jump and ask if her time had come, though to tell you the truth, the noise did not appear much more terrible to Rosebud than her little brother's pop-gun; and then, a sort of barge, not unlike the blossom of a sweet pea in shape, was manned from the largest of the fleet, and, when it touched the bright sparkling sand, out leaped a little prince of a fellow, with a bunch of white feathers in his hat, plucked from the moth-miller, a sword like the finest cambric needle, belted about his waist, and the most unimpeachable small-clothes.

This turned out to be the bridegroom; and after a few more flourishes, and not a little pulling and hauling among the bridesmaids, the bride and the bridegroom stood up together, and looked silly and sheepish, as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths; and after listening awhile to an old droning-beetle, without hearing a word he said, they bowed and curtsied, and made some sort of a reply, nobody could guess what; and then forth stepped the master of ceremonies, a priggish-looking grasshopper, with straw-colored tights, and a fashionable coat, single-breasted, and so quakerish it set poor little Rosebud a laughing, in spite of all she could do, every time she looked at his legs; and *then!* out ran the ten thousand trumpeting bumble-bees, and the katydid grew noisier than ever, and the cricket chirruped for joy, and the bridegroom touched the bride's cheek, and pointed slyly toward a little heap of newly-gathered roses and violets, piled up afar off, in a shadowy part of the cave, just underneath a trailing canopy of changeable moss; the bride blushed, and the fairies tittered, and little Rosebud turned away, and wished herself at home, and instantly the bride and bridegroom vanished! and the ships and the fairies! and the lights and the music! and Rosebud found herself standing face to face with the little withered old woman, who was looking mournfully at the drooping forget-me-not. The tears came into her eyes, and for the first time since the flower took root—for the very first time—she began to think of her mother, and of her promise to the fairy; and she stooped down, in an agony of terror and shame and self-reproach, to see how it fared with her forget-me-not. Alas! it had already begun to droop and wither; and the leaves were changing color, and the blossoms were dropping off, and she knew that her mother was beginning to suffer.

"O that I had never seen the hateful flower!" cried Rosebud. And then instantly recollecting herself, she dropped upon her knees, and kissed it, and wept upon it, and the flower seemed refreshed by her tears; and when she stood up and looked into the face of the good little fairy, and saw her lips tremble, and the color change in her sweet, mournful eyes, she felt as if she never should be happy again.

"Daughter of earth! child of the air!" said the fairy, "two more days remain to thee. What wouldst thou have?"

"O nothing! nothing! Let me but go back to my dear, dear mother, and I shall be so happy!"

"That cannot be. These trials are to prepare thee for thy return to her. Be patient, and take thy choice of these three things—a tournament, a coronation, or a ball!"

"Goody gracious! how I *should* like to see a coronation!" cried Rosebud. And then she recollected herself, and blushed and curtsied, and said, "if you please ma'am."

"Call me mother, my dear; in Fairy-land I am your mother."

"Well, mother," said Rosebud, the tears starting into her eyes, and her heart swelling, as she determined never to call her mamma, no, never! "Well, mother, if you please, I would rather stay here and watch the flower; I don't want to see anything more in Fairy-land; I've had enough of such things to last me as long as I live. But O, if I should happen to fall asleep!"

"If you should, my dear, you will wake in season; but take your choice."

"Thank you, mother, but I choose to stay here."

At these words the fairy vanished, and Rosebud was left alone, looking at the dear little flower, which seemed to grow fresher and fresher, and more and more beautiful every minute, and wondering whether it would be so with her dear mamma; and then she fell to thinking about her home, and how much trouble she had given her mother, and how much better she would always be after she had got back to her once more; and then she fell asleep, and slept so soundly that she did not wake till the sun was up, and it was time to water the flower.

At first she was terribly frightened; but when she remembered what the fairy told her, she began to feel comfortable, and, lest something might happen, she took a little sea-shell that lay there, and running down to the water,

dipped it up full, and was on her way back, thinking how happy her poor dear mamma would feel if she could only know *what* it was and *who* it was that made her so much better, when she heard the strangest and sweetest noises all about her in the air, as if the whole sky was full of the happiest and merriest creatures! and when she looked up, lo! there was a broad glitter to be seen, as if the whole population of Fairy-land were passing right over her head, making a sort of path like that you see at sunrise along the blue deep, when the waters are motionless and smooth and clear.

"Well," said she, looking up, "I *do* wonder where they are going so fast,"—and then she stopped—"and I do think they might be civil enough just to let a body know; I dare say 'tis the coronation, or the butterfly hunt, or the tournament, or the—O, how I should like to be there!"

No sooner was the wish uttered, than she found herself seated in a high gallery, as delicately carved as the ivory fans of the east; with diamonds and ostrich-feathers all about and below her, and a prodigious crowd assembled in the open air—with the lists open—a trumpet sounding—and scores of knights armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on dragon-flies, waiting for the charge. All eyes were upon her, and everybody about was whispering her name, and she never felt half so happy in her life; and she was just beginning to compare the delicate embroidery of her wings with that of her next neighbor, a sweet little Fairy who sat looking through her fingers at a youthful champion below, and pouting and pouting as if she wanted everybody to know that he had jilted her, when she happened to see a little forget-me-not embroidered on his beaver; and she instantly recollected her promise, and cried out, "O mamma, mamma!" and wished herself back again, where she might sit by the flower and watch over it, and never leave it, never! till her three days of trial were ended.

In a moment, before she could speak a word, or even make a bow to the nice little boy-fairy, who had just handed her up her glove on the point of a lance like a sunbeam, she found herself seated by the flower. Poor little thing! It was too late! Every blossom had fallen off but one, and that looked unhealthy, and trembled when she breathed upon it. She thought of her mamma, and fancied she could see them carrying her up to bed, and all the doctors there, and nobody able to tell what ailed her; and she threw herself all

along upon the grass, and wished all the fairies at the bottom of the Red Sea, and herself with them!

And when she looked up, what do you think she saw? and where do you think she was? Why, she was at the bottom of the Red Sea, and all the wonders of the Red Sea were about her—chariots and chariot-wheels and the skeletons of war-horses, and mounted warriors, with heaps of glittering armor, and jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and banner, and shield and spear, with millions and millions of little sea-fairies, and Robin Goodfellows, and giants, and dwarfs, and the funniest-looking monsters you ever heard of; and the waters were all bright with fairy-lamps that were alive, and with ribbons that were alive, and with changeable flowers that swam about and whispered to each other in a language of their own; and there were great heaps of pearl washed up into drifts and ridges, and a pile of the strangest-looking old-fashioned furniture, of gold and ivory, and little mermaids with their dolls not longer than your finger, with live fishes for tails, jumping about and playing hide-and-seek with the sun-spots and star-fishes, and the striped water-snakes of the Indian seas—the most brilliant and beautiful of all the creatures that live there.

And while she was looking about her, and wondering at all she saw, she happened to think once more of the *forget-me-not*, and to wish herself back again! At that instant she heard a great heavy bell booming and tolling—she knew it was tolling—and she knew she was too late—and she knew that her mother was dead of a broken heart—and she fell upon her face, and stretched forth her hands with a shriek, and prayed God to forgive her! and allow her to see her mother once more—only once more!

"Why, what ails the child?" whispered somebody that seemed to be stooping over her.

It was her mother's voice! and poor Ruth was afraid to look up, lest it should all vanish forever.

"Upon my word, Sarah," said another voice—it was her father's—"upon my word, Sarah, I do not know; but the poor little creature's thoughts appear to have undergone another change. I have heard nothing to-day of the *forget-me-not* which troubled her so the first week, have you?"

"She has mentioned it but once to-day, and then she shuddered; but perhaps we had better keep it in the glass till we see whether it will bear to be transplanted, for she seems to

have set her little heart upon having that flower live; I wish I knew why!"

"Do you, indeed, mamma?" whispered poor Ruth, still without looking up; "well, then, I will tell you. That flower was given me by a fairy to make me remember my promises to you, my poor, dear, dead mamma; and so long as I water that every day at the same hour, so long I shall be growing better and better, and my poor dear mamma—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" And the little thing began to cry as if she would break her heart.

"Why, this is stranger than all," said the father. "I can't help thinking the poor child would be rational enough now, if she hadn't read so many fairy-books; but what a mercy it was, my dear Sarah, and how shall we ever be thankful enough, that you happened to be down there when she fell into the water."

"Ah!" Ruth Page began to hold her breath, and listen with the strangest feeling.

"Yes, Robert; but I declare to you, I am frightened whenever I think of the risk I ran by letting her fall in, head first, as I did."

Poor Ruth began lifting her head by little and little, and to feel about, and pinch herself to see if she was awake, or only dreaming.

"And then, too, just think of this terrible fever, and the strange, wild poetry she has been talking, day after day, about Fairy-land."

"Poetry! Fudge, Robert, fudge!"

Ruth looked up, full of amazement and joy, and whispered, "Fudge, father, fudge!" And the very next words that fell from her trembling lips as she sat looking at her mother, and pointing at a little bunch of *forget-me-nots* in full flower, that her mother had kept for her in a glass by the window, were these, "O mother! dearest mother! what a terrible dream I have had!"

"Hush, my love, hush! and go to sleep, and we will talk this matter over when you are able to bear it."

"Goody gracious, mamma!"

"There she goes again!" cried the father; "now we shall have another fit!"

"Hush, hush, my love! you must go to sleep now, and not talk any more."

"Well, kiss me, mamma, and let me have your hand to go to sleep with, and I'll try."

Her mother kissed the dear little thing, and took her hand in hers, and laid her cheek upon the pillow, and in less than five minutes she was sound asleep, and breathing as she hadn't breathed before since she had been fished out of the water, nearly three weeks back, on her way to Fairy-land.

FORBIDDEN.

~~~~~  
BY EMILIE LAWSON.  
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There flows a river by my very door.
Oft times I wander by this silvery stream;
Delightful blossoms flutter on its shore,
And when they bloom—I dream.

It feeds the frail bud trembling on its brink,
I am a-hunger—and its waves are bread;
The chattering birds dip thanklessly, and drink,
I thirst, while they are fed.

I never cull the simplest leaf nor flower,
Though day by day they call with odorous speech;
Though flaming petals woo me every hour, .
Tempting my wishful reach.

My brain is aching with the wildest pain,
A blissful balm goes rippling by my side;
But the cool waters murmur all in vain,
All vainly calls the tide.

Upon its banks the softest mosses grow,
My feet are sore, and weary is my breast;
Rest at my very feet! and yet to know
I never may find rest.

THE COUNTESS'S ESCAPE.

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BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.  
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THE prison guard of Brest were gathered around a battle-scarred veteran who, invalided from active service, had just been added to their number.

"Welcome, Marceau, welcome!" they all cried, grasping his hands.

"It does a man's heart good to feel his hand in the grasp of a hero!" exclaimed Jacques, a lank raw recruit, you had as yet seen nothing but garrison duty.

"Thanks, comrades!" answered Marceau, heartily. "Brave news from Holland, my lads! The Republic has gained another victory."

"Huzza—long live the Republic!" shouted the soldiers, in a general chorus.

"And to think that I wasn't in the thick of it," continued Marceau, regretfully. "It's the first bit of ill luck I've had. But, comrades, that isn't the only news I've got. Citizen Barras is expected in Brest to-night,

and—" sinking his voice to a whisper—"they're putting up the guillotine in the market-place now, that everything may be ready for him to begin his precious work to-morrow morning."

"Of course you will lend him a willing hand, Jean Marceau; we all know your love for the proscribed and fallen nobility of France."

This was said with ill-concealed bitterness. The words came from Francois, another new recruit, who had been in the garrison but a week. A tall, good-looking fellow, whose spruce appearance and genteel air had already gained for him among his comrades the soubriquet of "The Dandy."

"I hate them!" returned Marceau, with fury.

"What cause can you possibly have?" asked Francois, curiously.

"What cause? True. Ha, ha, ha!" It was

a hollow, bitter laugh. "But let this pass. However, let me tell you, young man, that Jean Marceau is a soldier, but no butcher. Killing one's enemy on the field of battle is agreeable, but murder in cold blood, as these fellows do with their guillotine—that's not my trade!"

"And yet," asked Francois, anxiously, "if you were to discover one of our prisoners, man or woman, attempting to escape—"

"I'd send a brace of bullets through that prisoner's body, man or woman!" interrupted Marceau. "Wouldn't you?"

"Why, yes, of course," stammered Francois. But his looks belied his words.

"But tell me—" said Marceau—"I met the adjutant just now. I suppose as usual, I've the luck to be on duty to-night?"

"Yes, Jean," answered Francois; "yours is number five."

"Number five? Let me see. That must come about one o'clock at night. Dreary work enough."

The old veteran shrugged his shoulders.

"Especially for an invalid, like you," said Francois, eagerly. "The health of a brave veteran ought to be more cared for."

"Decidedly it ought," cried Jacques, with equal eagerness. "How are you supplied with warm under-clothing?"

"I'll tell you what, Jean," continued Francois, "a thought strikes me—I'm young and hearty, suppose we make an exchange? My watch is not until five o'clock, and you can have your nap in comfort before that."

"Don't think of it, my brave Jean," cried Jacques, with great eagerness. "And you, young man, would you have the heart to turn out this old veteran at five o'clock in the morning? Why, the raw morning air is enough to give him a rheumatism! No, Jean, you shall exchange with me. My watch is at ten—the sweet, tranquil hour of ten, just the right time to get an appetite for a good nap for the balance of the night."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old veteran. "Upon my word, you're both vastly considerate. But come, come, young gentlemen, you can't deceive an old veteran like me, so out with the truth at once."

"I will," said Francois, rather bashfully, "and this is it. You see, Jean, the head jailor here, has got a daughter, and that daughter is very pretty—"

"Pretty? Lovely?" interrupted Jacques, with enthusiasm.

"Pshaw!" said Jean. "One at a time."

"Well," continued Francois, "although I've only joined the garrison five or six days, I've already taken a fancy to the girl, and I think she's somewhat partial to me."

"No such thing!" cried Jacques. "You are flattering yourself to an alarming extent. No, Jean, Mademoiselle Florine has distinguished me. I haven't looked at her for nothing."

Jacques smiled conceitedly.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Francois. "In a word she has promised to let me speak to her at one o'clock."

"Where—where?" asked Jacques, incredulously, but looking a little chap-fallen.

"At her chamber window, which, as you know, overlooks the eastern rampart, and I don't see that a man need prove the worse soldier for willing away a dull hour's duty by a little harmless chat with a pretty girl, eh, Jean?"

"Not he," responded Jean; "or I should have been drummed out of every regiment I ever was in. I always adored the sex. And as I was a lover once myself, why I won't stand in the way of your billing and cooing, so give me your hand. It's a bargain—the watch is yours."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks!" returned Francois, with a great deal more of gratitude than the occasion seemed to warrant.

Jacques turned away, evidently disgusted with his rival's success. A corporal's guard now appeared, and the corporal called out:

"Number one!"

"Here!" responded a soldier, and seizing his musket he fell into the ranks.

The guard marched away to post sentinels.

"Now then, comrades," said Jean, "suppose we pay our respects to the canteen?" Then to Francois. "When my number is called, all you have to do is to take your musket and follow the corporal—he'll be none the wiser. But, remember, don't let your love-making prevent your keeping your eye on the prison yonder."

"Let me alone for that. Besides, I hear there are not many prisoners, and I'm a match for a score of royalist nobles at any time."

"Yes, but there's a woman among them."

"A woman!" cried Francois, either in real or affected surprise.

"Yes, the Countess—the Countess de Poligny, I think they call her. I saw her just now—looking so ill and woe-begone, poor thing! The jailor tells me she's here for having aided the escape of a condemned noble. Well, if

people choose to play at such a game as that, they must take the consequences."

"True—true!" answered Francois, lightly. "And now I'll go and drain a bumper to the health of the pretty Florine. Come, comrades."

The soldiers gladly followed him into the canteen at the other side of the court-yard. The old veteran took but one cup with them, for company's sake, he said, and then returned to the court-yard, sitting down upon the parapet that faced the sea. This old man was fond of solitude, for he had many and bitter memories. Another campaign finished, wounded, and sent back to the garrison again.

"Well," he mused, addressing the stars that twinkled in the blue vault above him, "it's no fault of mine that I've come back. I couldn't do more than I have done to get a friendly bullet through this old head, but, somehow or other, there wasn't one could hit the mark. I got one through the arm instead. Often, during our long and toilsome marches back to France, my comrades have said to me, 'cheer up, Jean, cheer up, every hour bring us nearer to our homes, our wives, our children.' And I could see that that one thought gave strength to the weak, health to the sick, and patience to the suffering! I once felt as they did. Yes, I returned to France after years of absence. I felt neither fatigue, thirst, nor hunger—for then I had a home, a wife, a child! And what did I find? My wife dead, and my child—O Imogene! Imogene!" His head sank upon his clasped hands, and the tears trickled slowly from his aged eyes. "But, pshaw!" he resumed, rousing himself with an effort, "this is unworthy of me. I have no child—she has abandoned me, disgraced me!"

A female form appeared in the court-yard—that of the royalist countess, who had so won upon the heart of the jailor that he permitted her the freedom of the court-yard. She approached the old soldier timidly, as if she had been observing him and watching for an opportunity to speak with him.

"Sir, I wish—to speak with you," she said, in a tremulous kind of way.

"Can't be done, citizen," answered Jean, gruffly, though somewhat moved by her pale face and beseeching manner; "can't be done, for two reasons—it's against my orders, and against my inclination."

"And yet—" she urged.

"Hark ye. If I'm seen talking to a prison-

er, a court martial will sentence me to be shot for disobedience of orders—and I don't suppose you'd derive any particular gratification from that."

"No, no!"

"Then good night."

He turned to go.

"Stay—stay, but for one moment," she cried, eagerly, but he did not heed her. "I wish to speak to you of one dear to you!"

He stopped, suddenly.

"It is false!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "There is no one dear to me!"

"O, think—think again!"

"Think? I would *not* think! I would forget as I have been forgotten."

"You speak of—"

He hurriedly interrupted her.

"I speak of her who was once my child—of her whom I loved as a father alone *can* love—of her who has well nigh broken this poor old heart."

"O, speak not thus!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Listen, and then say how I should speak otherwise. I left her a child—it cost me many a bitter pang to part from her—but my regiment was ordered abroad, and I went with it. Well, citizen, after nearly ten years absence, I returned to France, and found that she whom I had left an innocent child, had become—the words choke me—my daughter was lost to me!"

"No!"

"Yes, she had fled with a villain—yes, a villain! For what man can be more fitly branded with that name, than he who tempts a woman to her ruin? He was a noble, too! O, that I knew his name, that I might hunt him through the world!"

"Hush—in mercy! It was of her I wished to speak."

"Of her—my child—Imogene?" he exclaimed, eagerly, and advancing towards her. "You knew her, then?"

She drew him within the shadow of the walls, out of sight of the sentinel upon the ramparts.

"He won't notice us," he whispered. "Now, tell me—what of—you know who I mean—not that I care to know, but—speak, woman! Don't you see I'm almost mad with impatience?"

"Your child has indeed merited your anger."

"She has, she has—and that's why I never wish to hear of her again—never! Yet, if you *will* talk of her, of course I can't prevent

you. I needn't listen, you know. Perhaps, if I were to ask you, you could tell me where she is—not that it matters to me. Why should it? She has long forgotten me!”

“Forgotten you? O no! I have seen her weep at the mention of your name, as if her heart would break.”

“Have you?” he cried, with a pleased, almost childish eagerness.

“And O, how often, how earnestly have I heard her pray for your forgiveness.”

“Has she? You're quite sure?” He drew his coat sleeve hastily across his face. “My forgiveness?”

“Ah—a tear?”

“Was it? Perhaps it might have been a little one, a very little one. But, mind, don't let *her* know that you have seen me weep,” he added.

“You forget I am a prisoner.”

“So I do. What a selfish old brute I am, to be sure! Not that my pity will do you much good—for I *do* pity you, though you are a noble! like *him* who tempted my poor child to barter her father's love for that of a seducer!”

“A seducer!” exclaimed the countess, in great surprise. “No—on my soul, no! He was her husband.”

“Her husband?” cried Jean, in equal surprise.

“Yes. It is true she fled—forsook the roof that for ten years had been her home—but the same day that witnessed her flight, beheld Imogene Coteaux the wedded wife of the Count de Poligny.” The old soldier raised his eyes thankfully to heaven, and clasped his hands in joy and gratitude. The countess continued, “But, alas, her happiness was short-lived; her husband was arrested and condemned to die.”

“Well?”

“Your daughter enabled him to escape.”

“Bravely done! bravely done!”

“But remained a prisoner in his stead.”

“My child—Imogene—in prison? Where? where?”

“Here!”

“Here? I must see her. I *will* see her! Lead me to my child—quick, quick!”

“Father! do you not know me?” burst convulsively from the lips of the countess.

He staggered back for a moment as if bewildered, and then with strong emotion clasped her to his breast.

“Imogene!” he cried. “My child, my pure, my innocent child, restored to me!”

“Bless me!” she exclaimed, nestling in his arms. “Then I can die happy!”

“Die—you?”

“Yes, father; they will not spare the wife of a noble.”

“But they shall. Imogene, my child, you must be saved, ay, and this very night, for the monster, Barras, is expected on the morrow.” He beat his forehead with his clenched hand, as if demanding the thought that was to give her freedom. “But how, how?”

“Father,” she said, looking cautiously around, and speaking in a low tone, “there is hope for me.”

“Ah!” he cried, with eagerness.

“An unknown friend—doubtless sent by my husband, who is now in England—will make an attempt to rescue me this very night.”

“Heaven bless him!”

“But, in order to enable him to accomplish this with certainty, the sentinel on duty at that hour must be gained.”

“It is impossible. Yet, stay—what is the hour?”

“One o'clock.”

A cry of joy burst from Jean's lips.

“It is mine—mine! Imogene you shall be saved!”

The voice of the jailor was now heard calling for Imogene. Her time had expired, and she must return to her dungeon. It was a melancholy parting between father and child, but she was not so sad as he was, for he thought they should never meet again—he would be shot for permitting her to escape.

“Be of good cheer,” were his parting words—“one o'clock will soon be here. I will not fail you. I'll be punctual, and you shall escape. Farewell.”

A last tender embrace and she hurried back to her dungeon. When she was gone the thought suddenly flashed through his mind that he had resigned his watch to another.

“Ah!” he cried, aghast, “what have I done? I have given up my post to Francois! But he shall give it to me—he shall, if I have to take his life for it!”

He instantly went in search of Francois. He found him in the canteen and drew him into the court-yard.

“Hark ye, Francois,” he said, “when you proposed to me to take this one o'clock watch off my hands, what did I say?”

“Why, like a sensible fellow, you said yes.”

"Did I? Well, then, I somewhat made a bit of a mistake, for I meant to say no."

Francois did not relish this sudden change of mind.

"Jean," he replied, testily, "this is rather too serious an affair to trifle upon."

"The very thing I have been saying to myself ever since," returned Jean, composedly. "A soldier's duty is too serious an affair to trifle with, and so, Francois, as we both agree upon the matter, why, our bargain is at an end—in other words, the watch is mine again."

"Your reason for this strange caprice?" demanded Francois, angrily, and strangely averse to yielding it back again.

"A very simple one. I was chosen for the duty, and that duty I will perform. Now, what have you to say to that?"

"This—" answered Francois, hotly—"that I will not tamely submit to be made the laughing-stock of my comrades. The one o'clock watch was mine—mine by your own free gift."

"Quite true, Francois; it was yours, but now it's mine—mine, mine! You hear?"

"Then you have violated your word. Yes, Jean Marceau, you have forfeited all claim to the title of a true soldier, and an honest man."

Jean's hand impulsively sought his sword-hilt.

"Francois, have a care!"

The younger soldier smiled disdainfully.

"Your sword seems somewhat ashamed to come forth. No wonder—it once belonged to a man of honor—it may well blush for its new master."

This was too much for Jean.

"Follow me," he cried, furiously; but the thought of his daughter checked his passion. Should he fall? No, it must not be. Bitter as was the insult he must gulp it down—for her sake. So he thrust his sword back into its scabbard.

"How, sir," cried Francois, sneeringly, "has your courage deserted with your honesty?"

"You see, young man," answered Jean, perfectly cool again, "this is the way I look at it. If I fight with you as to which of us is to do the duty of this watch, and you happen to run your sword through my body, I not only lose my duty, but my life into the bargain; that's why, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather perform my duty first, and fight you afterwards."

"It shall not be," cried Francois, in a rage.

"O, very well—I'll leave you to settle that

with the corporal of the watch. All I know is when he calls out number five, I shall answer 'Here!'"

Francois appeared quite overwhelmed—missing this watch seemed a great disappointment to him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jean. "You did not think of that. Well, adieu, comrade—and as to our little affair, if you should happen to get up to-morrow morning with as strong an appetite for cold steel as you've got now, I'm your man."

With these words Jean went into the canteen, leaving Francois absorbed in thought.

"I have a strong opiate here, brought for this express purpose," he mused, "and if I can only contrive to get him to drink a cup of wine with me, the one o'clock watch may be mine, after all."

He followed Jean into the canteen, as the little wine-shop kept by the jailor, and tended by his daughter, the pretty Florine—was called. He found Jean seated at a long table with a dozen other soldiers, and took a vacant stool by his side.

"Jean," he said, in a whisper, "though we have had a few words, we needn't be enemies. I spoke hastily—I did you wrong, and I ask your pardon. Forgive me."

He held out his hand, which the veteran grasped readily.

"With all my heart, Francois," he answered.

"Come, Jean, a glass of wine to our reconciliation."

"No, no!" returned Jean, irresolutely. "My head is none of the strongest—the effects of an old wound—and the duty I have to perform to-night requires that I should have all my wits about me."

"Then I shall believe you are angry with me still."

"Well, then, just one."

"It shall be bumpers all around. Here, Florine, bring a dozen bottles of your best wine!"

Francois's unexpected liberality was hailed with shouts by his comrades. The sprightly Florine soon placed the wine upon the table, and Francois had his ears soundly boxed for attempting to snatch a kiss. He made himself very busy in filling the glasses, dropped one, and caught it before it reached the floor, but his head was under the table for a moment. He filled the glass, he had so skillfully saved, and handed it to Jean.

"Long life to the Republic!" was the toast

proposed, and every glass was drained. Jean, notwithstanding repeated urging, would not drink again, though the bottles went around the board and great hilarity prevailed. Suddenly, in the midst of their merriment the corporal of the guard put his head in at the door, and shouted:

"Number five—the one o'clock watch."

"Here!" answered Francois, and rising from the table he took his musket and went out.

Jean Marceau was asleep with his head on the table, and did not hear the call. His wine had been drugged.

An half hour passed away, and then a musket shot was heard and a cry of alarm, mingled with hurried footsteps, and numerous voices gradually increasing into a confused din that roused Jean Marceau from his lethargic slumber. He sprang to his feet, bewildered and amazed, and staggered with uncertain steps into the court-yard. The first person he met was the jailor.

"Stay, Deferre," he cried, "how long is it to one o'clock?"

The jailor stared at him in surprise.

"Are you drunk, Jean?" he asked. "One o'clock has long since past."

"Past?" cried Jean, in horror. "No, no—impossible! "And yet—tell me what has happened—that shot?"

"Was fired at a female prisoner, who attempted to escape."

Jean groaned in despair and sank down upon a rude bench that stood by the door of the canteen.

The officer of the night entered the court-yard followed by a crowd of soldiers.

"Ring the alarm bell!" he cried. "Follow—one and all—she cannot escape us. Francois swears his bullet struck her."

"Struck her?" gasped Jean, rising unsteadily to his feet. "Who?"

"The Countess de Poligny," answered the officer. "Come quick—quick!"

Dazed, bewildered, his brain still reeling from the effects of the opiate, Jean suddenly found himself face to face with Francois. They two alone remained in the court-yard. He grasped him with savage fury by the throat.

"Villain! traitor! murderer!" he cried.

"Murderer?" exclaimed the astonished Francois.

"Ay—but I'll have blood for blood! You have murdered my child!"

"Your child? The Countess de Poligny—"

"Ay, Imogene Coteaux—she was my daughter."

"How is that? Your name is Marceau?"

"It is not—my name is Jean Coteaux; I assumed the name of Marceau to hide my disgrace when I thought she had dishonored me."

"Hush!" said Francois, in a cautious whisper. "She was my wife."

"Your wife? Then you are—"

"The Count de Poligny."

"But that shot—that shot—"

"Did not harm her, my good Coteaux. It was the signal agreed upon to inform my friends without, that she had left this place of horrors. A ship is now riding on the bay, ready to bear her away to England. One gun from the vessel will announce that my signal has been understood—a second, that the ship's boat is making her way to the shore—the third that she is saved. We can both see the flash and hear the report from the rampart here."

Then came a flash, and the distant booming of a gun across the water, even as he spoke.

"One!" cried Jean, with feverish anxiety.

Again it sounded, and yet again—the *third* gun had been fired.

"She is saved!" cried the count, joyously.

"Thank God!" responded Jean, fervently.

The next morning it was discovered that two soldiers had deserted from the garrison. A week after, Jean and the count—the two deserters—joined Imogene in England. They did not return to France until after the restoration.

THE SENSE OF IGNORANCE.

Few things are more mortifying to a young man of fair education and good abilities than to be convicted of ignorance or error in matters which, as the saying runs, "every school-boy ought to know," and most boys from school do know. Dates of memorable historical facts, the origin of familiar quotations, rules of grammar, localities of remarkable places ancient and modern, are among the items it is deemed almost disgraceful to make mistakes about; and yet the veriest thickhead, with a good machine memory—a verbalist, of whose upper story facts without ideas are the sole plenishing—may be perfectly accurate in these matters. What youth of talent, with a less tenacious memory, has not envied one of these unforgetting blockheads, with a head full of facts from which he cannot reason.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY MRS. J. S. CRESSY.

What can be more reviving,
On a sultry August day,
Than a quiet little shower,
And the scent of new-mown hay?

How the laborer's spirits brighten,
And he whets his scythe anew,
Toiling with renovated vigor
When the blessed shower is through.

Forth goes the whistling boy,
To spread the dripping swath,
No fear of further showers,
The wind is in the north.

The water stands in pools
Along the muddy street,
The schoolboy wades it through
With bare and tawny feet.

The trout are clearly seen
In the limpid meadow-brook,

And the cunning angler's bait
Decoys them to his hook.

The flowers look up and smile,
And the fields of nodding grain
Look fitter for the harvest
After the glorious rain.

The birds trill little snatches
From their songs of early June;
The bees swarm round the clover,
Buzzing a drowsy tune.

But the crickets, those foretellers
Of the summer's coming doom,
Set up their doleful music
In the corner of the room.

One listens just a moment,
And feels a twinge of pain,
Then dispels his saddened feelings,
Thinking of the summer rain.

A WILD-WOOD HORROR.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

I HAVE had in my life adventures not a few; but here is one which I always before shrank from relating. Not that I am afraid, for the law would clear me, but because of a dread I have to think of a subject which always makes the flesh creep upon my bones. But I believe that if I once out with it, it will be like laying a ghost, and I shall not be so haunted. I warn the reader that I am going to put his credulity to the test, and that I have no sufficient explanation for the facts I relate; but I can say to him with the Dane:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

To my story. Antony Guild and I made up our minds to spend our summer vacation of a fortnight in the woods. We were used to wild living, having told some thousands of miles in California, and we were a little tired of city life. So we packed our kits and started.

But before starting I went to see my little girl, Minnie Allston, and to take a good long look in her sweet face, provision against a fortnight's absence. Minnie and I were going

to be married some time or other, and I loved the very ground she walked on.

I had a thousand things to do, and could stay only a few minutes; but we crowded a world of sweetness into those, and,

"Pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder."

The next morning Antony and I started. We went on board a boat, took a twelve hours' steam trip, debarked at a little out-of-the-way port, plunged twenty-five miles straight up into the woods, and went to sleep the first thing when we got there. Tony got asleep first, though I was more tired than he. But, the fact was, I had something on my mind that kept sleep at bay. I kept saying to myself that I didn't believe anything and didn't care, but still I lay there and fretted, and thought it over, while Tony snored in the grass, with a blanket under his head and all sorts of bugs crawling and hopping over him. My trouble was this: Just as I was going on board the steamer, Dan Linn had stepped up to me and whispered in my ear.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "I wouldn't go on a trip with Tony Guild."

"Why not?" I asked, in surprise; for Tony and I were the best of friends.

"He's a deceitful fellow, and somebody else is a deceitful girl," said my friend, mysteriously.

"Look here, you croaker, hurry up!" I said, impatiently. "There's the whistle."

"Well," whispered Dan, "after you left Minnie Allston last night, Tony went to see her, and it's my opinion that he's cutting you out. What is more, she expected him, for she said, 'I thought you would never come!' when he went into the parlor. The window was open, and I heard her. She was sitting there alone without a light."

The last whistle sounded, and I sprang on board the steamer where Tony awaited me, but my heart was not light. In spite of me, jealousy had begun to gnaw. Antony was handsomer and better off than I, and, at the time I just made the acquaintance of Minnie, had been paying her some attention. I cut him quite out, and though he pretended not to care, I always thought that he did care, and would like to serve me a turn if he could.

I waited in hopes that he would mention and explain his call, but he did not. I even spoke several times of Minnie, a thing I seldom did, in order to remind him; and all the satisfaction I got was to see a faint, significant smile just curve his lip. It set my blood on fire. Nothing but pride prevented me from demanding an explanation of him on the spot, or going straight back and demanding one of Minnie.

But I resolved to wait. Before he and I should get out of the bush I meant to know all, and if they had played me false—here I clenched my teeth and hands, and said nothing. But I am not a tame fellow, nor one easily frightened, and my silence didn't mean anything good for Tony Guild.

I lay there and thought the matter over, and as I thought, I writhed and groaned. I loved that girl like my life, and I had trusted her so. I had told her everything, all my adventures, my faults and repentance, and all my plans. I wouldn't have minded that so much, but I had opened my inmost heart to her. With her sweet face resting against my heart, and her tender, caressing hand put up to stroke lovingly my cheek when my voice faltered, I had told her all my dreams, and aspirations, and doubts, and hopes. Good heavens! had she been mocking me? I could not be-

lieve it. Dan Linn was a croaker, and as spiteful as Lucifer, and had probably made the story up. But then, Antony's significant smile? I writhed when I remembered it, and could scarcely keep from going and strangling him where he lay.

I didn't sleep much that night, and the next day felt more savage than any bear we had come to shoot. Tony didn't seem to mind, or indeed, seemed amused by it. Two or three times during the day he burst into a laugh without any apparent cause.

But my anger did not disturb my aim, and by night I had a good pile of game, twice as much as my companion.

"What in the world are we to do with three deer?" asked Tony; "and what do you want of all those rabbits?"

"I don't care what becomes of them," I answered, carelessly. "I took a notion to kill them."

"O! well, I don't mind, as long as you don't expect me to eat them all," he said, carelessly, as he struck a match to light the fire of twigs.

I threw myself down on the moss under an old pine tree, and let him get supper, as I had got breakfast. I watched him and noticed, not for the first time, the easy grace of his ways. He handled the wicked-looking, long-bladed knife as a lady handles her fan, and in ten minutes two slices of venison were cooking on sticks by the fire. A few drops of the sunset, red as blood, came through the tree-tops, and fell on him, on his black, crisped hair, and his fine, swarthy face, and the manly form as limber as a snake's. Why would not a woman love him? I couldn't stand it, and had to turn away, or I should have sprung at his throat.

We ate supper and went to bed, that is, spread our blankets and stretched ourselves on the ground, and in a few minutes I heard him snoring.

I lay on my back and looked up into the silent, starry skies, and it seemed that the large, bright stars were eyes looking down at me, full of meaning which they were trying to make me comprehend. The forest rustled all about us in the night breeze, and sometimes I heard the stealthy step of a wild beast prowling about.

A thought seemed to touch me by the elbow, as it were, a trifling thought trying to attract my attention, but scarcely worthy of it. Two or three times I had seen Tony press his hand to his heart and glance at me

with that mocking smile of his. I had taken it as a hint that he meant to intimate that my heart was troubled, but now a new idea struck me. How did I know but he carried there some *souvenir* of Minnie, some token, which, if I could get, would prove their falsehood?

On my own heart reposed a little lock of her sunny hair, and I had begged for a miniature, but had been told that she had not one finished, but that I should have one on my return.

I tried to drive the thought away, but could not. I didn't like to do anything underhand; but what will not a man do who is mad with jealousy? There is no truer saying than that "All's fair in love and war."

I looked once to where he lay asleep, and, presently, rose quietly and approached him. Circumstances favored me, for he lay on his back, with his breast exposed, and his shirt bosom half unbuttoned. Bending down, I got a glimpse of a blue ribbon round his neck. I caught my breath, for blue was Minnie's color. All hesitation was gone at the sight. I bent nearer and softly pulled the ribbon. It yielded, and a little miniature-case came out. I tried to see the face in the soft starlight, but could not. I felt as if all my blood was in my head and I was strangling, while I strained my eyes and tried to see that face. Then I struck a match and looked at the miniature a full minute. That done, I placed it softly back in the breast where I had found it, and crept feebly away to a brook that ran near. I felt sick, but hardly knew what ailed me. A great weakness had taken possession of me, and I thought I should die if I didn't get to the water.

I lay down in the brook, but the water was too shoal to drown me. It refreshed and cooled me, and made me realize clearly my own misery. For it was my Minnie's face that I had seen pictured there. There was no longer any hope.

I kept quiet and tried to collect my faculties. I would do nothing in haste. There was time enough. So I spared him that night. They should never come together, but I was not quite decided on what would be the greatest punishment for them.

The next day Antony looked at me in surprise. I was as gay as a cricket, and joked all day. "I'm glad you've come out of the dumps," he said. "You are something like yourself. Yesterday I was balancing in my own mind the advisability of going back to town and leaving you to live with your peers,

the bears. Besides, I've got something to tell you which may make you mad, and I want to have you begin good-natured, though you are likely to challenge me by the time I get through."

"O, your story will keep," I laughed. "I'm tired and sleepy, besides being confoundedly thirsty. Let's have some grog and turn in."

"All right!" he said, "I'll tell my story in the morning."

"You'll never tell me that story to gloat over my misery!" I thought; but I only laughed, and took the grog he mixed.

That drank, I mixed again, and yet again, but felt not the slightest effect from my potations, though I had drunk enough Scotch whiskey to knock any common man over, and the whole forest about seemed perfumed with creosote.

Tony stretched himself out and went to sleep, and for a while I lay and pretended to sleep. Then I rose softly up and looked at him. The moon had risen, and lay white on his sleeping face. He breathed peacefully, and as I looked, sighed softly. I turned away and waited. I could not strike him thus. I sat down and waited till the moonlight should be off his face. In shadow I could strike.

The shadow crept stealthily, as the moon moved, nearer and nearer his head. It blotted out the rank grass and clover, it touched the blanket under his head, it dimmed his black hair with a deeper blackness, and crept slowly, curl by curl, toward his forehead.

"Say farewell to the light!" I whispered, as the brow overclouded.

"Look your last!" I almost cried out, as the shadow stole over the closed eyelids.

Slowly, slowly it shut over him, and the face lay dim in the night. I went nearer again, and bending, raised my arm for the blow. But as I did so, his heart, where the moonlight still lay brightly, softly heaved with a low sigh.

I sank back again. I could not strike at a heart whose pulsations I could see. I sat down and waited again till the shadow should creep over his breast.

The leaves of the trees shivered in the night-breeze, and the air seemed full of whispers. My own heart seemed to chill, and my blood to curdle in my veins, as I watched the creeping shadow again. My eyes grew strained and wild to see its progress, and I fancied I could hear his heart beat out its last throbs.

At length I approached him again, the third time, and lifted my knife. But a thought held me back. He had a mother whose heart would break for him.

But what cared I? I had no mother, father, brother or sister, no kith nor kin, and Minnie had been my one treasure. He had basely robbed me of her. There on that breast, her head had rested—Good heavens! the thought steeled me. I raised my arm and struck.

He gave a sudden spring, and caught blindly at me. I struck again, my arm glancing on his, and the knife entered his temple. It stuck there, and as he sunk slowly and silently back, I had to give the blade a pull to draw it out.

I turned away from him with a feeling that all my blood had turned to fire. I didn't seem to touch the ground as I walked away, and there were sparks of fire before my eyes. I walked and walked, in what direction I knew not, only turning for motion. And at early daylight I came back.

There he lay dead, with blood on his heart, and that awful gaping wound in the side of his head. It made me sick to see. I always did hate to see a wound in the head. His face had a strange look, neither of calm nor of distress, but a vacant look more dreadful than either; and his dull eyes were wide open.

Something must be done with him, clearly. After a few moments' thought I went to work to scoop out a grave near by. The ground was full of roots, and my hands were not hard, and the grave was a shallow one. When it was dug I carried him to it, covering his wounded head from my sight, and lying him down, covered him smoothly over; then I went back and washed away all stains of blood from the place and my clothes. Finally, I laid down just after sunrise and went to sleep. It had been two nights since I had slept, and I was worn out.

It was night and starlight when I awoke, and for a few minutes I did not recollect what had happened. But in a little while it all rushed over me. With the consummation of my revenge all feelings of anger had gone, and I had only a heart full of bitterness and desolation. I remembered the sweetness that girl had made in my life, and the time seemed hundreds of years away. I remembered all her soft, pretty looks and ways, and my heart cried out for her. False as she was, I would have clasped her to my heart and forgiven her. Perhaps he had teased and coaxed her

away with his oily tongue, and maybe, now he was out of the way, she would love me best.

I was lying just where I had lain both nights before, under a pine tree opposite a poplar tree where Tony had made his bed. As I thought, I slowly raised myself up, and involuntarily glanced that way. Horrors! There he sat, upright, and staring at me. I could feel the dull glare of his eyes in the shadow, and they held mine as in a vice.

How long I sat there frozen I know not, but I never stirred till the moon rose, and then I shook with a slow shudder. It was bad enough, that dim image of him, but how could I see his face in the light!

The moon rose higher and touched the tree-tops. It crept slowly down the boughs toward that awful, stirless form, and caught finally on the topmost locks of his hair.

I tried to tear myself from the sight, but was bound as by countless cords, and could not stir hand nor foot. O, to escape the look of those eyes, and the sight of that awful gash in the temple! In vain! The pitiless moonlight, pale and still as fate, sunk slowly, and brought out the square, pale forehead, the dull eyes, the vacant face, and a horrible open mouth with bloody teeth and dropped jaw. But the wound was turned a little from me, and though I felt my hair stand up with horror, I was spared that sight. No, it was only delayed, for as I looked, the head slowly turned, the eyes still fixed on me, and my wild and shrinking eyes, unable to close, looked into that gaping pit in his head.

The very horror of the sight gave me a sort of courage, and broke the spell. I could not touch that form, but I sprang up and fled to the place where I had laid him. This apparition must be some nightmare fancy, and I should find the grass quiet and undisturbed.

But my faint hope died as I looked. The shallow mould was pushed away like the coverlid from an empty bed, and the grave was untenanted!

I fled on and wandered through the forest all night like one possessed. Wild beasts fled out of my way, and it seemed to me that the very trees shrank at my approach.

As I grew fatigued my excitement began to fade a little, and I tried to reason with myself. Perhaps I had not killed him, after all, and, reviving, he had broken out of his shallow grave, and came there to frighten me. Perhaps, again, he had been driven crazy by the wound and the terror, and did

not know what had happened to him. It would be an awkward thing if he should get well and go back with the story of my attempt on his life.

Beating my half numbed brains, I wandered all night, but, with the first streak of daylight, forced myself to go back. If he were living I would nurse him back to life and health, I resolved, and then challenge him to open fight to decide our claim to Minnie Allston. One of us must die, but it should be in fair fight.

As I came in sight of the grave I stopped, and my breath stopped at the same instant. It was covered and smooth as I had left it after burying him! I hurried past to the place of our encampment. Everything was as I had placed it, but under the poplar tree a bunch of clover leaves had their cups full of dark blood which slowly ran over and dropped into the grass beneath, running down the length of the blades till they looked like tiny knives just drawn from a heart.

I looked a moment, then sank down overcome with terror and remorse. I repented. I had struck him down in the midst of life and hope. What mattered it for me? I might have died, and done with it. Perhaps in the other world things would have got righted, and Minnie might have come to me there, who knows? Then, Tony had been a good friend to me, and had befriended me more than once. How could I blame him for stealing her? I had almost taken her out of his hands, and I would take her from any man's side at the altar, if I could get her. I repented. Poor Tony. That mute blood dripping from the clover leaves appealed more strongly to my heart than did anything else. I would go home and give myself up, and send some one to get his body.

Having made up my mind, I laid down and went to sleep with a sort of peace. I was utterly exhausted with fatigue and excitement, and slept soundly.

It was dark again when I awoke with a start, and in an instant realized my situation. I had meant to sleep only a few hours, and then travel toward a settlement in the afternoon. I shivered with fear, but, drawn by some horrible fascination, could not keep my eyes away. I looked, and there he was again! The same still, dim form, and the same awful moonlight creeping down toward it. It was all acted over again, but when the corpse slowly turned his head and let the light fall on that bloody gap, I shrieked aloud, and started up.

A hand grasped my shoulder and shook me violently. "Arnold! Arnold! wake up!" said a voice.

"I repent! I repent!" I cried, hiding my face. "I was mad with jealousy, or I would never have killed you, Tony. You know how I loved her."

"Arnold, wake up!" said the voice again; and my shoulder was shaken yet more violently.

I took my hands away from my face and looked up. There stood Tony Guild over me, shaking me, and trying to beat some sense into me.

"You've had the night-mare, old fellow!" he said, giving me another shake. "You've been howling like a hyena."

"And you're not killed, Tony?" I cried, in incredulous delight.

"Not as I know of," he laughed.

"Thank God?" I said, fervently, sitting up. "I thought I had killed you."

"You drank a pint of Scotch whiskey," he answered, "and got as drunk as a pig. You came near being killed yourself."

"Is this only the second night since we came?" I asked, incredulously.

"Only the second night, you muddy-head," he replied.

I pressed my hands to my brow. "I have suffered four days and nights of agony," I said. "And, Tony, if I didn't kill you, I meant to. Did I dream also that I found Minnie's picture in your breast?"

"Let me tell you all," he said, eagerly. "I would never have tried to tease you, my dear boy, if I had known that it would strike so deep. I might have remembered that touching you was handling edged tools. Forgive me!"

"Tell me first what you mean," I said, sternly.

"Well, in the first place, this picture was meant for you," he said, taking it from his neck and putting it into my hands. "Minnie wanted it done to give you to bring along, but didn't want to promise you lest you might be disappointed. The last afternoon came and it was not quite done. She sent me a line telling me to go into the studio and get it and bring it to her to give you, as she did not wish to go out lest she should miss seeing you. I went and had to wait, and when I reached her house, you had gone."

"She gave it to me with a little note to give you. Here it is. You know I had no chance to speak to you till the boat started,

and then I saw Dan Linn talking to you. I had seen him skulking about the house when I went in to see Minnie the night before, and I knew in a moment what he was talking of. When you came aboard I saw that you were angry and jealous, and I determined to punish you. If you had got over it, I would have given them to you and explained, but I was determined not to do it till you were good-natured. I thought it too bad that you should suspect your friend, and the little girl that loves you better than she does her life. Why, what do you suppose was her last greeting to me? 'Be sure you take care of him!' she begged, with tears in her eyes. As though you were not able to take care of yourself!"

I put my hands over my face and burst into tears.

"It is I who am to blame, Arnold," said Tony, putting his arm around my shoulder with the tenderness of a woman. "I had no right to trifle with a man's most sacred feelings. Again I ask you to forgive me."

"And I forgive with all my heart," I said, grasping his hand, and, for an instant, forgetting even my darling.

"All's well that ends well," he laughed; but I saw him wipe his eyes as he laid down again.

LOVE FOR VOLANTES.

We have all heard of the fondness which the Bedouin Arabs show for their horses. We know that the Prophet Mahomet has written whole chapters of the Koran on the breeding and rearing of colts. We know that the young Arab foal is brought up in the tent with the little girls and boys, and that when he grows up to be a horse he is petted and caressed. The children hang about his neck and call him endearing names; the Arab mother strokes his nose and pats his cheek, fetches him sweet herbs, makes his bed, feeds him with bread and dates, and stripes of meat cured in the sun. Well; the affection which the Arabs manifest for their horses the Cubans manifest for their volantes. They can scarcely endure that the beloved object should be out of their sight. Make an evening call—all fashionable calls in Cuba are made in the evening—and in a dim corner of the reception-parlor you will probably see a great pyramid covered up with brown holland. It is not a harp, it is not a grand pianoforte; it is a volante. I must hint that Cuban reception-rooms are immensely large and lofty, and are always on the ground floor; otherwise I might be supposed to be availing myself too extensively of the traveller's privilege, in relating that the drawing-room of a Cuban lady is not unfrequently a coach-house as well.

THE SOWER.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Broadcast through all the fruitful lands
The sower strews with generous hand
His store of golden grain.
Some falls on fair and fertile fields,
And royal is the wealth it yields,
In autumn's golden wane.

And still the sower sows—and still,
As if by chance, yet more by will,
Some falls beside the way;
And when the harvest days are fair,
Some lowly pilgrim resting there,
Shall lift his eyes and pray.

Some, caught by fateful winds, is borne
To tangled thickets, set with thorn,
And pasture's brier o'errun;
And some, with an impartial hand,
He strews o'er arid wastes of sand,
And barren rock and stone.

Yet still the same good seed in all:
While dew, and rain, and sunshine fall,
With equal grace on each.
But rock, and thorn, and sandy soil,
Illy repay the sower's toil,
We say with thoughtless speech.

But ah! the sower knew full well
The different soil on which it fell,
But did not close his hand!
Mayhap to his diviner eyes,
These scanty growths are prophecies
We cannot understand.

Mayhap he sees a valley fair,
Blooming beneath his culturing care,
Behind these dreary wastes.
Whose own alike are barren sands,
Or rock and thorn, or fertile lands,
Needs not to reap in haste.

MY JOHN.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

MINISTERS' wives are queer, no doubt must be, for people seem either afraid or ashamed of them.

"I'd like the minister to come here, but I don't want his wife," I have often heard remarked by those who expected to entertain.

As I look back upon my experience—for I am a gray old minister's gray old wife—I cannot forbear laughing to myself, at the little trials that beset my rugged way, and that then annoyed me terribly. I have since learned that deacons can be mean, and even malicious like other men, and that ignorant deacons can be very mean and very malicious.

It was not quite a hundred years ago, that my good husband was called to settle for a period of time—or to supply the pulpit, we have neither of us learned which—in a small and somewhat obscure town in the State of Pennsylvania, not a thousand miles from Philadelphia. Indeed, if our statistical tables are quite correct, it may not be much over nine miles. The name of that suburban spot was Hustleton, if my memory serves me rightly, and there were several deacons in the town, if not more—certainly, several. We had been wishing to get board, but could seem to find no one willing to be burdened with the minister and his wife, possibly because the salary was so small.

The Misses Cyrus kept boarders, in their own handsome and convenient house—but, unfortunately, that was full—so they said—and the minister and his wife could not be accommodated for some months yet.

"Sally," said my husband, one day, "it really seems as if you ought to be out in Hustleton some Sabbath, and get acquainted with my people. They often ask after you, and seem disappointed at not meeting you. It isn't as if you had eight or nine children, you know (I hadn't one, then)—and it really looks as if you thought yourself above going as a country pastor's wife."

"Where in the world should I go?" I asked—for I was always rather proud and independent, that way; "there is no place we can board in, even for a day."

"I'll tell you," said my husband; "there's one of my good deacons, very well off—and no doubt accustomed to entertain ministers, once in ten or twelve years—Deacon Morton

Dunton; he's a noble-hearted, generous fellow, and will no doubt keep us from Saturday night till Monday morning."

"Perhaps he might be willing, perhaps not," was my reply.

"Any way, suppose I write to him? To-day is Monday. He'll get the letter to-night, or to-morrow morning early—in plenty of time to answer in the negative, if he can't keep us."

"But I didn't like his face," I persisted—"it was too full of crooked lines."

"Nonsense, Sally; you must get over that folly of yours, judging at first sight. I tell you Dunton is a noble fellow; you can't tell by appearances—appearances are deceitful."

"Well, write then," said I, a little impatiently, seeing that his heart was set upon it.

Saturday came—a cold, blustering day, looking like rain; and I, being in delicate health, wished with all my heart that the promise might merge into a speedy performance—for Deacon Dunton had *not* answered in the negative, and we of course took it for granted that we were expected. A dreary ride in a crowded omnibus set us down at the stopping-place. O, how the damp wind did blow! How the dead leaves whirled in dreary mazes of disconsolate color over the wet ground! Through, and through, and through again it seemed to pierce me—and there was still a long walk to the deacon's house.

We arrived there—a cosy, comfortable resting-place it seemed, and my face began to beam unutterable things, as in thought I responded to the good wife's welcome. And yet how very quiet it all was; there was a shut-up look about the house, that had a depressing influence the moment I mounted the door-steps.

Knock, knock—thump, rattle—no sound (to this day, I think the good deaconess had hid herself up in the barn); the wind blew more fiercely—the great curled leaves swooped off into corners, as much as to say "we can find a better resting-place than you can;" and after two more trials, and sitting awhile on the porch for want of rocking or any other chair, the minister and his wife turned their disconsolate steps—not homeward, for there

was no home for them to go to—but back—somewhere.

"John," said I, "this looks like a done-o'-purpose sort of thing."

"O no," said John, cheerfully—(John would see something white in a piece of charcoal); "they may be out of town."

"But don't you think they received your letter?"

"Possibly not."

"In that case I'd excuse them; but if they did, they never need to ask my pardon." I almost forgot that I was a minister's wife.

Well, we trudged back to the Misses Cyrus, cold, and, possibly, a little out of sorts in the region of the temper—and meeting one of the ladies, laid our troubles before her. The result was a very kind invitation to stay *till after dinner*. We began to think of the possibility of taking tea nowhere, and of sleeping—nowhere else.

So I was soon settled comfortably in a Boston rocker, doing my best to try and feel reconciled to my fate, while my husband went out to see some of his parishioners; and everything passed off pleasantly till after an excellent dinner, over which I should have felt more thankful if I had been allowed the privilege of paying for it.

"Where are we to go to-night?" I asked, as my husband came in, in the course of the afternoon.

"O, I have been up to Deacon Dunton's, my dear, and found his wife at home. She was out in the barn, it seems, when we were there."

"Just as I thought," I said, demurely. "Do people close up their houses when they go to the barn; and what is there in the barn so attractive as to keep a lady there a half hour or so after the coach comes in?"

John tried to look very stern, and treated me to the head-of-the-house manner, which, of course, subdued me at once.

"You are very uncharitable, my dear Sally," he said, in a positive way. "I am sorry to see that spirit in you; you must remember that you are the minister's wife."

"These people seem determined that I shan't forget it," was my reply. "But we are really to go to the Duntons, after all."

"Mrs. Dunton says we shall be welcome," was my husband's answer.

We were to stay to supper at the Misses Cyrus—I forget who made the arrangement—possibly it arranged itself, and after that, it was supposed, go to good, generous Deacon Dunton's.

It was a memorable supper—for during its continuation, the younger or the elder Miss Cyrus, I forget which, went out, came back, and passed a paper to my husband. I did not see it, but I did see a change in John's face. Nor did I know till long after the contents of that note—barely a bit of whitey brown paper, torn off promiscuously, and furnished thus by a square-ribbed lead-pencil. I present a perfect *fac simile* :

"Mr. Pendleton—(I wonder he did not say 'dear pasture')—it wont suit To have you heare for my Wife Is all most worn out now And we cannot have Boorders.

MORTON DUNTON."

To be sure, nearly a hundred years ago, or less, the schoolmaster was not abroad as much as he might have been, but it was fool-hardy in that man to put pen or pencil to paper without counting the cost. He must have known that his educational privileges had been limited. That made no worse man of him, but the animus of the thing did. A real gentleman, if he had been brought up in a corn-shed, would have answered John's letter, and saved both the minister and his wife some mortification; and it *was* a mortification to me to know that my husband was under the rule and in the power of such a man as that. Well, deacons are no more perfect than the rest of us poor mortals, and I don't know that we should expect them to be.

John went out on an exploring expedition after that. There was the street, and there was the tavern. The tavern had the advantage of shelter, but it had also the disadvantage of lager beer and a bar-room, where stronger drink could be had for the asking and paying. Decidedly that would not do for the preacher.

More humiliation—we were under the necessity of begging a night's lodging. It was not my only experience in a search for hospitality. When John was in the war, and the enemy's troops came thundering down the main street, and I had to fly for my life, just as I stood—when I had to seek for a home, even hungry and footsore, and suffer the mortification of a denial—of wandering about strange streets, and finding but little pity in the faces of professed Union people, because the enemy was so near.

But that was to be expected in times so perilous—times when even women were hunted and imprisoned, and I fear tortured more than once. Such things were of common occurrence then, and endured with all

the fortitude of which the recipient is endowed—but this—a minister in his own parish, hunting for a night's lodging, seemed tenfold more unnatural. It would not sound well—decidedly—to say that the minister and the minister's wife stopped at a by no means tetotal tavern, while there were deacons and deacons' houses all round, and deacons' barns.

"John," said I, indignantly, "I have often given up my own bed to accommodate strangers—I'll never do it again."

"O, yes you will," returned John, softly; "you and I both. This is no less a lesson to us, because we have not been selfish. I don't think Deacon Dunton—"

"Now John, if you excuse him," said I, stopping short in the street, and accepting a windful of dust in my open mouth—"I'll turn about and walk the whole nine miles home."

John was silent, and for that time I had my own way.

So we were taken in and cared for by a good Episcopal lady, and in the warmth of the room, and amidst genial company, I thawed out. But I did not forget what another good old lady had said at the house of the Misses Cyrus:

"So you're our new minister's wife?"

I meekly bowed assent.

"Wal, I hope you'll do good; Mr. Pendleton's a smart man." My face glowed at this. I like to hear John praised, even now, when we are both so old. "But I'm 'fraid he'll be dis'pinted in the people. I know 'em root an' branch. You see, Mister Pendleton is one o' them outspoken men—he can't hold his tongue ef he's got anythin' to say. And he talks about his country sometimes in the pulpit—and they kinder suspicion 'bout here, that he's kinder political in his views. He's a set man in his way, too, I take it; he'll kinder hold on to an idee, an' work it out right in the face of opposition. Well, my dear, he's in a mighty bad place out here in Hustleton—'cause the folks like ter rule, 'stead o' bein' ruled, and some o' them are so jealous o' the gospel, that they don't call anythin' gospel but what they sanction. So dear, I hope he's putty tough in the region of the heart—ef he isn't it'll upset him dreadfully for bless me the— (I won't mention denominations here) are the most pigoted people in the place." She meant well enough, but the word answered.

And it happened that the minister, my John, was independent and set, and would

say "country" sometimes, and even dared to enunciate "flag," and once went the length of "shackles," which nearly shook the meeting-house over into the opposite field, it was so "ungospel-like."

I fought off the old lady's opinion the best I could, but I think she conquered.

"Lor! I don't want to say nothin' agin 'em;" she went on, quite set up to have so patient a listener; "but did you ever see Parson —?"

"No," I was forced to acknowledge I had never seen that personage.

"Well, he was a mighty small man, bodily, though intellectooally, I think he stood right smart—more'n four feet high, anyhow, but that's what he measured from his toes up. Well, our pulpit is a high pulpit, an' that's perked considerable high, too, an' the poor little man he couldn't but just be seen down to his shoulders. Well, the deacons got kinder agen him, and wouldn't listen to his complaints, which was reasonable enough—to have a little sort o' box that stood on top the pulpit taken off—'twould easily have been done—but they wouldn't—flung at him dretfully for wantin' of it done, made fun of his statter, as if the poor soul could a helped that. By-'m-by, the parson he jest pushes the pulpit to one side, an' then he can see and be seen. What d'ye think? In goes the deacons next Monday morning with big nails, and hammers, and fastens the box of the old pulpit in its place, so't the poor leetle man couldn't move it. Now wasn't that ugly? Lord bless me!—I'm glad I aint no church member. If deacons is so spiteful, there's no knowin' what I'd come to be."

I picked a grain of comfort out of this, meagre consolation though it was. My John wasn't the only minister that had been treated unfairly, and it soothed me not a little.

"John, if you were rich," said I, one day, "and didn't have to be tied down to a mean country-parish—" I beg pardon of the country—I mean only one—"how much more good you might do."

"Don't be ambitious and covetous, little woman," he said, playfully, but his cheeks looked wan, and I knew how he was harassed by petty, cowardly minds.

"But why shouldn't you be rich, instead of wearing out your faculties, and enduring these ridiculous human mosquitoes, all the time humming and stinging. I do believe you have the ability to make money, some way."

"But the possession of money almost always changes the nature of a man," he said, though he brightened up somewhat.

"But it wouldn't change you, John; you and I have seen too many vicissitudes, to be affected by anything of that kind. Then, my dear, these considerate enemies of yours would swarm about you like butterflies, only prove yourself successful. They look upon ministers as a sort of mendicant property; but if you had—how many thousand dollars would you say?—don't you know that you could preach your version of the gospel, and say just what you please, provided it's the truth, without being asked next day to send in your resignation."

"But the Lord has put me here, Sally, and the indications—"

"So the Lord has put silver and gold in Nevada, dear John, and why shouldn't you get some of it, pray, as well as others? Don't the Lord enumerate wealth as among his given blessings? Didn't he give it to Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob? And I believe if you try for it you'll be none the less a good Christian."

John was thoughtful for some time. One day he came in, looking, I thought, somewhat unhappy, and yet there was a brightness underlying it.

"Sally, do you know what you advised me about making money?"

"Yes—" my voice faltered.

"Would you be willing to be left alone for six months, while I cross the ocean?"

The test! I trembled from head to foot. John explained, and then I said, as steadily as I could:

"Yes—go—and God's blessing go with you."

He folded me in his arms, and I felt the throbbing of the good, true heart that had always loved me so. It was as hard for him as for me, but we both were brave.

It was settled that my pretty niece, my brother's eldest child, should come to the city and keep me company. Little Hetty, we had always called her—a shy, modest, blue-eyed darling, whom I had taken to be my heart's own child. When she came to us, the soft eyes were dim, and the cheeks had lost their bright color.

"Mamma was very willing that I should come," she said, almost bitterly. "You know how she has always felt about Ernest?"

A young student, who was working hard to obtain an education.

"But, darling," I said, "are you still determined, after all I have told you, to be the wife of a poor minister?"

"What would you have said in my place forty years ago, Aunt Sally, if any one had asked you that question?"

"I'll never give up my John," I answered, feeling the tears in my eyes, and laughing them off.

"That you wouldn't; and so I'll never give up Ernest."

"I had no one to warn me, child."

"And depend upon it, aunty, if you had had, you would have been every bit as stubborn as I am going to be."

"Well, well, child, I give it up; and Ernest shall come and see—me once in a while." She thanked me with a kiss.

The parting came—was over, and we—small household, had settled to calm, if not content. How anxious we counted the days—shuddered when the storm howled; prayed God for the preservation of his servant, on the tossing of the wild ocean!

Ernest and a letter came the same day. I liked him—I liked both; and while a handshake was his greeting—that of the other was a kiss, heart-warm. The student was a man already, if I could read character aright. His was the face to feel a regretful tenderness over, it was so spiritual, so indicative of a gentle, too sensitive soul. I did not wonder the child loved him.

When he had gone that night, she came to me.

"Well, aunty, what do you think of him—and is it a good letter?"

"I think him a noble little gentleman, my dear; and the letter is glorious. John got there safely and began operations. He says he is much encouraged. The indications are that the days of our poverty are over, and the old debts can be paid. Thank God for that! They've haunted John; those debts stood in the way of his usefulness, kept him down in one way and another. He owes one "good brother," who has in every way thwarted and insulted him. O, if he will but bring home enough to satisfy him, I'll ask nothing for myself!"

Every fortnight, letters for Hetty and me. We waited till John came home, and Hetty was to be married at my house. Ernest's brilliant talents had secured him a good living, and my Hetty's parents were brought round.

John presented them with the gift of a

house on their marriage-day, for John counted himself rich now. His mission had been a successful one—and a considerable amount of the Lord's gold and silver had been placed in his keeping.

"I know you will have a good salary," John said, in answer to the thanks of our new nephew; "but it won't hurt you at all in the eyes of your people, be they the best, to have a something to fall back upon. It will make them more considerate of your feelings, if they think you do not depend absolutely upon their purse-strings."

Well, John and I have been very happy since then. It has been as I said. Parasites

have fluttered round, and false friends flattered him. Those who thought they could afford to be contemptuous, once, bent the pliant hinges of the knee at the first opportunity. As for John, he long ago forgave everything—good soul—and all the pulpits are open to him, where he can now say country, venture on flag, and dare the fetters on sublime occasions, and no one says to him:

"I think now you have got to preaching politics, you had better send in your resignation."

Dear me—if I was rich enough, I'd make every poor minister independent of his salary—and his deacons.

HOW PANSIE FOUND HER PAPA.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

SHE had purple eyes, the little girl in this story, so she went by the name of Pansie. Pansie had everything to make her happy, in the shape of dresses, and dolls, and pocket money in generous supply. She had an aunt besides, who loved her dearly, while Nursey Richards was always ready to run at her command.

But with this host of good things, Pansie fretted, "worried," Nursey Richards called it, for one thing more. Just one thing more, in all the world, and that was her father. Her father, who had been off in India, five long years; whose voice she could just remember, and whose face, painted in the little locket that hung about her neck, she kissed at least five hundred times every single day.

One day Pansie was standing up in a chair having her boot laced. She had a very doleful face, and she said with a sigh:

"Nursey, I am the most unfortunate little girl that ever was."

"Dear, dear," said Nursey, who expected what she would say next.

"Did you ever know anybody so bad off?"

"Bless me, yes," answered Nursey, "hundreds."

"Who?"

"Why, there's cook's little niece, that tumbled from the top of the house, and broke her arm."

"But don't you remember, how cook said her father carried her all night when she was

sickest? Pooh! it aint anything to break your arm, when you've got a father."

"Well, there's the little thing that comes for cold victuals every morning. Her father aint much to her, for he hasn't moved hand nor foot, these five years, and has to be fed with a spoon."

"Didn't I hear her say," said Pansie, with great triumph, "only yesterday too, when cook gave her a lovely tart, just out of the oven, 'If you please, I won't eat it, but I'll keep it for daddy to look at? The scallops on the edges will tickle him to pieces.' I guess her father is much to her, so."

Nursey was quite taken aback, and didn't dare to tell Pansie of any more of the hundreds of little girls that were worse off than she was. She tried, however, to make Pansie think of something else.

"My dear," said she, "it is high time Jill had her night-cap off. How will you have her hair dressed for the day? And is the lilac pelisse to be let out or taken in?"

Jill was a wonderful wax doll with real hair, and eyes that opened and shut, and who had a wonderful lilac silk pelisse, that was taken in under the arms and then let out again every other day.

But Jill with all her charms was of no account just then. Pansie did not speak, until she had travelled slowly across the floor, in and out, and criss-cross, by way of the pattern in the carpet. This took her some time.

Then she said, speaking very firmly, "I shall wait for papa no longer. I shall go and find him."

"Mercy!" cried Nursey. "You're clean gone out of your wits, I do declare. A pretty place it is you want to be a going to, where lions and tigers run through the streets as plentiful as cats and dogs, and where they have crocodiles for musquitos."

"I aint afraid," said Pansie, not at all frightened.

Nursey wrung her hands.

"Promise me, child," said she, "that you will never speak of such a thing again."

Pansie never did.

But one day, there was a great stir in the house, for she was missing.

Nursey put back the lace curtains, and looked to see Pansie sleeping, with her pink-flushed cheeks and her dimpled arms tossed over her head. But, behold! the bed was empty.

Towser, the great, shaggy Newfoundland, who was chained down stairs nights, came bounding to Pansie's door. But he whined and begged in vain for his little playmate. No Pansie was there to romp with him that day.

The housemaid with her apron to her eyes, told how she found the heavy front-door unlatched and ajar, when she came down in the morning.

Nursey dripped with grief like a shower-bath, and Pansie's aunt was kept from fainting dead away, by having two bottles of smelling-salts held to her nose. But all this was of no avail. The cage was empty, the wee bird had flown. Pansie was gone, and nobody knew where. Her white frock and straw flat were gone too. So was Jill, so was the lilac pelisse. And Pansie in her hurry had worn off odd shoes, for one ankle-tie stood dismally on its toe searching for its mate, while just beside, a grand little boot turned up its nose at its low-cut neighbor, and looked straight out of the window.

"I can never stay still here," said Nursey. "I must go after her myself."

"And I will go with you," said Pansie's aunt; and they started away together.

And now, let us see what has really become of our brave Pansie, who with her doll's satchel in one hand, holding Jill's winter clothes and Jill herself in the other, with her odd shoes, and her straw flat flopping over her face, and her wonderful blue-purple eyes, has started in such good faith for India.

She walks, and walks, and walks, till finally she can walk no further. So she says to Jill:

"My dear, you look pale. You are tired out, and to accommodate your delicate nerves I will sit down and hold you in my lap."

After this excuse, very gravely said, Pansie perches herself very comfortably upon a soft tuft of grass, and leans her back against a rock.

"Don't you be discouraged," said she to Jill; "we must be most there."

Then she made Jill's eyes open and shut so fast that they snapped like whip-cord.

"What's the use of getting mad!" said she, laughing.

Just then, when she was so merry, a high, lumbering country-wagon came clacketing up the road. There was a farmer in it with a blue smock frock, and his red-faced wife with a shawl all colors like Joseph's coat.

"What be that, you?" said the farmer, pointing with the heavy stick he carried for a whip, towards Pansie.

"Anan," answered his wife, with a stupid shake of her head.

"Speak to it," said the man, giving her a nudge, and pulling up his horses.

"It's never flesh and blood," said his wife, drawing back as if afraid.

Pansie seeing them stop, spoke out herself, in her childish confidence:

"Jill and I are going to India. How much further is it?"

"Don't know," said the man, clumsily scratching his head. "Sure yer on the right road, aint yer?"

"O dear, yes!" said Pansie.

"Have a lift?" asked the man, in his loutish way.

Pansie thought it would be fine to be up so high, and she let herself be tossed into the wagon beside the red-faced woman, who gave her some crackers and cheese.

She clattered along in the rattling country wagon, quite cosily, chatting away with her new friends, and munching away at her crackers and cheese.

When the farmer and his wife arrived at home—they lived in a comical, brick, Dutch oven of a cottage—they tried to coax Pansie to stay with them and be "their little girl."

But Pansie, tired at last of saying "No," and eager to be on her journey again, ran away past them, and was off over the hills like a flash.

Pansie raced with the squirrels, and when the moon came out as bright as day, and

lighted her along in a very friendly and pleasant manner, she said:

"It is on purpose for us, Jill, so that we shall not lose our way."

She came across a little summer-house, with honeysuckle twining all over it.

"Suppose we stop and sleep here," said she to Jill. "What you think about it? We should be all the fresher in the morning, you know."

Jill didn't say anything against it, so the matter was settled, and the two snipes slept in the summer-house. A little bird sang noisily in the honeysuckle bush and woke Pansie up.

"How long you been awake?" asked she of Jill. Then she looked admiringly at the little bird, who sang and swung almost into her mouth.

They had their breakfast all together, Pansie, Jill and Birdie. Pansie found her pockets crammed with crackers and cheese, which Birdie seemed to relish as much as she.

I wont tell all that befell our Pansie bound for India, that day. But when night came, she found herself down among some wharves. Great ships with spreading sails, were held by heavy iron anchors, with chains as big as a man's arm. And somehow, Pansie found herself on board one of these great ships.

Puff, puff, puff, and the wharves and the sandy shore went away, and they were steaming along down the bay. Pansie hugged Jill tighter.

"We're right," said she, "don't you speak a word. Nursey said India was over the sea."

By-and-by, she sank down beside a coil of ropes, and behold, no sooner had she sunk down than she was sound asleep.

After supper, up came the ladies and gentlemen to promenade on deck, and every one, seeing Pansie sleeping against the coil of ropes, stopped and looked at her. What would Nursey Richards have said, could she have seen her! Shoes all torn and bedaubed with mud, dress awry and tattered, and hat bent and broken. Then her hair so tangled and snarled! Poor little runaway, out in the big, tricky world. The crowd about her grew larger, and spoke its thoughts.

"How came this little thing all alone here?" said one.

"How strange!" said another.

"Where can she be going?" from a third.

"Let us wake her up and ask her," ventured a fourth.

So a shrill-faced woman poked Pansie in the back, with the point of her parasol, saying, at the same time:

"Who are you, little girl?"

Pansie half sat up, and began rubbing her eyes.

"I am going to India," said she, sleepily.

Thereupon everybody that heard her, and everybody that didn't, laughed. At this, Pansie's eyes opened wide with a stare, and I guess everybody stared then. Some had taken her for a vagrant, as she lay in her dirt and loneliness; but when they looked into her wonderful eyes, they felt at once they had happened on something uncommon. Then they pressed about still more eagerly.

"Going to India?" said they. "What is that for, and how is it you are all alone?"

"Nursey was afraid, and it's my papa I am going to find," said Pansie.

"It's my opinion," said the shrill-faced woman, "that that child ought to be carried back where she came from."

"Indeed, indeed," cried Pansie, "I don't want to go back."

"Tell me your name at once, little girl, and where you live," said the woman, severely. "You are a wicked, wicked child to run away."

Pansie screamed and screeched, and would answer nothing.

"I wont go home, I wont go home," she kept saying. "I will go to papa."

"Have mercy on the poor little thing; see how tired she is." And, with pleasant voice and kind words, a tall gentleman stooped over Pansie and lifted her in his arms. He bent her head down upon his shoulder, and Pansie, sure she had a friend, went napping again without more ado, for indeed she was not able to keep her eyes open any longer.

"She is too tired for anything but this," said the tall gentleman, carrying her away.

When, in the middle of the night, the boat stopped, he carried her wrapped in a shawl to a grand hotel, where the housekeeper was rung up, to attend to her, and where she was tucked away into a little bed by one of the chambermaids.

Pansie knew nothing of this, for she never once woke during the whole time.

"Hot water for No. 13," said a white-jacketed waiter, very early the next morning, and rapping at the door, that had No. 13 labelled upon it. The tall gentleman had the room just opposite, across the entry.

"I'll order some hot water, too," thought he.

He looked out of his door, to beckon to the waiter. There seemed to be a commotion over opposite. The door, wide open, showed the waiter with his dish of hot water in one hand and his napkin in the other, staring stupidly at a red-cushioned arm-chair, in which was cuddled fast asleep, a little white-robed figure.

A gentleman, with a bronzed face and a full black beard, looked still more startled than the waiter.

Just at this moment, there were sounds of hurrying and wondering, in the entry, and the housekeeper and half a dozen chambermaids came flying towards the tall gentleman's room.

"O, sir!" said they, all chattering together, "the child has gone, barefooted and in her night-gown. We think she must have got up in her sleep. Perhaps—Why *there* she is;" and the five chambermaids and the housekeeper bounded into No. 13, and pounced upon the child in the arm-chair.

This woke her up with a jerk. She looked at the bronzed-faced gentleman.

"Papa!" cried she, stretching out her arms with a smile.

"Pansie! Can it be," cried he, kissing her

eyes. For by these, he was sure it was she.

"Is this a dream, too?" asked Pansie.

"It can't be real," said a familiar voice at the door, and there stood Pansie's aunt, and beside her, with a prim Quaker-bonnet all askew, stood Nursey Richards, and both her drab-cotton gloves were upraised in the air.

"The dear lamb," said Nursey. "I never *can* be thankful enough for her parabolous perturbation."

So, in this very remarkable manner, did Pansie find her papa.

She had gone to sleep surrounded by a crowd of strangers, not one of whom knew even so much as her name. Strange indeed, to relate, she awoke amongst the dearest friends she had on earth. As Nursey had said, and as she afterwards found out for herself, "she never *could* be thankful enough."

There is only to be added, that this one time, in the hotel, was the first, last and only time, that Pansie ever walked in her sleep. Also, that Pansie was quite as happy with her papa, who had now come home for good, as she expected to be. Also, it is safe only for little girls with purple eyes. Also, it is only little girls with purple eyes that should go hunting in this way for their papas.

THE LADY OPPOSITE.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"WHAT a beautiful face!" exclaimed Mr. Strelitz.

"I think so. I see the lady every day, and if I admired her at first, I think I almost love her now," I said.

"But who is it?" asked Strelitz.

"Ah, that's just the question I've asked a hundred times or more; but no one seems to know. The young lady you see at the window, and another person whom I have only had an occasional glimpse of, seem to be the only occupants of the house opposite. My landlady tells me that they came there to live about six months before I took rooms here."

"And no one knows their names?"

"No one that I have questioned so far. Every morning I find the young lady sitting at that particular window. When I sit down to my window she closes the shutters, but I can see that she remains in the same position."

"Ha! ha! I see it now, Tavistock, the young lady is evidently in—well, she certainly

is interested in you. At all events, I advise you to make her acquaintance."

"I should certainly be very happy to, but I can't conceive how that is to be brought about. She permits no liberties. I can only look at her through my shutters, as you see her now. Open them and you'll see hers close."

Strelitz threw the shutters, wide apart, and the next moment the lady in the window opposite closed her own.

"There, I told you how it would be."

"Confound it! What does she mean?"

"She don't mean to be stared at, certainly."

"But isn't she a beauty, though? Now really, if I wasn't a married man, Tavistock, I should endeavor to make an impression upon that young lady's heart. If I were in your place, I should commence active operations at once. Make some demonstration at least, to give her a hint regarding your feelings."

Now that was just what I'd been thinking

of for at least three months; but as I had never seen the young lady outside of her own house, no opportunity had been presented.

Ever since I was old enough to grow a moustache I have flattered myself, like a great many other fellows, I presume, that I was a "killing young man," among the ladies. I imagined that all I had need to say to any young lady of my acquaintance, was this: "Will you become Mrs. Tavistock?" and any one of them would answer "yes," with tears of joy in her optics.

I was just verdant enough to imagine that I was extraordinarily good-looking. I fancied that my face and form were perfectly irresistible; and that no young lady could look into my soft brown eyes without having an attack of palpitation of the heart at once. I fancied that I was altogether the most genteel and graceful young man in the city. Whenever I walked out, I thought that all the young ladies I met were saying: "That's him!" "The exquisite Mr. Tavistock!" "What a very *distingue* air!" "Such beautiful eyes!" "Do look at that moustache!" "Did you ever!" "What glossy curls!" "What a noble brow!" And when I met a stranger I fancied that she was wondering in her own mind "who that genteel young man could be, and whether he was married or not?" and "O, if he isn't!"

After Strelitz had gone I determined, as he had advised, to commence active operations at once. "I'll buy her a bouquet, and send it to her by our landlady's little boy. That will do for a beginning. She will ask who sent it, but of course Johnny mustn't tell. Then she'll watch him till he enters this house, and to-morrow morning she will smile her thanks from her window."

Half an hour later I had procured the bouquet. Taking a half sheet of scented note paper, I wrote upon it: "*For the beautiful young lady of No. 78 Rideau street.*" And wrapping it around the bouquet, I called the boy.

"Johnny," said I, "you must take this bouquet to the house opposite, ring the bell and hand it to whoever answers you. If any questions are asked, say that a gentleman sent it, but do not tell my name. Here's a five cent scrip for candy."

"Thank you, sir. You is a brick, Mr. Tavistock!" And the lad departed on his errand.

I watched the boy, and saw the door open in answer to the door-bell. An old lady took

the bouquet, the door closed, and the boy came running back. Just then the shutters to the window opposite opened, and the beautiful young lady peeped out.

"Ah! she has seen him!" I cried. "She will know that 'twas I who sent the flowers, and her heart will tell her what prompted me to."

Even as I had thought, next morning as I opened my shutters, the lady looked out. There was a smile of inexpressible sweetness upon her rosy lips. There was a tender light in her brilliant black eyes, and a soft blush tinged cheek and brow. I placed my hand upon my heart, and sighed. She could not have heard it, but she must have seen the palpitation of my bosom. A moment after she withdrew from sight. I sang:

"O, turn those eyes on me, love!
O, turn those eyes on me!
And here in mine, as in my heart,
Thine own loved image see."

I think she must have heard my sweet voice warbling the above, for once again she looked from her casement upon me.

"Her lovely form was sweet to view,
As dawn at opening day."

"Ah! Job Tavistock," said I, in rapturous accents, "another heart is bowing before the shrine of thy beauty. Thy charms have proved too much for her, Job, and she must succumb to thee! Already Cupid's arrow is ranking in her bosom."

You perceive that I am very egotistical. I have told you so before, and I now repeat it, to the end that you may not be surprised at what follows.

I have written this sketch solely for the benefit of a certain class of young men who are to be found in every town, thinking that the wiser portion may take warning by my sad fate.

Next morning I procured another bouquet. I selected one containing quite a number of rosebuds; which, if she understood the language of flowers, she would accept as a confession of love. Then I placed a note within the bouquet, upon which was written these lines:

"Dear maid, by every hope of bliss,
By love's first pledge, the virgin kiss,
By heaven and earth, I love thee;
Forever in this heart shall dwell
The lovely form whose charms compe
This flattering tongue to softly tell,
How much, dear maid, I love thee."

I was very sure she could not mistake my feelings after reading these lines, even if the bouquet did not give her a gentle hint as to the state of my heart.

Again I sent Johnny across the street. I watched him from my window. The door opened, and, ah! it was the beautiful young lady who took the bouquet in her lily hand. I saw her lips move as though speaking, and then her radiant eyes sought my window, and that angelic smile lit up her sweet face.

I felt more than repaid. Ah! it is such bliss to watch the love in a young lady's heart unfolding like a flower for a poor fellow.

"What did the lady say, Johnny?"

"She asked who sent those beautiful flowers."

"But you did not tell her? You know I said not."

"Yes, but that was yesterday. You was only puttin' out a feeler yesterday, but I reckoned you'd want her to know who the bouquet-chap was to-day, and so I told her that it was Mr. Job Tavistock."

"And what did she say then?"

"'O, it's Job, is it?' says she. 'I wonder if he's got bolls?' And I says 'I can't tell you anything about his bolls, marm, but I reckon he's got 'em, for his father was a soap-boiler,'" said the precocious youth, making a sudden exit from my room without waiting for my blessing.

My wrath was rising, but just at this moment, as I turned to the window, I beheld the beautiful young lady looking toward me. I bowed and ah! be still my heart—she threw a kiss to me!

"Yes, at last, Job, at last," I murmured, "thy love is returned. O, could I see her but one moment alone! Could I but press her to this throbbing bosom! Could I but only once taste the sweets of those rosy lips! Only to feel her hand going over my hair, only to look in her deep, dark eyes, and feel the soft zephyrs of her windpipe playing amid the ambrosial curls of my moustache, and me-thinks, in the words of the old song, 'I could lay me down and die!'"

Another night of blissful dreams and morn arose. I arose about the same time, and was just putting the finishing touch to my toilet, when the landlady knocked at my door.

"Come in."

"Here's a note, left at the door for you, sir."

I seized it. I felt a premonition that des-

tiny was near (just across the street, you know). When the landlady had gone I pressed the note to my lips. "It is from her, the idolized of my heart!" I cried, in a voice of silvery sweetness, that fell upon the ear like the far-off notes of the soul-inspiring and ear-deafening steam-callope.

With delight pictured (photographed by our special artist) upon every feature of my lovely countenance, I opened the billet and read:

"MR. JOB TAVISTOCK, Dear Sir:—Wishing to thank you for the beautiful bouquet you sent me yesterday, I take this means, but, alas! I find that words are inadequate. Should you desire a better acquaintance with me, as your manner seems to indicate, you may call at No. 78 Rideau street to-night, at eight o'clock, where you will be received with open arms. Truly yours,

"FLORA QUIMPER."

"With open arms, I shall be received. O, blissful day! O, happy Job Tavistock! Methinks that even now I feel her round, white arms about my neck, her rosy fingers tangled in my sunny locks; and her soft cheeks pressed against mine; while her sweet voice floats upon the evening air, telling me that she is all mine own, and the zephyrs playing among the trees snicker their delight to see us mortals here so happy. O, Flora, Flora, darling creature, I am thine!"

You that have never loved cannot understand my feelings. It is only those who have sat, as I have for hours at the window watching one woman, and then have gone out to flirt with half a dozen others, that can understand the rapture that I felt when I knew that I should behold her that evening.

How slowly the hours winged their flight? Napoleon upon the field of Waterloo did not long for night more than I did upon that eventful sixteenth of June 18—. But at last the orb of day sank to rest in his gorgeous couch of crimson and gold, and a little star—star of hope, I thought—came out in the soft blue sky.

Reader, those of the softer sex, had you seen Job Tavistock that night arrayed in the latest Parisian style from the crown of his massive head to the sole of his graceful, sylph-like foot, with the soft, lambent light beaming from his dark brown eyes, the pearls gleaming through those lips that were redder far than wine, thinkest thou that thou couldst look upon him and not long to lay thy head

upon his bosom and be at rest? I reckon not. No, that would be quite contrary to female human nature.

At last the clock in the church tower struck eight. One moment after a genteel figure emerged from No. 77 Rideau street, and crossing over, rang the bell at No. 78. It was I.

The door was opened by an elderly female, who motioned me to follow her. She led me up a wide staircase, and stopping before a door, she said:

"Flora is in here. You can enter."

"Will you please announce me?"

"She knows you are here, and is waiting to receive you."

"It is well," I said, opening wide the door.

Flora, beautiful, bewitching, lovely Flora, stood before me. Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed with such splendor.

"Flora, my own darling," I cried, in tones whose sweetness must have ravished her ears. "Come rest in this bosom! Pillow thy head upon this breast; allow your soft arms to twine about my neck and tell me that thou art mine!"

She sighed softly, and then—suddenly, something fell into my outstretched arms, a pair of bushy whiskers pressed against my cheek, and a pair of strong arms encircled my neck as fondly and closely as a hangman's rope, and a deep bass voice said, "She told you that you would be received with open arms!"

I tried to shriek, but I was too nearly strangled for that, and just then sweet Flora spoke:

"Mr. Tavistock, allow me to make you acquainted with *my husband*, Mr. Quimper, who at this moment is so fondly embracing you. Believe me, Mr. Tavistock, your love for this family is reciprocated. My husband loves you as a brother;" and then to her husband she said, "Hug him once for me, Quim, do, that's a dear."

"O murder! Let me go," I cried, "and I'll never make a fool of myself again."

The monster loosened his hold upon me, and let me free. I seized my hat and started for the door.

"Good-night, Mr. Tavistock," said the monster. "I would that we could have thee always with us, but alas! that happiness is denied."

'Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well!'

"Adieu, sweet Job, and grant Heaven may

send thee as many comforters in thine afflictions as had the Job of old," said Flora, kissing her hand to me, as I departed through the door.

That night I shook the dust of that city from my feet, and when morning dawned I was far away. That single night took all the conceit out of me. I don't wear a moustache now, or part my hair in the middle, and I don't think I'm the handsomest young man in the country.

Reader, I need not tell you the moral of my story. If you are a conceited young man, think upon my sad fate, and beware of meeting with a similar one.

To-day on the sandy shores of Lake Chaubungagungamang I sit and mourn over my departed hopes.

"I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart."

SINGULAR SPECIES OF RAT.

We take the following curious rat story from the Sydney Morning Herald: "The orange-trees of this colony have been subject to many adverse influences. Sometimes they have suffered from blight and drought; at others they have been roughly treated by flying foxes and peccant bipeds; but a new enemy was discovered a few days ago on the estate of Mr. Josephson, M. L. A., at Newtown. One of Mr. Josephson's gardeners observed that a tree in the middle of the orangery was robbed day by day. The rinds were left empty on the ground, each having a circular piece cut out, about the size of a florin. There were also strewn about some of the young leaves and tender branches. A close inspection was made of the trees, and among its topmost branches was discovered a clump of leaves and twigs, containing a pair of sleek rats of a glossy slate color. Much has been written in defence of rats, in view of the sanitary condition of thickly inhabited towns. These orange-eaters, however, were killed, it being thought undesirable to encourage a new variety, especially when there was a probability that it might multiply as rapidly as the brown rats, now commonly known, which within a few years of importation from the East took possession of the sewers, and exterminated their able predecessors."

Love's fetters were formerly made of flowers, but in our day, gold bonds are preferred.

ESTHER MARLOW'S DREAM.

BY EARL MARBLE.

Dreams, in their development, have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
 They take a weight from off our waking toils;
 They do divide our being. They become
 A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
 And look like heralds of eternity.
 They pass like spirits of the past, they speak
 Like sibyls of the future.

BYRON.

THREE happy school-girls sat in a large, sumptuous parlor, late in the afternoon of the day on which had occurred the great annual holiday of a large part of the floating population of the village of Wilton. It had been examination day in the Wilton Female Seminary. After examinations were all over, and the girls had their diplomas each secured with a yard and a half of blue ribbon, Rachel Lennox had invited her two dearest friends, Esther Marlow and Alice Downing, to spend the night with her in her father's house in the outskirts of the village, a mile and a half from the seminary. And here is where the girls sat late in the afternoon.

It was a glorious day in the first half of the month of June; and the earth was not only aglow with the warm and mellow sun, but the winds stole here and there, and, after seeming to pause a moment in the garden, came along blithely to kiss fair cheeks, and toy with soft locks, shedding softly all around the rich fragrance of their early-summer breath.

Swiftly sped the afternoon, and down behind the old mountain, that stood like a sentinel to the southwest of the city, went the summer sun. Summons to tea soon came, and interrupted the girls in a lively discussion of the events of the day, and then of the loves and the incidents of the months during which they had been schoolmates together.

After tea, the conversation changed from the past to the future. The frivolous school-girl days faded, as the moon rose and poured a flood of mellow light into the parlor. Then the breeze silently breathed away its existence into nought, till the shadow of one of the limbs of the "window-locust" stirred not as it lay so beautifully upon the carpet. Then was when the girls changed their conversation from the past to the future. Then was where they mutually dropped the days of girlhood, and wove the garments and braided the

decorations that they meant should comfort and crown their womanhood. They talked—at first shyly, and then eagerly (as what girls just out of school will not?)—of love, and their ideals and their hopes. They eagerly probed the mystery of the future, but happily in vain.

O girlhood! O Eden of woman's life! why must there come the temptation which so often plunges happy hearts out of their imagined paradise, whose gates are evermore guarded with the flaming sword of disappointment? What bud of love, what rose of wedlock, has ever equalled the exquisite ideal loveliness and happiness which was the young girls' conception of them before the rough foot of the travel-worn pedestrian had brushed away from the flowers of the heart the sweet dew of gorgeous anticipation and fervent hope? Why is it? Who shall put her ear to the lips of the inaccessible sphinx, and wait for the mystic answer?

As the stately moon rose higher and higher in the heavens, the girls silently went up stairs to the larger chamber wherein they were all to sleep, because they said the morrow should be time enough for them to separate, and again sat down in the moonlight, and continued their talk. Over and over again they builded their air-castles as they slowly disrobed themselves of their white examination-day dresses, and their stainless skirts, and their dainty shoes and stockings; and then, clothed in their *robes de nuit*, again and again they vowed everlasting friendship, and each promised to be at the other's wedding, as they let down their braided, curled and bandeaued hair, and thriddled the tresses with soothing fingers, as other school-girls have done time and time again, and as they will continue to do, doubtless, till that day comes in which Father Miller's disciples have so many times failed to destroy the world.

Esther Marlow was a very intellectual girl, delicate and reserved, and with as high a moral tone as ever sat at woman's hearth to be her blessing and her guide. She was still very young, evidently the blossom of what one day would be a noble woman. At this time there was something very appealing, and clinging, and devoted throughout her whole nature, which was crowned with a poetic

feeling as rare as it was lovely. She was not what the world calls beautiful; in fact, she was rather plain. But when she had her chestnut hair bandeaued so artistically, and her hazel eyes shone with the life that sometimes sparkled in them, she was very entertaining, and some people even, who looked below the skin into the soul, called her at least pretty.

Rachel Lennox was a quiet, blue-eyed, golden-haired girl, very bashful, and very sensitive, but was warm-hearted and affectionate, and, once acquainted, could be talkative, and sometimes rather wild. She had a sweet, modest face, wore her hair in sober braids, and was noted for nothing but her goodness.

Alice Downing was the witch of the school and the neighborhood. She could cast very destructive glances from her black eyes, and had a saucy way of wearing her hair in masses of curls, which was very destructive to the ease of the hearts of susceptible gentlemen who came into her presence.

These were the three girls who sat there in the moon-lighted room, robed in their snowy night-dresses, discussing the fate that the future had in store for them.

"Well, girls," said Rachel, presently, as they made a move towards the beds, "recollect this is the first time either of us has slept in this chamber; for I have always occupied some other room; so let us all remember what we dream, for it will be our fortune."

"It will certainly be about love and marriage," said Alice; "so let us be sure and recollect."

"No dream can alter my fortune," remarked Esther, quietly. "Nevertheless, may we all have happy ones!"

It was not many moments then ere the girls slumbered peacefully, and all over the house no sound disturbed the silence.

What listening spirit was abroad on that scented June night it would be hard to determine; but, if a prophesying angel had uttered their dreams, he could not have chosen visions more full of portent than those which came to the sleeping eyes of the three girls.

The dressing-bell rang early; for Alice and Esther were to take the cars at eight o'clock. Alice was the first to wake; and she sprang out of bed with a merry laugh.

"Come, girls," she exclaimed, lightly treading the floor, and sitting down on a little ottoman to put on her stockings and slippers. "I have learned my fate; and, if you are enough awake to hear me, I will tell you my

extraordinary future. Rachel! Esther! are you awake?"

Thus aroused to an interest in the mutual venture upon superstition's sea, the other two imitated her example, and were soon engaged in the mysteries of woman's toilet, while Alice related her dream.

"I thought," said she, as she shook her curls out laughingly upon her bare shoulders, "that I was in a large hall, filled with great numbers of my own sex, all newly married. We all sat in solemn silence, and were awaiting some important event, when an old crone came in with a curiously shaped, antique vase and goblet, and gave each one a draught of the extract of the bitterness of marriage. I watched her in anxious foreboding, dreading the ugly draught with all my soul; but, when she came near me, she passed right on, evidently not seeing me. In a fit of impulsive eagerness, I caught at the garments of the retreating figure, exclaiming:

"Ho, wonderful woman! am I not to have a sip of the gall in thy flagon? 'Tis better to know the worst now, than to dwell in hope for a season, and then have disappointment come with a more hideous face than ever!"

"I had arisen in my eagerness, and stood with one arm stretched towards the old crone.

"Never shall I forget the look upon her features as she turned her little, gleaming eyes upon me, and said:

"'Fool! to invoke the Fates when they pass thee by! Seek not, daughter, to increase the bitteresses that may come to thee, by desiring of this one which is denied thee!"

"Just think of it, girls!" she continued, as she tied the ribbon of her slipper around her dainty ankle; "a marriage without one drop of gall in all my cup of felicity!"

"Why," said Rachel, demurely, quietly tying the end of one of her braids, "that means, that you are destined to be one of the happiest of mortals, unless, indeed, it signifies that you are to die an old maid. But your dream was nothing to mine. I thought I was in the fairest land that ever existed, and was so happy, all but a little longing in my heart that would not be appeased; when a stranger accosted me one day as I was sitting on a rustic seat under an old beech-tree, and began to make love to me in a most frantic manner, speaking in such a soft voice, and looking at me with such glorious eyes, that I could not take offence, but told him to stay. Then he sat down, and talked in such a grand way, that I soon found I could only yield to his

will, and that I already loved him to distraction. But just as I had come to feel that life's sweets would be tasteless unless he shared them with me, he turned and said:

"'But, fairest of maidens,' (just think of his applying that epithet to me!) 'I woo you not for myself, but for another. Behold him: there he is.'"

"Then, just as I was following his eyes with mine, to see who my proposed husband was, that confounded rising-bell frightened me half out of my wits. I'll give the housekeeper a lecture when I go down stairs. To spoil my romance in that way!"

Rachel's demure face had grown quite radiant during this recital, and she wound up with a pout that was quite becoming to her. In fact, her adventure had so absorbed Alice's attention, that she had hardly noticed Esther, who had gone through her toilet in silence, and now sat at the open window, smiling at the conclusion of Rachel's dream.

Alice then went to the window, and reached down to the tall lilac-bush, that was almost a tree, plucked one of the fragrant blossoms, and arranged it in Esther's chestnut hair.

"And did you have no dream, Esther?" she asked.

"Yes, but nothing amusing," she replied, gazing out at a glimpse of blue sky among the trees, with a dreamy, far-away look in her soft hazel eyes.

"O, it was not stipulated that our dreams were all to be amusing," said Rachel, also going towards the window where the other two were.

"Please tell us," said Alice, seeing that Esther hesitated.

"I fancied a scene," said Esther, finally, "where not a hill or tree was in sight; but only a flat grassy plain, through which ran a narrow, deep, but sluggish stream, seeking its outlet, a small lake a few miles away. A short distance from where I stood, on the way to the lake, I could just discover a clump of willows, the only shrubbery in the landscape. A little boat was moored at my feet. Stepping towards the brink, I discovered what seemed to be my body floating idly on the surface of the water; I—that is my other self standing on the shore. Then it became evident that my body in the water was not obeying the law of that lonely river,—that everything cast into it should float onward to the silent lake beyond. I became troubled, and stepped nearer to touch the immovable body that was once mine, when I discovered that my arms en-

circled a dead babe, which it was then impressed upon me was my duty to cast into the stream in such a manner that it would be borne on to the lake beyond. I feared to make the venture, lest it should sink then and there, in which case it seemed as though I should have no peace nor rest. It seemed the coming on of twilight; and, not liking to trust matters any longer, it seemed as though I was transformed into my motionless body, when I secured the dead baby, stepped into the little boat, resolving in that way to reach the lake. Laying the babe carefully in the bottom of the boat, I took up an oar, and thought in that way to hasten my movements; but even then I became fearful, that, even should I get as far as the willows, I should there get entangled. But I soon passed the willows safely, and was nearing the lake, when, oh turning, I saw a flush on the babe's cheek, and became conscious that it had returned to life. And then, just as I had been so fearful that darkness would enshroud me ere my work was done, which somehow seemed neither strange nor unnatural, a rosy light from beyond the lake dispelled the gloom, and I awoke to see the sun shining squarely in my face."

Esther paused, her chin quivering with nervousness; while Alice observed that her hand, which she had held during the recital, was cold as ice.

Nothing was said for several moments. The other two girls seemed to have an evident dislike to interrupting the channel of thought. But presently Alice said:

"Come, don't be superstitious, girls. Esther ought to have had a plain, common-sense dream, like ours, instead of an allegorical one, that nobody can understand. That comes of her reading so many of the visionaries and enthusiasts."

But she kissed her very softly on the cheek as she finished speaking.

Then there was a rap at the door, and the colored girl stuck her head in, saying:

"Missus like to know if Miss Rachel and the young ladies want any breakfuss. Been waiting this long time. It's most seven o'clock."

"Certainly, Nancy," said Rachel. "We did not hear the breakfast-bell."

No: they had been too intensely interested in Esther's dream.

Breakfast over, there was no time left for further talk; and the girls were soon separated, to meet again—when?

Months flew rapidly by to each of the girls; and, though they frequently interchanged thoughts by means of letters, the "undying" school-girl attachment gave place to an ordinary friendship, no more. Each one had new cares, new duties, and new loves, to engross her time: and very happy each was in her new sphere. Esther had a lover first. So very young herself, her lover was but a few months older. His name was Donald Stuart. They had met soon after Esther's return, and a passing acquaintance had ripened into a mutual attachment. Stuart was brilliant but rather showy; was a splendid orator, though more flowery than profound: a fine scholar, with a great deal of learning at his tongue's end; and a lover of poetry, with a memory stored with the beauties of all authors; and it was not strange that, Esther, with her strong intellect and imagination, should be attracted to him. And for a time Donald was really attracted towards her, and deeply interested in the guileless, almost fathomless nature which stood out to him in such bold contrast to the majority of his feminine friends. And, if his homage was flattering to her heart, her devotion was incense to his self-love, as well as life to his somewhat youthful affections.

But after a winter of mutual love and confidence, and spring was again blossoming into summer, Alice Downing paid Esther Marlow a short visit, and there met Donald Stuart. From that time, a coldness grew up between the lovers; though, after Alice left, Donald paid his visits quite as regularly as before, and quoted poetry quite as profusely.

When some hint was thrown out by Alice of his waning affection, he replied enthusiastically:

" 'There is no word or look of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot:
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Or given thy hair one graceful twine,
Which I remember not.' "

But still his love lacked the old ardor and truthfulness, and a tear stole into her eye as she thought of what might be the result of all this.

Esther did not blame Alice, who could not help being gay, and beautiful, and bewitching. Alice was not a coquette, and had no thought of stealing her friend's lover. In fact, she did not know of their engagement.

Nor did Esther blame Donald. She loved him too well to censure him. But all her apologies for him would not furnish the least

hope and joy to her stricken heart, and she pined and paled in the presence of her false lover.

Donald was also ill at ease. He dreaded to break the cords that bound them, for he knew it would be a sore blow to the gentle spirit that had loved and trusted him so long; but restraint to one of his impetuous nature was becoming exceedingly irksome, and he longed to be free.

Esther was the first to break the painful silence that had mutually sprung up between them on this question.

"Donald," she said, "let us be truthful to each other. You have ceased to love me, or rather you have discovered that you never have loved me; and the attempt to satisfy your notions of honor with the wicked pretence of love is pitiful. I release you from your engagement, and wish you, with sincerity, all success in your new love."

"Do you not, then, love me?" asked Donald, putting the cruel question in spite of his better judgment.

"Have you any right to ask me that, Donald?"

"No, Esther," he replied, "you are quite right; and could I have been assured that you would have treated this matter so calmly, so unmoved, I should have mentioned it myself ere this."

Something just then seemed to pierce his soul as with a knife, and he looked steadily into the face of Esther, lighted only by the rays of the moon. He asked himself if it was the effect of the moonlight that made her look so white and ghastly, and as though she were about to change into some statue of marble. He dared not touch her to satisfy himself that she was not already dead. But she felt his anxious gaze, and roused herself an instant to say, in tones whose music seemed frozen to a hoarse whisper:

"You are very considerate, Donald; but I think I could have borne it very well all along. So your kindness was quite unnecessary."

"Esther," he said, presently, "will you let me take your hand? Will you always let me meet you in friendship and worthy regard? And, if I am successful in winning the love of her who now seems necessary to my existence, will you still be a friend to me and mine?"

"Can you not, then, do without me?" she asked bitterly.

"God knows, Esther. I somehow feel guilty, yet I cannot tell if I am doing wrong."

Ah, Esther! for me to give you up so, wholly and entirely, is a struggle more manifold than I dreamed of. Esther—"

He hesitated, looked once earnestly and searchingly into her rigid face, kissed her hand passionately, said farewell hurriedly, and was gone.

Then Esther awoke from her passiveness and iciness, and ran out into the hall, calling wildly for him to come back. But he did not hear her; and she only heard the quick retreating footsteps receding farther and farther from hearing. She strained her eyes down the else silent street, light on one side, and shade on the other; but Donald was in the shadow of the row of lofty elms, and she looked in vain.

When the last sound had died away, she turned, closing the door upon the moonlight, and fell to the floor. Here, half crazed with what she had just passed through, she moaned a few moments, and finally sunk to sleep.

A year passed off smoothly and happily to all but Esther. She simply went through life mechanically, struggling quite in vain, for a long time, to quit the torpor of her aimless existence, and reach the current of activity, that she could float along. Her singular dream recurred to her now and then, but not in sufficient distinctness to be fully comprehended.

Then there came a rose-colored note from Alice Downing, telling Esther of her engagement, and asking her to the wedding.

"Do you remember our dreams," she asked, "the night we slept at Rachel Lennox's, after leaving school? Dear Esther, I believe mine is to come true; for how could there be any bitterness in the life I am upon the eve of entering with dear Donald Stuart?"

But Esther did not go to the wedding. She sent her love, her congratulations, and her wishes for joy; but she thought it not best to intrude upon Donald the ghost of a dead love.

The newly married couple were going on a wedding tour up the grand old Hudson, and across the State of New York to Niagara; from whence they were to settle down in a little cottage which had been recently bought and furnished.

The letter that brought this announcement was written the evening before the marriage, which was to take place next morning. Twenty-four hours after it was written, Esther sat reading it, deciphering slowly, between the deepening twilight and her tears, word

after word of the bitter missive. She had just finished it, and leaned back in her chair to give way to her feelings of despair, when her brother passed through the room, and threw her the paper, saying:

"Want to see the paper, sis? I haven't time to read it now. I have an engagement."

Esther mechanically lighted the gas, closed the shutters, and sat down to read the paper. Opening it languidly, the first thing her eye fell upon was a telegraphic account of a terrible disaster, in which a Hudson River steamer had been burnt to the water's-edge that afternoon about four o'clock. Feeling too excited and nervous to read the whole account, she was about to lay the paper down, when her eye caught the names of "Donald Stuart and lady" as among the lost. And this was their wedding-day. A sudden dizziness came over her, and she lost all consciousness.

When Esther first opened her eyes again to a knowledge of her surroundings, her room was darkened and silent. She tried to raise her head to look around, but could not. She was very, very weak. She had no power to move. Then she looked at her hands, so white and wax-like, and shuddered. Soon she gradually began to recall what had passed, and a bitter sigh escaped from her lips, which brought her mother to her side in an instant.

"My darling!" she exclaimed, "are you, then, spared to me?"

She smiled sweetly, kissed her, and told her to lie perfectly quiet. But there was no need to tell her that: she could not move had she felt so disposed.

When the physician came, he looked earnestly at her, and pierced her eyes with his own.

"There is already too much nervous action," he said. "You must not allow yourself to think of the least thing. Try and forget yourself and sorrows, and lose yourself in the sea of oblivion."

"Yes," thought Esther; "that is it. The sea of oblivion is the lake beyond the willows, in which I was to sink, and to which the river of my grief was so sluggishly flowing."

When Esther finally got around the house again, and she was recovering slowly from her weeks of languishing sickness, a letter came one day from Rachel Lennox.

"I am also making a venture, Esther," she wrote. "God grant that it may not turn so cruelly as did poor Alice Downing's! Whenever I think of her sad fate, I always think of

those beautiful lines of Barry Cornwall's, which you used to be so fond of repeating, and which I learned from you. Do you recollect them?

"Is she dead?

Ay: she is dead, quite dead. The wild sea kissed her With its cold, white lips, and then put her to sleep. She has a sand pillow, and a water sheet, And never turns her head, or knows 'tis morning.'

"How true her dream, that not one drop of bitterness should mingle with her cup of happiness during her married life! Her husband, though, has the worst of it. I hear he was almost crazy for a while. You heard that he was finally saved, after having been supposed to be lost?

"Now for my own marriage, that I referred to a page back. It takes place next week, Monday. Can't you come? Do! I shall expect you.

"I can't help but think of my singular dream,—that the lover who came was not wooing me for himself, but for another. And you recollect how the housekeeper's bell wakened me before I got a glimpse of the other. What could it have meant?"

Esther scarcely read the last two paragraphs. The one preceding had carried such a force with it she had scarcely comprehended the others.

"My daughter," said her mother, entering just then, "you—"

She stopped short, seeing before her a white, almost terrified face.

Esther moved her lips, but could not articulate a word.

"Great Heaven, Esther!" exclaimed her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Mother," she replied calmly, "did you know that Donald Stuart survived the burning of the steamer on the Hudson?"

"Yes, my child. Here is a letter from him, received some time ago. We kept it from you till you should be strong enough to read it."

Esther seized the letter, opened it, and read:

"If you can pity me, Esther, I am an object for your pity. I had a presentiment once that I should need your sympathy; but, O God! not so soon, or not in this way. You have all the noble disinterestedness which surely will comfort me in my great sorrow. I am coming to you as soon as you will send your permission. Alice loved you dearly; and I—but

I will make no pretensions: I am coming to be comforted."

"How long has this been here, mother?" she asked, as she folded it up sadly.

"A fortnight."

"So long! How cruel to keep him waiting so!"

An answer was despatched, and Esther patiently waited the time that would probably intervene before his arrival.

But Rachel came first; came unannounced. Esther looked into her face as she was getting out of the carriage, and saw that its tameness was all fire now. She ran down the steps to meet her.

"O Esther! O my husband! O my God!"

With these words, she fell shrieking into her arms.

It was a broken story she told when she finally obtained command of herself sufficiently to talk at all. Two days before her intended marriage, her lover had met with an accident, and been brought home lifeless. Then she knew who was really to be her bridegroom,—disappointment; dreary, blank, soulless disappointment. Ah! then she blessed the old housekeeper's bell, that it had kept her alive so long to a blissful hope that was pleasant while it lasted, and had given her at least so many months of happiness.

Then Donald came. And he was comforted. Months rolled themselves up noiselessly into years, and still he kept coming to be comforted. Three years afterward, he stood where he had once before stood,—with Esther Marlow as his affianced bride. Age had ripened the affection which had been so unstable in his youth, and the man had been developed into a noble and Christian man. These years had purified his aspirations, and builded up a tower of holy strength on which his love now rested serenely.

When he had come the first time after the disaster, Esther had said to herself:

"My soul is now in the boat, and I am on the bosom of this deep and sluggish river. Before I knew he lived, my other body lay upon the surface of the water, and was motionless. Now, with the oar of a strong and holy purpose, I shall row steadily to the lake beyond the willows of vain regret, where I must bury the dead babe of love, and cast off the body of my former egotism and selfishness."

Later, when the new state of things had come about, she again said to herself:

"How dark it seemed after I had passed

the willows, and just before I reached the lake! Ah! that lake I was never destined to reach; for suddenly the babe again showed signs of life, and the gloom was brightened by the glorious light of a new life from beyond the lake."

Reader, to pursue the allegory; that babe of love was christened not long ago, and she who had lived so long in darkness now walks in the light of a rational love, and often thinks of the singular dream she had the night she slept at the house of Rachel Lennox.

Rachel, poor girl, gradually grew again to the sweet-faced girl of former years, and, not long after Esther's wedding, was married to some other one than Disappointment.

LIFE IN ALGERIA.

Every nationality here has its special and exclusive Sunday amusement; but cock-fighting is not one to which the French are addicted. "*Comment!*" they would cry. "Spend two hours in seeing two miserable birds peck one another to pieces: *maist c'est une horreur!*" The Frenchman's Sunday means a long day of dawdling, of staring at shows and sights, of ogling pretty girls, of sipping moderate and thin potations, and of winding up at billiards or the play. The French officers have an occasional bout at partridge-shooting or pig-sticking, and, at outlying stations, can cultivate perilous laurels, if they choose, in hunting the lion; but ideas of sport, as it is understood in France, have not yet penetrated to Casarean Mauritania. Horse-racing languishes. Many of the Mahomedan gentlemen have magnificent studs of thoroughbreds, but they decline to enter their full-blooded Arabs for plates unless the French owners of race-horses can exhibit a faultless pedigree with each of the horses they enter. And a racer must have a very long pedigree to match with one in the stud-book of an Arab sheikh. The native gentry, too, are great falconers; but the French scarcely know a hawk from a heronshaw, and usually regard a falcon as a kind of semi-fabulous bird, not often seen out of heraldic scutcheons, and which ladies used to wear on their wrists like bracelets some time in the dark ages. The Arabs understand cock-fighting, and among themselves can enjoy it keenly; but, on the whole, they prefer the contest of qualls, and even of pheasants—which are here "game" to the backbone, and desperately pugnacious—to those of cocks. Moreover they never bet. The real amateurs, aficionados as they call

themselves, of cock-fighting, are the Spaniards, of whom there are some thousands domiciled in Algiers, either as agriculturists, as mechanics, or as shopkeepers. They wear their national costume; speak very little French; scowl at the Arabs as though they were the self-same Moriscos whom they were wont to persecute in Spain; and have their own church and their own priests.

The jewellers' shops in Algiers are full of rudely-fashioned representations in silver of human eyes, noses, arms, legs, and ears; and these I used to take at first as being in some way connected with the Mahomedan superstition of the evil eye; but in reality they are votive offerings, and their chief purchasers are Spaniards, who devoutly hang them on the altars of favorite saints, in gratitude for their recovery from deafness, toothache, chilblains, ophthalmia, or otherwise, as the case may be. For the rest, these Algerine Spaniards, usually emigrants from Carthage and Valencia, are peaceable citizens enough, and give the government but little trouble. They are honest, industrious, and eminently temperate—bread, garlic, tobacco, and cold water being their principal articles of diet. They are inveterate gamblers and cock-fighters.

Cafes, breweries with gardens attached, and dancing-saloons, are plentiful in the neighborhood of Algiers. As the road grows crowded and more crowded with soldiers and sailors, with French workmen in blouses, and French farm-laborers in striped nightcaps and sabots; with German artisans with their blonde beards, belted tunics, and meerschaums; with little grisettes and Norman bonnes with their high white caps; with grave, dusky Spaniards in their round jackets, bright sashes, pork-pie hats, clubbed hair and earrings; with Greek and Italian sailors, and fishermen from the Balearic Isles, all mingled pell-mell; with the Jews in their gorgeous habiliments, clean white stockings, snowy turbans, and shiny shoes; with the Jewish women with high conical head-dresses of golden filigree, and long falling veils of lace, and jewelled breast-plates, and robes of velvet and rich brocade; with Arabs in white burnouses and flapping slippers, who stalk grimly onward, looking neither to the right nor to the left; with Berbers and Kabyles swathed in the most astonishing wrap-rascals of camel's hair, and goat's hair, and cowskin; with fez-capped, bare-footed, more than half bare-backed Arab boys; with Zouaves, so bronzed as to make one doubt whether they have not all turned Mussulmans.

TOM LUTHER'S STOCKINGS.

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 BY MRS M. A. BATES.  
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DICK ALBANY was sitting in the sanctum of his bachelor friend, Tom Luther, lazily watching that gentleman as he clipped off the ends of his aristocratic moustache before the mirror.

"Tom!" he said, suddenly, "do you know where Courtland disappeared to after his failure?"

Luther wheeled about, with a blush among his silky whiskers—

"If I did, I might not stand here this morning a single man."

"What are you driving at, old boy?" asked the other, in a puzzled tone.

"You recollect his daughter May?" and Luther sat down beside him confidentially.

"To be sure! Rather proud, yet good-hearted and pretty. But you don't mean," proceeded Dick, "that you, who have always ridiculed me because I married, had any intentions that way?"

"Yes, I do!" replied Tom, gallantly; "I mean to say that I was falling in love with May Courtland as fast as I could; and if she hadn't vanished so suddenly, with her consent I would have made her Mrs. Luther before now. She is the only woman, Albany, that I could ever like in that character."

"Whew!" Dick gave a comical whistle. "I declare, old fellow—my mother might marry the king of Siam without astonishing me more than this news. Ha! ha! Tom Luther, the woman-hater, and scoffer of poor benedicts generally, in love! It's too good! You can't ridicule me any more, now, you rascal."

"But you forget," expostulated our bachelor, with blushing dignity—"that I'm not married, nor likely to be, unless I discover Miss Courtland; and that isn't probable, you know."

"Isn't there any way to ferret her out?" asked Dick, enthusiastically. "I will do anything, Tom, to assist you into the hymeneal state;—I am anxious to have my revenge."

"No," sighed Tom, with a face as solemn as a monument, "there isn't, that I know of. I have already gone myself as far as propriety will admit in inquiring for her. Perhaps, Dick, she has left the city."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Albany,

leisurely lighting a cigar. "But, goodness, Tom, just look at that clock; we shall be late to the excursion, as true as you live; hurry up!"

The bachelor threw off a tremendous sigh and began to bustle about, for his friend had popped in on him before his toilet was made.

"What in time is the matter?" asked Dick, a moment after, as he turned around to where Tom was vehemently apostrophising a refractory stocking.

"Matter!" he roared, tugging away at the article—"don't you see this confounded thing is so small that, if I ever get it on, my toes will turn in like a Chinese? There! O!" and his fingers, in their frantic efforts, came tearing through the wool.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Dick.

"O, it may seem amusing enough to you," said Tom, with a scowl, as he jerked the offensive remnants from his foot and threw them on to the coals; "but I tell you, Albany, if you had my trials in this line, you would take the thing differently. Why, I never have a shirt or a stocking that fits; yet, I could grin and bear everything else if the stockings suited. It may be a peculiarity, but, if they are a pin's head out of the way, it gets me to raving."

"Where do you buy your hosiery?" asked Dick, sympathizingly.

"O, everywhere; and I have even hired my landlady to knit some for me, in the hope of getting a decent fit; but they're like all the rest—either tight as a vice, or too large."

"Tom, I am going to make a suggestion," exclaimed Dick, animatedly.

"Fire away," said the bachelor, anxiously.

"And it is a tip-top one," proceeded Dick. "Just clap a notice into some daily paper, saying that you want to hire a person to knit you socks after your own measure—name a generous reward, and, my word for it, you will find yourself suited in this awful speciality. There, what do you think of that?"

"You're a genius," replied Tom, looking at him admiringly. "I'll just try that thing, my boy."

And he kept his word. For that day, after his return from the excursion, he sat down and wrote off with a flourish the following:

\$10 REWARD to any person who will knit the undersigned a pair of stockings that will minutely agree with the measure he will furnish. Apply to Thomas Luther, at Mrs. Gorham's boarding-house, 7 E—— street.

After this, our friend thrust the notice into the pocket of his velvet vest, and went with it across the street to the "Advertiser;" and the next morning, with a complacent smile, he was reading the odd production over his coffee. * * *

"No sir, she aint my ma nor my sister; she's only a gal that hires a room in dad's house."

"And the young woman wants the measure," remarked Tom Luther, with an amused look at the shabbily-dressed but wise-looking little fellow who had come as first applicant for the stocking job.

"Yes sir—and she telled me to say she'd have 'em done in a few days," replied the boy, rolling his tongue, and looking with admiring wonder at the diamond which flashed on the wealthy bachelor's finger.

Tom deposited himself in a chair, poised his elegantly-shaped foot in another, and measured it critically—allowing for his corns. Then he carefully wrote down his conclusions, gave them with a handful of pennies to the boy, and tucked him out on to the sidewalk.

"I declare," he thought, as he went back to his room to smoke and soliloquize, "I never thought to ask the child her name. Must be very poor, though, and—heigho—if she does those stockings to please me, I will reward her with twice the sum I named in the notice."

Four days later, as Albany and Luther were sitting in the latter's apartment at a game of chess, the bachelor's landlady ushered in the little boy who had been charged with the stocking mission. He held them now, done up in a paper, shyly towards Tom, who tore it open, and had them upon his feet.

"Such stockings!" he cried, manœuvring around in them admiringly. "Look there, Dick," and he brought a foot in proximity to that person's eyes—"did you ever see such a fit? And notice how ingeniously my name is knit in at the top! That girl is an extraordinary creature, Dick!"

"I agree with you," warmly allowed his friend, as he examined the beautiful work. "What's the young woman's name?"

"That's just what I want to know myself," declared Tom, turning inquiringly to the boy, who stood giggling at his capers.

"She telled me not to say," he answered, twisting himself with embarrassment.

"Singular," observed Albany.

"Nevertheless," persisted Tom, "I'm going to find her out, and contract with her for a bale or so of these stockings. Good-by, Dick," he said, donning his hat—"be back in a few moments. Come, sonny!"

But the boy held back.

"I mustn't," he half supplicated. "She don't like the rich folks to know where she lives."

Tom stared at him with a puzzled smile; then pointing to some mammoth candy canes which were displayed in a shop window across the street, he said, insinuatingly:

"My little dear, just take me to the young lady, and you shall have those and enough candy to make you sick for a month."

The boy's firmness was no proof against this alluring offer; so, a few moments later, with the coveted canes and his ragged pockets crowded with confectionery, he was trotting on before the sanguine bachelor to his obscure home, which proved to be an old, battered, and almost shingless tenement, so crowded amongst others of a like description that no part of the blue heavens ever greeted its inmates, save the little strip which smiled down into the narrow alley; and only by the sailors' heave-ho on the wharf beyond, and the plashing of vessels, could these poor beings realize that a sea lay, sparkling and free, so near where, in the darkness, poverty and contracted space, their souls grew sick of life. Tom shuddered as he followed the boy through a noisome passage, and stopped with him before a paintless and shaky door at its end.

"She lives in there," said the child, who scampered away to his other companions, who were vociferously calling him, far back in the dim passage, to come and "fork over" his treasures.

Tom felt rather queerly as he stood there alone; and his gloved hand on its way to the door, remained suspended, while he wondered if his knock would reveal such a scene of filth and terrible poverty as had once or twice presented itself to him through the open doors there in the passage. No matter; a poor girl in there had labored for him—his object was to reward her; that done, he would hurry out of the place, whose desolation and poverty he had never seen equalled. It might have been the coughing inside that room which prevented him from being heard;

at any rate, he had to repeat his knock a number of times before the door opened.

"May! Miss Courtland! My God!"

No wonder at his exclamations, or that they were spoken almost with a gasp, for it would have seemed cruel, pitiful, to any one knowing her less than he did, that the little black-clad figure standing there before him, with its pale, wan face and sorrowful eyes, should prove the happy and blooming girl who had been surrounded by admiration and plenty two short years before. Her sweet beauty and generous disposition had captivated Thomas Luther, while her own sentiments towards the handsome bachelor had not been cold; and now, after adversity had made her acquaintance with him only as sunset colors blend, and drift away, they had met again. And she stood before his surprised, pitying look, the hot blood burning in her white cheek, not able to say a word. And he knew why, for her injunction to the child not to reveal her name, and his knowledge of her pride, told him that, although her heart was breaking of want and despair, she was yet suffering as only a proud spirit can suffer, to have him find her in this horrible place—to see him scrutinize that miserable room. Where was Mr. Courtland? The question was stayed on his lips, as his eyes returned, from their search over the room, to her black dress. He realized that the poor old man had ascended from the sorrow and trouble enveloping his child, into light and plenty. She was alone—all alone, and in what a home! He spoke with tender respect.

"May I come in, Miss Courtland? I have something to say to you."

She stood aside to let him pass in; and when she had closed the door behind them, she found voice, but it came distressed and faltering.

"I did not expect you, Mr. Luther. Did the stockings—"

"Why did you not let me know of your troubles, your sorrow?" he earnestly interrupted, going nearer her. "I would have served you with my last cent."

"I was—"

She stopped—for the look spreading over his face made her heart thrill strangely—the blood in her cheek burn brighter, and her eyes fall upon the rotten floor. In her prosperity, he had admired her, but now, in her poverty and desolation, such love and pity was throbbing in his heart for that young girl as few inspire on this earth. He could

not be silent. Cold propriety should not abash the emotions which would only cease with his life.

"May," he said, tenderly, taking the thin hand, "you were too proud; but let such feeling pass now. Dear child," his voice trembled with earnestness, "only say yes, and I will be such a lover, friend, and protector to you all your life long; I will make you so happy as to forbid your ever regretting that word. Say, darling, will you be my wife?"

She knew his words came from the heart, the light on his face that of pure love alone, and in that moment her warm regard for him deepened into a true and grateful affection, which made her exclaim, while she rested all blushes in his arms:

"May God bless you, Thomas Luther!"

"My dear boy," said Dick Albany, as he shook hands with our bachelor at his wedding, "I've got my revenge! But it was odd enough, the way you discovered Miss Courtland. Those stockings—"

"Was the guide," gayly interrupted Tom, as he turned to kiss his wife, "that led me from darkness to light."

THE INDIAN UNPOETIZED.

A correspondent who has been to the "Far West," who has seen the noble Indian, and been hunted by him, writes, "Much has been said by poets and romantic young ladies, about the picturesque aspect and the noble form of an untamed, untamable warrior of the prairie, and far be it from me to gainsay them. An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture or at a safe distance—but when this 'noble spectacle,' in common with a dozen other 'noble spectacles,' is moving his moccasins in your direction, and you have to do some tall walking in order to keep the capillary substance on the summit of your cranium, all his 'nobility' vanishes, and you see in him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, lift your hair with the same Christian spirit, composed and serene, with which he would ask another 'spectacle' for a little more of that baked dog. I used to think like the poets; now the sight of an Indian gives me a pain in the stomach."

Sydney Smith once commenced a charity sermon by saying, "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A. never sees B. in distress without asking C. to relieve him."

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

I SAILED about thirty-four years ago, in the good, new ship *Coriolanus*, from New York to the coast of Africa. A weary time we had of it too. We left the ship to settle down in a whirlpool, while we made hot haste to man the boats and row away, away from the dangerous spot. It was tough work getting clear, and O, how dreary was the waste of waters, for two whole days and nights, to men who, had nothing to subelst on but the leather bits torn from their water-soaked shoes.

At length, on the third day, came relief, but such relief as was infinitely worse than the fate which seemed prepared for us. An Algerine corsair took us as captives, and our next footsteps on the land were on the terrible shore of Algiers.

I—Arnold White—a brave man and a fearless sailor, though I say it myself, sat down and cried—cried and sobbed like a child. For well I knew that nothing awaited me but long and dreary years of cruel slavery to the hardest, bitterest of task masters, doomed to a long, perhaps a life long separation from those whom my soul held dearer than life.

In a little cottage, just removed from the sounds of the city, I had left a young wife and her babe. What terrors awaited that gentle creature, when the year should pass away and no tidings should come of her husband. She had been a lonely orphan. She was now a happy wife and mother. My poor Emily! what would she be now that he who had become father, husband and brother to her should return no more?

In the boat with me had been an old man called Jacob Armstead; a young, vigorous youth, Martin Frost, and little Edwin Carter, the captain's boy. The latter was a bright, active boy—a widow's son. He was of tender years, and unfit to battle with his terrible fate. The monsters set him tasks which a strong man would have died under, and before two weeks had passed, he was lying dead beneath the uplifted rod. My heart bled anew, and yet I thought he was to be envied for escaping such a life.

How I lived, I know not. It must have been that the little spark of hope that I should see my wife and child once more, kept me from dying.

The old man followed Edwin almost immediately; but Martin Frost and I lived to endure. We were young and strong. No disease or dissipation had subdued the high health of our frames or sapped the energies of our souls. We performed our tasks faithfully and well. The ruffians we served knew that we must be fed well to enable us to go through with our tasks, and we fared luxuriously for this reason alone.

When night came, memory took up her bitter work, but sleep came soon—the dull and dreamless sleep of tired-out mortals. No change in our days—they went on in fearful monotony. We scarce knew one day from another; Sabbaths were unknown, and seasons unnoticed. We had commenced to keep our time by notches made on a stick; but our tormentors took it from us; intimating that it was some cabalistic sign that might do them an injury. They were great cowards—those fierce Algerines.

My nights were not without their solace, after those dreary days. In dreams, I saw Emily—saw her with our child in her arms, and heard her utter the welcome which, alas! might nevermore be heard until it sounded for me at the entrance of heaven's gate. It was strange, I thought, that in these visions, the face of the child should always be hidden from my sight. Emily's face I always saw—sometimes with a despairing look upon it that wrung my heart with anguish, although it would have killed me to see it bright and happy.

For years, I dreamed thus; and then the visions were suddenly withdrawn. Eagerly I sought my hard bed each night, hoping they would come to me again—but they returned no more. But imagination had not deserted me. That showed me the fair sweet face of my wife, when the day of servile labor was over, and the calm that follows great weariness came over me. Then, as I sat in the rude cabin which served me as a shelter for the night, but which was far poorer and more wretched than one would give the lowliest animal, I would look out upon the silver waters kissed by the moonlight, or up into the starry sky, and—God be thanked!—there was my wife's dear face.

Sometimes she was holding out my babe toward me, as if for a kiss—sometimes she was folding its innocent hands in prayer for its father, and sometimes she was laying it to its nightly slumbers and weeping above its pillow. Ah! well I knew for whom those precious tears were falling. O God! should I never again behold her?

You have heard of the band of great-hearted Christian men who, for years, went out from Rome, bearing noble ransom for the captives of Algiers. They had already commenced their blessed work on the borders, and were penetrating far into the interior, whither we had been carried. And one day, the blessed tidings came to me and my poor comrade that we were *free!* God! how the word sounded to our ears! How it seemed some strange, unknown language from the far-off, unknown shores! Free! we spelled it over and over, as if its meaning was too hard to be understood. Perhaps it was better thus than to have the tidings burst upon us at once. Sorrow had nearly worn us out. Despair was fast coming upon us; and the sudden revulsion might have killed us. But, slowly, we came to the sense of what had happened to us. We were clothed in decent raiment, instead of the miserable rags that mocked the name of clothing, and were put on board a ship. No one thought of setting two such haggard wretches to work; and we lay in our berths, or sunned ourselves upon the deck as we listed. Sometimes I was nearly delirious, from the wild tide of fancies that came thronging to my mind. Often I could not remember my own nor my comrade's name, and then again a host of confused remembrances would come surging over me, driving me nearly mad, as they seemed to mock me; and seldom did I realize, clearly, that I was going home—home to my wife and child.

But, as we neared the shores of my native land, it rushed upon me, like a flash of lightning. My heart throbbed with expectancy. The years that I had been away dwindled into nothing. All that stern, cruel past gave way to the joyful future, until the moment when I stepped from the ship to the shore and parted from the companion of so many dreary years—he to go his way and I mine, and each one *alone*. Then the heart sickness came upon me once more. I wrung his hand, and the tears came into the eyes of both. Should we ever meet again? Something in that brief moment warned me not to proffer the invita-

tion that was rising to my lips for him to visit me at my home when he had taken his welcome at his own. Something too of pity I felt for him; for he had no wife—no child awaiting him, O God! had I?

I could not pray in that strange hour. I could not kneel on the shore and thank God that he had returned me to my native land, as one would have thought would have been my first act. A carriage blocked my path and the driver called to me. I could not even get into it without his assistance, so utterly had I lost the habits and even the motions of civilized life. The fellow looked at me with a half-pitying, half-sarcastic glance that woke neither gratitude nor resentment. He asked whither he should carry me, and I did have sense enough left to tell him the name of the little town just out of the city, where my home used to be. He spoke kindly to me, when he found that I was bewildered and dizzy, and asked my name. I could answer to that now, although I had often forgotten it in Algiers, and he started when he heard it.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "are you the poor fellow who has been missing so long?" I burst out crying, for it was so strange that I should meet any one who ever knew of me.

"I will take you home myself, and you shall be welcome to go free of charge, though there are a dozen others waiting for me," he said, kindly.

I sank on the cushions, my heart beating funeral marches all the way. I was literally as weak as a child. It was a narrow lane in which stood my cottage, and the carriage could not get well through it; so the driver helped me out, kindly wishing me good-night, and saying that he trusted I should find all right at home.

It was a chilly autumn night, and I shuddered as I stepped from the shelter of the carriage. The dry leaves rustled beneath my footsteps, the wind moaned heavily in the bare trees, and the crickets took up their melancholy strain—dreary autumnal sounds that went to my heart, waking a vague terror. I staggered and reeled like a drunken man; stopping every few moments to lean against some fence, to recover the strength that was momentarily leaving me, while the chill blast was piercing me to the very bone, though heavy drops of sweat stood upon my forehead. At last my heart stood still. A bright light came from the spot that I knew was my home, for no other house was in the lane when I

left it. *Dare I go up to it?* My breath seemed leaving me, and I panted like a hunted hare. Should I find Emily there, or was it a stranger's light that was leading me to a lost home?

I tottered on. Would any one believe that this night of coming home was the hardest I had ever known—so full of terror—so strange—so dark and unwelcoming to the poor worn being approaching it?

Somehow, I found myself before the low window. I clasped my hands over my eyes for a moment, afraid to look in. In that brief moment I heard a voice uttering endearing, caressing tones. I should have known it had I heard it in that far land from which I had come, and I surely must know it in my own home. Emily was alive then, and my heart told me she was talking to my child. I had courage then to uncover my eyes and to look through the window. There was my darling! For many minutes I saw nothing but that dear face, fair and pure and sweet as ever; only changed a little by years. It was not even sorrowful, as I had expected, but wore a cheerful aspect, as of one content and happy. I wiped away the mist that my breath was making on the window, and then for the first time since I stood there, I saw that she held a child upon her lap. Not the fair rosy boy of ten years, that I had pictured to myself, but an infant of a few weeks or months, lying helpless and quiet, as if in a deep slumber. Again I glanced at the mother. It was Emily's face, surely. I could not be mistaken, or perhaps I was going mad again, as in those dreadful nights long ago.

She spoke once more, and as she spoke, she looked up fondly to another face which I now perceived, when I had again cleared the mist away. The face was that of John Harmon, my old friend and associate. My hand clutched the door-handle and turned it, but I knew nothing until I heard a wild shriek rising fearfully above the terrible noises in my ears. Never shall I forget that awful hour. Never have I told this tale to human ears before; but each night I tell it to God, and implore his pity!

Emily had mercifully fainted, but John Harmon, quivering in every limb like one who sees a spectre, and pale with agony and distress, yet held out his trembling hand to me.

"You see—you see, Arnold," he whispered, hoarsely, "you see how it is. God knows, old friend, she nor I would never have wronged you for worlds. But nine long years had gone

by, and the ship had never been heard from; and we thought you dead. Emily was ill and in trouble, for little Arnold was taken from her; and, God help me! I had seen her quiet, patient sorrow so long that I could but love and protect her, thinking all the while, too, that if Arnold White could look down from heaven, he would surely bless our union. It was long before she would consent to be my wife; but one year ago she lost her child, and her home was intolerable in its desolation. O, pity and forgive her, Arnold!" The tears were flowing fast down the poor man's cheeks.

Pity her! God knows I did pity them both, from the very depth of my crushed heart. John was trying to revive the poor, half-dead woman who lay at our feet. He had laid the infant in its cradle when she fainted, and it lay there sleeping sweetly still.

When she revived, I went up to her chair and kneeled down before her, putting my arms around her, and pressing my lips to hers. John Harmon stood by her side, holding her pale hand in his. He could not grudge me that one lingering caress, nor blame her that she suffered and returned it.

"Be not distressed, Emily," I said, as firmly as my quivering lips would let me. "I have no words to utter to either of you, save those of pity and forgiveness. Let no thought of me disturb your peace. Would that I had never come home to cast a brief shadow on your path."

I was too weak and exhausted to say more, and I broke down. We wept together—we three broken-hearted ones—and then, worn out and sick, I fainted away.

I slept there that night, and the next morning I awoke with a burning fever. John Harmon nursed me like a brother. Gentle and tender as a woman, he watched me all through that terrible sickness, and—noble fellow that he was!—he called Emily to my bedside and bade her choose between us.

"Only say the word, Emily," he said, "and I will go at once. Arnold has the first right."

She looked at the sleeping child in John's arms, and then at me.

"Had Arnold lived, Emily," said I, "it would have been harder to say what I am going to say. But he is dead, and you cannot abandon this little child. Let me go, not this child's father. I will come here no more, after I recover. God help and bless us all! In heaven there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

And so, on a bright, clear winter morning,

I went away without a single farewell word, before they were awake. I have followed the sea ever since—and with better fortune than before. I am now an old, gray-headed captain, with more wealth than I can use. John Harmon's son does not suspect who is the unknown friend that pays all his college bills, but his father and mother could enlighten him. I bear them all nothing but friendly feelings for the cruel wound my heart has borne. I shall never see my lost darling again, until I meet her in the other world and find my own child once more.

My life's sunset is near its closing. It seems years on years ago, since I parted from the wife of my youth, and the waves of the "Long Ago" sweep over that terrible night when I found her the wife of another. But I *know* that when earth's sorrows and cares have passed away, she will be mine again—mine forever more, and that in that blessed meeting, God will wipe away the tears from our eyes, and we shall be like the angels of God.

Every day—every hour I think thus; and I know that when my freed spirit shall ascend upward, *hers* will not linger long upon the earth.

WEARING MASKS.

Ladies—or the sex is libelled—like to be seen as well as to see; but they were once seized with a fancy for screening their beauty from admiring eyes at places of public resort. The fashion of covering fair faces with black velvet masks was a freak of Elizabeth's reign; but the vizard attained its greatest popularity in the time of Charles II. Pepys noted the fact in 1660, and although such an ardent lover of pretty faces must have thought the fashion detestable, like a kind husband, he hurried off to the Exchange to buy one for his wife, and put her on equal terms with her acquaintances. The easy dames of that day found the mask very convenient, as it enabled them to exercise their tongues without restraint, and enter into sprightly contentions with the gentlemen with all the advantages in their favor. Pepys doubtless was an ear-witness of many such wit-combats, one of which he thus records in his Diary: "To the King's House, to *The Maid's Tragedy*, but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse. And one of the ladies would and did sit with her mask-vizard all the play; and being exceedingly witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but

was, I believe, a virtuous woman and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him; by that means setting his brains to work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard; but by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly."

AN ARAB STORY.

An Arab once owned a mare which he believed to be the fleetest in the tribe. One night she was stolen. He was in despair, but mounted his next best animal, and rode in pursuit of the thief. Coming in sight of him, the owner put his steed to its best pace, and the chase became exciting. The robber cheered on the mare, his pursuer followed like the wind, and finally began to draw alongside. At this juncture his pride in the cherished animal, the glory of his family, got the better of his desire to regain his property. He could not bear to see her beaten by an inferior horse; so he cried out, "Touch her in the left flank with your heel!" The thief profited by the secret; the mare redoubled her pace, and soon left her unhappy proprietor to console himself with the knowledge that, though he had lost her, she had never been defeated in a race.

A CURIOUS SHARK ANECDOTE.

In the United Service Museum, London, are exhibited the "jaws of a shark," wide open, and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows:—A ship on her way to the West Indies, "fell in with" and chased a suspicious-looking craft, which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit, the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured, and taken into Port Royal as a slaver. In the absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion, a vessel came into port which had followed closely in the track of the chase above described. She had caught a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence, the slaver was condemned.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

MODERN EDUCATION.

The present is an age of reform. Since the great revolution of France demolished the old system that had grown too foul for the glorious day of the age just dawning then, and made a new Europe as well as a new France, some lingering remnant of the era of slavery has been constantly coming to light and removed from the world's pathway. Though we have advanced far, farther than even the wildest dreamer of a century ago could have pictured to himself, we have not yet won the freedom to which we aspire. We are still, in many respects, the slaves of the ideas that have come down to us with what is called the "authority of centuries,"—an authority which is, in most cases, incapable of sustaining itself before the calm convictions of common sense.

In one thing, especially, is our slavery manifested, and that is in our system of education. Almost every feature of it is identical with some one of the systems in use centuries ago; and this, too, in spite of the difference between the mental wants of that day and of this. While the world has advanced in everything else, we make no change in the preparation necessary to fit our young men for contact with it.

One portion of this matter is particularly worthy of attention. In the systems of almost all of our great schools the classics are made the chief part of the training. They are regarded with an almost superstitious veneration, and are insisted upon often to the injury of many other things, and generally to the neglect of the languages of the present day. This habit originated in an age when a knowledge of Latin, especially, was a great necessity. That age was the period when the world had no civilization; and when men, groping in moral and intellectual darkness, saw light only in the past glories of Greece and Rome. Naturally they turned to that which seemed so bright to them, for guidance. Their own languages were unformed and barbarous, and it became a necessity to adopt a fixed and common medium of communication. This made them adopt the Latin.

Now, however, the case is different. The languages of the present day are more copious, stronger, and more flexible than either of the dead languages. They are more adapted to the wants of the day, and more useful than the classic tongues. They are the result of a higher and nobler civilization than the old world ever knew. Moreover, they do not bind the mind down to fixed models, as do the classics. They teach it originality, give it vigor, and enable it to shake off its trammels and soar aloft.

The plea that a knowledge of the classics opens to one the greatest intellectual treasures of the world is not true, now. In the days gone by, it was. To-day, the languages of the past contain not half so many gems as do those of the Nineteenth Century. The

English, French and German literatures are richer than those of the ancients. It would be a foul blot upon the world, if this were not true. Six months' study of German will open to the student more intellectual pleasures and a wider range of thought than six years devoted to Greek and Latin; and six months' study of French will enable him to learn more of the world and of his fellow-man than twenty years of classical studies.

The man who enters upon life with his ideas formed from the lessons taught by the old historians and philosophers, must make up his mind to lag behind the age. He enters upon the great arena of life, a stranger to the feelings and questions with which he must contend. The quiet simplicity of Plato will not give him the ability to lead or control the age which has produced a Comte or a Hamilton.

The questions which moved the statesmen and sages of the past were plain and simple. Effect follows the cause so visibly that not even the most superficial investigator can fail to perceive it. The study of these will not enable men to deal with the difficult and intricate problems of to-day; for not even a Roman or Grecian sage can shed light upon that which he never knew. The great struggle which is going on daily, and whose object is to elevate the humbler classes to the position of free and responsible men and citizens, cannot be fought by men who have drawn their inspiration, if it be so divine a quality, from the teachings of those who settled this question for themselves by reducing these classes to slavery. We may depend upon it, the reason why our self-made men are always leaders, is because they study the present, and adapt themselves to its ideas and its wants. It is far better to study Webster than Demosthenes, far better to learn from Adam Smith than all the sages of old. We must take our lessons from men who have known and appreciated our natures and our civilization.

But, say those who venerate the classics and decry the modern languages, we must read them as models of style, if for no other purpose. We do not think so. We do not want their cold, icy, lifeless calmness to-day. We want the fire and earnestness of the world around us. Our great modern writers—Macaulay, Gibbon, Michelet, Jean Paul, and their contemporaries, are better models for our young men than any of the old writers, and will come out successfully from the most searching comparison with the latter.

More than this, French, German and English are now the mediums of communication in the place of the dead languages. Men are rapidly learning that a dead language must be made dead indeed, if having served its purpose. The day of the classics has practically ended. They have civilized and brought the world to its present position, but they must now give place to the greater creations which have succeeded them.

Our schools of learning would do well to drop their artifice features and customs, and put more life into themselves. No one can fail to be struck with the fact that our public men the most learned in ancient lore are the most useless. Every day we hear it said that such a person "is an able man, but not very practical." It is the tendency of our present educational system to cause men to linger over and dream of the past, when the world demands that they shall be fully awake to the present, and working for the future.

These things are worthy of the most careful consideration, and we commend them to every friend of education.

SAINT PATRICK.

"Saint Patrick was a gentleman," according to the old song, but he was not, as is generally believed, an Irishman. He was born near the mouth of the Clyde in Scotland, in 372. At sixteen years of age he was captured by a band of outlaws and carried as a prisoner to Ireland. After a captivity of six months he escaped to Scotland. The pirates seem to have had a fancy for the young man, and captured him again; but he was equally fortunate in escaping a second time. He was resolved to become a missionary to Ireland, and after a long preparation was ordained priest, and finally consecrated bishop. He entered on his labors in Ireland in the year 432, when he was at the age of sixty. His preaching was attended with such success that before his death, which was in 461, he converted the whole island to Christianity. He baptized the Kings of Dublin and Munster, and the seven sons of the King of Connaught, with the greater part of their subjects. A popular legend ascribes to him the banishment of all the snakes and venomous creatures from the Emerald Isle, by means of his crozier or staff, which was preserved in Dublin with great veneration as late as 1360.

THE PEACE OF SLEEP.

The peace of sleep is nearly as beautiful as the peace of death—nearly as beautiful as that unutterable calm whose placidity awes us when we sob over our lost ones, and compels us to pause in our weeping, and gaze on the face whose many changes were so familiar and so dear; yearning for a break in that calm, a quiver in that strange set smile, something that shall seem human and sympathetic—something, we know not what, that will not freeze us with such intense conviction that the smiles, and tears, and sunshine, and shadow, of earth's emotions are over; and that what we loved has passed away to the world where there is no more change!

HOW TO MAKE CHEESE.—The people of Thuringia and Saxony have a simple way of making cheese, which we recommend to such of our readers as are disposed to try it. The following is the recipe:—To five pounds of mashed boiled potatoes, thoroughly kneaded, add one pound of sour milk, and salt enough to season it. Let the mixture stand three or four days, then knead again, and dry it in little baskets in the shade. This cheese improves with age, and if kept in dry places in well-closed vessels, it will preserve its freshness for a number of years.

THE OUNCE.

This animal is a native of the mountainous regions of Asia. It is a medium sized cat, and is smaller than the leopard. The length of its body is about three and a half feet, its tail is nearly as long as its body, and its hair is long and shaggy. The color is a whitish gray; the body is marked by black spots which are sometimes in the form of circles; the legs are spotted, and the tail is corded with rings. It is a very active climber, and preys upon rodents and the smaller ruminants. It is considered by some naturalists a species of the panther, and by others as belonging to the leopard family.

MOVING BEACH.

A curious geological fact is noticed in the Isle of Wight, consisting of a layer of pebbles, each about the size and color of a horse-bean, which has been gradually moving eastward along the southwestern shore of the island. The layer has now reached Ventnor. A few years ago no such pebbles were to be found on that coast. They probably originated on the coast of Dorset. They are, like all gravel, broken and water-worn flints. The layer has probably been formed under the sea, and driven by some unusual disturbance from the Dorset shores, past the Hampshire coast, on to the Isle of Wight beach.

SHEEP.

The first sheep were introduced into the United States at Jamestown, Va., from England in 1609, which in forty years had increased to three thousand. They were introduced into New York and Massachusetts about 1625. In Massachusetts, in 1791, a lamb was born with a longer body and shorter legs than the rest of the flock, with longer joints and crooked forelegs. As it could not leap over fences it was determined to propagate the peculiarities, and from it arose the famous otter breed.

LONDON MARKETS.

The markets of the city of London offer uncommon attractions to their customers. The commissioners charged with the duty of inspecting them, state in one of their reports, that during a period of one week the officers seized eight hundred and eighty-five pounds of meat, and forty-eight rabbits, as unfit for human food. The rabbits were putrid, and of the meat seven hundred and seventy-three pounds was diseased, and one hundred and twelve pounds from animals that had died from natural causes.

CURIOUS LAWSUIT.—A strange case has just transpired in one of the courts of Chicago. A gentleman has been compelled to sue out a writ of habeas corpus to get possession of his wife. The writ is directed to the wife's mother, who is charged with unlawfully detaining the lady from the arms of her loving husband. Of course, the wife was given up, whereupon an ill-natured Cincinnati editor says that very few citizens of Chicago would be at the expense of a lawsuit to recover possession of their wives—for, if they have any particular weakness, it is for the wives of other people.

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"But in thy form, thou Laurel green,
Fair Virtue's semblance soon is seen;
In life she cheers each different stage,
Spring's transient reign, and Summer's glow,
And Autumn mild, advancing slow,
And lights the eye of age."

The African Lily.

Persons who are fond of cultivating house-plants, and who desire to have them all winter, will do well to try the Blue African Lily. It requires a loamy soil enriched by manure from an old hotbed. This should be shaken down loose and not pressed. The plant needs a full exposure to the light, and a plenty of water while growing. It must be shifted repeatedly to new pots, care being taken each time to remove the offshoots, until the flower-buds are formed. The plants are always very large before they flower, and, when the buds form, they should be so placed as to have plenty of room, and moisture—the water being kept from remaining about the roots in a stagnant state. If treated in this way, and kept in a greenhouse, or even under a veranda, this plant will frequently send up a flower-stalk three feet high crowned with twenty or thirty heads of flowers which will come into blossom in succession. When in flower it may be placed in the open air, and forms a beautiful ornament for the terrace or lawn. It will richly repay cultivation, and retains its fresh green leaves all the winter.

Daphne.

A genus of beautiful low shrubs, nearly equally remarkable for their elegant and often fragrant flowers, and their bright red, poisonous berries. There are two varieties, one with white, and the other with dark-red flowers. All the kinds are quite hardy, and will grow in any common garden soil; but they prefer a rich loam and a shady situation. In the nurseries it is generally propagated by seeds; which are often two years before they come up, unless sown as soon as they are ripe. When young plants are purchased, they should always be transplanted in October, as the sap begins to be in motion about Christmas; and the plants are almost sure to die (or at least to become sickly), if taken up after the sap has begun to move.

Dog-Tooth Violet.

A pretty bulbous-rooted plant with spotted leaves and purple flowers. There is a variety with white flowers; and *E. americana* has large dark yellow flowers. The European kinds will grow in any common garden soil, and do not require taking up; but the American species, which is much the handsomest, is apt to waste its strength in producing roots instead of flowers. For this reason, it does best grown in well-drained pots, in rather poor soil, or what is better in sandy peat.

Meadow Saffron.

A hardy bulbous-rooted plant, which will grow in any common garden soil. The flowers come up through the ground without the leaves in autumn, and closely resemble those of the crocus. The leaves do not appear till the following spring, and great care should be taken of them; as if they should be injured, so as to prevent them from exercising their proper functions in maturing the sap, the bulb will not flower the next autumn.

Coreopsis.

Most of the showy annuals formerly known by this name, are now called calliopsis, while most of the perennial species are still left in the former genus. The perennial kinds are quite hardy; but as they are tall-growing, spreading plants, they require a great deal of room, and should be planted at the back of the borders. They will grow in any common soil; and they are propagated by division of the roots.

Cassia.

The senna tree. Only a few of the species are from temperate climates; and among these, *C. corymbosa*, Lam., is a very showy greenhouse shrub, with yellow flowers; and *C. marilandica*, from Maryland, is a perennial herbaceous plant of easy culture in the open garden. All the ligneous species are readily propagated by cuttings, and the others by seeds or division of the roots.

Catalpa.

Deciduous trees, one of which, *C. springifolia*, Bot. Mag., is quite hardy. It will grow in any common soil that is tolerably dry; but if it has too much moisture, the shoots, which are naturally soft, with a large pith, will never be thoroughly ripened. For the same reason, the situation ought to be airy. It is propagated by seeds, or cuttings of the roots.

The Dragon Tree.

Eastern trees and shrubs with the habit of palms. They require a stove, and to be grown in peat and loam. The tooth-brushes called Dragon's root, are made from the root of the tree species cut into pieces about four inches long, each of which is beaten at one end with a wooden mallet, to split it into fibres.

Dorycinum.

A genus of little hardy plants, separated by Tournefort from the Lotus, or Bird's-foot Trefoll, and growing freely in any common soil. They are most suitable for rockwork.

The Grand Laurel.

A little creeping plant, with white flowers, suitable for rockwork. It should be grown in sandy peat, and never suffered to become too dry. There is also a pink-flowered variety.

The Housewife.

Preserved Citron Melon.

Peel the melon, take out the inside, and cut it in such pieces as you like—thin strips about a quarter of an inch thick are the best. Weigh the melon, and take the same weight in fine white sugar; put a little alum in some water, and boil the melon in it until it is tender; take it up on a dish, sprinkle the sugar over it, and between the pieces, and let it stand over night. Turn off the syrup into the preserving-kettle, and boil until clarified; put the melon in, and boil it until scalded through; take it out on a dish to cool. Add to the syrup two lemons and a little preserved ginger to flavor it; boil the syrup again until quite clear; put the melon up into jars, turn the syrup over it, not quite boiling hot; when cold, seal up the jars as for other preserves.

Sago Gruel.

Put two table-spoonfuls of sago into a small saucepan, which moisten gradually with a pint of cold water, set it over a slow fire, keeping it stirred until becoming rather thickish and clear, similar to a jelly, then add a little grated nutmeg and sugar according to taste, and serve; half a pat of butter might also be added with the sugar, or it might be made with new milk, and a little salt added, and a glass of wine in either case makes it more palatable.

Pineapple.

Peel the pineapple, and cut it in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; take a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; sprinkle the sugar over the apple, and let it stand until the next day. Then put it into the kettle, and boil it until the apple looks clear. Take out the apple to cool; give the syrup one boil, and strain it through a hair sieve on the fruit.

Arrowroot, Transparent Jelly.

Put a good teaspoonful of arrowroot into a basin, which mix smoothly with two spoonfuls of water, then add enough boiling water to make it about the consistency of starch, stirring all the time, pour it into a stewpan, and stir over the fire until it has boiled two minutes; add a little cream, a small glass of wine, and a little sugar, and serve.

Vermicelli Pudding.

Boil one pint of milk, with a piece of lemon peel, half a bay-leaf, and a piece of cinnamon, then add one ounce of vermicelli; when reduced to half, add two eggs and a little sugar; pour these in a buttered mould, and steam it half an hour.

Currant Jelly.

The currants should be ripe and fresh-picked. Put them into a preserving-kettle with a little water, say about a cupful, to prevent them from burning. Stew them gently until the currants turn white, then strain them through a sieve; they will not require much squeezing. Take a pint of juice to a pound of sugar, put them into the kettle, and boil it

thirty minutes. Take a spoonful out on a plate, and set the plate on ice; if it is done, it will stiffen in five minutes. Then strain it through a very fine sieve into small glass jars. Set them in the sun two days. Put a piece of paper wet with brandy on the top, and over this a bladder, and tie them up.

How to cure a Felon.

As we often see friends suffer with these very troublesome things, we publish the following cure for them, which we have heard highly recommended: As soon as the parts begin to swell get the tincture of lobelia, and wrap the part affected with cloth saturated thoroughly with the tincture, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known it to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

Preserved Barberries and Syrup.

One pound of sugar, one pound of barberries, one half pint of water; put the sugar and water to boil; when boiled enough to skim, put in the barberries; let them boil until the syrup is thick; skim out the barberries into jars, with syrup enough to keep them. Strain the rest of the syrup through a cloth; put it into bottles, cork and seal them. This makes a very nice drink with ice-water.

Figs and Apple Beverage.

Have two quarts of water boiling, into which throw six fresh dry figs, previously opened, and two apples, previously cut into six or eight pieces each; let the whole boil together twenty minutes, then pour them together into a basin to cool, then pass through a sieve; drain the figs, which will be also good to eat.

Stewed Plums.

Put twelve French plums in a stewpan, with a spoonful of brown sugar, a gill of water, a little cinnamon, and some thin rind of a lemon; let them stew twenty minutes, then pour them in a basin until cold, take them from their syrup and eat them dry. They are sometimes stewed in wine and water.

Bread Pudding.

Boil one pint of milk, with a piece of cinnamon and lemon-peel; pour it on two ounces of bread-crumbs; then add two eggs, half an ounce of currants, and a little sugar; steam it in a buttered mould for one hour.

Tapioca Pudding.

Boil one pint of milk, with a piece of lemon-peel and a little cinnamon; then add two ounces of tapioca; reduce to half; add two eggs, and one ounce of butter; pour these in a buttered mould, and steam half an hour.

Eels, fried.

Cut them into pieces three inches long, dip the pieces into flour, egg over with a paste brush, and throw them into some bread-crumbs; fry in hot lard.

Curious Matters.

Inexhaustible Ivory.

New Siberia and the Isle of Lakon are, for the most part, only an agglomeration of sand, ice, and elephants' teeth. At every tempest, the sea casts ashore fresh heaps of mammoths' tusks, and the inhabitants are able to drive a profitable trade in the fossil ivory thrown up by the waves. During summer, innumerable fishermen's barks direct their course to this Isle of bones; and in winter immense caravans take the same route, all the convoys drawn by dogs, returning charged with the tusks of the mammoth, weighing each from 150 to 200 pounds. The fossil ivory thus obtained from the frozen north, is imported into China and Europe, where it is employed for the same purposes as ordinary ivory, which is furnished, as we know, by the elephant and hippopotamus of Africa and Asia. The Isle of bones has served as a quarry of this valuable material for export to China for five hundred years; and it has been exported to Europe for upwards of one hundred years. But the supply from these strange mines remains undiminished. What a number of accumulated generations does not this profusion of bones and tusks imply!

A wonderful Aquarium.

A wonderful aquarium is being formed at Boulogne. The extreme altitude of the rocks will be about seventy feet above the level of the plateau, and the caverns underneath will have at least twelve feet to fourteen feet headway, wherein will be a series of reservoirs, into which sun and air are admitted through admirably-conceived fissures, and in which specimens of fish, mollusca, crustacea, etc., the produce of the Channel and the Mediterranean, will be found.

Phosphorus.

White phosphorus is neither a hydrate nor an allotropic state of ordinary phosphorus, and it does not result from a sort of devitrification of transparent phosphorus; but it is, in fact, merely ordinary phosphorus irregularly corroded on the surface by the action of air dissolved in the water, a slow combustion, which is accelerated by the action of light, and which ceases as soon as the water holds no more oxygen in solution.

Strength of Timber.

The resistance of timber to crushing while green, is about one-half its resistance after having been dried. The resistance of teak to crushing is 12,000 lbs. per square inch; of oak and elm, 10,000; of fir and pine, 5400 to 6200; and of dry ash (along the grain), 8000.

Intermittent Fevers and Drainage.

Doctor Gallard stated, in a paper to the French Academy, that in many districts where intermittent fevers had prevailed from time immemorial, the drainage effected by railway works removed these disorders.

The Water Beetle.

An interesting specimen of the insect tribe is the water beetle. These little creatures are of an oval form, and have their hind legs fringed with hairs, which greatly aids them while swimming. They pass the larva state mostly in the water, and the perfect beetle, although generally found on or under the water, is able to fly from pond to pond. This is generally done at night, or during damp, cloudy weather. The height to which they fly is sometimes very great. The little black beetles seen sporting on the surface of the water, dancing, as it were, in regular circles, are provided with two sets of eyes, one above and one below the surface of the water, which enables them to see above and below the surface.

Atlantic Mud.

At a late meeting of the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Association, Mr. Sidebotham read an interesting paper on the microscopic examination of the mud of the Atlantic. In the unsuccessful attempts made to raise the Atlantic cable, the grapnels and ropes brought up with them a quantity of ooze or mud, some of which was scraped off and preserved. He obtained specimens of the deposit from Mr. Fairbairn, and submitted them to microscopic examination. In appearance the deposit resembles dirty clay, and reminds one of the chalk of Dover; indeed, it presents such appearances as would lead to the inference that a bed of chalk is now being formed at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was composed entirely of minute organisms, which exhibited a very fragmentary condition.

To detect Wines.

Mr. Blume, a German, has published an easy method to distinguish natural red wines from wines colored artificially. He has for years practised the art of a maker of artificial wines, and therefore speaks from experience. His method is based on the great difference which exists between the solubility in water of red substances derived from berries and fruits, for example, and that of the coloring matter of natural wines, which can only be dissolved in weak alcohol. The method is, soak in the wine which is to be tested a small slice of bread, or a dry and perfectly clean sponge, and let it become completely saturated. Then place it in a china-plate filled with water. If the wine is colored artificially, the water immediately acquires a reddish-violet tint, while if it is natural, this same effect is produced at the end of a quarter of an hour or half hour only, and the water, moreover, first assumes a sensible opaline appearance. According to Mr. Blume, this simple method can always be tried with confidence, and its results are more certain than those commonly in use.

A new Organic Pigment.

A new coloring matter has been discovered by Herr Buchner. It is termed *rhamnoxanthine*, and is produced by the bark of *Rhamnus frangula*. The crystals have a brilliant yellow color, and may be found within the bark of the plant.

Facts and Fancies.

A NAUGHTY BOY.

Never will we forget the time we met our sweet Kitty, in the centre of a vast wilderness of briars in the old Buckeye State. Her eyes were as black as the berries in her basket, and as brilliant as those of the catbird chattering over her head; her broad streak of purple fruit-stain from ear to ear. Heavens! didn't she look lovely! Our own basket was full, and we volunteered our assistance to fill that carried by our Kitty. Often, while plucking the melting fruit from some glorious cluster, her curls—Kitty had curls, glossy and golden—her curls brushed our cheeks, we thought, very often; but still it seemed, somehow, to be accidental. Somehow, too, we were always at work upon the same clusters, and Kitty's lips were very close to ours when she turned to speak. At last, Kitty's lips pouted, Kitty's eyes flashed, and she almost succeeded in coaxing into her smooth white brow one or two indignant wrinkles. "Don't you think," said she, "that the other day, when I was out here all alone, just as we are—with Ned Jones, the naughty fellow up and kissed me?" We didn't like Ned, and we were very ready to say that he was naughty. "He just caught me this way, and"—here her lips almost touched ours, and we felt a violent thumping in the region of our hearts; but she didn't quite do it, and the peril was soon over. We felt all over that we were on the verge of being just as naughty as Ned, yet our bashfulness saved us. Still pouting, and, though worse than ever, she placed both hands on our shoulder and, turning her sweet young face toward ours, said, "You are a dear, good boy! you ain't going to be naughty, like Ned was?" Heavens! how our heart fluttered! We seemed losing our breath; and a moment after Kitty was saying, "You are a very, very naughty boy."

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SON.

"Bill, don't you know that dad don't allow you to buy shot!" said a young urchin to his brother, somewhat his senior, who was making a purchase of that article.

"You just never mind me. I'd thank you to attend to your own business, mister Bob. I don't care what dad allows, I'll buy what I please."

Little boy, slightly agitated—"I'm going to tell dad," rushed out of the store and runs down street, and bounces into the room where the old man is quietly perusing the morning paper.

"Dad! dad! Bill has went and got shot!"

"Good heavens!" cries the old man, dropping the paper in consternation, and bolting for the door. "Where is he?"

"Down to Thompson's store," responded Bob.

In his excitement the old man forgets to remove his "reading specks," and in going down the front steps misjudges the distance to the pavement, steps off too soon, and comes sprawling on all fours. He gathers himself up and starts for the store. The pavement appears to be about the level of his knees, consequently in his violent endeavor to keep it under him

he cuts a ludicrous figure, and draws from the astonished bystanders such a roar as never was before bestowed upon a single individual since the world began.

"Say, there, old lift-up, where are you going? what train do you catch?" cries one.

"Where did you learn that step?" asks another; and thus he is assailed on every side.

But he hears not the jeers and scoffs of any one; he cares for nothing—nothing but William. At length his tedious march is brought to a close by arriving at the store, where Bill is stretched out, taking it easy. The old man supposing him badly hurt, rushed up to him, frantically exclaimed:

"O, William! William! where are you wounded?"

"What's the matter, dad? Ye going crazy?" exclaims Bill, rising on his elbow, and casting a look of astonishment at the old man.

"Why, Robert said you had got shot."

"So I did. I got a half pound of the best duck shot in the store."

The old man left amid noise enough to drown a thunder clap. As might be supposed, Bob got the "lammin'," and Bill did not.

A BLUFF COMPLIMENT.

An old deacon in York State had a carrotty-headed clerk who spent most of his time, and all his attention, in the cultivation of a saffron moustache (similar to the one Dickens ascribed to *Fascination Fledgeby*), and who asked the old man how he liked it? The deacon regarded him attentively for some time, with anxious solicitude apparent in every feature of his benign countenance, and then impressively said to him, that if he lived long enough, was blessed by Providence, enjoyed good health, slept well at night, had good luck, and no pull-backs, he would look like Satan in about six weeks.

THE IRON HORSE.

Timothy Snodgrass has been "scooting around" at the West, and as some of his experiences are rather amusing, we copy an extract, as follows:

"When we got to the depot, I went around to get a look at the iron horse. Thunderation! it warn't no more like a horse than a meetin'-house. If I was goin' to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snortin' smoke all round, and pantin', and heavin', and swellin', and chawing up red-hot coals, like they was good. A feller stood in a house-like, feedin' him all the time; but the more he got, the more he wanted, and the more he snorted. After a spell, the feller caught him by the tail, and, great Jericho! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minute I felt my legs a waggin', and found myself at t'other end of a string o' vehicles. I wasn't skared, but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brownish-yeller-green-bluish color in it, which

was perfectly unaccountable. 'Well,' says I, 'comment is superfluous;' and I took a seat in the nearest wagon, or car, as they call it—a consarned long, steamboat-looking thing, with a string of pews down each side, big enough to hold about a man and a half. Just as I sat down, the horse hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitchin' me head-first at the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt, and then caught me by the head, and crammed me under the seat; the cars was a jumpin' and tearin' along at nigh on to forty thousand miles an hour, and everybody was a bobbin' up and down like a mill-saw, and every wretch o'm had his mouth wide open, and looked like they was laffin, but I couldn't hear nothin', the cars kept up such a racket. Bimeby they stopped all at once, and then such another jaff busted out o' them passengers, as I never hern before. Laffin' at me, too—that's what made me mad, and I was as mad as thunder, too. I ris up, and, shakin' my fist at 'em, says I. 'Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger'—and away went the darn train like the small-pox was in town, jerking me down in the seat with a whack like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cursed mouths flopped open, and the fellers went to bobbing up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and very naturally went to bobbin' up and down myself."

TRIALS OF RAILROAD CLERKS.

Some of our readers may have a poor opinion of the patience of railroad clerks, but here is a sample of the questions which they have to answer while selling tickets:

- "Does the next train stop at Newton?"
 "No sir; it is the Express train."
 "Don't the Express train stop there?"
 "No sir; it goes past."
 "How much is the fare?"
 "One dollar and twenty-five cents."
 "When will the next train go that stops at Newton?"
 "At four o'clock, sir."
 "Why don't the Express train stop there?"
 "Because it goes right through."
 "Does it ever stop there?"
 "No sir; never."
 "Will the train that starts at four o'clock stop there?"
 "Yes sir."
 "There's no danger of its going past without stopping, is there?"
 "No sir."
 "It isn't the Express train that goes at four o'clock, is it?"
 "No sir."
 "Couldn't the Express train just as well stop as not?"
 "No sir."
 "Why don't it?"
 "Don't know, sir."
 "Will this ticket take me to Newton?"
 "Yes sir."
 "Does the train stop anywhere between here and Newton?"
 "No sir."
 "I couldn't get off anywhere for a few minutes, could I?"

"No sir."

"What time does the train start?"

"Four o'clock, sir."

"It will be sure to start on time, will it?"

Clerk—(angrily)—"Yes sir."

Traveller—"Well, ye might be civil."

WHERE THE LAUGH CAME IN.

Mr. Bruce's and Sizer's farms adjoined each other. Sizer had an unruly sheep, which was in the habit of getting into Bruce's field. Bruce expostulated with Sizer several times, and told him if he didn't keep his sheep at home, he would fix him so he wouldn't jump any more fences. But Bruce soon found the sheep back again; so he caught him, and with a knife severed the cuticle or skin just beyond the gambrel joint, and between the main cord and bone, then thrust the other hind leg through the aperture, and then put the sheep back over the fence, which went off hobbling on three legs.

Sizer soon after discovered the sad plight his sheep was in, and he knew very well who was the cause of it, but he concluded to take things coolly, and wait some suitable opportunity to revenge himself. Presently Bruce's old sow broke into Sizer's field, when he caught her, and, with a sharp knife, cut her mouth from ear to ear, and turned her back into the field. When Bruce discovered this, he went to Sizer's in a great rage, and demanded of him what he did that for. Sizer said:

"Upon my word, Neighbor Bruce, I didn't do any such thing. *Your old sow split her mouth laughing at my sheep through the fence.*"

A STREAK AHEAD OF NOAH.

A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and McLean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the McLeans was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" asked McLean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flock," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said McLean; "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of McLean going into 'Noah's ark.'"

"Noah's ark!" retorted McLean, in contempt.

"Who ever heard o' a McLean that hadn't a boat o' his ain?"

SIMON AND THE WIDOW.

"Now, Sol," said Simon to Sol Smith, his intimate friend, "I will tell you how the lovely Julia treated me, if you will faithfully promise not to tell it to any person alive. You promise, do you? Well, I had been courting Julia assiduously for a year or more past, and never could bring matters to a close, so I determined to pluck up courage, and have my fate decided at once. I therefore decked myself in my best bib and tucker, had my hair cut, my beard and moustache trimmed, and called on my dear Julia one bright morning in May, and after much cooling,

I was very desirous of billing, but my heart failed me to make the attempt. I placed my hand on her shoulder, and said:

"Widow, this is the softest place I ever put my hand on in the whole course of my life."

"Indeed, Mr. Suggs," said she, "I will put it on a softer place;" and, Sol—now you promise you won't tell anybody?—she took my hand from her shoulder, in her own soft, delicate, plump little hand, and put it right on the top of my head!"

A TOOTHLESS ANIMAL.

A short time ago, at a school in the North of England, during a lesson on animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question:

"Can any boy name to me an animal of the order edentata—that is, a front tooth toothless animal?"

A boy (whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark) replied:

"I can!"

"Well, what is the animal?"

"My grandmother!" replied the boy, with great glee.

AFTER A FUNERAL.

A story is preserved among the legends of a New England town, of a pair of worthy old ladies—sisters-in-law, we believe they were—who were quite inseparable; indeed, it was a standing joke in that town, that if Aunt Sarah should get to heaven, her first inquiry would be, when safe inside the gates, "Is Sister Champlin here?" The old ladies had many tastes in common; among them was a somewhat singular one—a passionate desire to attend all the funerals round about. One morning, a report was circulated of the death of old Mr. Sharp, the minister in a neighboring town. The hour for the funeral services had not been mentioned; but, judging that they would occur on the second day, Aunt Sarah and Sister Champlin, each arrayed in a new black silk apron, as being eminently appropriate for funeral wear, set forth at sunrise—determined, at all events, to be in time. Aunt Sarah being the proprietress of a "one-horse shay"—a rickety concern, drawn by a lazy old mare—had called for Sister Champlin, and, by dint of much persuasion of the obstinate beast, the pair, by nine o'clock, reached the borders of the town where the minister resided. At this point they met Mr. Sharp's hired man, driving a yoke of cattle. The old ladies drew up, and Sister Champlin, as spokeswoman, inquired what hour had been appointed for Mr. Sharp's funeral. "Why, bless yer soul, Miss Champlin, the minister aint dead yet!—shouldn't be surprised if he held out till fall; he's got the wear in him, the old man has!" Aunt Sarah drew up the reins with an air of resignation, as if to turn round. Suddenly she dropped them. "Sister Champlin! Sister Champlin! dew ask the cretur if he don't know of a funeral we can go tew!"

RULES FOR COURTSHIP.

BY A BILLIARDIST OF UNCOMMON ASSURANCE.

Courtship is a pleasant fancy game, frequently played between the opposite sexes, at private tables, and much liked by the ladies. You commence with a "miss," first "taking your cue" from your fair challenger's eyes. Be careful not to "force" too

much; it is better to "follow." Never struggle for the "lead;" always yield it to the lady. If she keeps you at arm's length, use the "Bridge of Sighs." Explain to her the delicate manoeuvres of the game—especially the advantages of the "kiss," which you can illustrate by concussing the "two reds." Observe how she "banks," and where—this is important. Tell her what is meant by "hugging the cushion," and hint modestly at the kind of cushion you would like to hug. If she "scratches," don't mind it, but play for "safety;" or, if you have a chance, "run;" but when you have a "favorable opening," make a "bold offer" at every "hazard." Should you have "bad luck," try again; you may succeed in the "long run." Never think of "pocketing a ball" in your own head, if disappointed. The maxim holds good in courtship as in billiards, that it is madness to make a "shot" by which you are sure to "hole yourself." Much depends upon "coaxing" in this pastime. Broadcloth, by faithfully attending to the above hints, will generally get the best of crinoline, and in three cases out of five will win a "love game."

A TRANSFER.

In the midst of the late excitement, and at the moment when everybody thought all the banks were going to the dogs together, Jones rushed into the bank of which he was a stockholder, and thrusting the certificate into the face of the transfer clerk, he said, in great haste:

"Here, please transfer half that to James P. Smith!"

The clerk looked at it, and asked, "Which half, Mr. Jones?"

"I don't care which half," replied Jones, puzzled at the inquiry.

"You had better go to the courts; I can't make the transfer without a legal decision. If you really wish to transfer your other half to Mr. Smith, we can't do it here."

Jones was confounded. He knew the banks were all in a muddle, but this was too deep for him. He took his certificate from the hand of the smiling clerk, and on looking at it, lo! it was his *marriage certificate*! Being a printed form, on fine paper, and put away among his private papers, it was the first thing that Mr. Jones laid hands on when he went to his secretary for his bank-stock script. He went home, kissed his wife, glad to find she hadn't been transferred to Mr. Smith, and, taking the right papers this time, hastened down town in time to get it all straight.

A STRONG HINT.—"Look out there! What are you kicking my dog for?"

"I'm kickin' him 'cause he's full of fleas, and I don't want to get 'em on my good clothes."

"Fleas, the devil? Why, that dog sleeps with me."

"Yes, darn you, I know it; and that's whar he gets them."

What is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.

The Dutchman who stabbed himself with a pound of soap, because his krout would not "schmell" has been sent back to Germany.

A THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLAR JOB.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer one day, half a bale of Russia duck, to be on hand at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The firm was out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over in his wheelbarrow. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown, the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow half dead with the heat.

What was to be done? It was then half-past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine light summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him. "What," said he, "Mr. Wilder turned truckman."

"Yes," answered the clerk, "the goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but you see I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and trotted on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen. "And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store, which he did in time, you may be sure the high prices set on his conduct made amends for all the heat, anxiety, and fatigue of the job.

AN IRISH BLUNDER.

Two Irishmen, engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on the mule. One day, the Irishman who was on foot got close up to the heels of his muliship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone, and hurled it at the mule, but struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter. "The bloody crathur kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabers, he's did the same thing to me on the back of the head," said the other.

A BOARDER'S MISTAKE.

A newly-arrived boarder at one of our fashionable boarding-houses, thought he had not sufficient bolstering for his head, and accordingly carried the pillows down to his landlady's room, who inquired what he desired. The gentleman wanted to know what she called the articles he held in his hands. "Pillows, you impudent fellow!" screamed the outraged woman. "O, I thought they were plu-cushions!" replied the disconsolate boarder.

A TOUGH STORY.

We know a man named Neverbeat. Somebody having boasted of the speed of his horse, Neverbeat rejoined, "Why, the other day I was up to 8—, sixteen miles distant. Just as I started for home a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck in the back part of the wagon, and the moment it struck, I

hit old Kate a cut with the whip. Away she trotted scarcely touching her forefeet to the ground; she kept just nip and nip with the shower. The wagon was filled with water, but not a drop fell on me!"

AN INDIGNANT WIFE.

There is a statement that one day a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated, and said, "Let me see, sister, I forget your name."—"My name!" was the indignant reply; "why, I am your wife!"—"When did I marry you?" The woman informed the "president," who referred to an account book in his desk, and then said, "Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

THE QUESTION.—A little, keen, bright-eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was assisted on the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying the words with a gesture: "Why, girls of nineteen years sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them babies, would you?"

MINOR JOIES.

WHY is a drowned donkey like a horse-doctor?—Because he's a *wet-an'-hairry-un!* (veterinarian).

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

Whence did the author of "Whittington and his Cat" derive his inspiration? From the *Mews* of history.

Why is an eruptive disease an advantage to a man in jail? Because when he gets it, he *breaks out*.

What constellation rules the destinies of shoemakers? *Bootes*, of course.

Easy way to make a bark canoe. Take any canoe, and put a dog in it.

What dance does a land slide resemble? The Highland fling.

Why has a short woman no relations? Because it is impossible for her to be *long* to any family.

A MODEL FISH.—The seal-in-wax.

THE WATCH CRY.—"Take care of your pockets!"

WHITE BAIT.—Widows' caps.

AN ELOQUENT SPEAKER is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

A RESTING.—When is a tired man like a thief?—When he needs *arresting*.

THE POPE'S OPINION OF FREEMASONS.—More "free" than welcome.

TO PEOPLE DOWN IN THE WORLD.—Try the new hotels—they will give you a lift.

LODGING-HOUSE DIALOGUE.—"Your milk does not pay any income-tax, I suppose, Mrs. Skinpenny?" "Why not, sir?" "I shouldn't think it was rich enough."

DOWNWARD TURN.—An affected milkmaid says butter has taken a downward *churn*. The strongest in the tub is the weakest in the market.

TENANTS OF THE DEEP.—People who have wary landlords.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



ART AT A DISCOUNT.

MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN—"Purty, aint it, Joe?"
 UNARTISTIC NATIVE—"O, I dunnow! W'never I sees any o' these hairy-faced coves a-drawin' about, I allus thinks to myself wot a pity 'tis they can't find summat better to do!"



THE LATEST STYLE —The sweetest thing out is the latest style of waterfall.



"O, 'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND!"

LITTLE SNOBKINS—"May I 'ave the pleasure of your 'and for the next?" [Ineffable disgust of charming creature.]
 LITTLE S. (mistaking the meaning of the look),—"O, don't think I aint hobserved yecos I didn't arak you earlier. I've 'ad my heye on you hall the hevenin'!"

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIV.—No. 4OCTOBER, 1866.....WHOLE No. 142.

TOILETS FOR THE HEAD.



A strong desire to introduce our popular Magazine into the most fashionable ranks of this country is our only excuse for presenting this startling and elaborate engraving, representing the great variety of toilets for the head, which can be seen on Washington street any pleasant afternoon, while some of our most elegantly dressed ladies are en-

gaged in doing a little shopping, on their own account. Our gentle readers can take their choice from the seven heads in the picture. They can load their waterfalls with daggers and spears, or they can wreath them with flowers natural or artificial, and be certain that they are in style. Or they can perch a bird with outstretched wings, on a tiny branch,

and be well assured that they will meet hundreds of ladies with similar toilets. Some rather prefer a butterfly with most gorgeously-dyed wings, but as a general thing the devotees of fashion don't like the comparisons that are instituted between the insect and themselves, consequently butterflies are not in such demand as brilliant-hued birds. Still butterflies command a good price, but they are not equal to humming birds for dressing braids, gipseys and waterfalls.

In the engraving, it will be noticed that one head, the centre one at the top of the picture, is dressed with large jet beads. The style is modest and becoming, yet we cannot recommend it, on account of the absence of a waterfall, which adds so much to a lady's charms and enables her to poise her neck in so graceful a manner. But we have no desire to dictate. The picture is before our readers, and they can take their choice, only we can assure them the representations are correct and taken from actual life, as the story writers state, when about to romance with their pens.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In the April number of Ballou's Magazine we presented to our readers an article descriptive of the present condition of the Sandwich Islands. It seems that our remarks have attracted the attention of a lady of California, and we are now in receipt of a letter from her, disputing certain of our statements.

Of course at this distance we were compelled to rely for our information upon the experience of those who have visited the islands. In doing so, however, we consulted only those writers who are universally regarded as the best authorities on the subject. Therefore we are not responsible for any error into which we may have fallen.

In justice to our lady correspondent, we append her letter. After stating her reasons for writing, she says:

"The present King Kamehameha (meaning lone one) V. was brother to Kamehameha IV.; not son, for the young prince (Albert) died a few months prior to the king, some three years ago. As there is no lady of suitable rank for the present king to wed, the Princess Victoria will in all probability next ascend the throne. She is sister to the king. Mr. Richard Dana could not have looked through his own eyes, but a pair of glasses prepared for him by the 'Board,' or members of it. He says, 'the natives read, write and sew,

have a bible, grammar and dictionary.' Very true; but to compare *them* to New England people, is more than persons who claim New England as their birth-place can endure; unless they have been on the islands long enough to get hardened to the ways and customs of the Kanakas.

"The missionaries found them half-naked, living on the sand, and eating raw fish. So if you were landed there to-day, would you find them eating *poi* (ortaro paste) with their *fingers*, out of one common calabash (or dish.) As for 'raw fish,' why, the missionary's children eat that. Concerning their superstitions, what, I ask, would you call the belief that they can pray one another to death? That belief is to be found on all the islands. I saw my guide when preparing to descend with us into the crater of Kilauea (the volcano now in action on Hawaii), pick *avaa*, and carry down to throw into the lake of fire, which they designate as *Pele*, (the goddess of fire.)

"With regard to their living in the surf, E. Belcher, in his voyage round the world, says of Oahu, 'On the first glance I thought it had retrograded, compared with what we left it just ten years before in 1827. The habit of bathing which constituted half their existence is exploded. The appearance of the natives was miserable and dirty.'

"A more indolent race scarcely exists, except, perhaps, the 'Diggers of California,' who live on grasshoppers and acorns."

CHISWICK HOUSE.

The village of Chiswick is situated in Middlesex County, five miles west of Hyde Park Corner, London, on the Brentford Loop branch of the Southwestern Railway.

To the west of the town, on the bank of the river Thames, stands Chiswick House, a view of which we present on page 259, one of the noblest country seats in England. It was built by the last Earl of Burlington, in the reign of George II., from a design by Palladio, and is now the property of the Duke of Devonshire, who is said to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. Horace Walpole pronounced the house "a model of taste, though not without faults, some of which are occasioned by too strict adherence to rules and symmetry."

The ascent to the house is by a double flight of steps, on which are placed statues of Palladio and Inigo Jones. The portico is supported by six fine fluted columns of the Corinthian order, with a very elegant pediment; the cor-

nice, frieze, and architraves being as rich as possible. The octagonal saloon, which finishes at the top in a dome, through which it is lighted, is truly elegant. The inside of the structure is finished with great beauty; the ceilings and mouldings are richly gilt upon a white ground, giving a chaste air to the whole interior. The tops of the book cases are covered with white marble edged with gilt borders.

The grounds are laid out with great taste. In front a large and beautiful lawn slopes to the water, where are a number of gay boats prepared for pleasure seekers. Back of the house, and on each side of it are the gardens, richly ornamented with rare plants, and long

"Nothing can be more exquisite than the taste that presides over this Versailles in little. The lofty walls of clipped yew, enclosing alleys terminated by rustic temples; the formal flower garden, with walks converging towards a common centre, where a marble copy of the Medicean Venus woos you from the summit of a graceful Doric column; the labyrinthine involution of the walks, artfully avoiding the limits of the demesne, and deceiving you as to its real extent; the artificial water with its light and elegant bridge, gayly painted barges, and wild fowl preening themselves upon its glassy surface; the magnificent cedars, feathered to the ground, kissing with pendant boughs their mother earth; the tem-



CHISWICK HOUSE.

alleys of box, or other trees, and adorned with temples and statues, some of the works of art being of considerable value. The shrubbery is kept carefully, and is of the highest order in England. The grounds cover an area of ninety acres. The arched gateway was formerly that of Beaufort House, at Chelsea, and is the work of Inigo Jones. It was given by Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington, and removed here about the year 1738.

The picture gallery contains some of the finest paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Van-dyke, Holbein, Paul Veronese and other great masters.

Faulkner, in his "History of Chiswick," says of it:

pleas and obelisks, happily situate on the banks of the river or embowered in wildernesses of wood; the breaks of landscapes, where no object is admitted but such as the eye delights to dwell upon; the moving panorama of the Thames, removed to that happy distance where the objects on its surface glide along like shadows; the absolute seclusion of the scene, almost within the hum of a great city, make this seat of the Duke of Devonshire a little earthly paradise. The house is a perfect gem, and a worthy monument of the genius and taste of the noble architect. Nowhere in the vicinity of London have wealth and judgment been so happily united in the production of the beautiful."

THE INSECT WORLD.



THE SWALLOW-TAILED BUTTERFLY.

We have collected under the above head a number of excellent illustrations of some of the most interesting specimens of the insect world.

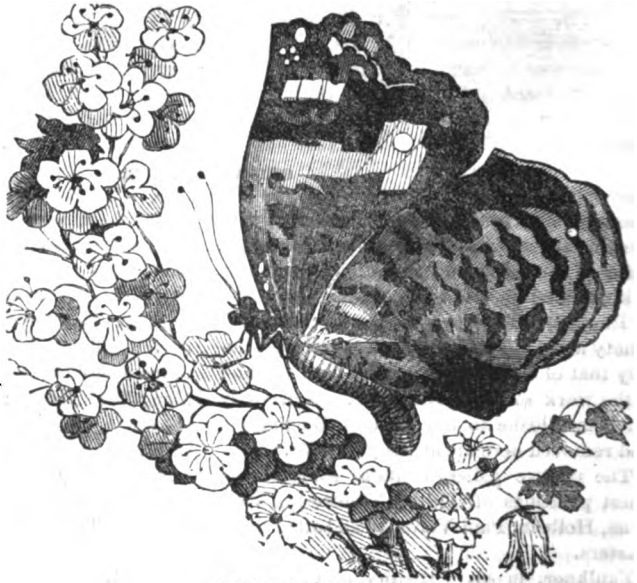
The first and second engravings represent different species of butterflies. The Swallow-tailed Butterfly is a very handsome specimen. The color of its wings is black, variegated with yellow markings, and near the extremity of each hinder wing is a circular red spot, surmounted by a crescent of blue, and the whole surrounded by a black ring. The Red Admiral is a gorgeous butterfly with jet black wings, relieved by a broad band of scarlet, the edges being tipped with crescent-shaped patches of blue. Butterflies, however beautiful they may be, are exceedingly destructive insects. The white butterfly particularly, seems to be the especial enemy of the farmer. In the spring it deposits its eggs on the cabbages, in some cases laying as many as forty or fifty on a plant. These eggs in due time produce caterpillars, which eat the leaves. The ravages of these insects are to some degree checked by their

ichneumon, which destroys great numbers of them. This little insect is known to science as the *Microgaster glomeratus*.

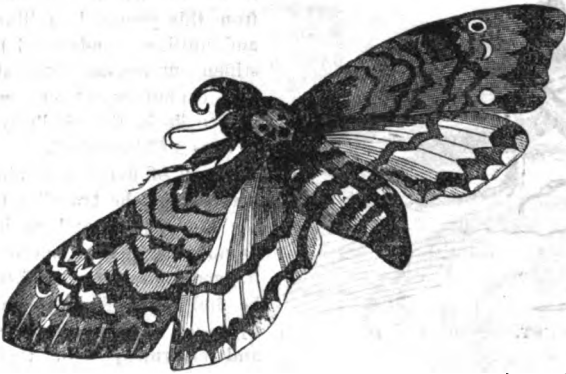
The Death-Head Moth, represented in the third engraving, is simply one of the larger moths. It derives its name from the markings of the thorax, which are strikingly like a skull and cross-bones.

The fourth engraving represents the Dragon-Fly. This is a fierce, voracious, active and powerful insect. It devours flies, spiders and butterflies with indiscriminate avidity. It has been known to eat flies even after having been cut in two. The head is furnished with a set of organs called the mask, which is capable of extension, and the use of which is to seize the prey and press it to the mouth.

The Locust, which we have represented in the fifth engraving, is familiar to our readers. The insect deposits its eggs in subterranean nests; it being to some extent a burrower. It is stated by one naturalist that the eggs are placed in cells something like the chambers of the Mole Cricket. Sometimes the eggs are enveloped with a glutinous substance, and are stuck together in masses of determinate shape. The young do not attain their wings for three years, and during that



THE RED ADMIRAL.



THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

time are called in Southern Africa by the popular and expressive name of Voetgangers, or footgoers. In warm climates the locusts abound. Sometimes they appear in great armies, devouring every green thing in the region over which they sweep.

The Mole Cricket, shown in the last engraving, is a remarkable insect. A cursory glance at it will at once point out its habits; for the general shape, as well as the strange development of the fore-limbs, and the peculiar formation of the first pair of feet, are so similar to the corresponding members of the mole that the identity of their pursuits is at once evident.

Like the mole, the insect passes nearly the whole of its life underground, digging out long passages by means of its spade-like limbs, and traversing them with some swiftness. Like the mole, it is exceedingly voracious, and requires so much food, that if several of them be confined in the same cage, and kept only for a short time without food, the strongest will fall upon the weakest, kill and devour them.

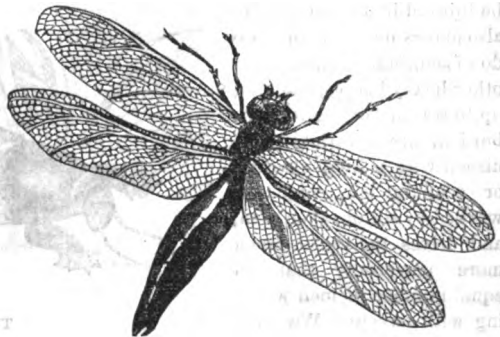
Just as the mole constructs a habitation distinct from its ordinary galleries, so does this insect form a chamber for domestic purposes apart from the tunnels which ramify in so many directions. Near the surface of the ground a really large chamber is constructed, measuring about three inches in diameter, and nearly one inch in height. It is made very neatly, and the walls are carefully smoothed. Within this chamber the mole cricket deposits its eggs, which are generally from two to three hundred in number, and yellowish in color. As the chamber lies so near

the surface of the ground, the genial sunbeams are able to raise the temperature sufficient for the hatching of the eggs, which in due course of time produce the tiny young, little white creatures, very like the parent in shape, except that they have no wings. They do not attain their perfect state until the third year.

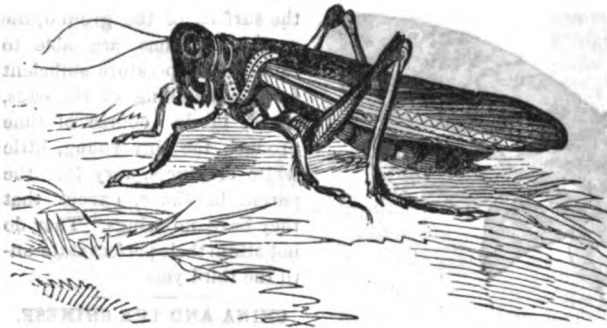
CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

The first indication of the coast of China is usually the sight of numerous fishing-junks, in pairs, towing between them large trawl-nets, and beating steadily up to windward. The ease and safety with which these odd-looking vessels ride over the tumultuous seas is beautiful to see, and the intrepid fellows who manage them come fearlessly out two hundred miles from land. They are pirates, and, whenever they have opportunity, attack and plunder the small junks and lorchas of the coasting-trade. The first land seen, as we near Hong-Kong, is the southernmost of a series of barren rocky inlets, on which the heavy rollers break with a loud roar. The sea-birds breed upon these rocks, and amongst them may be seen, but rarely, the only species of albatross which ventures north of the equator—*Diomedea brachyura* of Temminck. Increasing in size northwards, the rocks attain the size of rugged lofty islands, and encircling Hong-Kong—itsself an island—on the south and west, enclose a tolerably smooth and land-locked harbor.

Hong-Kong is, in its own way, as beautiful a port as Singapore. The town is built of white granite laid out in regular streets, which rise in terraces one above another. It spreads over a considerable portion of the southern



THE DRAGON-FLY.



THE LOCUST.

face of the island, and, standing in bold relief against a background of rugged mountain, is carried down to the water's edge, the strand being faced by a fine stone wall or quay for its whole length. The harbor is generally full of shipping—merchant vessels of all nations, and French, English, American, and Russian men-of-war. Between these glide all day long boats of all patterns, junks and sampans. Those belonging to the counting-houses and offices in the strand are secured at night by being hoisted up to regular davits built into a quay wall—an admirable plan, which I have not seen followed in any other port. Chinese boatmen, and boatwomen with their fat, ruddy babies slung to their backs, have been so often described, that I will say no more about them here, except to express an opinion that the Chinese mode of handling their boats does not appear to have been duly appreciated. There is no craft in the world safer and handier than a Chinese sampan, which has no more grace in its outlines than a butcher's tray. The boatman, who stands and rows facing forwards, can twist and turn it in ways not to be attempted by our boats, thus worming his way safely through crowds of other boats, all like itself, too broad to be upset, too pliant and tough to be injured in a squeeze. He also makes more use than we do of sculling. Lighters, and other heavy barges, reaching up to seventy or eighty tons burden, are invariably furnished with a huge steering or sculling oar, which is worked by six or seven men, and drives the vessel much more powerfully than an equal number of men working with sweeps. We have

also some lessons to learn from this people in sailing, and, until we condescend to stiffen our canvas with battens, cannot expect our vessels to lie in the wind's eye as does a Chinese junk.

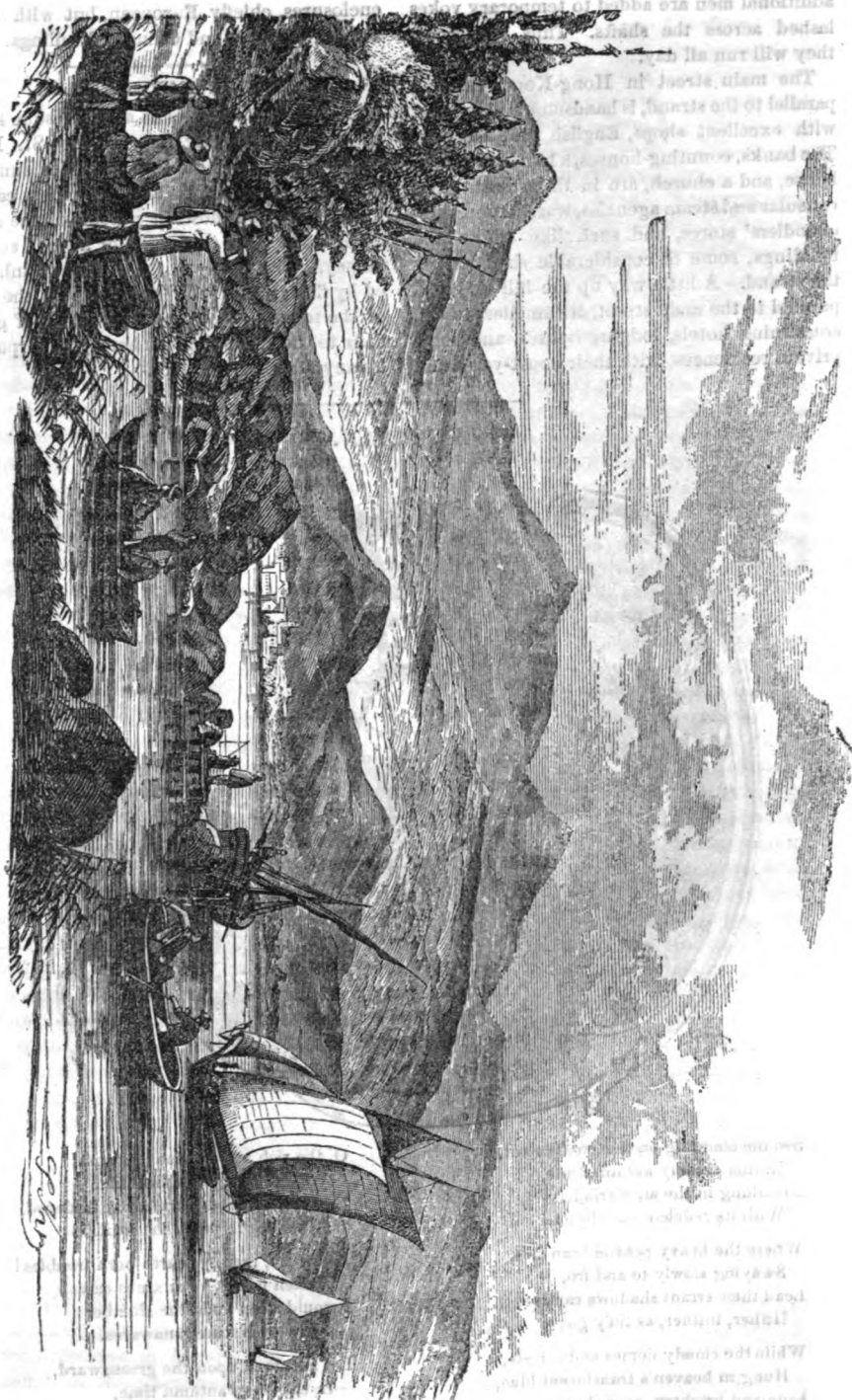
A pull of five or ten minutes brings the traveller to the stone quay, and, as he mounts one of the numerous flagged stairs along its face, he finds himself surrounded by eager coolies or porters, and chairmen, with their

light pretty sedans, ready to take him up the hill. If the new arriver have friends in Hong-Kong, or has been provided with an introductory letter to some one of its hospitable residents, he is landed in a handsome private boat, sent for his accommodation, and under the care of a comprador or steward of the household, placed in a chair or sedan, and carried off to his host's house. These sedans are most useful things. They are nearly as commodious as an Indian palanquin, and far more comfortable, as the rider sits in a large easy-chair, instead of being borne along like a bedridden patient. To enter the sedan the passenger has simply to pass in through the front shafts, which are uplifted for the purpose, the sedan remaining on the ground. When he is fairly seated, the bearers (a man at each end) squat down under the cross-bar near the ends of the shafts, and rising up, chair and all, stride along at rapid pace up hill and down dale, their sandalled feet making a loud slapping noise on the road. They do not go at the half-running pace of the palkee-bearers in India, but with a sturdy step and a stiff knee. Two men are enough for a sedan; but if there be a long journey to make, or the fare be of such proportions as led Mr. Banting to his useful researches, two



THE MOLE-CRICKET.

MURRAY BAY, CANADA.



additional men are added to temporary yokes lashed across the shafts. Thus reinforced, they will run all day.

The main street in Hong-Kong, running parallel to the strand, is handsome and regular, with excellent shops, English and Chinese. The banks, counting-houses, a handsome club-house, and a church, are in this street. The consular and steam agencies, warehouses, ship-chandlers' stores, and such like offices and buildings, some of considerable size, occupy the strand. A little way up the hill-side, and parallel to the main street, are smaller streets, containing hotels, lodging-houses, and some private residences, with their court-yards and

enclosures, chiefly European, but with some Parsee, Coringa, and Chinese dwellings.

MURRAY BAY CANADA.

On page 263 we present a picturesque scene in Canada. Murray Bay, on the St. Lawrence River, is noted as a quiet summer resort, where comfort and happiness can be found, provided those in pursuit of the same do not anticipate too much for a small sum of money. The village in the distance is inhabited by fishermen. The mountains in the rear of the town are bold and give an air of grandeur to the scene that can hardly be surpassed by any place on the river.

AUTUMN.



See me standing on the greensward,
In this dreamy autumn time,
Breathing in the air o'erladen
With its redolence of thyme;

Where the heavy pensile branches,
Swaying slowly to and fro,
Lead their errant shadows captive,
Hither, thither, as they go;

While the cloudy domes and turrets,
Hung in heaven's translucent blue,
Fade and brighten, ever shifting,
To my half-unconscious view.

O, the rich and glorious autumn,
With the magic of its smile,
How our wearied hearts are gladdened,
Revelling in peace the while!

Leave me, then, ye earth-born troubles!
Hasten hence, ye anxious cares!
I would sleep amid the slumber
Of sweet Nature, unawares.

Let me stand upon the greensward,
In this hazy autumn time,
Lulled by autumn's drowsy music,
With its melody and rhyme.



THE IGNIS FATUUS.

THE IGNIS FATUUS.

In the January number of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** we presented to our readers a very brief account of this phenomenon. The interest manifested by our patrons in the subject induces us to devote a portion of the present number to a more complete and elab-

orate account of the manner in which the true nature of the Ignis Fatuus was discovered.

From the earliest times, very many ideas and superstitions were entertained concerning it. Burying grounds, fields of battle, low meadows, valleys and marshes, are its ordi-

nary haunts. Some eminent naturalists have maintained that it is only the shining of a great number of the male glowworms in England, and the pyraustæ in Italy, flying together. Doubtless rare instances of this kind may have been seen, but the true theory of the phenomenon is very different from this.

The investigations of science have now definitely established the fact that the *ignis fatuus* of the battle-field and the church-yard is due to the presence of phosphuretted hydrogen gas, emitted by animal matter in a state of putrefaction, which always spontaneously inflames upon contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere. The flickering meteor of the marsh is caused by the carburetted hydrogen formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter in stagnant water.

The credit of this discovery is due to Mr. Blesson, a German naturalist, who is represented in the engraving on page 265 at the moment of the triumph of his investigations. For the purpose of examining the phenomenon he went to the forest of Gorbitz in the New Mark, and commenced with a large marsh. His description is so interesting that we append it.

"The water of the marsh," says he, "is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and in the night blue flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected that there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked, during the daytime, the place where the latter rose up abundantly, and repaired thither during the night; to my great joy, I actually observed bluish-purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot they retired, and I pursued them in vain; all attempts to examine them closely were ineffectual. Some days of very rainy weather prevented further investigation, but afforded leisure for reflecting on their nature. I conjectured that the motion of the air on my approaching the spot, forced forward the burning gas, and remarked that the flame burned darker when it was blown aside; hence I concluded that a continuous thin stream of inflammable air was formed by these bubbles, which, once inflamed, continued to burn, but which, owing to the paleness of the light of the flame, could not be observed during the day. On another day, in the twilight, I went again to the place, where I awaited the approach of night; the flames became gradually

visible, but redder than formerly, thus showing that they burned also during the day. I approached nearer, and they retired. Convinced that they would return again to the place of their origin when the agitation of the air ceased, I remained stationary and motionless, and observed them again gradually approach. As I could easily reach them, it occurred to me to attempt to light paper by means of them; but for some time I did not succeed in this experiment, which I found was owing to my breathing. I therefore held my face from the flame, and also held a piece of cloth as a screen; on doing which I was able to singe paper, which became brown-colored, and covered with a viscous moisture. I next used a narrow slip of paper, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing it take fire. The gas was evidently inflammable, and not a phosphorescent, luminous one, as some have maintained. But how do these lights originate? After some reflection, I resolved to make the experiment of extinguishing them. I followed the flame; I brought it so far from the marsh that probably the thread of connection, if I may so express myself, was broken, and it was extinguished. But scarcely a few minutes had elapsed when it was again renewed at its source (over the air bubbles), without my being able to observe any transition from the neighboring flames, many of which were burning in the valley. I repeated the experiment frequently, and always with success. The dawn approached, and the flames, which to me appeared to approach nearer to the earth, gradually disappeared. On the following evening I went to the spot and kindled a fire on the side of the valley, in order to have an opportunity of trying to inflame the gas. As on the evening before, I first extinguished the flame, and then hastened with a torch to the spot from which the gas bubbled up, when instantly a kind of explosion was heard, and a red light was seen over eight or nine feet square of the marsh, which diminished to a small blue flame, from two and a half to three feet in height, that continued to burn with an unsteady motion. It was therefore no longer doubtful that this *ignis fatuus* was caused by the evolution of inflammable gas from the marsh."

SAFE CERTIFICATE.—The principal of an academy gave a pupil who was an aspirant for a school teacher's place, a certificate, which said, "This young man is capable of filling any position for which he is qualified."

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK."

The beautiful picture on this page was suggested by one of the sweetest songs that Shakspeare ever penned. The design represents a beautiful girl

"Now for the bird up-looking
With hand o'ershaded eye,"

The words of the little lyric are as follows:—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that Hes:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,



watching the flight of the skylark as he pierces the deep blue of heaven, and pours his matin notes, when almost lost to view. The song we have referred to occurs in *Cymbeline*, and the "admirable rich words" are sung by Cloten's musicians under Imogen's window.

With everything that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!"

The skylark, one of the sweetest of songsters, is not found in this country, but attempts have been made to introduce it.

SCENES IN INDIA.

The engraving on page 269 represents the great temple of Juggernaut at Puri. It is one of the most magnificent edifices in India, and is regarded by the natives with great veneration. The principal temple is two hundred feet high. In the two adjacent buildings, morning and evening, the dancing girls display their professional skill for the enjoyment of the idols enthroned in the large building. There, also, large quantities of food are offered to the idols. The people are told that the appetite of their gods is perfectly satisfied by seeing and smelling victuals at a distance. This is very fine for the Brahmins, who eat what the idols do not want.

The temple is surrounded by a large wall, twenty feet high, and enclosing an area six hundred and fifty feet square. There is a gateway on each side of the square. That shown in the engraving is through the base of a splendidly ornamented tower. Along the wall are seen the shops of the tradesmen, where clothing and ornaments are exposed for sale. The column on the right near the gateway is a fine specimen of Eastern architecture. The shaft is thirty feet high, and is composed of a single stone. The figure on the top is an image of Huneman, a deified monkey.

Twelve annual festivals are held here in honor of Juggernaut. Of these the principal are the bathing and the car festivals. Sometimes they are attended by as many as two hundred thousand pilgrims who come from all parts of the country. The majority of these are women. Great suffering prevails among these pilgrims, many of whom die from want of suitable and sufficient food, or in consequence of their great fatigue and exposure to the annual rains. It is said that since the erection of the temple in the twelfth century, millions have perished in this way.

The Brahmins guard their temple with great jealousy. Only one white man has ever seen the interior of it. That one was an English officer, who, about thirty-six years ago, succeeded in gaining admission by painting and dressing himself as a native. When the Brahmins found that their holy place had been thus defiled, they became so enraged that all the English residing at the station had to flee for their lives. Knowing the avarice of the natives, they threw pieces of silver money along the road as they fled, and thus, as the natives stopped to pick them up, they managed to reach a place of safety.

One of the most popular celebrations of the Hindoos is the festival of Huli, the manner of keeping which is shown in the engraving on page 271. On this occasion the people of all classes use the most obscene and abusive language, and with large syringes they throw colored water on each other; they also pelt each other with red and yellow powder, and with the filth of the streets. Their only authority for this custom is that it is one of their most ancient observances, and is highly commended in the Shasters for its antiquity.

Whatever is customary can never be wrong in the eyes of the Hindoos. They believe that their customs were instituted by their gods, and are consequently not capable of improvement. Influenced by this belief, they will not make any change in either their ideas or mode of living. Their style of dress, the form of their agricultural and mechanical implements, their manner of building their houses, in short, all things connected with them, are the same now that they were thousands of years ago. They reject with scorn and disdain any attempts to introduce among them the arts and appliances of European civilization. These they consider too coarse and barbarous for such enlightened persons as themselves, and consequently the civilization of India makes but little progress.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S DUTIES.

There are the relations existing between the captain and the freighters, the merchants to whom the cargo belongs. He has nothing to do with making out the original documents concerning the cargo; that is a matter between the person who pays money to have his goods carried, and the person who receives money for carrying them; but he must keep in charge, and ready at hand when wanted, copies of some of these documents. When the ship is preparing for a voyage, his watchful eye and matured judgment must always be ready to determine whether the cargo is properly stowed. He sees that the dunnage—the pieces of wood on which the lower tiers of cargo rest, to keep them free from dirt and bilge-water—is sufficient in quantity, and properly placed; that the ballast is duly proportioned to the cargo (once a freighter recovered damages because his goods had been injured through the use of sand as ballast); that the different kinds of merchandize shall be so stowed as not to injure each other; that those shall be placed uppermost which will have to be first removed from the ship; that there

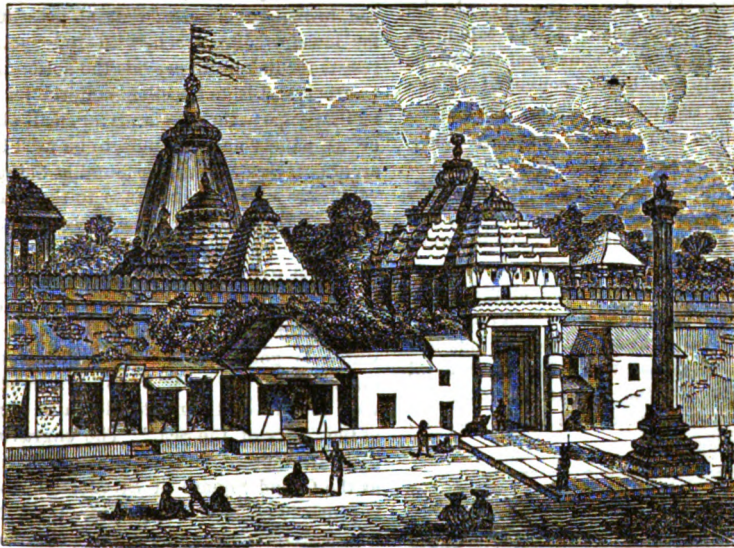
shall be proper arrangements made for ventilating the hold and its contents; that if the ship carries passengers as well as cargo, the latter shall not be allowed to encroach on the space necessary for the former; and that the stowage shall be compatible with the due handling and steering of the ship. It is true there are others responsible for these duties besides himself; but if the cargo fails to be delivered at the proper time and place, and in proper condition, it is not known, without inquiry, on whom the loss will fall; and he has strong motives for insuring that his part of the undertaking, at any rate, shall be duly attended to.

The captain must be tolerably acquainted

behave towards both belligerents if his country is neutral.

Truly, the captain of a ship does not sleep on a bed of roses; indeed, whether he ever sleep at all, seems to be a kind of problem; for his eye is supposed to be at all times on everybody and everything. Like the boots at an inn, the captain is supposed to be always wide awake.

The ship's papers are very essential things for the captain to have in safe custody; they are his guarantees against many troubles and vexations; they are vouchers that all is right; and the absence of them shows that something is wrong. Many of them are essentially necessary to a neutral ship, to prevent its



TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

with the maritime laws of his own and other countries in so far as they refer to duties, tolls, quarantine, etc.; he must know what the Merchants Seamen's Act tells him about his own crew; what the Mercantile Marine Act lays down as the duties between captain and owners; what the Passengers' Act says about passengers and emigrants. He must be conversant with the requirements of the Customs' department, the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the Trinity House, and the Harbor and Dock authorities with which his ship will be concerned. And lastly, when war is pending, he has an addition to his anxious duties—how to keep out of danger if his own country is one of the belligerents; and how to

seizure by belligerents; while others are needed whether war or peace prevails.

One of these is the *passport* or *sea-letter*, without which the captain of a neutral ship would fare badly if met by either of the belligerents. It is a permission from his own state or government to proceed on the voyage. The name and tonnage of the ship; its technical description or kind among naval craft; the nature of the cargo contained; the port from which the ship sailed; the port to which bound—are all mentioned. Supposing for instance, the ship were English, bound to Australia during the civil war between two belligerents in America, this document is the British government's mode of saying: "We

believe that this ship has obeyed the law of nations, so far as concerns the object of the voyage, you must neither of you capture or injure it; you must respect the cargo as well as the ship; if you depart from this, it will be an act of war against England, and we shall demand reparation."

But this only implies that the voyage itself is *bona fide*; there are many other conditions to be attended to. *Proofs of property*, for instance, to show that the ship belongs to a neutral state. If either belligerent suspects that she was built in the states of the other belligerent, and if such was really the case, there must be papers to show that she was purchased by a citizen of the neutral state before the declaration of war, or captured and legally sold to him during the war. In the latter case, an authenticated bill of sale must be among the papers, to show that the property in the ship was legally conveyed to the inhabitant of the neutral state. Those who remember how fierce were the diplomatic contests during the recent war as to the country in which a particular ship was built, and the legality of transfer to a neutral, will be prepared to understand that this is a very critical matter to the owner of such a ship at such a time; the Confederates showed how narrowly they scrutinized any claim for mercy to an English ship which they had the smallest reason for suspecting was built in a Federal port—if they doubted the proof, down she went to the bottom, or up she went in a mass of flame.

MICROSCOPIO INVESTIGATIONS.

The examination of living objects under the microscope is a subject of great interest, though attended with considerable difficulty. It is by no means easy to prepare without injury a specimen of a living plant for microscopical investigation. A new "growing alide," as it is termed, therefore promises to be of much service. This contrivance is the invention of Mr. H. L. Smith, an American naturalist, and presents the following features:—It is composed of two glass plates, 3 by 2 inches, and about the 1-25th of an inch thick, separated by strips of the same thickness, and cemented with marine glue. One corner of the upper plate is removed, and a very small hole is drilled through the plate at the corner of the space to be covered by a piece of thin glass placed over the object whose growth is to be watched. The alide is filled with water by

means of a pipette applied to the open corner, and when the covering glass is placed over the little hole, water slowly oozes through by capillary attraction. By this means an object may be kept moist for a period of three days.

JASPER.

This durable and beautiful substance which has hitherto been obtainable only in limited quantities, chiefly from Siberia and Russia, is now procured, to almost any required extent, at Saint Gervais, in Savoy, where the quarry has a surface of at least 24,000 square yards, and a depth of about twenty-two yards. It is a variety of quartz, which is characterized by being opaque, however thin the plates into which it may be cut, and is of various colors red, brown, green, etc.; that at present used for jewelry being green, with red spots. It resists for indefinite periods the action of the weather, and is an excellent material for ornamentation, whether as stands for small objects, or as panels and columns, to be used by the architect. Some of what is found at Saint Gervais bears close resemblance to the beautiful species termed *rouge antique*; it is of a fine red.

THE PIAZZETTA OF ST. MARK.

The attention of the public being now so forcibly directed to Venice by the struggle which is going on in the province of the same name, we present to our readers a view of one of the most celebrated portions of the "City of the Sea." The engraving on page 272 represents what is generally known as the Grand Square of St. Mark, but which is properly called the Piazzetta of St. Mark. The Piazzetta is simply a short street, opening on the sea, and, together with the Piazza of St. Mark which crosses it at right angles, contains the handsomest buildings in the city. Here the fashion and wealth of Venice collect for gossip and recreation, and here are to be seen at the fashionable hours the most of the visitors at the city. In front of the Piazzetta are two magnificent granite obelisks, each formed out of a single block, and crowned with a bronze figure, the one the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other a statue of St. Theodore. At one time these obelisks were thrown to the ground, and it was found very difficult to raise them again. An adventurer offered to replace them in all their former splendor for the privilege of erecting a gaming table between them. This seemed very simple to the government, and the offer was

accepted. Finally, the gaming table, by drawing the worst class of the population to the place, became a nuisance, and the elite commenced to stay away from the Piazzetta. The government tried to buy off the adventurer, but he held them to their bargain. At length, as a last resort, all public executions were ordered to take place between the obelisks. As the Venitians have a horror of places of execution this measure quickly drove away the gamblers, but it came near rendering the beautiful square an accursed spot in the eyes of the people.

The tall tower on the left of the engraving is the *Campanile*, or bell tower of St. Mark. It is a quadrangular mass of brick, above

ularly around the capitals, which are covered over with numerous groups and figures of an allegorical description. The interior contains many beautiful halls which were once used for official purposes, and for the doge's private residence.

To the right of the palace is the State Prison, connected with it by the famous "Bridge of Sighs."

The building back of the palace, crowned with a large dome, is the Cathedral of St. Mark, one of the most interesting churches in Europe. It was founded in 977, and consecrated in 1111. It is built chiefly in the Byzantine style, and its form is that of a Greek cross with the addition of porches. When it

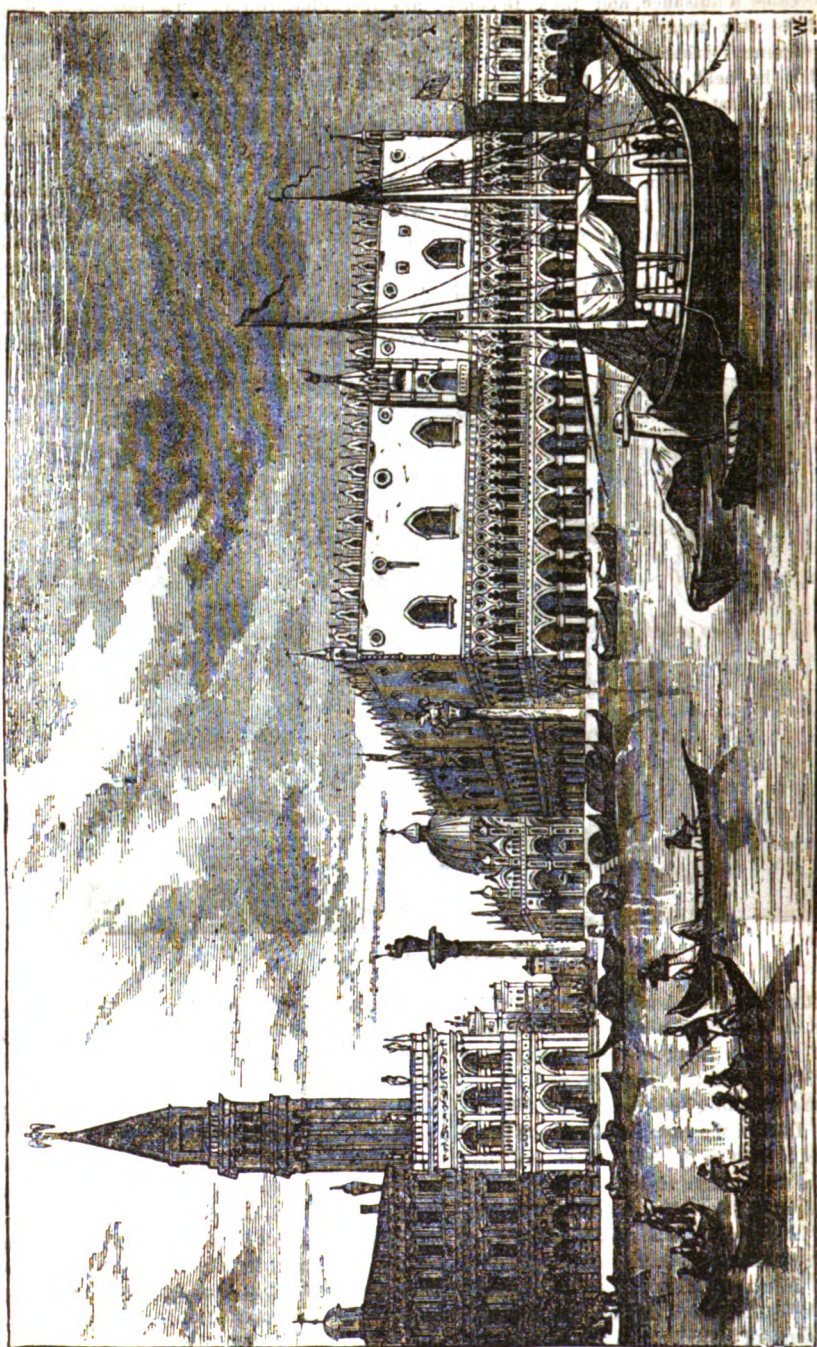


THE FESTIVAL OF HULL

forty feet square at the base, with a pyramidal pinnacle, on the top of which was a colossal figure of an angel with outspread wings, at the height of 323 feet from the ground.

The large building on the right is the Ducal Palace. It is on the eastern side of the Piazzetta, and is built in the form of an irregular square, in the gothic style, but in many of the repairs and alterations the later Italian style is introduced. The palace dates from the tenth century, but was re-constructed by the doge Marino Faliero. Two of its sides rest on double ranges of arches, the columns and tracery of which, though necessarily massy, have been so skillfully worked, as to have an appearance of airy lightness, partic-

ularly around the capitals, which are covered over with numerous groups and figures of an allegorical description. The interior contains many beautiful halls which were once used for official purposes, and for the doge's private residence. To the right of the palace is the State Prison, connected with it by the famous "Bridge of Sighs." The building back of the palace, crowned with a large dome, is the Cathedral of St. Mark, one of the most interesting churches in Europe. It was founded in 977, and consecrated in 1111. It is built chiefly in the Byzantine style, and its form is that of a Greek cross with the addition of porches. When it was building every vessel returning from the East to Venice was obliged to bring pillars and marbles for the edifice, the principal front of which 170 feet wide, has 500 columns of various shades and colors. Over the central portal of the vestibule stand the celebrated bronze horses, brought from the hippodrome of Constantinople when that city was taken by the Crusaders, they were carried to Paris by Napoleon, but restored in 1815. The edifice is surmounted by five domes, the central one of which is 90 and the others 80 feet in height. The interior is exceedingly rich, the walls and columns being of precious marbles, and the floor of tessellated mosaic work.



PIAZZETTA OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

~~~~~  
BY EMMA F. PRADT.  
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The house is still this evening, and a feeling of unrest
Creeps in my weary heart, and tears my eyelids press.
This twilight hour is consecrate unto the olden time,
And voices long since silenced come with yon bells' low chime.
No more, no more, my child, thy thrilling laugh shall bless me,
And never, nevermore thy loving arms caress me;
No more with childish grief that trembling lip of thine
Sue to my heart, my darling, and fall thy tears with mine.
I've put away the crimson dress, and little stockings, white,
And the tiny, half-worn shoes, and sacque, with trimmings bright;
I have set away the empty crib, and her little rocking-chair,
Though I'm waiting, half-expectant, to hear her evening prayer.
Forgetfully I stoop to tuck the cover round her tight,
Then, shudderingly remember *where* my darling sleeps to-night;
And my tearful eyes then wander to her picture on the wall,
And my poor heart grows rebellious; for O, *she was my all!*
The wind wails through the pine trees, that stand the gate before,
And the rain and hail beat pitiless against the outer door;
And my heart bows o'er a little grave on "Forest Hill" to-night,
O'er which the winter's quill is spread, of coruscations white.
O, no one but "The Father" can know the hopes death hid—
My pearl—my precious heart's ease—under thy coffin lid.
O, pray for me, my darling, in your home among the blest—
O, pray that angels lead me, too, unto thy home of rest.
I am weary—tempest-tossed; I long so for thy face;
O, is there not around the throne for "mamma," too, a place?

~~~~~  
"A LITTLE AFFAIR."  
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~~~~~  
BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.  
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M. EUGENE LAROMIE had passed through some wonderful adventures in the exercise of his profession, and had been nearer death than most men care to be. His success in ferreting out and bringing to light crimes of all kinds had won for him the bitter enmity of all the offenders, both political and criminal, in the city. They had repeatedly vowed vengeance against him, for they declared that there was no chance of success for them while he remained in Paris. Laromie only laughed at their threats, and kept his wits about him. He declared his readiness to meet them whenever they desired it, provided only they would grant him fair play.

This, however, was the last thing they intended doing. They had fired at him frequently without success, and had been equally

unlucky in their attempts with poison. They had gotten up mock conspiracies, with the hope of decoying him into their power; but he saw through them in an instant, and only laughed at his enemies for their trouble. Still they had not abandoned the hope of capturing him, and it was very certain, that if they could succeed in doing so, M. Laromie's fate was sealed.

One day he was lounging idly near one of the most noted shops of the Palais Royal, when a woman passed by. She was very beautiful, and was richly and tastefully dressed. She was evidently a lady, and decidedly one of the most beautiful the detective had ever seen. As she passed, she looked at him fixedly, and then smiled. Instantly Laromie lifted his hat, and bowed

profoundly. When he raised his eyes again the lady had disappeared. He was annoyed at this, for he was anxious to learn more of the beautiful stranger; and from the smile she had given him he knew she was not averse to such a course upon his part.

Eugene Laromie was a true Frenchman in his love of gallantry, and this was the only thing that ever brought him into any real danger. Several times he had narrowly escaped death at the hands of jealous husbands, and his friends were confident, that if ever he died by violence, a woman would be the cause of it.

During the day he could not help thinking of the beautiful unknown who had so fascinated him. The next morning, about the same hour, he took his place again at the Palais Royal to watch for her. He was not kept waiting long. She soon appeared, and as she passed him she again smiled, and this time the smile was accompanied by a bow. Acting upon a sudden impulse, Laromie started forward and placed himself by her side. He was about to speak to her, when she said, hurriedly, and in a low tone:

"Not yet, Monsieur Laromie. We are observed. To-night, at the Opera."

"One word, madame," exclaimed Laromie, impulsively. "Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

The lady laughed slightly, and then handing him a card, said impatiently:

"Go now,—I will see you to-night at the Opera."

Laromie bowed low, and drew back, while the lady passed on. Glancing at the card she had given him, he saw written on it in a delicate hand, "*Julie de Noel*;" but whether it was Madame or Mademoiselle the pasteboard did not state, and the detective did not care. He only knew that she was a most beautiful woman, and that she had consented to grant him an interview.

"Who knows," muttered Laromie, twitching his moustache, absently, "what may come of it? She is superb. But how the deuce did she learn my name? Well, it is not strange. Every one in Paris has heard of me."

In Paris when one wishes to learn anything respecting any inhabitant of the great city, he can be satisfied by applying to the chief of police. To the office of his chief, Laromie now bent his steps upon an errand of this kind respecting the lady he had just parted from. In answer to his inquiries, the chief consulted a ponderous ledger, and after a

brief inspection declared there was no such person in Paris.

"What is it, Laromie?" he asked; "public business, or an assignation?"

"O, merely a little affair of my own," said Laromie, laughing.

"Take care, my friend," said the chief, gravely. "You run a great risk in these little affairs of yours. We could not afford to lose you just now."

"Never fear," returned the detective, gayly. "I always keep my wits about me."

That night Laromie was at the Opera at an early hour. He waited impatiently as the audience came in, and he thought they had never been so slow before. He scanned boxes and parterre closely, but could see the lady nowhere. As the performance began, his attention was attracted by a friend, and he turned to speak to him. As he looked back at the audience, when his friend left him, his heart gave a great bound of delight. The lady was sitting in one of the most retired boxes, radiant in her beauty. She saw him, and nodded, smilingly. In an incredibly short time he was seated by her side, pouring forth his thanks for the happiness she had given him.

In reply to his questions, the lady told him she was the widow of a gentleman of good family, and great wealth. She said she had seen Laromie at various places in the city, and with a blush, she confessed that she had become very much interested in him. The rest we have already told.

One of Laromie's weak points was his vapidity; and here a pretty woman could always strike a successful blow. He had become completely fascinated with Madame de Noel; and while he sat with her in the box, his demonstrations of his admiration were so excessive, that the lady had several times to remind him that they might be observed by some one in the audience. When the performance was over, the lady asked him if he would go home with her to supper, and he, overjoyed, consented.

If any one had seen the detective during the drive from the Opera to the lady's house, his reputation for coolness and discretion would have suffered. He did nothing but clasp the lady around the waist, and kiss her repeatedly, protesting between each emphatic salute, ardent and undying devotion to the fair widow. Fortunately the carriage protected the pair from observation, and hid the lady's blushes. Madame de Noel laughingly

declared that she never had seen so impulsive a lover, and said she was sure no woman could resist such eloquence as he was using with her. Laromie's only answer was a storm of kisses. Well, it must be confessed very few men could have resisted the temptation.

When they reached the residence of Madame de Noel, the carriage paused in the *porte cochere*, and they left it. They entered a dimly-lighted hall, and passed into a sumptuously-furnished apartment brilliantly illuminated. A servant received madame, and took charge of the cloak and hood which she laid aside. Laromie afterwards remembered that she looked at the man in a peculiar way as she bade him have supper served as soon as possible, but he thought nothing of it at the time.

Madame seated herself in a luxurious fauteuil, and Laromie threw himself on a cushion at her feet. For a long while neither spoke. A strange silence had fallen over them, but had Laromie looked into his companion's eyes he would have been startled by the expression of them. All the while, however, the young man's head rested against the arm of her chair, and one of her hands played carelessly with his hair.

A slight noise in the apartment caused the detective to look up. But he could not raise his head high enough to see anything. Madame's hand rested on it heavily.

"Bah! It is nothing, *mon ami*," she said, quickly.

At the same instant he felt himself borne to the floor by an irresistible force, and before he could collect his wits, which he did not have about him this time, he was bound hand and foot, and left helpless on the floor. Glancing up he saw that the room was full of men.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, sternly.

"It means, Monsieur Laromie," replied the lady, smiling sweetly, "that you will not sup with me to-night."

Laromie's coolness returned to him, now that it was too late.

"It seems that I have been a very great fool," he said, bitterly.

"I agree with you, monsieur," laughed the lady.

"Stand aside," said one of the men, coming forward. "Let me speak with him. Do you know me, monsieur?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Laromie. "You are Frederic Roulier, known to the government as the

president of a socialist club, captain of a barricade, and a general promoter of disorder. These men, I suppose, are your confederates."

"Precisely so, monsieur. You have been for a long time as anxious to capture us as we have been to secure you. Fortune has favored us this time, and you are now our prisoner. Perhaps you would like to know what we intend doing with you?"

"That is a matter of indifference to me," said the detective, coolly.

"Your courage is undoubtedly great," said Roulier, "but we shall put it to the test. We have decided long ago, monsieur, that you must die. We would carry out our decision to-night, but all of our club are not present. To-morrow night the absent ones will return, and then we shall proceed to visit our vengeance upon you. Your heart will be cut out of your living body. May Heaven preserve your soul," he added, mockingly; "for your earthly part is doomed."

"Do not be too sure of that," exclaimed Laromie, indignantly. "I was never born to die by the hands of such cowardly miscreants."

The socialist leader laughed.

"Ah! Monsieur Laromie," he said, sarcastically; "why would you not be warned by your friends? Women will be the death of you, I fear."

"Who is this woman?" asked the detective, not heeding the taunt.

"Let me answer," said Madame de Noel. "Monsieur Laromie," she added, "I am one who has long owed you a debt of vengeance. Two years ago you arrested a woman named Marguerite Polsson, charged with murdering a French soldier. She was tried by your courts, and condemned to death. That woman was my mother."

"Well," said Laromie, calmly. "She was not executed."

"No," said Madame de Noel, fiercely, "but I owe you no thanks for that. The emperor banished her to Algeria, to die under the burning suns of that land."

"But the government subsequently pardoned her, and gave her permission to return to France."

"True; but the pardon was too late. When it reached Algeria my mother was dead. I swore to be revenged on you. I have succeeded in luring you here by my arts and lies. I hate you, as the man that caused my mother's death, and I shall witness your execution with joy."

"What is your name?"

"Madeleine Desmoulins."

"Then you are the mistress of the chief of this club. A pretty couple truly, and a pretty scrape you have gotten me into," muttered Laromle, with anger. "Well, then, Madame Julie de Noel, *alias* Madeleine Desmoulins, if it will afford you any satisfaction, know that, instead of causing your mother's death, I tried to save her. In the discharge of my duty I arrested her. Although I believed her guilty of the offences charged against her, I pitied her. To oblige me the chief of the secret police interceded with the minister of justice, and procured the change in her sentence, and finally her pardon. If you doubt this, you have simply to apply to the chief of my command, and he will confirm my assertions."

The woman grew pale as death. Calming her agitation, she turned to Roullier, and said hastily:

"Spare him till I find out the truth of this."

"Stop," said the detective, quickly. "I will not allow you to intercede for me. If you could give me my freedom now, I would not accept it from you."

The woman turned away and left the room. M. Roullier directed two of his men to lift the detective, who was bound so securely as to be helpless, and convey him to the prison. The order was obeyed. M. Roullier led the way, carrying a large lamp, and the remainder of the men followed, bearing the detective with them. They passed through the hall, descended a stone stairway to a large cellar, and finally paused before a heavy, close door. This M. Roullier opened, and the party passed into the room. The detective was set down on the floor, and M. Roullier, elevating the light, said:

"Look around you, Monsieur Laromle. This room is very large, and very strong. The hall, floor and ceiling are all of stone, and there is no outlet save through this heavy doorway by which we have entered. Some years before you became connected with the police of Paris, this building was occupied by one of its principal officials for professional purposes. It is within a quarter of a mile of the *Hotel de Ville*, so that you are almost within hearing of your friends, who are powerless to aid you. To-morrow night at nine o'clock our sentence will be executed upon you. Until then we leave you to your own thoughts. Good-night, Monsieur Laromle."

The men passed out of the cell, and the heavy door closed. Laromle heard the bolts slide into the hasp, and then all was silent. The room in which he lay was perfectly dark, and he was bound so securely that he could not move a limb.

He had no hope of escape. He was in the hands of his most inveterate enemies, and he knew he could expect no mercy from them. They had long threatened him with vengeance for the injuries he had inflicted upon them by detecting their plots, and now that they had him in their power, he felt sure that they would carry out their diabolical threat. Though he was without hope, he was not deserted by his courage. He was a brave man, and he resolved to meet his fate with fortitude. Still he cursed his folly bitterly, and was almost—though not quite—ready to swear that if he could escape this time, he would never look at a woman again.

He had been in the cell a little over an hour, when he heard a noise, as if a part of the flooring was being moved. He listened intently. The sound continued to be heard. Then some one spoke his own name in a low whisper.

"Laromle! are you here?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the detective, "but who, in the fiend's name, are you?"

The voice repeated the watchword of the secret police, and then Laromle was conscious of the presence of another person in the cell.

"Regnard, is it you?" asked Laromle, who recognized the person as one of his fellow-detectives. "How did you get here?"

Regnard drew back the shade of a dark lantern and showed Laromle a square opening in the floor.

"Through that hole," he replied. "But stay! Let me commence at the beginning. What you said to the chief about your little affair made him anxious for your safety. He set me to watch you, so that we might assist you if you got into trouble. I followed you to the Opera, and rode behind the carriage which brought you here. The name of the lady, which, if you recollect, you gave to the chief, did not correspond with that of the woman who resides here. I reported your presence here to the chief. It seems that he once used this building for government purposes. There is a secret passage from this prison chamber to the *Hotel de Ville*, and another from here to the upper part of the house. He is well acquainted with them, having used them often some years ago. The secret was

never imparted to any one out of the employ of the state, and no one else could have discovered it. The chief instructed me how to use the passages, and being still anxious for your safety, directed me to gain admittance to the house by means of them, and learn what I could concerning you. I had no idea of finding you here. Tell me what is the meaning of your being here bound in this way."

"First cut these cords, and I will," said Laromie. He was soon freed from his bonds, after which he related all that had happened to him.

"A plan suggests itself to me," he added. He quickly explained to his companion the design which had presented itself to him at that instant. Regnard shook his head.

"It involves great risk," he said, gravely. "It may be fatal to you."

"Nevertheless," said Laromie, "I shall try it. First show me how to escape from this place, in case I find such a step necessary, and then do as I tell you."

Regnard showed him how to work the opening in the floor, and then arranged the cords so that it should seem that Laromie was still bound by them, but fixed them in such a manner, that he could rid himself of them at a moment's warning. He left his lantern and some matches with Laromie, and then entering the secret passage closed the opening after him, and Laromie was alone once more. He placed himself over the stone, and then fell asleep.

The next day passed away slowly, and the night came at last. Precisely at nine o'clock, Laromie heard the door of his cell unlocked. It swung open, and M. Roulier appeared, bearing a large lamp. As he entered the room the light suddenly went out.

"Come in, my friends," he said, quickly. "Let us close the door, and stop this draught, and then we'll light the lamp again. I have matches."

In response to this summons, about thirty men entered the room, and the door was closed.

"Monsieur Laromie," exclaimed M. Roulier, "are you here?"

"To be sure I am," replied the detective. "How could I get away?"

"True," muttered the socialist. "Now for a light."

At this moment the lamp was dashed from his hand by a heavy blow.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed, quickly.

"It means," exclaimed Laromie, in a loud, clear voice, "that you are all my prisoners."

As he spoke the room was lit up by the glare of a dozen lanterns from which the dark slides were drawn suddenly back, and the astounded socialists found themselves in the presence of forty strong and well-armed *Sergens de Ville*. The *denouement* was so sudden and startling, that they could not speak at first. The police were prompt, and secured their prisoners before they had recovered from their surprise.

"Well, Monsieur Roulier," said Laromie, smiling, "the tables have been turned this time."

The socialist glared at him, and muttered between his teeth:

"You must be in league with the devil."

"Perhaps I am," said Laromie, with a laugh. "At all events, monsieur, I was not ready to have my heart cut out."

The prisoners were conducted to the upper part of the house, so that they did not learn the secret of the subterranean passage by which the police had entered the cell, and to the last they regarded their presence there as a piece of diabolism on Laromie's part. The woman who had ensnared the detective was also arrested. As he passed her, Laromie said, sarcastically:

"I hope madame will have a pleasant visit to Algeria."

She lowered her eyes, and replied in a low tone:

"I deserve this, monsieur, for betraying my mother's only friend."

The prisoners, being old offenders, were all convicted, and were transported to the penal colony.

The story soon became known throughout Paris, and the old house in which the detective had been imprisoned became an object of great curiosity to the citizens. The prisoners themselves, however, never learned the solution of the mystery. If they ever return to France, perhaps they may hear of it.

"Nephew," said an Essex farmer to a lopsided youth, who had been quartering on him for the last six weeks, and resisted all gentle hints that his stay had been prolonged quite sufficiently, "I am afraid that you will never come and see me again." "Why, uncle, how can you say so—don't I come to see you every winter?" "Yes but I am afraid you will never go away."

THE MESSAGE.

Once, idling on the castled steep,
Through a long summer day,
I watched crisp wavelets from the deep
Toss broken towards the bay;
Soft breezes freshening from the down
Whispered my thoughts to sea,
While wayward fancy bade me dream
A message back from thee!

Still musing on this grassy height,
High over ocean caves
Crowned with gold rays of dying light,
Lulled by sad, sobbing waves,
Earth's mournful silence seemed so sweet,
So softly solaced me,
That soon my senses slept, to dream
A message sent by thee!

"Remember thee!" I heard thee say,
"Think of thee far apart;
Picture my sorrow day by day
Torn by a loving heart."
"Would I'd the power to follow thoughts
Which ceaseless fly to thee,
Would my own lips might whisper low
This message, love, from me!"

If, then, an echo such as this,
By finest fancy wrought,
Was wafted from a dream of bliss
Tossed from the spray of thought,
So must it be while wandering on
Beside life's changing sea—
Thoughts ever melt into a dream
Of thee, and only thee!

WHO'S THE THIEF?

~~~~~  
BY MRS. M. A. BATES.  
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"It's mean enough for a man to sneak on to a neighbor's premises, kill his hens and leave them there; but to steal and eat 'em after he has taken their lives, is enough to set anyone jumping mad; and I won't stand such doin's any longer, Joel Hardin!"

"You can't be in earnest about imputing such a scurvy trick to me, Pike," exclaimed the one addressed, surprise and anger struggling together on his face.

"Yes, I do!" hotly returned his neighbor; "you've been cursin' 'em all the spring because they happened to scratch up a seed or two in your old garden. I thought all the time you had a will to do worse; now I'm positive of it. And another thing," he rapidly went on, without heeding Mrs. Hardin, who, with flashing eyes, had stopped rolling out the supper biscuit, "how could you have had cheek enough to take my axe to kill those hens?"

"Shut the door in his face, Joe; don't stand there and have him abuse you in that way," cried his wife, rushing forward to where, in his amazement, her husband stood unable to reply; but it was only for a moment; then, shaking her fist at the infuriated Pike, he exclaimed:

"O, if it wasn't for the disgrace of the thing, I'd pummel you till you was as black as a stove-pipe. To accuse me of doing such

underhanded business as killing other people's hens."

"And stealing 'em," put in Mrs. Hardin, viciously.

"Don't speak—don't say another word!" roared her husband to Pike, who, though beginning to look a little pale and frightened at these outbursts, was trying to pluck up for another charge. "Get off from my door-step—out of this yard with you, and never enter it again, or I'll—"

The rest of the sentence was lost, by Hardin, with a menacing gesture, slamming the door in his face and locking it.

"If I'd only had a pistol there, Nancy, I really believe I should have been tempted to shoot him on the spot; for you see he is so big I wouldn't have come off very well in a hand-to-hand fight," declared Tim Pike, as, after a perfect shower of oaths at the closed door, he strode home.

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Pike, glancing contemptuously at her better half's spare form, "I guess you'd have found out so, if you had tried it. But," she added, "there's a way left that I had a good mind to put my head out of the window and remind the villain of, when I heard him abusing you so just now—we can appeal to the law, and make him pay that way for the hens he's stole."

"But he's our next door neighbor," reason-

ed Tim, who was cooling down a little; "and no matter how guilty he might be proved in the affair, people would blame us for taking such a step."

"I don't care if they would," snapped Nancy, nodding independently. "Here, four nights running, we've lost as many hens; and do you think I'm going to stand that, just to save talk from some folks, who have got such a liking for the scamp?"

Somehow the angry light was fast leaving Tim's face, as he said:

"But recollect, Nancy, we've never had anything against him until he planted his yard this spring; and the hens *have* scratched there a good deal. Perhaps it was the weasels that killed them, after all."

"Weasels!" echoed Mrs. Pike, contemptuously. "Umph, I guess nobody ever heard of one killing a hen with an axe; they only suck 'em clean dry and leave them where they are, you goose."

"Confound it, so I am," stammered Tim, confusedly. "I—that is—I had forgot how they did do it. But I can suggest something which, if we both hadn't been as stupid as owls, we might have thought of before."

"Well," was the tart reply.

"We can watch, Nancy," pursued Pike, animatedly, "you and I together. We will sit at the window overlooking the hen-coop, and then when the thief comes we can be sure who he is."

"I shan't do any such thing," she retorted. "Here is 'lection comin' and so is company, and there'll be bushels of cookin' to be done. No, Mr. Pike, a good sleep every night for the next fortnight wout be any too much to brace me up for such slavery. Just watch, yourself, if you're such a fool as not to be satisfied now about this matter."

"And so I will," declared Tim, "and keep watching until I find out the thief; for, as I've said, it may not be impossible for Hardin to be innocent."

And so, for the next three nights Tim turned into bed at seven o'clock to refresh himself for the watch he was to commence at nine over by the back-window; but no masculine form stealthily crept as he expected into the shed after his axe; no terrified hen squeak or dull thud greeted his eurs; everything like the night around was pleasantly still. His wife laughed and sneered at him alternately, and declared that Hardin had somehow got an inkling of his intention, and so ceased his depredations; and would end his words by

going to the windows and casting a series of withering looks to whoever of the Hardins might be in sight; but on the latter's part, these were already returned with interest.

Tim's short leniency toward Joel Hardin now began to give place to the belief which had made him so fiercely accuse him at the first. Still he vowed, perhaps partly to tease Mrs. Pike, to make another night at the back window. But that evening, at his usual hour of rising for his vigils, he remained in bed snoring lustily, and totally insensible to his wife's sharp nudges for him to waken. It was about eleven that same night when Hardin awoke from an uneasy slumber occasioned by a hearty supper. Every moment brought his eyes open wider, and a nervousness soon took possession of him that laughed at his efforts to sleep again. Accordingly he softly rose, dressed and descended into the moonlit garden, where with a cigar he sat down to gain tranquillity in the grape-arbor directly opposite Mr. Pike's hen-coop. All was quiet. The stars in their sapphire setting glittered like diamonds, and the moon was laughing down her light with rare zest; these and the cigar quickly brought Mr. Hardin composure, and so, throwing away the stump he rose to seek his bed. But a sudden opening of the door of Pike's hen-yard, and a general flutter of the biddies perched upon the roost, caused him to remain at the arbor's opening, listening excitedly.

The thief! Yes, it must be he who caused this disturbance, and for whom he was bearing charges entirely unmerited by his honest habits. Not a moment did it take Joel to decide what to do. He would jump into the hen-yard, throttle the villain, rouse up the Pikes, and thus prove his innocence. So he softly betook himself toward the coop; but as he did so, he started back in astonishment, and with a half-uttered exclamation; for the figure, clad in a red nightgown and cap, now visible to him behind the slats, was no other than Timothy Pike himself. His eyes were fixed and glassy, yet possessed a savage look which, added to that on his face, and the fierceness with which he clutched a huge axe in his right hand, reminded one of some blood-thirsty executioner. Unmindful of his surprised neighbor, who was vainly conjecturing his motive there at such an hour, and especially in so slight a dress, he proceeded directly to the roost, and with his unoccupied hand laid siege upon one of the poor cacklers, who, after fluttering wildly for an instant, was

brought down upon a log to lose her head. After this Mr. Tim Pike seized the quivering members and carried them triumphantly to a corner in the hen-yard where the hoghead receiving the sink drainage stood. Opening the cover he thrust in his victim, and as he did so there arose a stench which, had he been less excited, would have made Mr. Hardin run. As it was, he stood gaping at the decomposed fowls which the sudden stir of the water had brought to view. Here, then, was the thief! But what object could a man have in destroying his own hens and secreting them in that way?

"It can't be anything only to gratify his revenge upon me for their electing me instead of him as president of the temperance society," concluded Hardin, gritting his teeth; "but to take such an underhanded way as this to gratify his spite, is a trick I never thought him capable of. The darned rascal shall have his pay, though."

Tim had just turned away from the cistern and was leaving the yard, when Hardin's fingers closed around his throat, and he was hurled to the ground, his bulky neighbor astride of him. Tim started violently; he rubbed his eyes with a look of terrified mystification, and struggled to free himself from his indignant assailant.

"Help! Murder!" he yelled.

"You'll need help after I've done with you," exclaimed Joel, dealing out blows that made poor Pike writhe. "Yes, you mean sneak, you'll find that killing your hens to spite me won't be your only sacrifice. I'll—"

"Stop, wait—let me up," pleaded Pike, whose face took a new expression as he suddenly looked towards the still open cistern. "For Heaven's sake—for the Lord's sake—O, now! don't choke a man for what he's done in his sleep!"

"Sleep?" echoed Joel, and in his astonishment dropping his hands from poor Tim's throat. "By the jumping piper, I believe you're lying."

"I hope to be struck dead if I am," replied Tim, solemnly, while he scrambled to his feet; "it's a habit, I tell you, this confounded sleep-walking, that I used to have, years ago. I thought I had got rid of it entirely, but it seems I'm at it again, and have been—everlasting fool—killing my own hens."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Hardin, who was forced now to believe, and couldn't help getting merry over the mistake.

"For Heaven's sake, don't say a word about

this," implored Tim; "you shall have every hen on this roost—anything I've got in the world, only keep this matter mum, for Nancy—well, I'd rather lose my head at once than have her know of it."

At this juncture, the window at which Tim had spent his solitary watches flew up with a crash, and a night-cap with immense ruffles appeared; and Tim scudding behind a board, saw a pair of angry eyes flash down upon him.

"Mercy sakes alive!" cried his spouse's shrill voice, "what be you down there in such a rig this time of night for? O," as her eye caught sight of Hardin, "so you've surprised the thieving scamp, have you? Didn't I tell you it was him?" she added, triumphantly.

Hardin couldn't resist the opportunity; so in spite of Pike's struggles he laughingly pulled him up under the window and explained matters, much to Mrs. Pike's astonishment and rage.

"If you aint a shallow-pate," she furiously cried, addressing poor Tim, "then I never saw one. Being in your sleep, wont excuse such business. O Lud, Lud, to go and kill them hens—beauties every one of 'em, and wanted to set so terribly, and we might have had the splindest lot of chickens, you fool you!"

USE OF A WIG.

A farmer-general of France, named Grimod de la Rayniere, was conspicuous in his character, if only by dint of his hair, which was curled and puffed to a breadth and height that rendered the putting on of his hat an impossibility. A short man who occupied the seat behind him at an opera, finding the view completely obstructed, contrived little by little to perforate a seeing place through the mass with his fingers. Grimod de la Reyniere never stirred during the operation of the performance, but when the piece terminated, he drew a comb from his pocket, and calmly presented it to the gentleman, with these words: "Monsieur, I have permitted you to see the ballet at your ease, not to interfere with your amusement; it is now your turn not to interfere with mine; I am going to a supper party; you must see that I cannot appear there with my hair in its present state, and you will have the goodness to arrange it properly, or tomorrow we must cross swords." The peaceful alternative was laughingly accepted, and they parted friends.

A RIDE WITH THE WIND.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

"Fly as the wolves of Apennine
Were close upon thy track."

"By George! Sade, how I went over that road once!" said Hugh Armstrong, looking up with suddenly dilating eyes.

"Yes, Hugh," I answered, waiting to be told.

He gave a little shiver, though it was June, and seated himself beside me on a mossy rock by the roadside. At our right, and one mile distant, was Rose farm, where I was spending the summer. You see, John Rose—well, I am a young woman, and John is a young man, and we—that is, John—but this story is not about John Rose.

At our left, Cousin Hugh's and mine, the road ran, for a mile, as straight as an arrow, piercing the little village of Wales, that lay in an unseen hollow; then it stretched along an open country for miles further, darting without a bend from end to end of a city that crowded close to the sea-shore, and running off a wharf where the steamers used to come puffing up, out of breath, twice or thrice a day. And, for aught I know, that road may be running yet on the bottom of the ocean. I should not be surprised if it were a meridian on its way from pole to pole.

"Well, it was down this tireless, straight road that Cousin Hugh looked, when he made that exclamation, to which I answered, 'Yes, Hugh.'

"It was nine years ago last winter," he began, "and I was but twenty years old. For three years I had spent my vacations at Rose farm; and when I graduated in '57, and wanted a little rest before plunging into business, I found about a score of excellent reasons why I might, could, would and should spend a few weeks with the Roses. The family was larger then than it is now. Tom and Will were at home, and Fanny was not married, nor, of course, was Blanche. Of course, also, John was at home. He was not big enough to be anywhere else. He wore frocks and pin-afores in those days, and—"

"It is false!" I cried, indignantly, "John is twenty-five, and only four years younger than you, and—"

"Well, well," interrupted Hugh. "Leave

your copulative to bide with mine till I have told my story. Then we'll fight it out, if you will."

"As I was saying, I went to spend a part of the winter with the Roses. The fact is, I could not stay away from Blanche.

"I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" I rhymed impatiently.

I always hated to hear a man speak the word *love* to any but the woman he loves.

"Rhythm isn't good," said Hugh. "Two dactyls and a caesura wanted. But no matter. *A nos moutons.*

"There was but one thing which disturbed my pleasure, and that was Mr. George Adams, a tall, sublime divinity student, who was down here keeping school to get money to finish his studies. He boarded at Rose farm, and any body with eyes in his head could see that he admired Blanche. Even in the coldest days in December it would set me in a perspiration to see the confident manner in which he would take a seat beside her on the sofa, and monopolize the talk. I must confess, too, that the fellow was confoundedly good-looking, and could talk like a book.

"Still, in spite of this jealousy, we had gay times. Tom and Will were wild fellows, Fanny was a headlong, good-natured, blundering creature, Blanche was perfect, even John, though yet in 'long clo—, well, no matter; John was a trump.

"I shall never forget one night, the night I rode over this road with poor Grey, the pet horse. It was his last ride, and it came near being mine.

"The next day was to be the last trip of the steamer Daylight, from Croton to New York, and Mr. Rose had to go to New York on business. He had put it off in the hope that he might not be obliged to go, but at the last minute there was no help for it. He wasn't much of a traveller, and was always dreadfully sea-sick on the water, and we all laughed at the faces he made about it. His

portmanteau was half full of medicines, and he had dosed himself vigorously for a week before starting.

"O, you may laugh," he said, good-naturedly; "but it is easier to bear your impudence now, than it will be to bear that 'hell o' all diseases,'" by-and-by. Mother, I wish that you would mix me a flask of brandy and water, half-and-half, all ready to drink. No, let Fan. prepare it. I want you to see what ails my collar. Hurry, Fan! It's nearly time to go."

"Fanny took a flask from a little cup-board in the wall, carefully raised it, and took it to her father that he might put in the right proportion of water. He filled it half full, and, setting the flask on the table, Fanny went into another room to get the crust of brandy that was always kept there in case of need.

"Mrs. Rose, having use for the table while Fan. was gone, put the flask back in the cup-board again, to be out of the way.

"I set it up there, Fanny," she said.

"The girl took it down, filled it with brandy, and put it into her father's pocket.

"I want it handy," he said; "for it will be the first thing I shall try."

"In a few minutes he was off, Tom and Will with him. They were going to leave him at Croton, and go on the same evening ten miles further to a farm where there was to be a sale of stock.

"The steamer was to start at half past four o'clock in the morning.

"Well, after they had all gone, we gathered in the sitting-room again, and tried to be as merry as ever. But three out of a family makes a hole, even if the one dearest is left, and we were rather sombre for a while. I think we were all glad when Mr. George Adams came in from his school, and brought a cheerful face. Nothing ever disturbed him much.

"After tea we had a little music, Blanche and Fanny singing duets, and I sometimes turning the music, which Mr. Adams was too dignified to do. Blanche was very lovely that night, her fair, pale face and light curls well set off by her woolen dress of deep garnet-color, and only a delicate lace at her throat and wrists. As I stood just behind her shoulder, and bent now and then to turn the leaves, I felt myself more deeply in love than ever before. I thought that I would do anything to win her, and began to hate myself for my inactivity. She looked on me as a boy, though I was two years older than she; and

though she did not love the student Adams, still I knew that she felt more flattered by his admiration than by mine, and looked on him as a person of far more character.

"I knew better. But how to convince her? I got feverish thinking of it, and made up my mind to go back to town the very next day.

"Mr. Adams leaned back in an arm-chair, and listened with half-closed eyes, not seeming to think me worth watching or being jealous of; and Mrs. Rose sat upright by her work-table, knitting, and probably thinking of her husband. John was poring over his Virgil, in one corner, with his hands over his ears to keep out the music.

"I'm tired of singing," at length said Blanche, turning from the piano. Turning, she looked at me, and seemed to see something peculiar in my face, for she asked quickly, 'What's the matter?'

"I was thinking I've loinged about long enough," I said. 'I am going back to town to-morrow.'

"She reddened a little. 'O, just as you please,' she said. 'We are happy to have you stay,—that is, the boys are.'

"I choked a little as she turned away, and took a seat near her mother.

"Mr. Adams immediately roused.

"I forgot to mention something which I was shocked to hear to-day," he said. 'Nannie Parsons came near being poisoned, her brother Ned told me. She was ill, and her mother mistook, and give her the wrong medicine. The doctor said that she had a narrow escape.'

"The ladies exclaimed, then we began to tell of poisoning cases of which we had known, and to wonder at the carelessness of people.

"We are just as careless as any one," said Mrs. Rose, suddenly. 'There is that bottle of poison that Tom got to kill the rats in the granary. It is deadly poison, but I don't think they locked it up. Do you know where it is, girls?'

"Tom put it in the little cup-board in the dining-room," John said, uncovering his ears.

"It wasn't labelled, and I will put a label on it this minute," said Mrs. Rose, rising.

"Presently her voice was heard calling from the other room. 'It isn't here, John. You must mistake.'

"Yes, I saw him put it there," John persisted, getting up to go out.

"We had got so excited by the subject that we all went out after him, and saw Mrs. Rose

just taking down a flask half-full of some colorless liquid.

"'That's it!' John said. Then, looking closer, 'no, it looks like it, but that one had a glass drop on the neck. Where can it be?'"

"Suddenly Fanny cried out, 'O, mother, mother!'"

"We all turned to look at her, and saw her standing deadly pale, with her hands pressed to her breast.

"'I—I—took the wrong flask,' she gasped.

"'What do you mean?' said her mother; but even in speaking it all rushed over her, and over us. The poison was colorless, and in preparing her father's brandy and water in the morning, Fanny had filled the poison instead of the water, the flasks being similar.

"'My God!' murmured Mrs. Rose, and began searching again, unable to believe anything so dreadful.

"We all aided, and questioned, but without hope. It was evident that the fatal flask was in Mr. Rose's pocket, and that he would drink from it on the first approach of seasickness.

"Poor Fanny fainted; but she lay there unnoticed, except that Mr. Adams sprinkled water in her face, and begged the others to be calm, that most hateful and irritating request. Mrs. Rose walked the floor, wringing her hands, or searching frantically for the missing flask, and Blanche stood white and still, as if turned to marble. The only life her face showed was in her eyes, and those were fixed in appeal on Mr. Adams.

"'What can be done?' she said to him in a low whisper, which seemed scarcely to move her pale lips.

"'We must hope for the best,' he said. 'It is possible that we mistake, and at the worst, when he tastes it, he must perceive some peculiar flavor, which will prevent him from swallowing enough to harm him.'

"'Peculiar flavor?' cried Mrs. Rose, passionately; 'who perceives peculiar flavors when they are suffering from sea-sickness? Besides, the brandy will cover the taste. My God! is there no help?'"

"My plan was formed. 'I will ride to Croton, and reach him before the boat starts,' I said.

"They all turned to me eagerly, and Blanche caught my hand in hers. 'O, Hugh!' was all she could say; but it was enough.

"'God bless you!' Mrs. Rose cried, then threw her hands up. 'Where will you get a horse?'"

"'Isn't Grey at home?'"

"'No, Mr. Ellis had him this afternoon, and was to bring him back to-morrow morning.'

"'I will go after him,' I said, promptly.

"Here John started up. John has got pluck, and always had. 'No, Hugh,' he said; 'if you are to ride thirty miles to-night, you can't begin by walking three miles. I'll go for Grey, and run every step of the way.'

"It was finally agreed that Mr. Adams and John were to go after the horse with all possible speed, and I was to hold myself in readiness to spring on to his back the moment he reached the door.

"They started at a run, and we set ourselves to wait with what calmness we might.

"It was half past twelve o'clock when they started, for we had been sitting up late, and it was half-past one when John dashed up to the door on Grey's back.

"'I thought the Ellises would never wake up!' he panted. 'I couldn't get into the stable till they did, though I broke one of the windows in. Adams gave up somewhere on the road.'

"One last prayerful blessing from Mrs. Rose, and a glance in Blanche's deathly face, and I was away.

"Two hours in which to ride thirty miles! It made my hair stand on end to think of it. Supposing the horse should fall dead?

"I rode carefully, but there was no time to think of being merciful to horse-flesh, and I rode fast. The little stops that I felt obliged to give him made me burn as if I were wrapped in flame. The road is so level that those delays were not frequent, but a level road is more of a strain on a horse in the long run.

"I fancy that many a sleeper in the little village of Wales must have turned in his bed and listened an instant as he heard the clatter of my horse's hoofs on the frozen ground. The creature panted, but I pressed on. It seemed to me that I scarcely touched the saddle, so strung were my nerves. Wild thoughts flew through my mind. Suppose that Mr. Rose, feeling chilly, should take a glass of his brandy and water before going on board the boat? Suppose that the boat should leave before time, or I should miss it by a minute?

"I lashed Grey fiercely at thought of the peril that lay in every moment of delay, and with a bound and a snort the noble beast flew over the ground. It seemed to me that I had galloped there for ages. I lost all count of time, of everything but the vision of a white dear face which floated up before me in

the darkness, then faded again, and of the one thought that I must hurry for my life.

"I forget after a while that I was riding, my head got numb, my eyes blind; but I did not forget to lash Grey when he faltered, and I did not miss the road. The sharp December air blew in my face, though I was riding with the wind, and the fleet heels under me struck sparks from the stones in passing. There was no moon, but the sky was full of stars, and they seemed to whirl and dance when I looked at them.

"By-and-by, after an eternity, it seemed, other lights whirled up with the stars, rows of gas lamps, and an occasional light in a house. And at the same instant I heard a long, hoarse whistle from the steamer Daylight.

"It electrified me. In the instant I knew where I was, and what I had come for, and the perspiration started out over me at the thought that that whistle might be the signal for starting. "Fortunately the wharf lay straight ahead, at the end of the street on which I rode. But as I strained my eyes to see off into the harbor, my horse staggered, I gave him a sharp cut with my whip, and cursed him as though I hated him,—poor, noble old Grey! He made one last effort, ran a few steps, then plunged headlong, and lay quivering on the pavement.

"I was stunned for a moment by the fall, but was soon on my feet. It was evident that the creature could do no more. He lay stretched out, and drew now and then a faint, sobbing breath, so like a human being, that, though I could not think of it then, I wept afterward, recollecting it.

"A watchman came and began to question me; but, without a word, I pushed him away, and started at a run down the street. I passed some people coming up from the wharf, and they stood out of my way. One man stopped and said, 'Too late, sir!'

"I could have knocked him down.

"It was the last whistle which I had heard, and as I reached the wharf, the steamer was moving, and they were just pulling the last rope in. I gathered all my strength for a final effort, and sprang. I missed, and the last I knew was the water closing over me.

"When I recovered, a group of men stood around me, and the air was blowing freshly in my face. The floor on which I lay was unsteady, there was a sound of machinery, and a puffing of smoke, and, joy! I was on board the Daylight!

"'He is recovering,' some one said, and the

next instant a voice cried out, 'Heavens, it is Hugh Armstrong! What can be the matter?'

"I closed my eyes when I heard that healthy, hearty voice, and thanked God in my heart.

"Some one bent over and lifted my head on his arm. 'My boy, what has happened? What is the matter at home?' he cried.

"I tried to speak, but could not.

"He grew pale, and taking a flask, *the flask*, from his pocket, opened it and pressed it to my lips, 'Drink a little to give you strength,' he said.

"I pushed it away, then started up, and, catching it from his hand, made a step and flung it into the sea.

"What do you mean?" he asked again, seeming to think me crazy.

"Have you drank any?" I managed to whisper.

"Not a drop!" said Mr. Rose.

"It was poisoned!" I said, and fell fainting to the deck again.

"There was a physician on board, and restoratives were given me. In fifteen minutes I was able to tell my story, feebly enough, Mr. Rose hiding his face and sobbing like a woman.

"We went back by daylight in a steamer going in, Mr. Rose going with me; and by afternoon we were on our way from town to Rose farm.

"Business be ———?" Mr. Rose said, emphatically. 'My business is to go home and take care of this boy, and comfort my family.'

"We rode slowly in a large, easy carriage, for I was pretty well used up, and Mr. Rose cried, and hugged me half the way. He even wanted to go down on his knees and make a pillow of himself so that I might rest more easily.

"I needn't tell you how we were received at home, nor how Blanche, after the first glance at her father, ran to burst into weeping in my arms. Dear girl! she had liked me all the time, and before I slept that night promised to be my wife. And a good wife she is, Sade! I only hope that John will be as good a one," said Hugh, in his earnestness perpetrating a bull of the first water.

"I don't doubt that John will make an excellent wife," I replied dryly.

"Pshaw!" cried Hugh.

"But what of Grey?" I asked.

"Grey was dead, of course. We had him brought home, and we buried him, and all the

family looked on and cried over him. And when the earth was smoothed over him, they each one came and kissed me. Grey's grave is under that old pine-tree south of the house, and we have always meant to set up a stone there."

"What became of Mr. Adams?" I asked.

"Mr. Adams became a minister, and he now preaches, in a very white and tight choker, in a church in Croton. He has a wife and almost as many children as Mrs. Martyr John Rodgers."

"And how many children had Mrs. Martyr John Rodgers?" was my final question. "You know that Fox's book says she had nine small children, and one at the breast. Now whether that one was of the nine—"

"Pahaw!" said Hugh, again. "Let us go home!"

THE ROMANCE OF GOTHAM.

Few who have heard of the "Wise Men of Gotham" have any idea where the place is, or how the saying originated. The mind reverts to the old days of Jewish history, for the name has a Hebrew sound. It happened in the early spring—when the yellow primroses and the modest violets began to deck the hedgerows, and the birds gayly chirped and twittered in their new-found connubial bliss—that I was driving through quiet country lanes, bound to the town of Nottingham. As we passed through a village I asked its name of my charioteer, a hale old farmer, born long before the days when steam became such a mighty power, almost such a one as Tennyson has depicted in those exquisite verses so full of humor and of pathos. The old man told me it was Gotham, and from him I heard the following account of the strange exploits of the "Wise Men of Gotham," which gave rise to a saying now applied to those who, while appearing but fools, are crafty in their own wisdom.

Sad times were they for "Merric England" when Richard of the Lion-heart started off to the Crusades, taking with him gallant knights and stout yeomen. Far better would it have been had they stayed at home and attended to their own affairs. So, doubtless, thought the fair Dame Storis, as she sat in her old castle at Gotham, and watched the decay creeping over its walls. Sadder still was it when the rumor came that Richard was a prisoner in the hands of a foreign tyrant; while of the gallant Storis, who had accompanied his liege lord, no news at all had ar-

rived. The usurper John held gay court at Nottingham Castle, then a strong and impregnable fortress, whose site is occupied by a ruin, testifying to the turbulent spirits which have held riot in that busy town. As he cast his eye over the country lying round, he thought what a nice, quiet retreat Gotham Castle would furnish, if it could only be reached; for the road thence was almost impassable. So he issued a decree, ordering the instant repair of that ancient castle, and calling upon the men of Gotham to mend their ways, but they were loyal subjects, unwilling to recognize any authority in a usurper. No notice was taken of the mandate. One day he started off from Nottingham, attended by a large retinue of armed men, and wended his way to Gotham. As he neared the town, he met a party of farmers rolling some cheeses down the steep hill. John halted, and asked the reason. He was told that, as the roads were so bad, in order to save the carriage, they had started their cheeses to market, and intended to follow and sell them. He next arrived at a pond, where some rustics were immersed, vainly endeavoring to drown an eel. Near the pond he found some men very busily employed in fencing round a bush, that they might confine a cuckoo, which was wont to sing there its monotonous chant. On his arrival at the town, his astonishment was great at seeing some of the inhabitants hoisting their cattle up to the roofs of their houses, that they might graze on the moss and grass sprouting from the thatch. Every one seemed engaged in some foolish and unaccountable vagary. Some were trying to catch and bottle the smoke; others were whistling to raise a breeze, that the miller might the sooner grind the corn lately gleaned from the fields. John was strangely puzzled, and knew not what to think; so he gave orders to march. As he proceeded on his way, he came to a large party of men, with drags and rakes, hard at work trying to drag out the moon's reflection from a pool of water, as they fancied it was a Cheshire cheese. The usurper pronounced the Gothamites a set of fools, incapable of any rational undertaking; but the old men, as they assembled to talk over the day's work, congratulated themselves on having overreached the tyrant and saved themselves heavy expenses; while they pronounced the dictum, which remains to the present day—"That more fools pass through Gotham than ever lived in it."

KATE HERIOT'S LAST CONQUEST.

BY MISS FLORENCE BOSS.

"TELL me, if you can, Frederic, who is the young lady that has just passed us?"

Fred Atwood looked around, his hand still on his friend's arm.

There were two persons in the street, both going in the opposite direction from the two young men. One was a tall, stately lady of commanding figure, dressed with unexceptionable taste—the other a tawdry, overdressed individual, clad in rich, but ill-matched finery.

"Which of them, Allan?" asked Fred, roughly, well knowing the exquisite taste of his friend.

"Can you doubt which? Of course, I mean the lady with such brilliant black eyes—the one nearest us."

"O, I beg pardon. Are you sure that you don't mean the one with the green dress, blue sack and yellow bonnet?"

"Don't, Fred! As if I would have any curiosity about a person like that!"

"Softly, Mr. Allan Bernard. *That person* is one of your own parishioners; a lady of cultivated taste, as you see; an heiress, too, and dresses in a manner that the masculine part of your congregation find perfectly crushing!"

"As I mean the other lady, your description of the heiress fails to interest me."

"Well, you are particular! The other lady, I would not care to have you know intimately. She is a Miss Heriot—a great coquette, Allan. I always shun eyes like hers. They are decidedly wicked looking; but as you are a minister, and supposed to be proof against the wiles of sinners, it may not be so much of a risk to you to encounter them?"

"And is she one of my flock, too? Well, I shall call on that lady and on the other, too, of course."

"Well, take care of your heart. A young minister, you know, is fair game for all the widows, old maids and young girls of his congregation to pounce upon. How thankful I am that my genius did not soar to the pulpit. I could never have withstood them. I find it trying enough to a physician."

Allan Bernard smiled. He thought, perhaps, that he could withstand any number of

"widows, old maids, and even young girls," and that, if ever won at all, it could only be by some "bright, particular star," like the lady whose eyes had shed a brilliant ray across his path that afternoon.

The friends were nearing a pretty, attractive-looking house in a pleasant, quiet street; and Doctor Fred Atwood said, "Come, Allan, we will call here at my brother's. You will not see him, but his new wife will be happy to meet her pastor. I have volunteered to show you around, and my own relatives must be the first to greet you."

Mrs. William Atwood, a pleasant, smiling lady—a young bride—received the doctor and his friend with a cordial greeting, as they were ushered into the beautiful drawing-room.

She had been showing bridal gifts, it seemed, to some young ladies who had just quitted the apartment. One only remained, and Mrs. Atwood introduced her as "Miss Heriot."

It was the lady of the brilliant eyes. A graceful courtesy was her only greeting, and she sank back upon the luxurious sofa and bent her black orbs upon the minister.

As the moments went on, and conversation ran into pleasant channels, Kate Heriot's voice mingled in it. She skimmed the surface of many subjects, not excepting theological matters; and the voice completed what the eyes had begun.

Allan Bernard did not try to resist the spell. He intended to marry. He did not believe in ministers remaining single until their name had been mingled with that of every unmarried woman in his society. When a pastor had secured a pulpit, he believed it right to secure a wife also; but Bernard's taste was fastidious, and his best friends knew that he would be difficult to please. One thing he determined upon—not to be a subject for town or parish gossip by any fault of his own; but when the young lady should appear who would suit his exacting taste, he would woo her quietly—settle down to married life and house-keeping, and put an end forever to matrimonial conjectures.

He was charmed with the beauty, the exquisite taste, the clear, rich voice and perfect manner of Kate Heriot; and there, in Mrs.

Atwood's parlor, he found himself building a fairy castle; one of those *Chateaux d'Espagne*, that find architects in clergymen as well as in others.

Doctor Fred Atwood listened to the conversation with an uneasy air, and when at length, Kate Heriot went away with her arm in Mr. Bernard's, he looked up at his sister with the tears actually standing in his honest eyes and exclaimed:

"Susie, this is too bad!"

"What is too bad, Fred?"

"Why, that a girl like *that* should turn the head of such a man as Allan Bernard."

"Fred!"

"She has done it, Susie! Only one out of a thousand girls could have fooled him; but she is that one. Shame! that she should have chosen the finest and best of natures—the most splendid scholar, the purest Christian man, and spoil his life and usefulness by her outrageous coquetry and hypocrisy. I can call it nothing but hypocrisy, when she who makes a mock of religion, pretends to canvass nice distinctions in theology, as she did now with Allan."

"I hope you are not serious in speaking of her thus, Fred."

"Perfectly serious. You do not know, Susie, for it never entered your single-hearted, truthful disposition, how this miserable coquetry has possessed Kate Heriot. She boasts she can break any man's heart. Pray Heaven she may not darken Allan Bernard's whole life. He is bewitched—enchanted—in-toxicated already."

"Then why not save him?"

"I mean to, if possible. I will warn him, beseech him, not to throw away his heart and life thus. O Susie, dear, I wish you had a sister as true and good as yourself, and that Allan Bernard was married to her."

"Yes, Fred, I have a sister—a dear, good, simple, true-hearted girl; but I shall not bring her here to compete with Kate Heriot."

"And why not? Allan is perfection itself, and such a wife as you say your sister is, would be just the one for him. I see no harm in bringing her here, I am sure."

Susie would not consent; but she had hardly sat down to tea with William and Fred, that evening, when a carriage stopped, and out came from it, a little figure, light, airy and elastic as an India rubber ball.

"Why, Bell Armitage!" was all Susie could say, as her sister threw off her wraps

and drew a chair with easy composure to the tea-table.

"I am hungry, Susie. Have travelled all day and night upon a chicken."

"Didn't he give out at last?" said William. "You are very light, Bell, but too much weight for one chicken. Why didn't you take a span of them?"

"Be quiet, Will! I brought the chicken. He did not bring me. I despatched the last of him to-day at noon, and threw him out to the crows. They had poor picking, after me."

"If you stay here long, Fred is going to give you another bird to pick. He told me so just now."

"Don't believe her, Miss Bell."

"It is true, Bell. Is there not such a bird as the Minister Bird? I think I have heard so."

"Susie!" said Fred, "you are a perfect Marplot. I command you to be quiet while Bell appeases her hunger."

Bell Armitage was, in truth, a very charming girl. The minister might have sifted his whole congregation and found no one who in all respects could be called her equal. She was very lovely in person, well cultivated in mind, of an excellent disposition, and one of the sort that most ministers need, one that can be a lady in both kitchen and parlor. She was never ashamed of her skill in household matters; never boasted, like some young ladies, that she did not know how to perform them. Such boasts seemed very contemptible to one who had been trained to think that such knowledge ennobles instead of degrading a woman.

And, having these qualities, she seemed to the enthusiastic Fred Atwood to be just the very type of woman for Mr. Bernard to marry.

"If I did not despise match-making so much, Susie," he said, privately, to his sister-in-law, "I should try to bring those two people together. But there, what is the use? Kate Heriot's blandishments will just unfit Allan for taking a sensible wife like Bell Armitage."

Yes, Fred had guessed rightly. The minister was dazed—bewildered with the beauty of Kate Heriot. She sang, too, like a siren, and she witched the heart out of him with the fiery, passionate songs which it was in such bad taste to select for him.

"O dear," sighed the faithful Fred. "It is Saturday night, and Allan has gone straight

over to Mr. Heriot's where he will lean over Kate's piano and listen to love songs and opera music, when he ought to be preparing his sermon!"

In vain did William's wife give him a warning look to say no more. He went on in the same strain, perfectly unconscious that Deacon Adams was in the next room, talking with his brother, and must have heard all he said about the minister.

"Well," said he, when the deacon was gone, "it might as well be known now as later. Deacon Adams remembers, doubtless, that Kate Heriot's scorn sent his young brother to an insane hospital; and he will tolerate no minister who will fall into her snares."

True enough, Mr. Bernard received a note from the deacon on the following Monday, commenting severely upon the evident haste in which the sermons of the preceding day had been prepared, and, in scathing terms, denounced him as linking himself with triflers, inasmuch as the minister had walked home to dinner with Kate, and had been heard to utter vain words on the way.

Mr. Bernard was sitting in his now half-neglected study, when the deacon's note was put into his hand. While trying to remember what had aided his discourse that could bring such searching rebuke, Fred Atwood entered; and Mr. Bernard, who thought very highly of his friend's good sense and judgment, passed the note over to him.

Fred read it and laid it down.

"Well?" said Allan, interrogatively.

"Well!" was Fred's sole response.

"You see, Fred, I have been 'wounded in the house of my friends.'"

"'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,' Allan," said Fred. "Perhaps I may open the wound afresh before I leave you—but let me, this once, plead with you before it is too late, to give up Kate Heriot."

"Give her up?"

Fred misunderstood the surprised and grieved look. He caught a ray of hope that it might be different to what he had imagined. Allan might mean that he had no entanglement to give up. The hope was dissipated the next moment by his own words.

"Why Fred, you would not ask that, if you knew how I am situated with her. I am just the same as engaged to Miss Heriot. I love her, and she returns it. Anything that Deacon Adams could say, would not alter the affair a single shade. I cannot see that any one has a right to meddle with my private affairs.

Shall I go to Deacon Adams to ask if I can dine with Mr. Heriot when invited by him to do so? I tell you, Fred, I will have my liberty to go and come as I please. I will not be restricted."

"O, Allan! friend! brother! If you would but open your eyes and see what you are preparing for yourself! Kate Heriot does but keep you to swell the list of her victims. She does not love you. She has said so. She has been heard to say that the minister was an easy prey. Think of that! It is your good name—your character for piety—your reputation for knowing and discharging your duties, that are now suffering in the eyes of many of your people. They point to the objects she has ruined—to Harry Adams in a mad-house—to Richard Keith in his grave, with that across his throat she would not like to see—both of them undone for the love of that Jezebel—"

"Hold, Fred! Even you shall not insult me."

"O, Allan! Has it gone so far, as that a friend may not try to rescue you from destruction?"

"Destruction? You use strong language, Fred. Stronger, methinks, than such occasions seem to require. One would think Miss Heriot was an evil spirit, and was about to drag me down to perdition, instead of a gentle lady whom a poor minister has wooed for his wife."

"Hear me, Allan. Kate Heriot will never marry you. Her sole ambition is to unite herself with wealth. Therefore, it is not too much to say, she will be your destruction. Would you not call it destruction to a minister, to be despised by his congregation for yielding to the arts of one whom they all know to be false and fickle as the wind? Well as I love you, Allan, and much as I have desired to see you connected with a good, respectable family who would strengthen your position in life, I declare I would rather you would marry a servant girl of decent character, than Kate Heriot."

"Thank you," returned Bernard, dryly. "I am satisfied with my arrangements. If my society differ from me in any private matter of my own, they must bear it as they can."

"Very well, then. You will not be warned, I see; and I shall have the grief of seeing my friend and pastor 'an easy prey,' as she calls it, to the arts of an hackneyed flirt, older and craftier than himself—"

"Older?"

"Certainly. Consult your parish records. They will not lie. I have myself seen it recorded there—the baptism of Katherine Heriot, daughter of John and Lucilla Heriot, thirty-seven years ago last May. You can look for yourself."

"I can see for myself, that the brilliant complexion, the youthful air, and the sweet girlish look of the Kate Heriot I know, do not belong to any one of the date you mention. I do not think you would willfully mislead me, but you are yourself deceived. I do not believe your statement."

"Don't trust to my statement alone. Ask anybody else. Any one who has been a resident here during the last forty years, knows everything about John Heriot's family. Indeed, he is an honest man, and will tell you the truth himself."

"No other testimony than his would convince me that one so fair and beautiful can have counted fourteen years older than I am. It is too absurd, Fred. I should be vexed with another, but really your zeal in this cause makes me smile."

"You are ignorant of the arts by which women like Kate Heriot preserve or renew their fading charms. There are preparations—dangerous ones, too, that are recklessly used for this purpose. But I have done, Allan. I shall vex you no more on this subject. Good-by." And the young doctor left the room hastily.

"Can I be deceived?" asked Bernard of himself, when his friend had left him. "How earnest Fred is. There were actually tears in his eyes when he went out. Well, I will wait and watch."

If he had done so, it would have been well; but the next hour he was listening to her voice, and all else was forgotten.

Doctor Fred went over to consult with Susie.

"I shall have to give him up, Susie," he said. "I do hate to see him preparing trouble for himself thus, but I can do no more."

Still, he was horrified to learn the very next day that a meeting had been called in regard to the very subject he had dreaded to hear broached even in private circles; viz., Mr. Bernard's dismissal. Fred hastened to call on some of the prominent members of the church, and ask what it meant.

"It means, Doctor Atwood," said one of them, "that your friend, Mr. Bernard, does not fulfil the hopes and expectations of the society; and we want to bring the people to-

gether to obtain some expression of their sentiments. As his friend, you will doubtless be present; and if you can show cause for keeping him here, you will have an opportunity to do so."

Bernard sat alone in his study that afternoon; a vague presentiment of coming evil haunting him, he knew not why. He had seen Kate in the morning, and found her as fascinating as ever. He had passed a little note into her hand, at parting, the contents of which were a renewed declaration of his love, and a request that, as she must have been long ago conscious of the state of his affections, she would now give him an immediate answer as it regarded her own.

The postman rang the bell, and two letters were brought him.

He opened the delicate little envelope, which he knew to be Kate's from the subtle perfume exhaling from it.

It was couched in very sweet and plausible terms—regretting that he had so mistaken her friendship for him as her pastor, and begging him to consider her still as a friend, although any nearer connection between them was simply impossible, etc., etc.

An hour afterward, Allan roused himself from the terrible stupor that had followed the reading of Kate's letter. He had been so sure of her acceptance. She had led him on to feel that she loved him; had listened so sweetly to his anticipations of a happy home with her presence to brighten, and her music to gladden it—O, could she be so false when she had implied so much? It was his first trouble, and the iron had entered his soul deeply.

It was long before he thought to open the other missive. Another time it might have moved him to some desperate state of feeling; but he had been too deeply touched by the other, to feel anything more than a vague surprise. It announced the meeting and its object, and requested his presence there. He threw it aside and staggered to his chamber. The call to tea was unheeded. That night he was in a burning fever, and his landlady, knowing that Dr. Atwood was his intimate friend, sent for him at once.

He came, more grieved than surprised; and, after stepping into the vestry to announce the cause of Mr. Bernard's absence, he returned to the sick chamber, and took up its arduous duties. Arduous indeed, for Bernard grew worse and worse, daily. In his delirium, he did not recognize Fred, and called constantly upon Kate Heriot. Knowing nothing of the

note, Fred, whose sympathies were quick and tender, was almost tempted to send for her; but something prevented him—he knew not what. Bernard had clasped the note tightly, ever since he was taken ill. Had not Fred's delicacy forbidden the act, he might have easily accounted for the sickness of his friend; but he was not the one to steal into the secrets of another. He even taxed himself with cruelty in talking to him as he had done. But he comforted himself that a marriage with Kate Heriot would have been worse than any illness, however severe.

Faithfully, indeed, was Bernard nursed, and deep was his gratitude to Fred for keeping out the host of curious inquirers during his delirious period. As soon as he was restored to reason, he frankly told his friend the cause of his illness, and declared his intention of leaving the town altogether, and resigning his charge. Fred did not oppose him; but he had a plan which only needed Susie's co-operation to carry out. He seized a time when his patient slept, and went over to Susie.

"Are you going home this summer, Susie?" he asked.

"Yes, William has consented, and we shall accompany Bell when she goes. And I do wish, Fred, that you would go with us."

"How can I, Susie? I must wait and go off with Bernard somewhere. He must not stay here. The same place must not contain him and that Kate. Susie, this fever was of her making."

"I thought so, Fred. Poor fellow! He must have loved her."

"He was bewitched, as I told you at first. He is going to leave his society."

"Why, Fred?"

"Yes. I don't blame him. It will be better so. With his talents, Bernard will soon have a pulpit offered him. But he will not be well for a long time."

"Fred?"

"What now, Susie?"

"Go home with us, and take your patient with you. It is a long ride of a whole day and night, but at the end of that, there will be peace and rest. Father and mother will welcome us all. They have room enough, and the farm will supply just what will restore an invalid. Take him away from here as quickly as possible; and be sure not to disappoint us."

It was just what Fred wished, but did not like to propose; and Bernard was grateful for any plan that would take him away. He

wanted to be removed without seeing any one, and he had only to send in his final resignation to his people, on the sufficient plea of ill health. It was accepted on that score, Fred stating verbally to the committee that it was not probable that Mr. Bernard could preach for many months, and that he was going among the mountains to recruit.

The party started very quietly, leaving town in an early train, before many of the inhabitants had risen. The arrangements had all been made in such judicious silence, that scarcely a remark was elicited. Mr. Bernard had left many friends behind him, after all, who were truly interested in his welfare, and really sorry to lose him.

Kate Heriot sat alone in her chamber on that very morning. Her slumbers had been early disturbed, and her dreams through the night had been anything but pleasant. From the day she had sent the note to Mr. Bernard, she had had no sign from him that he had received it. She had heard, casually, that he was ill, and she judged that it might be the effect of the note. She was sorry now that she had been so decided. She might have played at loving him a little longer. No one of her numerous lovers had interested her heart so much as had the minister. Had he been wealthy, she would have married him; at least, she had sometimes thought so. She knew that her day must soon be over; that her beauty, now almost wholly artificial, must soon be beyond the reach of any restoration. She knew that he loved her, and she believed his love was strong enough to forgive her for any little deception about her age. She little knew how her heartless note, though it had shocked him at first into illness, was now a source of disgust to him. She little knew that, from his first moment of returned reason, every feeling of his heart rejected her image with scorn and contempt.

She almost resolved to follow up her letter with another, expressive of different sentiments.

What was her surprise to hear of his departure? of his resignation?

Kate Heriot absolutely took to her bed—sick with shame and vexation. Her mother was alarmed, for Kate's health had never failed before, and she persuaded Mr. Heriot that they all needed mountain air. A journey was the result. Kate gladly went, hoping that, somewhere, they might meet Mr. Bernard; and she would exercise the old spells

upon him again. She was unconscious of his destination, however, and the chance was small that they should meet.

A pleasant greeting awaited our other travellers. The large, hospitable house was capable of holding many more than they; and the minister and Fred were the first in possession of a suite of apartments that any one might envy. All vied with each other in making the minister comfortable and happy.

No one could be long in the home of Bell Armitage and not feel the beautiful influence of her character. Her daily life was a succession of lovely acts. "The law of her lips was kindness." Genuine cheerfulness, sparkling, yet unaffected, was a part of herself and her daily gift to others. Health beamed from her eye and bloomed on her cheek.

Smarting from the sense of a wrong from the hand of a being so different, it was simply impossible for Mr. Bernard not to turn from the counterfeit to the pure gold. Every hour deepened the impression made on him. He was perfectly frank with her, and told her the whole story of his infatuation before he tried to win her. It was a happy moment to the two conspirators against his peace, Fred and his sister-in-law, when Bernard announced to them what they had long hoped for.

What thanks he would have poured out to Fred—what regrets that he had not heeded his friendly warnings, had not the impulsive fellow forbidden him to revert to the subject in his presence.

Bernard was now fully recovered; but Fred insisted that one prescription he had given him should remain in full force—viz., a long horseback ride with Bell every fine day.

And so, while prosecuting this very agreeable method of cure, he chanced one day to meet a carriage with several well-known faces inside; the foremost of which was Kate Heriot, and accompanied by her father and mother. His hand was at that moment adjusting Bell's bridle, but he instantly turned his glowing face toward the carriage, raised his hat, and rode on with such a look of calm, serene happiness as Kate had never before seen him wear. Her sensibilities were not wholly blunted, for they had no sooner passed on than she uttered a cry and fell back, half fainting. She had recognized Bell Armitage, and it had added to her despair and mortification.

A few weeks afterwards, she read the mar-

riage in the newspaper, and another burst of grief and wounded pride attested her love for the minister.

It was Kate Heriot's last conquest. Her armor was rusty—her sword thenceforth was pointless. She has lost her voice, and art has ceased to be effectual in restoring her lost charms. Health has deserted her, and the few friends who have an interest in her, are mostly disappointed and soured beings like herself.

It is a pleasure to state that Dr. Fred Atwood, in reward for his generous exertions in behalf of his friend, has found an angel for his own household. A pressing invitation unanimously given, has recalled the minister back to the church he loved, and not a whisper ever betrays that he was once attached to Kate Heriot.

THE CRAB FAMILY.

As a general thing, we expect members of the same family to be very kind and obliging toward each other, and this is true of the lower orders of animals who make war on those of another name besides their own. The crab family, however, are very quarrelsome among themselves. If they get provoked at some little thing, may be nothing more than who shall have a new nest of fish eggs, or a nice fat sea worm, then such behaviour as you will see among them. They give a warning click of their nippers, and then the biggest one seizes a claw or leg of a smaller one, and gives it such a pinch. Presently the claw cracks off like a bit of china ware, the sufferer scrambles off as best he can, and the other retires from the field to eat up his choice morsel at his leisure. Now, the poor little craw fish who has lost his claw, retires to some secluded cleft in the rocks, or hides under the edge of some friendly stone, and waits till his fortunes mend. In a few days a little lump begins to grow where the lost member was, and by degrees it takes shape, and turns out a clever little claw, as ready to serve the owner as ever the old one was. It only requires three weeks for this marvellous work to be wrought. It is hardly ever quite as large as the other, which may account for crab and lobster claws being often unequal in size. Such contests are quite everyday affairs among them. A great many curious things go on down deep in the dark sea-caverns, which we never think of as we watch its rolling waves.

MY ARBOR ON THE HUDSON.

BY EARL MARBLE.

AH, the memory of that blessed Sabbath in June when first I met gentle Lena Herbert! How its peacefully-mellowed light floods my soul even to-day, shining down through the arching canopy of years!

I was a young student, scarcely out of my teens; and I was spending this, my last vacation before graduating, with a very dear aunt on the Hudson River, a few miles above the great American metropolis.

I had strolled out one morning, as was my wont, breathing the fresh air of those magnificent uplands, and feasting my eyes on their matchless beauty. I could not spend my time as others and the majority of my acquaintances did—with the gun and the fishing-rod. Perhaps I was less masculine. So some surface observers sneered. No matter. I had as great a horror of angling as had Lord Byron; and the poet's denunciation of Izaak Walton, and his rather vindictive assertion, that "he ought to be strung up by the gills himself," was one of the few sayings of his that my heart went cordially forth to embrace. And as to the birds and squirrels and rabbits, and other subjects of "sport" to the invaders of their woody haunts, I found a much more congenial employment in transferring their likenesses to paper and canvas, than their lifeless bodies to a game-pouch. True, my efforts were but crude, in an artistic sense; but they gave me employment and delight, and did not disturb the beautiful harmony and majestic solitude of nature.

As I strolled along this morning to my accustomed seat, with my portfolio under my arm, in which was a half-finished crayon sketch of an enormous gray squirrel who was in the habit of sitting in the crotch of a gigantic hickory, and eyeing me with an askant look, I felt strangely happy and contented for one who had only his brain and hands for capital, and his books for a competence. Slowly I walked along, plucking a flower now and then that bent over the little-used path, and had neared my seat, and was about sitting down, when I suddenly became aware that it was occupied. Strange to say, I neither blundered nor stammered upon discovering my near proximity to a scene. My first glance showed me that it was a lady;

and my next, that she was young, passably pretty, and intelligent. My first move was to step back a pace or two; and my second, to lift my cap, and make my excuses.

"I beg pardon for my intrusion, miss," I said, taking still another step back. "I came along quite unconscious of the presence of any one. To tell the truth, I had been undisturbed in my occupancy of the seat for three or four days in succession, and had begun to think that the place was unknown to any one else."

"Ah!" she said, smiling a most exquisite little smile, "then I fear it is I who am intruding. Allow me to relinquish the subject in dispute to the one who can claim it by right of discovery."

"I pray you to keep your seat, miss," I said, waving my hand involuntarily to stay her rising. "I had as soon spend an hour or so in strolling, as in sitting immediately, even though the seat were vacant."

She made some laughing reply, and I was on the point of turning away. But something detained me. I felt chained to the spot. So one remark brought on another, till ere long I found myself seated on a decaying log opposite the lady, while an animated conversation was kept up between us.

Suddenly she exclaimed, looking up to the mammoth hickory:

"O, do see that squirrel up in yonder tree! How sedately comical he looks! And I believe he is looking right down at us."

"Of course he is," I said, beginning to feel pretty well acquainted. "Probably he doesn't know why his usual morning sitting should be broken up so."

"I do not understand," she said, her face growing sober with an inquiring look.

"O, I've been sketching away at him for two or three mornings. This has been my studio, and he has served as a subject."

"Ah! If that is the case, then—"

"No, no," I interrupted, "keep your seat. I shall not take it. Some other time will serve my purpose just as well; and I dare say his engagements will not prevent his being on hand."

What a merry, silvery laugh rang out on the air!

"O!" she said, "you do not comprehend me. I have no idea of offering again to give up my seat. I am too comfortably ensconced in it. I was only going to say that, if that was the case, I should insist on a glimpse of him on canvas—or paper, which is it?"

"Paper, by all odds."

"Certainly. Crayon would become him. But am I not to see him?" she continued, presently, seeing that I made no move towards granting her request.

I pleaded its unfinished state, and she was graciously pleased to forego all urging.

"In a day or two," I said—"to-morrow, maybe—when it will probably have assumed more the likeness of what it is intended to represent, I will show it you if you insist on it."

"Ah!" she said, another little laugh breaking her countenance into ripples of beauty, "you are making calculations, I see, on having your seat again occupied."

How audacious I became! Our chance meeting, and the possibility of its never being repeated, had not occurred to me. Already we seemed familiar friends. It was when that thought did strike me, that I became audacious. I also made the discovery just then, that she was the possessor of a strange beauty, underlying her apparently plain face, which only required the disturbing waves of thought to bring to the surface.

"To be sure I expect it to be again occupied," I said. "I think I am justified in the belief that the surrounding beauties of hill and sky and river will be more than can be resisted by the one who occupies it now; and I am sure, that, if the inducements before were sufficient to attract me, it will be hard indeed, with the additional attraction, to resist the allurements the spot will possess."

Although she was not offended at my liberty of compliment, a slight cloud that shaded her face seemed to indicate that modesty whispered to her that she had already gone too far with an entire stranger.

This feeling imparted itself to me as by instinct, and I wished to say something to assure her of the safety she was in in being as free and natural with me as she chose. Ah! how conceited of our virtue and nobility we all grow if there is the least danger that we may lose a beauty or a happiness that is as yet only ours in imagination! But I was at a loss to know what to say without making matters still worse; so there was silence between us for a few moments.

The conversation for the half-hour that she remained was rather desultory, and on my part it was unnatural. I had lost courage with the coming of that slight fear which had crept into my heart—that I might never see my companion again. Then she arose, bade me a graceful good-morning, saying that I could now go on with my sketch free from interruption, and sauntered away, blithely striking up a gay carolling song after she was out of sight beyond the brow of the hill.

The charm of the spot seemed gone for me then. I neither took out my pencil, nor opened my portfolio; but, with the latter under my arm, I also left the spot as soon as the sound of her voice died away.

I said nothing about my adventure when I met my aunt. I should have liked much to have known who she was, but dreaded to make inquiries, so concluded to wait till events developed themselves.

The next morning I had regained all the courage I had lost the day preceding, and early sought out my accustomed retreat. It was just daylight when I reached there this morning. I had several times seen the sun rise from there, but had never so truly seen the morning ushered in as I did this. I had come with a purpose; and that purpose I soon set about fulfilling.

I never knew that I could lift such weights, and carry such burdens, as I did that morning. Two or three logs, some huge stones, a quantity of moss from the trunks of some of the forest centenarians, and I had another seat constructed, and the old one made more easy and comfortable, besides otherwise decorating the retreat, until it presented quite an artistic appearance.

By this time the sun was an hour high, and I returned home to breakfast, having left in such a hurry in the morning that I neglected to take the cold bite that usually served me till dinner-time, when I went on such early expeditions. I returned, an hour or two later, with my sketching. But I did not use my pencil—first, because my laborious work of the early morning had rendered my hands fitter subjects for handling the rake or the scythe than the brush or pencil; second, because my visitor of the day before did not make her appearance. So the forenoon wore by rather heavily; for I had brought no books, and was in no mood for thought. At the sound of one of the horns from a neighboring farm-house, summoning the workmen to dinner with its reverberations and echoes, I took

my portfolio from the grassy bank beside me, and returned home.

For several days I saw nothing of my visitor, and the bitter grief at my heart was growing less intense, when one morning, as I sat giving my squirrel a few touches of crayon, I heard a light step, and a merry good-morning greeted me almost immediately.

The old feeling was astir again in my heart, as fiercely as ever, the moment I heard the melody of her voice and saw the harmony of her every motion as she approached.

The shyness that she at first manifested wore off almost immediately, and she commenced chatting in a lively mood, noticing the changes I had made in the natural arbor, and first expressing regret that nature's work had been interfered with, but finally looking upon it as an improvement.

When I hinted the convenience it would be to two persons, where before one only could sit, she flushed a little, and I thought was about to change the subject, when she looked up suddenly at me, and said:

"But did you know that I had not been here since the day we met first? Of course you don't," she continued, laughing a dainty laugh at what she considered her own absurdity. "You know, of course, that you have not seen me here, and—"

"And that you have not been here," I interrupted.

"Why? How? You have surely not spent the whole time here yourself?"

"O no! although I have been engaged here several hours of each day."

"How, then, should you be able to determine, with such positiveness, of my movements? Could I not have spent an hour or two of my time here, during your absence, unknown to you?"

"I think not."

"Please explain."

"Well, my intuition, if you choose to accept such a soulless term, or the magnetic current that surrounds and controls the soul, would have told me had you been here."

"You have great faith in the soul in worldly matters."

"Ah!" I continued, seeing the look of beauty that crept slowly over her features at that moment, "but I also provided a material test, lest some change of wind or temperature in the soul's atmosphere might possibly mislead me."

"And what was that?" she asked, curiously.

"O, you will observe several little things

manifestly out of place, a little disorder here and there, which was left intentionally, that I might see who came here in my absence. Even since you have been here this morning, you have thrown two of the desecrating boughs over the wall; and I have seen you look uneasily at this one several times," I continued, pointing to one at my left hand.

"How observing you are!" she laughed.

"The place was occupied one afternoon," I went on, unheeding her interruption; "but I knew it was not by you. Several of the boughs and stones had been collected together and huddled up in yonder corner, out of the immediate way of the occupant. What a type is that of a majority of people in the world! So long as an annoyance or an obstacle is not beneath their very feet, they go along quite unconscious of its existence; and, when they do stumble over it, an impatient kick sends it on a few steps further, where later in the day it will be stumbled over again. So they go, day after day, week after week, and year after year, wearing their lives away, because of their lack of order, and judgment, and manly determination. A life spent in millions of petty spiteful kicks, when one great exertion now and then, and a continual serenity and love of order, without leaving the heart's fields and gardens so barren of fruits and flowers."

An hour or more passed swiftly, and other hours of other days came and passed with all the same fleetness, leaving traces of happiness and content, that soon ripened into love. No words were spoken, however; the eye, and the delicate demeanor and attentions of each toward the other, alone revealing our mutual sentiments.

I had asked her name, and she had told me it was Lena Herbert. But I was too much of a stranger in the neighborhood to know, from simply hearing her name, anything more of her. But one day, after the others had finished their dinner, and left my aunt and myself alone sitting at the table, I thought I would make some inquiries. So, after complimenting a pudding I knew she had made, I remarked, carelessly:

"By the way, aunt, do you know Lena Herbert?"

"Goodness! no! What should put such a question as that in your head, Paul?"

"O," I replied, quite astonished at the lady's stout denial, "I have a friend who spoke of her as being in this neighborhood, and recommended me to make her acquaintance."

"Well, I declare! Such audacity!"

That was the reply of my aunt, as she sat gazing at me, with a large piece of the pudding half way between her plate and mouth, as though the piece of news had paralyzed her in that position.

"Why 'audacity'?" I remarked, simply.

"I believe some folks, without a penny in the world, would consider themselves good enough for a princess," said my aunt, without noticing my query.

"My dear aunt," I said, laying my fork down, after the most approved pattern, upon my plate, "will you explain what you mean?"

"Certainly. The idea of you, or even the members of your uncle's family, presuming to even look at such a girl!"

"O! then there is such a person here?" I remarked, inquiringly. "I thought you said—"

"I said I didn't know her," said my aunt, with dignity; "not that I didn't know of her. Your uncle is considered a well-to-do farmer here, and worth some fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars; but we could hardly walk into Mr. Herbert's parlors with that to back us. They say he's worth a million."

"Have you ever seen her?" I asked.

"O yes! lots of times. She rides by very early mornings, on a splendid white pony; very early, sometimes before sunrise. I expect that's what makes her so healthy and handsome-looking—getting up early, and taking exercise."

She said this last with a knowing look at me, as though desiring me to think of it.

"Will you point her out some time when she passes?" I said.

"Point her out! Goodness! if I should call you when she turned the corner by the old cherry tree, she'd be out of sight before you'd get your clothes on. I don't wonder you students look pale, with your midnight carouses and late risings. You—"

"Why, aunt!" I exclaimed, in genuine astonishment at her forgetfulness, "how can you slander me so? I've been up before sunrise almost every morning since I've been here. Every one but three; and then I was sick, you know."

"O yes," said my aunt, apologetically. "I do mind. But you didn't use to be so. And, now I think of it, I don't think I've seen her go by for three or four weeks. I wonder why it is?"

I could have told her, but chose not to. She took morning walks instead of rides.

Weeks passed away, and the summer drew to a close. How well I remember that beautiful day in the first week of September, when the chrysalis of hope in my heart expanded to the brilliant butterfly of realization. We were sitting in the little arbor—the last time we ever sat in it—and I had just finished reading a little newspaper poem to her; a little gem, seemingly as much out of place among the crudities by which it was surrounded, as the glittering diamond among the tame pebbles upon the beach.

"Lena," I said—"for so you have taught me to call you—I can rest no longer without knowing my fate. I know it is presumption in a poor student to aspire to the hand of such a very princess of royalty as you, even though the heart is already a captive. But we are very young; and tell me, if, after I have toiled early and late, and made myself a name, and earned the right as well as the means to promise you a home—tell me if you will not beautify it, and preside therein as rightful queen?"

The lips gave no answer; but the eyes, and the flushing and paling of the cheek, and the violent throbbing of the heart pressed so closely to my own, gave one that thrilled through me with wonderful sweetness and richness.

Then we sat a long time in the arbor, and did as lovers have done from time immemorial—built castles, nourished hopes, and said our vows over and over again. It was all very blissful; but it came to an end, and we separated, agreeing to meet there Monday morning and see the sun rise. This was Saturday.

I went with my uncle's family to church on Sunday. He drove over to the neighboring village in true country style, starting quite early. Then we went to the house of a friend of theirs in town, and took dinner, stopping over to the afternoon service. It was late when we got home; and I was tired, and went almost immediately to bed.

In the morning I was awake at the first peep of day, and started off to our arbor at the summit of the hill. No one was there. I was first. But I would not enter the arbor alone, I would wait for her. So I sat down on a log under a neighboring tree, and bent my eyes steadily to the point where she first made her appearance upon winding around the hill. Half an hour passed, the sun was just on the point of showing his face, and still no Lena. Then, as I reflected that the most

glorious beauty was rapidly passing away, I coned over some half-meant but good-natured rebuke that I should greet her with, and started to my feet with a half-suppressed exclamation of joy as I thought I caught a glimpse of her. But no; it was a cow, cropping the luxuriant autumn herbage.

The sun rose gloriously grand; but it had no beauties for me. The minutes multiplied themselves into hours, and still I sat there, only now and then changing my position to avoid the heat that was beginning to pour down. But I went no nearer the arbor. That was sacred till we both should be able to enter it together. Then the Albany boat, passing down the river, stopped at the little landing near a mile below me, and, after receiving a few passengers, continued its course. I felt that she was ill, and my anguish grew more acute. Ill, and I not able to see her! How that tortured me! For I well knew that her father was a purse-proud man, and would have spurned me from the door. But I was determined to know something definite, and rose with that resolution, bending my steps with feverish impatience towards my aunt's.

It was high noon when I reached the house. My aunt met me on the porch, and raised her hands in surprise.

"Why, Paul!" she exclaimed; "how did it happen that you were away this morning, when—but how flurried and red you look! What's the matter? You look as though you'd been doing a hard day's work."

"I've been walking, aunt," I replied, with as much calmness as I could force. "What were you going to say?"

"Why, you know some time ago you wanted me to point out Miss Herbert to you; and—"

"Well, well! What—have you seen her?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"She went by a little while ago."

"Upon her pony?"

"No; with the rest of the family in the carriage. And you'd have had a splendid view of her if you'd been here; she kept looking and looking at the house as she went by. What she could see here, I don't know; unless she was looking at the eglantine I've trained up the side of the house in the shape of a cross. That does attract the attention of a good many. It was a conceit of your uncle's, Paul. But you ought to have seen her! She's real handsome. But I guess you won't have a chance to see her again.

By the looks of things, I should say they'd gone back to town. It's about time the city-birds began to fly—Why, Paul, how pale you are! What's the matter?"

"No—nothing," I stammered. "It is very warm, and I walked fast."

As my vacation was drawing to a close, I packed my trunk that night, and took the next morning's boat down the river, intending to spend in New York the few remaining days that intervened before I should be compelled to return to my studies, determined to know the meaning of Lena's sudden departure.

Arrived in the city, I overhauled directories until I found that which was evidently the right name, and started for the residence indicated, determined to know my fate at once. The street was one of swell-fronts, brown-stone and marble fronts, and of course was very aristocratic. Almost sooner than I dared wish, I came to the door, and rang the bell. I had no time to consider how I felt; for the door was opened almost instantly by a spruce negro lad, who took my card, and showed me into the parlor. Then, when I was alone, how my feelings surged within me! I trembled when I realized how near I was to her whom I loved so madly; and I trembled when I thought that perhaps, after all, she might not see me.

The door opened upon me in the midst of my reflections, and the negro lad again stood before me. I could hardly wait to hear the message, my heart was so on fire. But, when I did hear it, I was cool and calm enough. I was changed into an iceberg, a statue of pulseless stone. I then realized how slight had been the hope that buoyed me up—those words of my aunt's, when she said that Lena gazed at the house as she went by. She must have been inwardly laughing at the flame she had kindled, and wished to see how I bore up under it. The negro lad was very polite and bland as he said:

"Miss Lena sends her compliments; but regrets that she is very much engaged, and cannot see Mr. Merriam this morning."

If I had had hopes before, I had none now. Mechanically I went through the hall, down the steps, and into the street. At the distance of half a dozen doors, I thought I heard a shriek, and paused. Something whispered a wild thought to my fancy; but I heard no more, the obsequious face of the negro lad took the place of the fancy, my heart seemed shivering in a November gale, and I passed on.

Six months tramped heavily by, during which time I studied unceasingly. One aim of my life was taken from me—the love of a beautiful, noble girl. So I determined to pursue the remaining aim with new vigor and determination. That aim was the building up of a name and a position, whether of learning or wealth.

My studies completed, I went back to the city. A lucrative and responsible position opened to me at once, seemingly as if by magic, and I entered upon its duties.

When not at my labors, my time was spent upon the street, walking, walking, anywhere, where I thought there might be a possibility of my meeting with Lena Herbert. Time had not cooled my ardor; on the contrary, it had quickened and intensified it until it seemed burning my life away. But the months rolled moodily on, and no gleam of light pierced the continuous cloud of my disappointment. And then I would bitterly ask myself why I sought her so constantly; for had she not left me in a heartless, cruel manner, breaking her last engagement with me, and going back to the city without one tender word or one whispered good-by? And when I afterward sought an explanation, had she not civilly shut the door in my face? Then I would bend to my tasks again, and strive to drive her image from my vision.

Two men, with whom business brought me into contact now and then, stood talking together near my desk one day, waiting for me to get through with another person, when I suddenly heard the name "Miss Herbert" drop from the lips of one of them. Instantly I was all attention; and, without appearing to heed them, or distract my attention from the business before me, I listened intently.

"She is not looking very well," one of them said.

Then I lost two or three sentences, for they spoke in a low tone; and then the other said, in a gayer manner:

"There's a romance whispered in connection with her. They say she fell in love, last summer, up in the mountains, and—well, that's all. Then it's mystery again."

I hurried through my business, resolved to again make an effort to see Lena, and have an explanation. Once more I stood at the door of Mr. Herbert's mansion, once more I was shown into the parlor, and once more the negro lad received my card upon a silver salver, and disappeared.

Presently the door opened, and not Lena,

but a tall, gaunt man, with a face slightly Jewish, entered. His visage expressed money in every feature; it was one of those which "seldom smile, and smile in such a sort as if they mocked themselves."

I rose as he entered.

"Mr. Merriam?"

I bowed.

"You will pardon my daughter for not seeing you," Mr. Herbert continued. "I recognized in your name, one which frequently dropped from my daughter's lips in her moments of mental abstraction during a recent illness; and permit me to say, sir, that I consider you no gentleman."

"Mr. Herbert—"

"I say no gentleman would permit himself to form a clandestine attachment with a lady of birth and wealth, and seek to lower her to his own grade."

This was quite too much for my keen sensibilities.

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, proudly.

"I have no inclination to bandy words with you, sir. I have only to inform you, that my daughter, whom, by some foul means, you attempted to entrap, but who is now thoroughly ashamed of her temporary infatuation, can never be more to you than at present. Her hand has been sought by a *gentleman* of the old world, titled as well as wealthy, a fitting union in all respects."

"Does your daughter know, sir, that I am in this house?"

"She does not; nor shall she. And now, as you can have no further possible business here, you will please bring this interview to a close by leaving the house."

I could have felled him to the floor by a single blow, so great was my rage; but I wisely refrained, and went silently out through the majestic hall and stately street-door, my heart sinking as I again stood upon the sidewalk.

Then the solitary days grew into weeks and months of misery. So acute were my sensibilities, and so radical my feelings, I think I should have gone into an insane asylum or my grave, had I not bent every energy to my business, and sought thus to keep thought at bay.

During one of the pleasant days of the ensuing winter, I took a ramble through one of the wealthy portions of the city, in a neighborhood not far removed from the one where I had called to see Lena. I had gone further

than usual, and was feeling very weary, when I noticed quite a crowd collecting in front of an aristocratic church. Presuming it was a wedding, I paused, thinking I would enter one of the pews, and rest myself, at the same time viewing the ceremony. I inquired of a bystander what the gathering was.

"Why, it is the wedding that the city is so excited about."

"What one? I do not recall it just now."

"O, a foreign nobleman—a count—and one of our *millionnaires'* daughters. Gad! when one of the scions of the old-world aristocracy takes a republican wife, it raises quite a *furor* in fashionable circles."

I entered, with others, and found a seat, not waiting long before a bustle at the door announced the coming of the wedding party, when, turning, I grew faint and dizzy. It was Lena, my Lena. I saw that her step was unsteady as she was led down the broad aisle, and that her cheek was like the fairest marble. O, how like leading a lamb to the sacrificial altar it seemed to me!

The ceremony was hastily concluded, and the crowd began to disperse. But I stopped a moment outside the door, thinking I would take a last look; and, as she went out, she saw me. For an instant she seemed to struggle with herself, and then, with a shriek, tottered towards me. I sprang forward just in time to catch the lifeless form in my arms, and hear the low murmur, "O Paul!"

The father snatched the sweet burden from my arms, and hastily bore her to the carriage. Then I realized my great loss, and knew that not Lena Herbert, but the mercenary heart of her father, had been the robber. O, what terrible, burning, bitter thoughts I then had!—vengeance, murder, suicide! Then they softened into a strange desperation; and had they been written, I might have repeated them in those fine lines of Proctor:

"No matter.

I'll take my way alone, and burn away.
Evil or good, I care not, so I spread
Tremendous desolation on my road.
I'll be remembered as huge meteors are—
By the dismay they scatter."

A few days later, I saw by the papers, that "the Count de Vauvencaux and his beautiful bride sailed for Europe on Wednesday, receiving the congratulations, and bearing with them the best wishes, of a numerous and fashionable *coterie* of friends."

The winter passed slowly and painfully

away, and the time wore so heavily upon my hands, and cut such rude, deep furrows in my heart, that, when summer came, I was about worn out, and sought a respite from labor with my aunt on the Hudson River.

It is always better to face a ravenous beast, either of the wilderness or of the feelings, than to flee hardly out of its reach, to be soon overtaken and subjected to greater terrors than before. So the morning after my arrival, I sought the arbor of our former meetings, thinking I would quietly commune with the sweet past, and steel my heart for the dreary future. But, when I reached the spot, I found that a hurricane had prostrated the arbor, and left it hardly recognizable. Ah! it was not the only hurricane that had levelled what had been builded that glorious summer. My heart was the scene of a like desolation.

I sat down on a neighboring log, and contemplated the scene. Then a strange desire, to once more sit in the place she had rendered sacred, took possession of me. So I commenced overhauling the *debris*, pulling and tugging as untiringly, and finding it quite as hard work, as when first building it. My clearing away was about completed, when my eye caught sight of what seemed to be a little note, fastened by a pin to the seat which it had been my custom to occupy. I snatched it off with a feeling approximating to both nervousness and curiosity, and proceeded to read it. It was written with a pencil, and had been under the storms for nearly three years; but the paper was very heavy, and it had been folded carefully; so I had no great trouble in deciphering it. The reader can judge what a storm the following words raised in my soul:

"DEAR PAUL:—Five times to-day have I been here through the heat, hoping to meet you; but as many times have I been disappointed. This is the last time, and it is sunset; and I so ardently hope not to be finally disappointed; but so it is, and I fear I must return to the city without seeing you. But I have not explained. After I saw you yesterday, father announced that he should return in the boat to-morrow morning, and he expected me to accompany him. So of course I cannot be here at sunrise. O, how it racks my heart to disappoint you! But you will read this, and understand all. So you will come to the city, and we must see each other, though a prouder man than my father stood between us. I half suspect that he knows of our meetings,

and I know that a foreign nobleman whom I met several times last winter has returned to the city, and has made a formal proposal for my heart and hand. My heart he can never have; nor my hand either, Paul, if you demand me in manhood's name, and take me in spite of all opposition. Have I unsexed myself? Have I lowered my banner of modesty? If so, forgive me when you think of the stakes that are to be won or lost.

"Where will I be to-morrow morning at sunrise, when you are reading this? At my little east window, looking upon the same gorgeous beauty that shall fill both our souls with rapt admiration, and which only the presence of the other could render more glorious. May its radiant light, Paul, be emblematical of that other light which shall irradiate around our pathway up the mountain of life, with the river of peace flowing majestically far down its rugged sides!

"Farewell till I shall see you at my own home, No. —, S— street, New York.

"LENA."

And all this for a whimsical touch of sentimentality on my part, which held me aloof from the arbor until Lena should be there to accompany me.

"Sitting outside so long," I moaned, "has forced upon me the necessity of making the stay one of life."

But though the strain upon my nervous system, and the sudden relapse into a feeling of self-reproach that was more acute than my former despair, threw me into a mental fever that lasted for several days, it was not succeeded by a bodily one, and only seemed, when it had passed off, to have developed the iron in my nature, and rendered me almost a giant both bodily and mentally.

With Lena's letter carefully preserved, which seemed now my only treasure as well as my condemnation, I went back to the city, to drive off, by unceasing labor, this ghoul that gnawed continually at my vitals.

Ah! how softly and sweetly her tender, placid face beamed upon me through those days! that face which an ocean separated from me, and which both a father and a husband stood ready to keep me divided from. And how my soul was thrilled, and hardened to fine steel, as the memory of that soft exclamation crept over me; that exclamation of despairing love which escaped her at the door of the church when she fainted upon my breast!

Back again in the busy whirl and tumult of

the city, I lived two lives—one, a perpetual dream, in which Lena moved as in the mazes of some weird waltz; the other, a perpetual struggle, a ceaseless toil, a relentless labor.

A year passed away, when my aunt died, leaving all her property to me. Her husband had died a few months before. It had not been worth much in former years; but within a few months a company of speculators had inaugurated a great public improvement, and the property had many times multiplied its former value.

Being wealthy now, and naturally shrinking from hard work, I yet found that I must do something to keep at bay the feeling within me which grew with years. So I turned my steps to Europe, thinking to find excitement in travel. I hardly looked at fog-bound England, but crossed the channel almost immediately upon arriving there. My desire to tread the soil of France pressed my soul like insanity. The reader may think that was because my Lena—the Countess de Vauveneaux—was somewhere upon its soil. Maybe so; but, if so, I did not myself know it. On the contrary, I rather dreaded meeting her; for I feared I should not be able to control myself if I ever should meet her as the wife of another, and she gave a single intimation that the love of former years was mine.

In France, my old love to visit and dream over ancient things revived; the contemplation of that dead yet ever-living greatness that fills us "with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls;" and one day I sauntered out from my room in the Hotel Beauvais, in the proud old city of Marseilles, so full of wealth, and so rich with works of art.

I had been visiting the remains of a once celebrated triumphal arch, and, not far from this, wandering among the proud relics of a long-abandoned Roman church, when my returning steps led me through a narrow, winding street. It was not the abode of the squalid and filthy of the inhabitants, but rather of the genteel poor—those who crowded their poverty into the background by hiding it from their eyes with an every-day neatness and content that is far better than wealth.

It was while going through this street, and while engaged in reflections natural to it, that I was startled by the shrill cry of a female voice. On turning, I saw a neat, trim-looking, gipsyish woman just leaving the step of a door near me.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, running toward me, and gesticulating as only

a Frenchwoman can. "*La comtesse! les mal-ades! Anglais! Anglais!*"

Seizing me by the arm, she half drew me into the house, jabbering French so hastily and recklessly that in my foreign ears it could be hardly digested, and up a flight of scrupulously clean stairs, pausing at a door that stood partly open, where I hesitated, looking into a small apartment, and through a door into another one in which stood a bed. Upon the bed, half sat and half reclined a figure whose eyes were instantly riveted on me. She was a very beautiful woman. Her face, just now as cold and colorless as a block of marble, suddenly showed on either cheek a faint pluk flush; her hair hung carelessly about her bare shoulders, and her eyes—O, how bright and lustrous they were!

Only a moment I stood thus, while she gazed at me so fixedly. In an instant, the whole tide of youthful feelings, kept in abeyance so long, flooded me with a terrific rush of memory and emotion, and I sprang to the bedside.

"Lena!"

"Paul!"

She was in my arms.

Ah! the broken sobs that interrupted the explanations which followed! I told her how I had found the letter after it had awaited me three years; and how I had twice previously called at her father's house, only at both times to be repulsed. I needed not to be told that she knew nothing of my call, and consequently had sent no such message as had been reported. Then she gave me the history of her life. Alas, poor girl! She had learned too well, that the Frenchman loves his mistress as well as his wife; and, sickened with her life, she had a short time before gathered together her own personal property, and left the roof of the libertine. Too proud to return to her father, she had taken these rooms, and, without touching scarcely any of her property, was supporting herself very handsomely, when the wear upon her nervous system had thrown her upon her sick-bed, where she had more time to think, and had consequently grown very homesick, moaning continually for some one who could converse with her in her native tongue. This the gipsy nurse had revolved in her own mind many a day; and, sitting at the window that day, she had seen me, and, knowing by my appearance that I was a foreigner, had rushed out in the frantic style I have mentioned, and brought me into Lena's presence.

"I don't know what I should have done," she said, "had you not come just as you have. My intention was to have braved it out here, rather than return to a home where my fate would accompany me, and be town gossip. I intended, if I sank much lower, to send the child to its grandfather, and—"

"The child!" I echoed.

"O," she said, "I did not tell you. He is there with the woman. Look, and see if you wonder I should love him."

I looked, and saw a child probably about two years old. I started.

"Ah!" she said; "you are astonished. You see the resemblance to yourself. But how could it be otherwise, when you were in my thoughts night and day, and my heart's devotion was laid only at your feet?"

It was true. The child was my prototype in almost every feature. Explain it who can, I can only account for it by invoking Goethe's elective-affinity philosophy.

It was late that night when I took my leave of her, promising to call again the next day, and talk over the necessary arrangements to be made before she returned to her native land.

Passing a *café* on the way to my hotel, and hearing an unusual bustle and excitement inside, I went in, and mingled with the crowd. Several military officers were present, and evidently some of the higher classes. I listened, and soon found that the subject of their conversation was a duel that had taken place that afternoon between a couple of noblemen, to settle a quarrel arising from a dispute about a mistress of one of them, one of whom had been killed at the first fire. Inquiring of a person who had apparently been most interested in the subject, and who stood close at my elbow, the name of the man who had fallen, he replied, with a courteous bow:

"*Le Comte de Vauvencaux, monsieur.*"

When the sudden whirl that confused me for a moment had subsided, I rushed from the *café*, and never paused till I was back, out of breath, at the door which I had left but a short time before.

After telling Lena what I had heard, I waited reverently a moment, and then wound my arms around her, and murmured in her ear:

"Mine, mine forever!"

I felt at peace with all the world when she laid her head upon my shoulder, and denied me not.

Lena and her child were at once removed

to my hotel, where the former gradually improved, and ripened into the glorious fruit of which I had formerly inhaled the fragrance of the blossom.

I at once took possession of the immense property of the Count de Vauvencaux, in the name of his child; and, leaving his title to be quarrelled over by those who were less republican in sentiment than ourselves, we returned to our native land, where we live in peace and happiness.

We have two mementos of the past. The

first is my own peculiarly. It is a sheet of paper, with nearly obliterated pencil-marks, and is storm-beaten as well as sacred. It is kept in the most inviolable drawer of my desk, and the memory of it is locked in the most hallowed drawer of my heart. The other Lena claims as her own. It is a crayon sketch of a squirrel, which is looking saucily down from the principal fork of a mammoth tree, and, though mediocre enough as a work of art, is adorned with a rich frame, and hangs in our own private chamber.

JENNY'S PEEP AT THE FAIRIES.

BY AMETHYST WAYNE.

LITTLE JENNY had received a book of fairy tales, all bright in the blue covers and gilded leaves, which her kind Aunt Mary had sent out to her from the city. It was Wednesday, so Jenny could devote the whole afternoon to her book if she chose. Dancing and skipping along, she went out with it to her favorite seat, in the field close by her father's cottage.

It was a nice seat. No one who saw it, could help owning it. A broad flat stone under a large willow-tree, whose boughs drooped lovingly over a clear little stream, that went chattering along so noisily as quite to drown the modest hum of the earnest bee, and the playful chirp of the grasshopper in the warm, feathery grass.

Jenny fixed herself comfortably in her seat, and for a little while looked around her admiringly, at the bright blue of the summer sky, whose smile sent a joyous thrill through her heart, and at the dancing water below her feet. And every now and then her book would fall from her hands, while she followed the glancing of the butterflies among the flowers by the brookside, or her eye would sparkle as brightly as that of the shy, gray squirrel she would catch a glimpse of among the alder bushes.

But presently as she gave more attention to her book, Jenny's little face grew eager and excited. A pink blush, almost as bright as the hardhack blossoms growing near her, crept over her rounded cheek. Her fingers held firmly the leaves of her book, till her keen, swift eye reached the margin of the page, and

then turned them over hastily, like one impatient to reach the end.

Now the squirrel might have crept close to Jenny's lap, without her seeing him, and I almost think the bee might have taken a sip from her sweet little mouth, which he might well have mistaken for a tiny rosebud, so absorbed was she in the strange wonders of her book.

On, and on she read, while the sunbeams grew slanting and low, and the brook prattled and bubbled to an unheeding ear. And actually, the squirrel had gathered his supper together, and gone back to his snug little house in the chestnut-tree; the bee had carried his sweet load of honey to the hive, and set about preparing for his night's rest. The birds were singing their very last hymn, before tucking their cunning heads away under their wings. The very trees seemed growing quiet and sleepy, before Jenny looked up, and closed the book.

She had read it through, as a sigh, half of satisfaction half of regret, announced plainly. But there was an odd look in her face, and her blue eyes had grown large and wide with the new wonder that had crept into them.

"O, how I should like to see the fairies!" exclaimed she, aloud. "Auntie says they are make-believes. I wish there were real live ones. I'd like to have one take care of me, and give me all I want. I mean to hunt closely all the flowers to find one."

So she pulled carefully toward her a spray of the pink hardhack, and examined the tiny flowers with gentle fingers, to find a fairy.

But there was no fairy there, and Jenny sighed, and leaned her head back against the trunk of the tree, while her eyes roved dreamily around the pleasant scene. The blue sky gathering gold and crimson in the west; the clear, bright water with its tinkling lullaby; the graceful waving trees, with their freshest green, and the many-colored flowers, peeping roguishly from every sunny nook,—all seemed like a picture she was gazing at, and a dreamy, delicious feeling of delight took possession of her; and then came a haziness, and everything floated away, and gilded from her. She tried to rouse herself, and feel her way through the dimness; but suddenly the mist cleared away, and lo! there, behind the trees, the round, beautiful moon was rising up. She remained watching with delight the silvery sparkle it brought to the water, and the mild glory it gave to everything about her, till startled by a low murmuring going on all around her. It was not the hoarse notes of frogs complaining to each other in the meadow, nor bird, nor bee; but sounds like a myriad tiny voices, far, far away in the distance.

And what was the matter with the flowers? Every little bud and blossom about her, that long ago had shut their leaves in slumber, was growing tremulous and agitated, as the moonbeams kissed their drooping heads.

In breathless astonishment, Jenny bent over a wild-rose bush, from which the silvery sounds came more and more distinct.

Hush! Hark! The very water had assumed a new strain. Its tinkling ripples had caught a chime, like silver bells, and rang out musically on that charmed air. And see! The rose-leaves were fluttering—opening, opening. It was real. There they were, wide open, though Jenny could hardly believe her own eyes. And lo! she could have screamed with delight, but feared her voice would break the spell—from every tremulous blossom, behold! a tiny, wee figure bounded out, with white arms waving gleefully their glowing pink mantles, while the light rose-branch awayed no more beneath their dancing steps than beneath a row of nestling dewdrops.

With joined hands, the pretty creatures formed a circle round the bush, chanting a chorus, which sounded to Jenny like these words:

"Dance, dance, O fairies, dance!
Bright, bright the moonbeams glance!
Mortals sleep, but we are seen,
Dancing round our fairy queen!"

And when the song was ended away they flew, Jenny could not tell where, for it seemed to her like a shower of fire-flies, so dazzled was she by their sparkling wings and glancing eyes. So she turned to the brookside, and there, sitting astride a broad flag-leaf, floating upon the water, was a queer, comical little fellow, dressed in a bright green suit, and doffing his steeple-crowned hat most gallantly to a tall cardinal flower; at which Jenny marvelled greatly, until, suddenly, with a louder strain of music, the scarlet petals unrolled, and disclosed a charming little lady, with just the bright color of the cardinal flower on her velvety cheeks and haughty lips, and a mantle of the same rich hue thrown around her pearly shoulders, that were shrugged in disdain at the queer little body on the flag-leaf, who still persisted in offering his assistance to enable her to reach the ground. But she rejected his offers scornfully, and just unfolding languidly her spangled wings, she waved her scarlet scarf, and floated gracefully to the shore, singing the same chorus, in that tiny, tinkling voice:

"Dance, dance! O fairies, dance!
Bright, bright the moonbeams glance!
Mortals sleep, but we are seen,
Dancing round our fairy queen!"

The little green man scrambled after her, and disappeared in the same blaze of light that hid her from Jenny's view.

The little mortal girl looked about her, half in terror half in delight. The chime of the streamlet, and the lustre of the moonlight, had a strange effect upon her. It seemed almost as if she, too, could float along upon the air, and sing the fairy chorus, in the silver tones of Elf-land. But she was too eager to see all the wonderful sights about her to give much attention to her own feelings, and when she saw a fat, rollicking genius make his appearance, with a sudden pop, like the bursting of a wine-bottle, from a luxurious grape-vine, wreathing the limbs of a maple-tree near by, she watched in laughing wonder to see how he would manage to reach the ground. For he looked so stout and jolly, she did not think he could join in the hop-and-skip dance that had brought Mr. Flag-leaf so close to the side of the scornful fairy, Cardinal Flower.

Vine leaf, himself, seemed to think it a great undertaking, for, after many nods, and jerks, and comical faces, he began descending very slowly and carefully, one of the long, spirat

tendrils that hung down close to the ground.

His fat body shook the light spray fearfully, but he was almost safely to the end, when one hand, which held a shining cup no larger than an acorn, but filled with some sparkling liquid, got entangled in the vines. If the silly old fellow had dropped the cup, he might have reached the ground in safety, but he only clutched it the firmer, and so the stem gave way, and down he came, tumbling like a ripe pear into the grass.

A chorus of mocking voices went up all around him, as the other fairies laughed at his mishap, and began pelting his fallen majesty with leaves and flowers; but he did not get angry with them, only good-naturedly threw back a few acorns, and then, picking up his crown of grape-leaves, and his empty cup, he squeezed a purple cluster of grapes into the latter, and had it full again. Then straightway he commenced such a comical, clumsy dance, singing the fairy chorus all the while in a stout, hearty voice, that the whole place rang with the wild laughter of the fairy folk, and loud above theirs sounded the mirth of little Jenny. At which, you cannot imagine the stir and confusion that was made. An angry murmur buzzed all around her, and the little folks went darting here and there, like a swarm of wasps, peeping everywhere to spy out the intruder. Jenny was frightened enough. She shrank back into the shadow, close to the trunk of the tree, trembling lest their sharp eyes should find her out. But presently Mr. Grape-leaf said,—O, how Jenny thanked him!—

"Nonsense! silly sprites. Can't our good neighbor, the owl, speak a word to the moon, but you must fancy a mortal laughs? Poor creatures! are not mortals condemned to pass these glorious hours in stupid, miserable sleep? On with our sports; the queen will soon be here."

So they all began to chatter gayly, and dance and sing again, believing every word he said, it was plain to see. It was a great relief to Jenny, and she resolved not to laugh again to betray her presence. She wished very much to hear the adventures they seemed to be relating to each other, but did not dare to venture any nearer. All Vine-leaf's remarks reached her plainly, on account of his strong, hearty voice.

"And where is Mr. Solomon's Seed, and Miss Lily o' the Wood?" she heard him ask. "Are they always later even than sweet Miss Violet. I dare say they'll be found whisper-

ing together under a brake-leaf. I'll wager a bumper, of that."

"Shame on you, Vine-leaf, for teaching us scandal. You know the moon comes later to them. People that live so retired as they, can't be expected to be prompt at a fete," answered a fine, little voice that seemed to come from a sylph, with wings and eyes like a blue morning-glory.

While they were talking Jenny saw the leaf of a Solomon's seed in the bushes change into a bright shield, and a tall, soldier-like figure sprang up behind it, and step with stately pride to a knoll, where a little wild flower hung its bell-like head. He chanted only a few lines; when a meek, slender creature, with robe and wings of silvery white, floated out quietly, gave him her wee hand, and glided off toward the group that were waiting for them. And now some new duty seemed to engross them all. They left off chattering and dancing, and two by two, began filing down toward the river, where it was wide and deep, while the music from the ripples grew richer and deeper, and the moonbeams twinkled brighter upon the foliage and water.

Jenny made bold to follow them softly till she was near enough to see without disturbing them. What were they busy about? There they were, collecting all the dewdrops and fairest flowers, and it seemed to Jenny they had woven silver ribbons from the moonbeams. But it was not long before she saw what they had done. There was an arch of flowers of every hue and shape, so charmingly arranged Jenny could hardly turn her eyes away; and beneath it was a throne, formed of dewdrops, that had changed into diamonds of dazzling lustre, which far outshone the moonlight. When all was finished, down they flocked to the water, and there, rocking and swaying on the surface was a single white water lily.

Jenny wondered to see it unfolded, when she knew its leaves always close at night, and she wondered yet more when she saw the light that shone from it, and beheld the gay little fairies all gathering round about it, perching lightly as a bird on a spray, on every blade of grass, and leaf, and shrub; all except old Vine-leaf, who had caught a poor frightened frog, and was mounted proudly on his back.

Then they began a low, murmuring song, sweeter than any she had heard before, and waving their white arms, and golden wands, as if invoking the presence of some superior being, chanted slowly:

"The moonlight is fair, is fair to-night;
Thy throne is decked with its jewels bright:
Fairies and elves are all gathered here,
O, queen of our hearts, appear, appear!"

Jenny's eyes were fascinated by the brilliant spectacle. She could not move or stir, or hardly dare to breathe, while lo! the white leaves fluttered—quivered; a golden shimmer blazed suddenly upon them, and then shot up into a tall, glittering arch, like a rainbow. The music around grew grand and high. The fairies danced and sang more wildly still, and then paused suddenly, and in the hush, a tall, radiant figure, with a dazzling crown upon her head, and a jewelled sceptre in her hand, glided up with stately grace, and stood poised majestically upon the lily's ivory cup.

Little Jenny could hardly refrain from joining with the fairies who bowed down before her, and greeted her with songs and praise, so wondrously beautiful beyond anything she had ever seen was the fairy queen. She followed them with wistful eyes after they bore her to the throne, and knelt before her to offer their gifts, and received her smile of approbation and favor.

One after another passed before her, informing her how their errands and tasks had been performed. One had been to the sea shore for a rare shell. Another had plucked the brilliant feathers of a tropic bird to make her fan. This one had carried a winter's supply of nuts to a lame squirrel's nest, and that one had strengthened and supported a drooping flower. One sweet sylph, gentle Violet, told, with an earnest voice, how she had put forth all her strength, and looked up with pleading blue eyes, into the hard, sarcastic face of a man, who had been walking in the woods that day. How his soul had been full of bitterness and wrath, and the world, in its beauty, had looked black and grim to him. But she had gathered all her fairy spells, and when his eye rested on the violet at his feet, had brought back to his vision his childish days, and innocent trusting heart, his mother's prayers, and sister's sunny smile. And then with joy and reverence, she presented to the queen her offering—the tear that had fallen from the proud man's eye, which glittered and shone as the queen fastened it to her scarf, like a pearl of priceless worth. When her subjects had all passed before her, the queen clapped her hands, and joining hands, they all danced gayly around her.

It was so beautiful—the bright colors and

tiny forms—the waving, glittering wings, and shining garments, with the starry glory of the queen and throne,—little Jenny could restrain herself no longer, and clapping her hands gleefully, she uttered a loud exclamation of delight.

In an instant there was utter silence. The fairy queen looked stern and angry.

"There is trifling here," said she. "A mortal is near to profane our revel. Go, search, and bring the miscreant hither."

At the waving of her flashing sceptre, a dozen flew to obey her command.

Jenny heard, but fear had paralyzed her limbs. In vain she tried to escape. A score of tiny hands, that felt like sparks of fire, had seized her, and bore her to the throne in triumph. With downcast eyes and burning cheeks, she stood before the queen, who demanded sternly:

"Mortal, what idle curiosity, or mad, adventurous spirit, brought thee hither to our charmed ring?"

"I wanted to see the fairies. I love the fairies," stammered poor little Jenny.

The queen smiled, and turning to her subjects, who had flocked closely about her, said mildly:

"It's only a child, after all; a pretty, innocent thing, too, only so monstrous large that her one arm is as large as my whole body. What shall we do to her?"

"Please your majesty, give her three wishes, and let her go," spoke up old Vineleaf, bravely.

"Ay, ay," echoed a dozen silvery voices.

"Well, so shall it be," said the queen, graciously. "You hear, O mortal, who hast visited the fairy folk for love of them. Hasten—give us your wishes, that we may on with our revel ere the moon pales."

Very much overjoyed was poor Jenny, at this sudden release from danger, and unexpected good fortune.

"What shall I wish?" thought she. "O, what shall I wish that I shall never be sorry for? I will ask to be rich; that will be nice, to have everything I wish—But no!" she paused, suddenly. "Isabel Grey is rich, but she is cross, and stupid, and is a dunce at school. Our good old home is better than their fine house, because we enjoy it more. O, I know—I'll ask to be wise, to know a great deal. I shall never be sorry for that." And so she spoke up boldly, "If you please, I would like to be wise."

The queen looked sad.

"Thy wish showeth wisdom now. Well, so it shall be. Here is a bracelet for the arm, whose spell shall grant thy wish, so long as it is with thee."

She reached the plain, gold band to Jenny, who read engraved upon it, in glowing letters, "Perseverance."

"And now, what else shall I ask?" questioned Jenny of herself. "To be beautiful! Then every one will love me. O yes, I will be beautiful. But stop—there's Rose and Ellen Clay—they are beautiful, but no one loves them, they are so proud and haughty. It won't do for me to be beautiful, because I want every one to love me. Ah! that shall be my wish. I will be loved!"

"Right again," and the queen smiled gloriously. "There, then, is a jewel for thy breast. Guard it jealously, and the love of all is thine."

Jenny's eager fingers clasped the diamond brooch fondly, as she read upon its glittering surface, "Goodness."

"And now," said she, "I would be happy. Give me something, O beautiful queen, to make me happy."

"Nay, child of earth. The fairies have no more for mortal joy. The gifts already given will never fail to grant thy last wish. Farewell. Now, fairies, to the ring."

And the music swelled louder and richer, the fairies flitted to and fro, and Jenny watched them with delight, standing proud and happy, in the possession of her new gifts, unmolested by any, until, all at once, Sir

Solomon's Seed stepped up to her, and pointed out that her careless foot had crushed down the home of poor Lily o' the Wood. She thought he lifted his ponderous shield to strike her, and shrank back with a scream of terror; but looking up, lo! all had vanished—fairies, throne, queen and all; and in their place was only the quiet, darkening sky—the rippling brook, and pleasant field. Her book had fallen from her lap, and her own dear mother was bending over her, saying:

"Why, Jenny, you have fallen asleep, out here, under the tree. We have been searching everywhere for you."

Jenny looked around her doubtfully.

"O, mother, have I been dreaming all this time? And haven't I really seen the fairies, and received my fairy gifts?" And to her mother's astonishment, she burst into a flood of tears.

Taking her tenderly in her arms, her mother listened attentively to Jenny's story. When it was finished, the wet, flushed cheek was kissed fondly.

"Ah, my Jenny," said her mother, "you can still retain the fairy gifts, if you choose your wishes as you did in your dream. Perseverance and goodness may still be yours, and will never fail to make you wise, and beloved, and happy, too. Life has something better than fairies, my darling—the earnest, enduring, patient efforts that are always sure of success, and can bear the honest light of day. These will grant your three wishes whenever you will, if my Jenny will seek for them."

UNDER THE ELMS.

BY HESTER EARLE.

Under the elms. We were under the elms—
John and I.

The winds whispered low to the trees,

And the trees murmured gently above,

And John, on the grass at my feet,

Whispered softly to me of love,

Under the elms, whispered to me of love.

Under the elms, sitting under the elms—

John and I.

Two hands clasped in a troth-plight true;

Two hearts pledged to beat ever as one.

And the whispering winds, and the murmuring trees,

Chattered above, as if making fun.

Winds and elms chattered as if making fun.

Under the elms. I am under the elms,

All alone.

But John is a husband to-day.

Silly winds—with such pity to sigh!

Foolish trees—to respond so low!

Not for John, nor his bride, care I.

Under the elms—yet not for John care I.

Under the elms; lay me under the elms,

When I die.

Let the winds ever whisper above,

Let the trees murmur low over me.

John'll not care, driving by with his bride.

But here, under the elms let me be.

Under the elms, when I die, let me be.

UNCLE NED'S COURTING EXPERIENCE.

BY GERTRUDE GRAHAM.

"GIRLS, girls! be true to your lovers; yes, be true to them to the heart's core; as you value the love you have won, and wish to preserve it, warm and strong as you now possess it, deal honestly with them by word and act."

Alice and I exchanged looks of unfeigned astonishment. She was a tall, graceful, elegant-looking girl, my Cousin Alice was, the affianced bride of Edward Winthrop, a lawyer of wealth, rare and versatile talents, and aristocratic connections; and I, though the future promised me no such brilliant prospects, and elevated position in society, felt the love I bore the more lowly but noble George Harris was as deep, fervent and enduring, as that which pervaded and thrilled her bosom for the object of her affections.

"Uncle Ned," said Alice, "I don't understand the import of your words; just as if Kate and I shouldn't always be true to Edward and George. Of course we shall be."

The old man smiled.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, "I do not doubt you will, for you have been nurtured under the broad sunbeams of truth and honesty; but with many it is different; many do not hesitate to dissemble and equivocate, whenever it suits their convenience, and the consequence is that the fire of love which was once enkindled into a brilliant flame, soon grows dim, and eventually is extinguished forever. Years ago, in my early manhood, I was the adoring lover of one of the most exquisite specimens of female loveliness my eyes ever beheld; but when by a combination of circumstances, the painful conviction was forced upon me, that the beautiful being I had so blindly, madly worshipped, was full of dissimulation and treachery, love, which had hitherto been the intense, dominant passion of my soul, soon became metamorphosed into feelings of extreme repugnance and scorn."

"O, uncle, uncle! do tell us all about it!" cried Alice and I in the same breath—"your courting experience, do give it to us! Alice and I are both affianced," I added, "and it may have a salutary effect upon us."

"So it may," and after a little demurring our indulgent uncle began:

"At twenty-one I came into possession of

ten thousand dollars; it was not a large fortune to be sure, but a sum entirely ample to give me a fine start in life. I looked about for some time to find a suitable place to locate myself, and finally fixed upon the thriving, growing town of B—, as one offering unusual business facilities, and commenced upon a tolerable scale. The people were social, intelligent and refined, and I was admitted at once, into the best society the place afforded. Judging from the very marked attention I received from the mammas and daughters, and the various compliments which came from time to time to my ears, I concluded that I must be regarded as a highly eligible match. Indeed I do not think it improper or egotistical at my present time of life, to say that I think I did *once* possess more than an ordinary share of manly beauty. But I was young, and determined, for some years at least, not to be caught in a matrimonial noose, and to keep my heart an impregnable fortress powerfully fortified against the machinations and assaults of its fair besetters. But—alas! for the stability and constancy of frail human nature! Miss Fannie Harcourt, the reported reigning belle of New York, suddenly appeared in town like a brilliant meteor to dazzle and charm all beholders.

"She was radiantly, wondrously, surpassingly beautiful. Never was raven hair so soft, glossy and abundant, eyes so lustrous, complexion so transparent, or cheeks so rosy as hers. A smile of ineffable sweetness constantly played about her mouth, from which came tones melting and musical. She was the niece of Squire Lawson, 'was weary of city life,' she said, and had come 'out into the country to rusticate and ruralize.' It so happened that Squire Lawson's was a family that I was frequently in the habit of visiting, and, as may be supposed, the appearance of this new luminary did not serve to make me an alien to it. On the contrary, my visits doubled and trebled in an incredibly short space of time, and Miss Harcourt was the well-known attraction that drew me there.

"At first, I was reserved and taciturn in her society. I preferred listening to her flip-pant, fluent conversation, to talking much myself; besides I was conscious that my own

colloquial powers were no match for hers; but she, with a woman's tact, adroitly continued to draw me out. She introduced just those subjects with which I was best conversant, listened and replied to every remark I made, with such gratifying deference, that I became emboldened, and soon discoursed with my habitual ease and familiarity.

"Six weeks passed. I rode, chatted and walked with Fannie Harcourt daily. I scoured the forests and glens to procure for her the choicest flowers, and spent my money like water, to buy her gifts, and promote her pleasure. Still the thought of an alliance with her was dim and vapory. I regarded her as infinitely my superior, and was but too happy to be her almost absolute slave. But she lured me on; she gracefully contrasted her former suitors as foppish and frivolous to my substantial, deep, true nature; affected great abhorrence to fashionable matrimony, and emphatically asserted that she would rather live and die in a hovel with the man she loved, than be surrounded with the splendors of a palace with one for whom her soul could cherish no feelings of affection or esteem; and I, fool that I was, believed her. I listened to her intoxicating words with the wildest thrills of delight, and one evening when the summer glories were at their height, and the air was filled with the aroma of thousands of flowers, I breathed into her ear soft and impassioned words of love and tenderness; and she did not repulse me. O no! she took my hand in hers, pressed it first to her lips, and then to her heart, which I fancied was throbbing with tumultuous emotions, and in low, tremulous accents acknowledged that my love was fully reciprocated.

"From that hour I was in a perfect delirium of joy. I neglected my business, and could think, talk, and dream of nothing else but the jewel I had won.

"A month passed by. I was suddenly called to New York to my sick, and I feared dying brother John. Do 'coming events' indeed 'cast their shadows before?' or did some prophetic of evil whisper in my ear, that the cords of love which had bound me to Fannie Harcourt would be speedily severed, and my own heart would ache and bleed, as though a poisoned arrow had pierced it? Certain it was, strange and undefinable forebodings took possession of my soul. I found John better than I had dared anticipate. The attack had been an alarming one, though not as dangerous as had been represented, and one bright,

sunny morning, when he was decidedly convalescent, I determined to indulge in a stroll. Hardly, however, had I turned the first corner, when I suddenly encountered my quondam friend, Harry Flint. We had not met since we parted four years before, at the academy where we were educated. Of course we were delighted to see each other, and exchanged warmest greetings. He insisted that I should accompany him home to dinner, and I assented. We had a sumptuous repast, and discoursed freely upon past scenes and by-gone days.

"Now, Harry," said I, after our return to the parlor, "I have a little piece of news to communicate; so open your eyes wide with astonishment, and be prepared to pronounce me the luckiest fellow upon the face of the earth."

"Certainly, if your fortune really is good fortune, my warmest congratulations shall not be withheld."

"Well, then, I have wooed and won the beautiful and gifted Fannie Harcourt. Did you ever hear the like of that?" And I glanced exultingly into the face of my friend.

"And is that all?" he inquired, with the greatest possible nonchalance.

"All!" I re-echoed in astonishment, "why, if you do not call that a streak of good luck, I should like to know what you do call one?"

"Have you married her?" he asked, in the same cool, quiet way.

"No, I am only engaged."

"Ah! only engaged to Fannie Harcourt; that alters the case. Many other men have done as much as that, but no one has ever married her. But where did you become acquainted with her?"

"In B——; she is passing the summer at her uncle's."

"Strange, unaccountable infatuation!" muttered Harry, in an undertone. "Poor fellow! you are deep in hot water, and I am afraid you'll get sadly scalded."

"You are mystical, explain yourself," I exclaimed, peremptorily.

"Well, to be brief, Fannie Harcourt is a—"

"Magnificent creature, a paragon of perfection," I interrupted him with.

"Yes, she is a marvellous beauty. Venus herself could not surpass her, but I know her to be as false and artful as she is lovely. She is a vain, heartless coquette. She casts off lovers as she would her gloves, makes and breaks engagements at her volition."

"Harry Flint, how dare you assert such foul slander?"

"Because it is the unvarnished truth. Only two months ago I received a letter from my friend Frank West, desiring my warmest congratulations as you have just done, for his complete success in securing the hand of Miss Harcourt. He is in New Orleans now, but will return in September, when their nuptials will be solemnized. He is a splendid match, and if report tells rightly, she has fished well for him; and now having him in her power, it will not be for her interest to let him slip."

"It is impossible; have you the letter?"

"Not the one I referred to, for that is destroyed; but here is another of more recent date, fully corroborating the former."

"I took it and hastily glanced at the contents. The writing was familiar; where I had seen it I could not divine. But memory with her vivid pictures of the past came to my relief. It took me back to the early period of my courting experience, when I had suddenly, one morning, surprised Miss Harcourt in her uncle's library, where she was busily engaged looking over a large number of letters, many of which were penned in the same bold, business hand as the one I was now holding. I recollected the discomfiture which my presence occasioned her, and the inimitable grace with which she gathered them up and deposited them in her escritoire. My curiosity was thoroughly excited at the time, but the circumstance had not received a thought since."

"Read that," continued Harry, pointing to the postscript, and I read:

"P. S. You will perhaps be interested to know that Fannie Harcourt and I are to be united in September, soon after my return to the city. She writes me she is at present in the country, indulging in quite a flirtation with Ned Morgan, a brainless, simple-hearted rustic, who follows her like her shadow, and is ten times over her slave."

"I read no more; my brain whirled, objects grew indistinct before me, and my strength suddenly forsook me. Had some evil phantom indeed darkened my pathway in life? Could it be possible that I was the victim of artifice and duplicity! I should have fallen powerless to the floor had not Harry sustained me. "O my God! this will kill me! this will kill me," was my wild, despairing cry."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated Harry, who commiserated deeply my anguish. "It is a heavy blow, but you'll survive the shock."

The sun always shines brighter after a storm; and the day will come when you will rejoice at your deliverance from this beautiful, dangerous woman."

"I returned to B—. It was three days before I could summon resolution to meet Fannie Harcourt. In the mean time the events which had transpired were constantly revolving in my mind. I was disposed to view everything in as favorable a light as possible, but I was in a perfect labyrinth of mysteries. I had regarded her as an angel of goodness; and I was determined neither to condemn nor exonerate her, till all the facts of the case should be fully known."

"She received me with her accustomed warmth and cordiality, and playfully chided me for not coming sooner."

"I have been sick," I answered.

"Then you should have sent for me; you should have seen what a capital nurse I am, and how faithfully and devotedly I would have administered to your wants."

"You could not have relieved me," I replied. "It was not bodily infirmities that afflicted me. I was sick, sick of anguish of the soul. They told me in New York that you were engaged to Frank West, that you constantly corresponded with him, and it has almost killed me."

"And you believed it? O Ned, how could you! I thought you trusted as well as loved me." And her tones of melting tenderness went to my heart.

"I do, dearest, but there was such a long array of evidence against you;" and I proceeded to repeat word for word the postscript of Frank West's letter.

"And is this all? all the heavy battery of evidence you can bring to bear against me? Nothing but the postscript of a letter?" she queried reproachfully as I finished.

"Yes, that is all! and I would to Heaven I had not even that," I added, vehemently.

"She shook her head mournfully."

"Ned," she said, "you have been misled. I have loved you, and you alone. I have no friend or acquaintance by the name of Frank West. Still, there doubtless is such a man for all that, and he may be engaged to a Miss Fannie Harcourt, and she may be in the country flirting desperately with a Mr. Ned Morgan. This may all be true, and yet we not be the persons in question at all. They are common names, and in the great city of New York, it is not unreasonable to suppose that there may be two or more of the same;

and there is often an unaccountable coincidence of circumstances.'

"How I blessed her for those words. Her argument was a lame solution of the mystery, but it satisfied me. A man only twenty-two years of age, when desperately in love, cannot be expected to be very cool or clear-headed.

"And you do not correspond with Frank West?" I repeated, bewildered, with joy.

"I have never written or received a letter from any such person in my life. Here is my escritoire, look it over, and if you can find any letters here or anywhere else, from Frank West, or any other gentleman, you have perfect liberty to read them," and she laughed merrily; and I, I was ready to curse myself, that I should ever have doubted her at all.

"One afternoon a fortnight later, just when the golden rays of the setting sun were disappearing behind the distant hills, I came out of Dr. Dean's office in time to catch a glimpse of Fannie's figure, as she turned down a cross-road, her nearest way home.

"I walked rapidly to overtake her, but a letter lying directly in the middle of the road arrested my progress. I picked it up; it bore the address of Miss Fannia Harcourt.

"Gracious heavens! how the perspiration started from my every pore! Ah! it was that same bold business hand, that had already caused me so many heart-pangs. Would it be right and honorable for me to read it, and thus possess myself of a lady's secret? I questioned:

"Did she not emphatically tell you that any letter you might find in any place that she had received from gentlemen, you were at perfect liberty to read?

"This argument overruled my scruples. I quickly devoured its contents. Could I credit the evidence of my own eyes, or were those tender and impassioned words of love actually written there? My own name riveted my gaze. The sentence which contained it ran thus:

"I sincerely hope that Morgan will make no suicidal attempts upon his life when he hears of your marriage. In that case it would bring your harmless flirtation to an unpleasant, tragical termination."

"I read no more. I refolded the letter, and placed it exactly in the same position I had found it, and then re-entered Dr. Dean's office, to watch from the window the progress of events. As I had surmised, Miss Harcourt retraced her steps. I beheld her pick up the letter, place it in her pocket, and

as soon as she was fairly out of sight I directed my steps to my own lodgings.

"It was a night bordering on delirium that followed. I can compare my feelings to nothing but the raging and tossing of the ocean billows. It seemed as if an avalanche had suddenly overpowered me, and I wished that it had crushed out the life that had within the last few hours become so hopelessly wretched; but with the morning's dawn, this wild storm of grief had passed away. The scales had fallen from my eyes. The power of the enchantress had gone. I beheld her in her true colors; not an angel of goodness and beauty, but a woman soulless, artful and false. It was at an early hour that morning, that I repaired to Mr. Lawson's residence.

"Miss Harcourt," I said sternly, the instant my eyes fell upon her, 'you have a letter from Frank West in your possession. I know it to be a fact. It is useless for you to deny it.'

"She started nervously at my words, but quickly recovering her self-possession, answered gayly:

"Yes, I have a letter, a business letter; shall I read it to you, Mr. Morgan? It will interest you."

"If you please."

"She drew from her pocket a letter bearing the well-known hand-writing, and read:

"MISS HARCOURT:—I wrote to Mr. Dyke to forward your piano to you some time ago, why it has not been done, I am at a loss to imagine. I have written him a second time upon the subject, and it will doubtless reach you by the last of the week."

"Yours truly, FRANK H. WEST."

"Now is that not a powerful letter to rouse the 'green-eyed monster' in a lover? A letter from a piano manufacturer about a piano," she said, with an exulting laugh, as she finished reading it.

"I thought you had no acquaintance with a person of that name," was my cool reply.

"I have none. I know this man only by reputation."

"You have lied!" I fiercely exclaimed. 'Such are not the contents of that letter. I know the spirit it breathes; but you need have no fears that I shall make any 'suicidal attempts upon my own life, or that your harmless flirtation will be brought to a tragical termination.'

"She stared wildly at me for a moment, then with a jeering laugh said:

"Then the play is out, is it? Well, the curtain may as well drop. Did you think I ever intended to marry you? You, a common country store-keeper? I should as soon thought of wedding a hyena. You'll do well enough to flirt with, but you'll never do to marry."

"And you," I replied, and there was plenty of sarcasm in my tones, for her low, mocking laugh had aroused all the venom within me, 'you are a matchless beauty; your intonations are soft and musical; your jewelled fingers draw the sweetest, most plaintive strains from your piano-forte. You'd make a superb parlor ornament, or a fine picture to hang over a mantel-shelf; but that's all you are good for, you are worth nothing to marry. I'd as quick take a viper to my bosom as you.'

"Her face crimsoned, she stamped her foot on the floor with rage.

"Now, madam!" I continued in the same ironical tones, 'don't put yourself into a passion, pray don't; it makes your face unbecomingly red. It spoils the effect of your charms.'

"I'll report you to Frank West, he'll make you repent of your insolence."

"Indeed."

"He'll challenge you, he'll fight a duel with you, he'll shoot you," she continued, with no abatement of passion.

"Ah! you threaten powerfully! When are these lady-like threats to be carried into execution?"

"You insolent, contemptible country upstart! be gone from my presence."

"Certainly, madam, I will obey you with pleasure, but first permit me to say, that if Mr. West wishes to fight with me, I shall be happy to accommodate him. He has rendered me an essential service. He has prevented me from being fettered to a woman, whom I thoroughly loathe and abhor, and I thank him and my God for the deliverance. Good morning; a pleasant future to you?" And with these words I left the house.

"From that hour I was a changed man. I removed to New York, and became deeply immersed in business, and success crowned every speculation. But I was cold, cynical, taciturn. I regarded all women as faithless and hypocritical, and shunned them as I would have shunned a rabid dog.

"It was late in the autumn of 1880, that I was travelling through a little, retired village in the western part of Massachusetts where an accident occurring to my vehicle compelled

me to stop at Newgate's Inn for several hours. The detention was excessively annoying, but as it was unavoidable, I submitted with the best possible grace. As I was standing, towards evening, in the piazza of the inn, leisurely smoking my cigar, my attention was directed to a man who came slowly up the road, reeling and staggering at every step. He was evidently much intoxicated. A troop of boys followed close behind him, and their taunting words, and jeering laughter, grated unpleasantly upon my ears. Strong drink had so intoxicated him, that I expected every moment to see him fall powerless to the ground.

"At this critical juncture, a young girl coming from an opposite direction glided rapidly to his side. She was very plainly but neatly dressed, and could not have exceeded twelve summers.

"Grandpa, dear grandpa," I heard her say in loving, childish accents, 'lean on me. I'll hold you up, and we'll go home together. You and your own darling Nellie;' and she encircled his waist with her slender arm as she spoke.

"He placed his elbow on her shoulder, and I beheld her slight form bend under its heavy burden.

"Who are they?" I inquired of the landlord, who had come out and stood a silent, though not an uninterested observer of the scene.

"Only old Joe Wilson and his granddaughter," he replied. 'She's the last of his family, the noblest and best girl in the village, and he's a perfect sot. Many a night he would have only the cold, damp ground for a resting-place, the stones for his pillow, and the starry heavens for a covering, were it not for her unceasing devotion, and watchfulness over him. Time after time I have seen her as you have just done, come when he was so much intoxicated as to be hardly able to move, and with fond words, and gentle hands, conduct him home.'

"Ah! it was an uncommon scene, a fair, young maiden, in all her youthful purity, guiding the tottering steps of her aged, incapacitated grandfather, and I watched their progress with increasing interest. Suddenly, the old man hit his foot against a stone, and was precipitated violently to the ground. I sprang to the spot with the agility of a panther.

"Where do you live?" I inquired of his terrified companion as I lifted him gently up.

"Over there," and she pointed to a one-story wood-colored house a few yards distant.

"I was tall and athletic, and without the slightest inconvenience conveyed the old man to his rude domicile, and laid him down on his lowly bed. With a rapid glance I surveyed the apartment. It was truly a drunkard's home, cold, cheerless and comfortless. Then my eyes turned admiringly upon the sweet face of the girl, who stood with graceful timidity by my side. Instinctively my fingers slipped into my pocket. I drew therefrom two ten dollar bills.

"Here, take these," I said, slipping them into her hand. "It will do something towards relieving your wants, and don't forget Ned Morgan, will you."

"Never, never! as long as I live," was the low, fervent answer that rang in my ears as I left the house.

"But the endless tide of time continued to roll on. I had completed my thirty-fourth year. Twelve summers had passed, since the one of my ill-fated attachment to Fannie Harcourt. I was a bachelor. Fortune had laid her choicest gifts at my feet, and a score of young ladies, attracted doubtless by the glitter of my gold, would have been proud of my alliance; but my feelings had undergone no revolution toward the fair sex, and I was determined that no woman should be the sharer of my wealth. It was about this time that I received a pressing invitation from my friend Harry Flint, who had purchased a fine estate upon the sloping banks of the Hudson, to visit him. It so chanced that during my sojourn there, the teachers and pupils of Mr. B——'s seminary held their annual levee. Scarcely had I entered the drawing-room, when my eyes fell upon a tall, slender young lady, standing by the mantel-shelf, in the broad blaze of the chandelier.

"It was an uncommon face, not beautiful certainly, if that word only implies perfect symmetry of form and feature. But it unaccountably fascinated me. Goodness, gentleness and truth had set their signet upon every lineament.

"Who is that young lady?" I inquired of Mr. Flint, my elbow companion; "the one so simply attired in white, with that cluster of wild flowers in her hair? She's standing by the mantel-shelf; don't you see her?"

"O, that is Nellie Wilson. She's Dr. Hale's protegee. He picked her up in some obscure country town, some half dozen years ago;

just after her grandfather, an intemperate old man, had died, and she's lived with him ever since."

"In an instant the incident which had occurred in front of Newgate's Inn, just six years before, was revived in my memory.

"Nellie Wilson!" She was the same young girl I had seen conducting her aged, intoxicated grandfather to their abode of wretchedness and want.

"At that moment she raised those mild, blue eyes of hers. They met mine; an expression of joyful surprise, followed by a burning blush, instantly overspread her countenance. I knew she had recognized me.

"When I next walked the streets of New York, Nellie Wilson leaned upon my arm my proud, happy wife. I had at last found a woman, whom I could honor and trust. And O, how true she was to me in word and in deed, through the whole course of our married life! How I idolized her! All the tendrils of my soul seemed wound around her. For her sake I again trusted and revered the sex. She taught me that this world is not our home; that the great object of this life is to prepare for a higher and more perfect existence, and one that is full of glory; that the property I had acquired was not given me merely to promote my own aggrandizement, only lent me to make my own and the lives of those about me brighter, purer and happier. I dispensed my charities with an unparing hand. It was Nellie's loving spirit that impelled me, and I should have never received the benedictions which have followed in my footsteps and been the crowning joy of my old age, had she and I trod different paths in life.

"O Nellie! my true and faithful Nellie! You were the guiding star of my earthly pilgrimage; the light of my life. I shall never see you more here. You sleep under the willow trees. The grass grows green over your grave in spring-time, and the snow, rain and sleet fall upon it in the winter. But you are not there. O no! far off in the realms of light and love, where the Saviour is, and the spirits of the just made perfect, you dwell, clad in robes of spotless white. I shall soon join you, in that happy land, where the grass never withers and the flowers never fade, and we shall dwell together, forever and ever, my precious angel wife!"

Tears coursed down Uncle Ned's cheeks as he finished his narrative, and his last words were scarcely audible.

"Thank you for your interesting story," said Alice. "It has been an instructive one; Uncle Ned, and I never shall forget the lesson it has taught me."

"And I shall be faithful and true to George all the days of my life," I ejaculated, fervently.

"Do," responded Uncle Ned, "be true to your lovers and your husbands, as my own sainted Nellie was to me, and the sands of your married life will go down in tranquil peace and happiness."

"But what became of Fannie Harcourt? Did she ever marry Frank West?" I asked.

"No, dear, Frank West found a watery grave. He died on his homeward passage from New Orleans to New York, and the deep blue ocean waves closed over his body. Fannie Harcourt married soon after an Italian, who was passing himself off in this country as Count Farrinella, but who proved not to be the veritable count himself, but a man without title or fortune, and a most notorious swindler and rascal. Fannie died in foreign parts some years since, in the most abject poverty and wretchedness."

MY CITY COUSINS.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

"SEE here, Rachel; you just put a shirt or two, an extra pair of socks, and any other little thing I shall be likely to want, in my valise, will you? while I'm getting ready," exclaimed Peabody—(Peabody is my husband—not the "great London banker," however,)—tossing his hat on the floor, his coat on the lounge, and one boot under the stove.

"The boys have got up a gang to go to the shore," he exclaimed, lathering his face, as if his life depended on it; "going to start in half an hour; deuced sudden, but there! I can't stop to talk," spitting out a mouthful of foam that fell in his mouth just at that moment.

"I hope when you're enjoying yourself with your friends, you will think of your poor wife sweltering here in the heat, alone," I said, in an injured tone.

"But, Rachie, Mary Ann will be with you, and—"

"O, to be sure! Mary Ann; but perhaps, Mr. Peabody, a woman wants to go out of sight of the chimney corner, *sometimes*." Whereupon Peabody faced suddenly round, and gave me one of his provoking, quizzical looks (and he can be terribly provoking); and I broke down under it, and laughed; for I knew, and knew that Charlie knew, that I had been allotting on this "shore" trip of his all summer, for an opportunity to do up a lot of reading, writing and idling, undisturbed by ribs and buttons; and supremely indifferent to the momentous question of dinners. But then, that is all the beauty of having a husband, or wife, to have somebody to complain of and find fault with, as one would not dare

do with anybody else. It's one of the "matrimonial felicities" that single people are sublimely ignorant of. It's a sort of escape valve for the feelings, and accounts for the fact that married people live longer—on an average—than single ones.

Well, Charite was ready and off in less than twenty minutes. It doesn't take a man any time at all to get ready. He can get ready and go, while a woman is "doing" her hair.

"Now, Mary Ann," I said to my little maid-of-all-work, "we went have any regular dinners, or suppers, but just take a lunch in the pantry, whenever we please. It's going to be a scorcher, to-day, and we won't keep a fire to roast that meat; you can put it in the cooler until morning. And just close all the blinds, and put the screens in the doors, and then you can run down to your sister's, if you want to, and stay till five o'clock. I am going to write—I've got the plot of a nice little story in my head, and don't wish to be disturbed."

"But suppose anybody comes, ma'am?"

"There won't anybody come, Mary Ann," I said, very positively; for, among all my friends, I knew none whom I expected, or who would come, even if I did, this boiling hot July day; that is, if they knew anything!

But that unlucky question of Mary Ann's haunted me like an unburied ghost. Reason as I might, I could not "lay" it. I took a mental account of bread and pastry; calculating how I could cut up a half-dozen biscuit so they would show to better advantage, and wondering, uneasily, if the potatoes were not all out; and that brought me to the meat question, which didn't take long to consider,

for I remembered very distinctly that there was only a small slice of tongue, which I wanted myself. I sincerely hope I wasn't actuated by any selfish motive in sending Mary Ann down to her sister's!

Now I am a country woman, born and bred—perhaps you didn't know, or were perfectly indifferent if you did—and ever since I was old enough to read, which has been—well, no matter how long, I have read the terrible annoyances, and heart-rending mortifications and sufferings of city people, who were so lamentably unfortunate as to have “country cousins.” I have wept over the bitter sorrow of a “proud young heart” at the scathing disgrace of being forced to face her “genteel” friends, in company with a red-cheeked damsel, in a bright-colored delaine dress, and cotton gloves, and a bonnet full three weeks behind the style; and who *would* persist in looking up at signs, and in at shop windows.

Acting upon the idea that “misery loves company,” I propose to reverse the picture for their special delectation. And if any one of them ever endured more than I did, during the ten doleful days whose sufferings I am about to record, I am truly sorry for them. So much by way of digression.

It was deliciously cool in the parlor, and thither I bore my little writing-desk, and gave myself up to the charm of solitude—and imagination. There was a sort of bewitching fascination about my work, and I was utterly oblivious of time, until the shrill whistle of the “midday train” awoke me to the realities of life; and Mary Ann’s “suppose any one should come, ma’am,” stood up and confronted me with a fearful distinctness.

“Pooh!” I said, angry at myself, “I will not be so silly; but as it’s noon, I will just take a little lunch, and then go back to my writing.”

A gust of hot air struck me as I came out into the south room, and I felt extremely grateful that Peabody had gone to the shore that particular day. I looked at the thermometer; the mercury indicated 97°, and again I congratulated myself that I had no dinner to cook.

I took a rocking-chair to the coolest place I could find, and ate my lunch in a dreamy, careless kind of a way, that was perfectly delightful. I had just arisen to brush the crumbs from my apron, when the sound of footsteps on the gravel, and a confused ming-

ling of voices, made my heart stand still with apprehension.

An energetic ringing of the door-bell brought me quickly to the hall, but not quick enough to prevent the first of the chapter of disasters that was in store for me. As I opened the sitting-room door, a pug-nosed, cross-eyed youngster of six or seven years, was leaning his whole weight, and pushing against the slender screen. Before I got half to the door, the frail support gave way, and, he came tumbling headlong into the house; and the hole being made, another boy about the same size, putting his feet close together, and doubling his fists, made a leap, and landed on my dress, which he tore half out of the gathers.

I hastened to open the door before any more came through, and to my horror and astonishment beheld three women; the elder—whom I judged to be the mother of this interesting family—with a babe of hardly a year in her arms.

“O, Cousin Rachel! how do you do?” And grasping my hand, she continued, “Now Cousin Rachel! *aren’t* you astonished at seeing us? I told the girls I wouldn’t write, for I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise.”

I don’t know what I might have said, for I felt very indignant at this unwarrantable intrusion, for I was very positive that I had never seen my detestable “cousins” before; but, as if to relieve any embarrassment I might feel, the smiling “cherub” in her arms dug both his fists into my face and eyes, leaving two long scratches the length of my cheek.

“Baby is so playful, Cousin Rachel, he’s always ready for a frolic with everybody. Minerva Arabella Wiggin, and Floretta Albertina, my eldest and youngest daughters, and as the very fine young ladies offered me the tips of their gloved fingers, an idea dawned on me.

I had never—happy woman that I was, or rather *had* been—seen a Wiggin before; but it all came to me like a flash of lightning. My maternal grandmother, being of a very philanthropic turn of mind, married, for a second husband, a widower with “nine small children,” and the youngest of these, following the illustrious example of her step-mamma, married a widower likewise, but with improvements—he had but one child, who, incensed that her father should marry a girl scarcely older than herself, took her revenge on them by marrying one Joshua Wig-

gin, a small grocer somewhere in the "Hub." It all came over me like a flash, as I stood there. I remembered hearing my mother tell of it, but as they were people I never had seen, or cared to, for that matter, their existence had completely slipped from my mind.

I invited them in, the more readily as I heard the crash of broken glass in the kitchen, where those two young imps, in plaid jackets and white trousers, looking so much alike that I never knew which was which, only as I sometimes fancied one was the most hateful, had fled to. One of my pretty cut-glass goblets lay shivered to atoms on the floor.

"George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson, my twin presidents, Cousin Rachel," volunteered the doting mother. "Wasn't that a happy idea of mine, in naming them?"

I said yes, a very original one, but I doubt if she noticed the sarcasm with which I tried to season it. For I was sadly vexed; indeed, I knew not what to do, Mary Ann gone, nothing cooked in the house, at least nothing to satisfy this terrible swarm that had swept down upon me like the devouring locusts.

"My husband is away, and my girl gone for the day," I said; "and I have cooked no dinner, on account of the extreme heat."

"O, don't put yourself out for us, we don't eat like you country people. I dare say we can make out nicely with a bowl of milk, and some warm biscuits with strawberries and cream; can't we, my dears?" said Mrs. Wiggin, coaxingly.

"I want some taters, I do," cried the namesake of the "father of his country."

"And so'd I, and some fried chicken, and some green peas. You said we should have enough of 'em when we got out here, so come, now," said the illustrious Jefferson, pulling at his mother's skirts.

"Hush, darlings! Cousin Rachel will get you something nice, I am sure. They are so wild at getting into the country," she added, half apologetically, to me.

After I had laid away the bonnets, parasols, shawls, etc., of my invited guests, I excused myself and went to kindle a fire. The potatoes were out; but I desperately seized a hoe, and made a raid on Peabody's "peach-blooms," which he had expressly forbidden Mary Ann to touch. But then I wasn't Mary Ann! And as I thought of him, smoking his meerschaum in the cool sea breeze, I should have no compunctions to dig every single hill.

I had some nice ham, and with warm biscuits (the half dozen cold ones I had, had all

vanished before I had dinner half ready), I thought it would do very well, especially as I had "pie," that necessary auxiliary to a New England country meal. It was near two o'clock, and I was completely overcome with the combined heat of sun and fire, when I got dinner on the table, and marshalled my host for the attack.

The young ladies "didn't eat pork, it injured the complexion;" George Washington wanted some boiled eggs, he didn't want any "nasty old bacon;" and Thomas Jefferson kicked the table legs, and went nearly frantic for "huckleberries and milk." But they were at length pacified by a piece of pie, which they persisted in having first, after which they ate biscuits and butter, until I felt sincerely thankful that they didn't "eat like country people." They had a charming little habit of gnawing off the butter, and passing the bread to their indulgent mamma, to be re-buttered.

"They are delighted with your nice country butter, Cousin Rachel. I promised them plenty of new milk, and new butter, when they got into the country," said the mother, blandly.

"We do not keep a cow," and came near adding, "have to pay fifty cents a pound for butter."

"I'm sure," drawled Minerva Arabella, languidly, "I thought all country people kept cows."

"And that strawberries and cream, and spring chickens rained down, I suppose?" I said, a little spitefully.

"Why how funny you are, Cousin Rachel. Of course I didn't expect they came so; but as all these things come in from the country, I expected, of course, all country people had more eggs, and milk, and butter, at least, than they knew what to do with. I'm sure I don't see what's the use of living in the woods, if you don't have anything more than city people do."

I was on the point of replying, when my eye caught the tail of a kite, which the enterprising twins had been engaged on when I called them to dinner. I arose quickly, for my suspicions were roused; and there, sure enough, was the manuscript that I had spent the morning in writing, cut up and strung for the tail of a kite!

"I am afraid you've been writing love letters," said Mrs. Wiggin, quite seriously. "I noticed two or three lines that sounded rather sentimental. I'm afraid I shall have to tell Cousin Charles."

"Don't trouble yourself," I said, feeling my face flush with anger and vexation.

"I do so wish Cousin Charles was at home," put in Floretta Albertina; but I did not stop to answer, for I had a vague sort of fear, that, as they had evidently been in the parlor, some more mischief had been done; nor was I disappointed.

The ink bottle lay on one side, and but for its being nearly empty, my carpet would have been ruined. As it was, the ink had run down and saturated a pile of magazines which I had laid there ready for binding. Every blind was open, and the sun lay in there fierce and hot. The books were taken from the what-not, and lay open on the floor, and a plaster cast was taken from the basket, and lay on the sofa, adorned with Minerva Arabel-la's "fanchon." That was the only redeeming feature of the case.

But this was only a beginning of my troubles, a faint foretaste of the misery I was destined to encounter for the next ten days. I honestly believe that those interesting twins had eaten nothing for a month; and it was a continual marvel to me how two such small boys could hold such enormous quantities of food; and was at last forced to receive Mary Ann's solution of the problem, viz., that they were "perfectly hollow inside."

But I am neglecting to mention the youngest of this beautiful family group—who, though last, was by no means least, as I became painfully conscious of before the first night was over. "Baby wasn't feeling well," his mamma said, and I didn't wonder; for how any child, with any conscience at all, could sleep after destroying as much as he had, I could not see. My carpet was ankle deep in bits of cracker, pie-crust, cookies, currants, green apples, clothes-pins, clam-shells, broken bits of crockery, gravel stones, cones from a cone basket his mother had given him while I was out, and which he had of course destroyed, torn newspapers, dried grass from the vases, etc., etc., and when I came into the room after a short absence, I found the little innocent with his lap full of old letters, which I had stored in a stand-drawer; and industriously engaged in tearing them in long strips, and stuffing them into his capacious mouth. If I had been certain that he would have choked himself, I might have interfered, but not feeling positive on that point, I took them away from him without ceremony; whereupon he set up a shriek that would have done credit to a Camanche Indian.

"Mother's pet can't have *anything* to play with, can it, precious?" I heard her say, as I was going up stairs. But I did not relent, but kept straight on, and deposited my letters—what there was left of them—in a trunk, and locked it, putting the key in my pocket. My descent was hastened by hearing a great commotion among the fowls in Green's, my right hand neighbor's, yard. I hurried out and found the "twin presidents" engaged in a grand steeple chase with Green's Shanghais in the garden. Peabody's onions looked as if they had been out in a small tornado, as with broken backs and watery eyes, they lay amid the ruins of their former grandeur. The cabbage plants, which by careful nursing had just got able to hold up their heads, had been remorselessly torn up by the roots, and made into a bouquet, with some tomato tops and bean vines.

"I say, Wash, aint this jolly!" cried young Jefferson, catching his foot in a melon vine, and going down headlong, to the infinite risk of breaking his nose, had it not already been too perfect a pug to admit of danger in that direction.

"Should rather think 'twas," laughed that young gentleman, with a horrible squint that made my blood run cold, it was so decidedly impish. "Let's run 'em through there," pointing to the long flourishing rows of sweet corn, the pride of Peabody's heart.

"Come out of that garden instantly!" I called; and taking them by the arms, I led them into the house; and I am not certain but I gave them a slight shake as I told them to "stay there!" If I didn't, it was not for lack of good-will. I then proceeded to call Green's chickens preparatory to coaxing them home, and had, after a long series of patient manoeuvres, and some remarkable strategy, succeeded in getting them to the door of their coop, when, happening to lift my eyes, I saw, to my infinite dismay, our beautiful little white pig (which we had bought only two weeks before, and which, being our first pig—like one's first baby—we could never sufficiently admire) industriously engaged in rooting up Mr. Green's beets. Leaving the Shanghais to their own devices, I called Mary Ann, and with Mrs. Green and Sophia, her daughter, we tried to get that pig once more within bounds. But coaxing, driving and strategy were alike fruitless. The proverbial contrariness of the race culminated in that pig! Up and down streets, across fields, and through gardens—in short,

everywhere but into his pen, went that provoking animal. Old men and little boys joined in the race, and altogether it was one of the most exciting things that had happened in B, since Frahk Stevens came home from war, and found, like Enoch Arden, his wife married to another man.

But he was a very small pig, and he had to succumb to the force of numbers; but he was game to the last, and made up in voice what he lacked in legs. The door, which those boys had unbuttoned, was nailed up, and vexed and tired I returned to the house. But what a sight greeted my eyes! My hair-cloth chairs were doing duty as horses; and by means of a piece of rope cut from the clothes-line, were being dragged up and down the hall; and my what-not was lying on its back with young Jefferson astride it, digging his "copper-toed" shoes, which his mother informed me were "just the things to wear in the woods," into its sides.

"Mrs. Wiggin," said I, very decidedly, "those young ones cannot stay in my house unless you make them behave."

"You sent them in yourself. They were amusing themselves quietly out door, when you very rudely drove them in."

"Amusing themselves! I should think so! They have nearly ruined the garden, besides letting out my neighbor's fowls, and our own pig, which we came near losing."

"By the way, Cousin Rachel," simpered Floretta Albertina, "I was shocked that you could so far forget the proper sphere of a lady, as to assist in catching that—that—creature! I think it is dreadfully vulgar, and shows a lack of refinement and good-breeding, which is very trying to genteel people."

"Don't let it annoy you, my dear," interposed the mother; "you must not expect country people to have such a nice sense of gentility, and such delicacy of perception, as have those who have had the advantages of a metropolitan education. You are too sensitive, my love."

I bit my lips to keep back the angry retort that trembled on them; but I fancy no veneration for departed greatness withheld me from taking George Washington and Thomas Jefferson off the furniture, and setting them down—well, pretty solid! "You cannot play horse with these chairs, nor in fact with anything in this room; do you understand?" I said, facing myself to look straight at their abominable squint eyes; though for the life of me I couldn't tell if they were looking at me!

"You have no patience at all with children, Cousin Rachel!"—(it seemed as if these people would "cousin" me to death), said Mrs. Wiggin. "Of course, as they are your *best* chairs, you are afraid of their getting hurt; but the dear pets are not to blame, for at home they understand that they can play with the hair-cloth furniture as much as they please; but my parlor—ah! they know I should never allow them climbing over my rosewood-and-damask. But as long as they are your *best*, I suppose you think as much of them as I do of mine."

"Haven't you got any French novels, Rachel? It's so horribly stupid here, I shall die with ennui," said the languid voice of the fair Minerva Arabella, yawning.

"No. I have not, I am happy to say."

"Why, Cousin Rachel! I do so dote on them. I think they are perfectly charming. Don't you read novels?"

"Yes, some. I read Dickens, Miss Mulock, and—"

"Dickens! I think he is wretchedly stupid. Just the most mixed up, pointless nonsense, I ever saw."

"What things we do not *understand*, such things nonsensical we call," I repeated, remembering a line that I once came across in my reading, and which has, I think, a great deal of truth in it. Whereupon Minerva Arabella sulked to the lounge, and Floretta Albertina amused herself drumming on the window, and then complained of the young men's "gawking" at her.

But it's altogether useless to attempt to enumerate the vexations and annoyances to which I was subjected. I had no rest day or night; for nights, Ulysses Lincoln Sheridan Wiggin—I don't know as I have mentioned the baby's name before; if I have not, I beg the reader's pardon for the inadvertence, showing as it did the intense patriotism of the family. To be sure it was a great name for so small a boy, but then, they called him Linkey Wiggin for short. But as I was saying, nights, this infantile Ulysses made "music for the gods." I actually believe that child's lunge were made of India rubber. I am positive no other substance could have stood the long, exhaustive strain.

At the end of the week, Peabody's peach-blossoms were among the things that were. Mary Ann had picked every solitary pea or bean on the place; the tomatoes were pulled up and hung on the fence to dry; all the little squashes and cucumbers had been pulled

up and fed to the pig—who, I blush to say, had no more consideration for my feelings than to eat them! The currant bushes looked as if there had been a fire through them, and I lay in wait at the windows and doors, for every small boy who was unlucky enough to carry a pail, and who might be supposed to have berries in it. All of the neighbors' henneries were laid under tribute for "fresh" eggs, and I began to contemplate quite seriously, of buying out a small dairy-man, who hadn't more than half a dozen cows, and who was anxious to sell and go "out West," to that land "flowing with milk and honey," and where, consequently, there would be no need of cows.

Minerva Arabella and Floretta Albertina walked bare-headed through the streets, "in the twilight," and stood in the front-yard, and chattered and giggled, and then talked about the "country greenies" staring at them. They tramped fields, rolled down hills, and climbed fences, in a manner that would have been considered perfectly scandalous in a country girl.

They professed themselves "bored to death" with the country, yet seemed in no hurry to leave it; and when at the end of the week, Charley came home from the shore; feeling cool, and fresh, and rested; and looking ten times handsomer than when he went away—though Charley always was rather good-looking; the young ladies were so delighted with "Cousin Charley" that I concluded they were a fixture for the summer. I expected Charles would be wild about his garden, but he took it very calmly, and even went so far as to ask me, "what made me look so tired and worried?" I reason I gave him a look that would have annihilated some men, but Charley only laughed good-naturedly, and said I was "all worked up and nervous." As if my week's experience was not enough to make anybody nervous!

"Mrs. Peabody," said Mary Ann, one morning, "I would not think of leaving you for the world, if I could stand it to do the work; but them young ladies keep me a washing or ironing for them all the time. And then, you know, them two dreadful young ones keep a body all the time running after them; and I can't get a wink of sleep for that howling infant. Indeed, ma'am, I don't believe I can stand it at all."

"Mary Ann, you must not leave me. I will try to get clear of them if I can. In the meantime, don't you wash or iron another

article for those girls; let them be their own laundresses. If I can't get rid of them, I think you and I will go to the shore for a few weeks—eh, Mary Ann?"

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," she said, smiling; and I went out with the determination of making my guests tired of their summer quarters. I poured my complaints into Charley's ears, but he, cool and fresh, could not sympathize with me, who had borne the heat and burden of the day. It is strange how much more resigned a man will be to having the expense of company when there happens to be good-looking young women among them! And these young ladies in particular, were so charmed with "Cousin Charley," and hung round him so continually, brushing his hair, or taking his arm for a promenade, or coaxing him to read to them, or something, that, manlike, he was pleased and flattered.

"Rachie," he said, coming out to the kitchen where I was sweltering over the fire, "I'm going to take Minerva and Floretta out four or five miles for a drive. Get ready and go with us."

"Are George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson, and Ulysses Lincoln Sheridan going?" I said; "because if they are, you had better charter a train of cars."

"I don't think you treat your cousins very well. You don't seem to care whether they go or stay."

"But I do care, a good deal. I am very anxious for them to go, and it won't be my fault if they don't. And as for their being my 'cousins,' I would like for somebody well versed in genealogy, to tell me just how much they are related to me!"

"Nonsense, Rachie! Put on your hat and go; you will feel better for taking the air."

"Charles Augustus Peabody," said I, very solemnly, "don't never ask me to go anywhere with a Wiggins, for I will not go, if I stay at home till I'm gray!"

"I believe you're jealous, Rachie," laughing, and stroking his whiskers, as if he thought he was perfectly irresistible; and looking so quizzical and provoking, that I wanted to box his ears! And besides, I felt just ready to cry, for here I had half killed myself waiting on this tribe, through this terrible hot week, besides the vexation of seeing my little treasures destroyed, my furniture nearly ruined, and my rose-bushes, and lilacs, and fuchsias broken down, or pulled up by the roots; and then, when I had confidently

calculated on his sympathy, at least, to find him "going over to the enemy" in this style, was the "one feather that broke the camel's back."

"Rachle, where's my thin boots?" called Charley, from the bedroom.

"I don't know, I'm sure. I haven't worn them," very ungraciously.

"Well, I left them in the closet. You must have done something with them, or they would be here."

I smiled quietly to myself, as I remembered picking one from under the stove, and the other from behind a chair, after he had started for the store; but I said nothing, for I knew just where I put them, and didn't expect, of course, that he would find them, for who ever knew a man to find *anything*, even if it was right before his eyes! So I wiped my hands very deliberately, and went with a great deal of confidence after them—but they weren't there! And though Charley and I turned and shook everything, and looked in all manner of possible and impossible places, even to the drawers, and my work-box—still no boots were to be found.

"Come with me," I said, dragging Charley reluctantly through the orchard, to a little frog-pond. And there, sure enough, they were, about three feet from the shore, the water nearly to the tops, and filled with mud, sticks and stones, and the dirty green slime of the pond.

"The —," said Charley; "how came—"

"O, it's the work of those boys. Only the 'natural playfulness of children,' Charles," I said, quoting the very words with which he consoled me the day before, when they had opened my bird-cage, and a great yellow-and-black thomas-cat, which was continually lurking about my back door, had pounced upon poor "Dickie;" and though I chased him frantically, only one pale yellow feather came floating back to me, for a memento of my beautiful canary. So I took the destruction of Charley's boots very philosophically.

Charles waded in and got them, though of course they weren't worth much, and we were just turning away, when something close to the shore, among the weeds, caught my eye.

"What's that, Charles?"

"An old piece of carpeting, I guess;" then, as he got a little nearer—"Good gracious, Rachel Peabody! if they aint my new embroidered slippers!"

And sure enough, there they were, with pieces of sticks for masts, and on one, my em-

broidered muslin handkerchief I had lain on the grass to bleach, and on the other, Charley's pretty little stylish neck-tie, which was his especial pet.

"They must have opened the drawers, for both the slippers and neck-tie were in them, in a paper."

"The wretched little imps!" growled Charley, savagely. "I'd like to wring their necks!" Strange, isn't it? how much easier it is to bear other people's trials and vexations, than our own.

As we went up to the door, a strange young man, dressed in the highest style of art, stood on the front piazza.

"Another Wiggins!" I laughed. And sure enough it was!—and the eldest and first-born son of all the Wiggins, although Minerva Arabella was the eldest child.

"This is our dear boy, Frederic Adolphus, Cousin Rachel," said the proud mother. The young man arose gracefully, and made an exquisite bow, laying his hand on his heart in the most cavalier-like manner. "Frederic Adolphus has come after us. An aunt from whom we have great expectations, has come to visit us, and though it will cut our visit short here, it will not do to neglect her, for, as I said, she is very wealthy."

The girls sulked, and declared they wouldn't go home to see the "hateful old thing;" but on second thoughts did not dare refuse, on account of the "expectations."

"You cannot regret our sudden departure more than I do, Cousin Charles," said Mrs. Wiggins.

Charley winced, and I caught his eye, and smiled triumphantly. They were going! I felt as light as a bird; my spirits rose, and I tried my best to do the agreeable to Frederic Adolphus, out of gratitude for the good news he had brought. And as for the old "aunt," I could have taken her in my arms and embraced her, if she had been a perfect Xantippe.

The eldest male scion of the house of Wiggins was perhaps not the most brilliant young man that ever was, but he was better-natured, and had more regard for others than the rest had. And then he was decidedly handsome; not intellectually, perhaps, but in beauty of feature and color. He staid one day and one night, and, remembering Charley's unsympathizing manner since his return, *perhaps* I didn't exert myself to entertain him! I flatter myself, too, that I succeeded, for I heard him telling Floretta that "Cousin Rachle was splendid company," to which that young lady

very snappishly replied that "she didn't like her half as well as she did Cousin Charles."

I knew they were not to stay long, and I could afford to be gracious; and Frederic Adolphus made himself generally useful, waiting on the children; and he really had some little authority over them, which he was very quick to exercise if he saw they were annoying me. He even went so far as to assist Mary Ann in setting back tables, pumping water, raising windows, and so forth, which so won upon that young lady's good opinions, that she declared that "for a Wiggin, he was real nice;" adding that "he was the most sweet-smelling gentleman she ever see." And indeed, I think his perfumery bill must have been enormous.

Now I am not naturally given to "talking round" to find out what I hesitate to ask direct questions concerning. But I will confess to a curiosity concerning the "rosewood and damask;" and so, when I happened to be alone with Frederic, in the parlor, I said, in reply to some expression of admiration for some little fancy articles I had, "I supposed everything looked so cheap and plain to you, from your having things so nice, that you would find nothing to admire."

"Why, Cousin Rachie," he said, with genuine surprise, "we haven't got anything nice at all. And if we had, those boys would destroy it. I don't believe there is anything in the house but what is cracked, or broken. We haven't a room in the house, that looks half as nice as your kitchen."

At last the hour of departure came, and each individual Wiggin was formed into line of march for the "delectable land." The infant Wiggin had collected all his forces for a parting salute, and was screaming several octaves higher than he had attained in any previous effort.

"We will come out some other time and finish our visit, Cousin Rachel," said the maternal Wiggin. "It's not considered at all genteel to stay in the city through the summer, and it is so much pleasanter to go among one's own relations." I did not reply to her, but turning round said, "And you, Cousin Frederic?" It was the first time I had said "cousin" to any of them, and should not then, if I had not seen Charley looking particularly glum.

"O yes, Rachie, I shall run down any time, without waiting for mother and the girls."

"Do," I said, "don't wait for them."

"And you must be sure and come to see us,

when you come to the anniversary. I'll take you all over the city, Cousin Rachie."

"I'd like to catch you do it, you perfumed young ninny!" growled Charley behind his moustache; but the cries of that considerate infant kindly drowned all such unpleasant remarks.

But I noticed that Frederic Adolphus wilted considerably at the black look his mother gave him, and so I replied, very blandly, that I "should undoubtedly make them a long visit." Frederic Adolphus gave me a grateful look, and I smiled back on him in a very encouraging manner, and said, "I shall be sure to hold you to your promise, Cousin Fred, when I come."

Frederic gallantly kissed his hand to me, and so the party filed off—and really, they made quite a respectable procession.

"What a brainless young fop that fellow is," said Charley, savagely.

"Really, Charles, I don't think you treated your cousins at all well. One would think you didn't care whether they went or stayed."

"Rachel, you are a perfect little torment! One would think, to see you, that you were half in love with that young dandy."

"Nonsense, Charles, I really believe you are jealous. Of course I have a sort of cousinly affection for the fellow; it is considered allowable, I believe. And when I go in to the anniversary—"

"Rachel Peabody!" catching me by the waist as I was escaping through the door, "you don't really intend going there, do you? I'd rather pay five dollars a day for your board."

"But, Charles, just consider how much pleasanter it would be among one's own relations. And then there is Frederic Adol—" A hand was held suddenly over my mouth, but it did not hinder a long, ringing laugh from escaping, and at length Charley was forced to join in it.

"I tell you what I'll do if you'll call it even," he said. "We will both go to the shore next summer, and stay through 'dog-days.' Will that do, little one?"

I said, I thought it would, and so peace was restored, and we shook hands on it; but I haven't the least idea he will remember it till next summer; men are so forgetful! And so, dear reader, instead of the nice romantic story you might have got, you have only this harrowing tale, which, if you are of a sympathizing turn of mind, you will weep "tears of blood" over.

THE BIRTH-MARK

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

AFTER a full course of medical study I found myself in practice in a small town on the river M—. I say in *practice*—I would have been so, had circumstances allowed it; but fortunately (or unfortunately) it was too healthy a place to give me much support, and I had nothing to encourage me to remain. Still, I should have felt unwilling to leave it. The heart always clings to *first* places. The place where we were born, where our childhood was passed, the first place in which we have lived after marriage, or, perhaps where the first child was ushered into existence—all seem to have a tale peculiar to each, and memory and love repeat over and over again that well-conned lesson.

Old ladies—those oracles of country towns—told me I must not expect practice until I married. To have sympathy with patients, they said, I must be a family man—and so, though trembling as I revolved the problem of our future, I brought home the sweetest being that ever gladdened or saddened a man's heart, and installed her in the tiny cottage which you might see at the foot of yonder hill, only that it is all hidden by lilacs and altheas.

My Ellesif was a contented, easy little creature, never repining, if I could bring her only the poorest and simplest fare—joyous and cheerful with bread and water, and with a bright smile of welcome at my approach, as if I had brought her the wealth of India. I sometimes endured agony on her account, lest this state of things should always last; but it was consoling to know that *she* at least, was not fretting or repining over the probabilities of life. When at length she woke up to the fact that I was doing absolutely nothing, she told me one day in an enchanting sort of careless way, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, that she could not accept my invitation to ride, as she was to entertain several young ladies at the house. I was dismayed, for the thought of company in our restricted way of life was really overwhelming. I went to drive with a borrowed vehicle, for I was too poor to hire one, and there was a case came to me like a godsend, but too far off to admit of walking. It was one that promised well for me, and I returned

elated by my success. I was so absorbed in it that I forgot the company, until I came into the little vestibule and heard the sound of voices. My hand was on the latch, and I could not recede. There sat my Ellesif with half a dozen girls grouped around her, hearing a lesson in German. I stood amazed, but seeing me she came eagerly to the door.

"How long has this been thus?" I asked.

"Twelve whole weeks. To-day is the last of the term, and I get my pay for the class."

"But how, or why?"

"How? Because I know very little excepting German, which I understand very well—my mother you know is German. Why? Because my husband is wearing out his heart, not with work, but for want thereof. Does not the *how* satisfy you, Sir Doctor? And pray what fault do you see in the *why*?"

Bachelors will laugh when I say I called my wife an angel. Let them. They have no angels, poor things, and no wonder they are envious of those who do have them. I went in, was introduced to the six young ladies, and saw them give my wife a folded paper each, which, as soon as they were gone, she transferred to me.

"The first fruits, Mark," she said. "My first present to my husband?"

I shall not tell you how many kisses followed this. Ellesif continued her school, and her pupils increased with the formation of each new class, until all the young ladies in H— were jabbering German like natives.

My wife's energy made my fortune. It bought me a new horse and carriage with which I made the circuit of a number of towns, and Doctor Mark Kingsley, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. My new carriage had caught the eye of a rich old gentleman who had long been an invalid, and who lived in a neighboring town. He had me called in, and I "found favor in his eyes" as a physician. Thenceforth I was the doctor of that whole region. My fame rested on the word of a single individual, because he happened to be a rich one. So much for the influence of wealth.

Of course, I could not practise thus in several different towns, without being the confidant of some strange family secrets. Most of

these can never be disclosed, because they are still living whose feelings would be injured by the recital. Others again are susceptible of being laid bare to the world, the individuals having passed away and left no one to complain of a breach of trust.

I was sent for hastily one night to attend some patient in the farthest village of my circuit. A man came for me, and would not allow me to stop long enough to have my horse harnessed.

"I will fetch you back again when your visit is over," he said. "We must make no delay."

Ellesif looked anxious. She did not quite like such a proceeding, and she began to remonstrate. The stranger turned a beseeching, earnest look upon her.

"If you are his wife, lady," he said, "I would like to ask you if you would withhold him from one of your own sex who is perhaps even now dying?"

Ellesif loosed her hold upon my arm. "No, no, pray go at once," she exclaimed. "Do not let any one suffer for want of attention, or to save my foolish fears."

I lingered a moment after the man had gone out, and bestowed on her my hearty approval.

"Drive fast," said I to my companion, but indeed I needed not to tell him this, for I could hardly see the trees and houses as we passed. I asked no questions, and the man was silent—intent apparently on his driving, without thought or care for me. It was sometime before we arrived at a retired house at the end of a pretty avenue of trees, in a part of the town which I had never visited. We stopped at a gate, and walked up a long yard. The moon was silvering every object around, and I saw quite distinctly that it was no common residence to which I was brought. At the door stood a gentleman, whose countenance seemed familiar to me, but I could not recall him fully to my mind. Nor had I time, for he hurried me up stairs immediately and opening the door of an apartment from whence issued a subdued light and the odor of perfumes, he drew me within it, and led me to a bed, on which lay the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. Accustomed as I was to hearing Ellesif styled beautiful, and indeed thinking her such myself, I was yet completely dazzled by the splendor of the face now looking up to me as if to catch hope and strength from my presence. The long, black hair that floated in

rich braids over the pillow, the lustrous black eyes shining through tears, the white marble brow, wide and low, the soft, dark pencilling of the eye, brow and lashes, and the exquisite shape of the white hand and arm, all bespoke a rare type of womanhood; and I read in the anxious, yet resigned countenance, how much such a being might "suffer, yet be strong."

I pass over the next few hours. They were of exquisite pain and suffering to one, of more than mortal agony to another, and of deep interest and anxiety to myself. At the end of that time, my patient was sleeping quietly, and in the dairy crib hung with the finest lace curtains, that stood by her bedside, was a wee bit of humanity, half smothered with flannels and muslins, and perfectly unconscious of the harsh, rough world into which it had recently entered.

In the next room, the gentleman, exhausted by watching and anxiety, was slumbering in a large arm-chair—an uneasy slumber, for he started frequently and moaned as if in mental pain. The man was waiting to take me home, and I was anxious to go, for the moon had gone down, and a wild storm was rising. But I had a duty to perform before I could go, and I roused the sleeper that I might perform it. He woke with a start, and murmured some indistinct words.

"It is my duty to tell you," said I, "that the child just born, has an irretrievable disfigurement, which it will not be safe to discover to the mother, until she has strength enough to bear it."

He gasped like a man dying.

"I know what it is," he exclaimed, involuntarily putting his hand to his throat.

"How have you seen it?" I knew he had not been in the room, since a moment after the first faint cry of the infant, he had crept in and silently kissed the mother.

He was embarrassed at my question, but I went on to say: "Yes, you are right. The throat has a horrible stain, like that known by the name of wine stain. It is very purple, extends in streaks down the neck, which is unfortunate, as the child is a girl."

The man burst into tears. I never saw any one so overwhelmed.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed, "must I bear this frightful punishment in the person of my innocent child?" He was wild, despairing, frantic for a time. Suddenly he seemed to recollect himself. "Doctor," he said, trying to speak calmly, "you will not make use of this affair abroad." He was now

quite confused again. I looked him steadily in the eye.

"I do not understand you, sir. If you think that physicians tattle of any secrets of the sick room, except under permission, to advance science, you are mistaken. At least, you mistake me. I speak for myself individually, and generally for my brethren."

"Thanks, doctor. You will understand me that I trust you to speak no word of this night to any person living. You will attend *Mrs Mortimer* through the necessary period, and shall be well rewarded. Until she is quite well, do not tell her of this."

There was a stress on the name which made me suspect it was not the right one; and I was convinced of it, when on returning home I spoke of my employer as Mr. Mortimer, and the man turned an inquiring look upon me, as if the name was quite new to him. Seeing something in my looks I suppose that recalled him to prudence, he took occasion to give his master that name when he spoke of him, but it sounded forced and unnatural.

There came a time, however, when the mother must be told. The child's state must not be left to a chance discovery, lest it should shock her into illness at this critical time. I was deputed to tell her.

"I cannot," said Mr. Mortimer. "But, as you have only a half confidence from me, and some suspicion, too, I suppose, I will throw myself on your honor, and if I judge your appearance rightly you will not betray me."

Of course, I said all that was necessary to assure him of this, and he related to me in substance the following story, more rapidly and briefly even, than I repeat it.

In his early youth, when the first flush of a prosperous life seemed before him, he had wooed and won Rose Ternon, the daughter of a neighbor. Never was a happier or more genial couple, and the marriage was talked of strongly as to take place the following year. But Henry Mortimer was called suddenly away to transact some necessary business on this side the water. (I should have said before, that they lived in England, but I will not designate the place.) He reluctantly left Rose, but her father promised him on the word of a gentleman, that he should marry his daughter immediately on his return.

Mortimer had a feud of long standing with a rude, rough sort of youth, named Carson. He had once insulted Harry, and the quiet contempt with which he had knocked him down and walked on serenely leaving him to

pick himself up, enraged Carson to the extent of vowing his ruin. Harry's absence prevented the revenge which he meditated against him—but a bright thought seized him. He would deprive him of Rose. Carson had sense enough to know that he could not win her affections; but he invented all improbable tales respecting him, and had them carried to her ears. She disbelieved them, of course, but was grieved and astonished by his silence. She had not a single letter. They were reposing in piles, however, in Carson's desk. Then Carson wrote to Rose, that he could unfold the mystery if she would meet him at a certain house, a lonely, unfrequented place, at broad noon. Distracted with anxiety, and knowing nothing of the quarrel between him and her lover, she went, telling no one but her maid-servant where she was going.

Meantime Harry Mortimer had arrived, and was speeding to Rose Ternon with the impatience of a lover. Mr. Ternon was absent, but the faithful Mary breaking through her promise revealed to him where he could find her young mistress, and for what purpose she was gone.

Harry knew the way, and he fled to the place instantly, and found the villain reading one of the letters which he had written to the weeping girl, but wickedly changing the expressions to those of dislike and a wish to break off the engagement.

"Monster!" cried the kneeling girl, "I will not believe it. Harry is true to me. You have stolen his letters."

At this moment Harry rushed past the kneeling figure, and plunged a knife into Carson's throat, crying, as he did so:

"There, take back the lie you are telling!"

Carson never breathed again. The knife had penetrated to the lungs, and he fell to the floor, covered to his waist with blood.

There was but one course to take—instant flight. A ship was to sail the next morning. Rose went home to her father, told him all, and he promised her that he would himself carry her to America by another month, to join her husband as he would then be. But in the darkness of night Mortimer came and pleaded so earnestly for a marriage then, that Mr. Ternon could not refuse him, and Rose and Mary accompanied the exile to his new home, under the name of Fleetwood. This name was again changed for another, fear prompting the exchange. Mr. Ternon was dead, and there was nothing to recall them to England. Carson's dead body was

found, and the murder fixed upon Rose, whose letters lay scattered over the floor.

But that terrible sight was ever present to both. True, Carson merited punishment, but Mortimer's after-thoughts shrunk from himself for inflicting it. Every where, the bleeding throat rose before him, and with Rose it was a species of insanity. The sight of a knife would bring on spasms. She had fully believed that her child would come into the world with the signet of blood, and when

I told her, she received the intelligence with pain, but no surprise. The poor infant lived only a few days, and the father and mother fell victims to the pestilence of 1832, in New York, to which city they had removed, for they never continued long in one place. The property went to distant heirs, excepting a large bequest to Mary, who is still alive, and is married to a worthy man in her own country. No one knows the secret of Carson's death, save us two.

THE CARLINGFORDS.

BY ELEANOR F. SHAPLEIGH.

Yes, it is a dreary, deserted-looking place now. Moss has grown over the old-fashioned gables and peaks; the broad drives, with their rows of stately elms, are covered with grass and weeds, and the garden is filled with a tangled mass of untrimmed shrubbery.

Let us enter the house. The village people say it is haunted, but this glorious June sunshine flooding its gloomy old rooms and halls, will scatter all the ghosts, I am sure. The great barren rooms and broad stairs echo only to our footsteps, though surely it is not an inappropriate place for ghostly revels. A little nibbling mouse, which we frighten out of a corner, is the only sign of life. How empty and staring those great windows look! The spiders have done their best to curtain them with their delicate draperies, but that only adds to the dreary desolateness of their appearance. The paper is hanging from the walls, and rustles with an awful ghostlike rustle as you go by, and over the whole house there is a damp, mouldy, death-like odor. Ah! let us close the dust-covered shutters, and go. Life and sunshine have no place here; ghostly shadows, and darkness, and mould, are the rightful tenants.

But I can remember when this old place was the pride of the whole country. When this broad lawn was kept smooth and green as a velvet carpet, and not a weed was suffered to lift its head in those winding drives; when the broad garden paths were bordered with rare plants and gay-hued flowers, where humming-birds and great golden bees flew all day long, and a little bubbling fountain laughed out its silver rain. And when those great desolate rooms and shadowy halls

echoed to the tread of bounding feet, and song, and merry laughter, and life, gay, joyous life, reigned where shadows reign now.

They were very gay people—the Carlingfords, who lived here. Though Mrs. Carlingford was an invalid, the house was always filled with guests, and there were balls and parties, and carriages coming and going all summer long.

Mr. Carlingford was a cheerful, jovial man, always making quaint, good-humored jokes, as light-hearted as a boy. Mr. Lawrence, his eldest son, was just the opposite; reserved and haughty in his manner, and of a moody and irritable disposition.

But Mr. Carlingford had one son after his own heart. Maurice, the younger, was the almost exact counterpart of his father in person and in disposition. He was the pet of the family; Lawrence was the pride. Lawrence Carlingford really possessed talent of a high order. He was a lawyer, and already quite eminent in his profession, though only about twenty-six years of age. I think he was the handsomest man I ever saw—a clear, olive skin, deep, black eyes, which could be soft and pleasant in their expression, but which had sometimes a strange glitter in them that impressed you with the feeling that their owner was a man whose anger would be very dangerous, and whose revenge would be remorseless; a high, broad forehead, with masses of coal-black hair pushed carelessly away from it, and an exquisitely shaped head.

Maurice was twenty-three, and as unlike his brother as possible. He was a frank, cheery fellow, not so handsome as his brother, but with a cordial, engaging manner, and a

ready wit, which made him everywhere a favorite. He had none of the haughty arrogance of Lawrence, and perhaps not so much real decision of character. Though the two brothers were so unlike—perhaps because they were so unlike—they were very close friends, which brothers seldom are. Their tastes were very similar, for persons so widely different in character, and they were almost always together, riding and hunting being the favorite occupations of both.

The two daughters, Grace and Nora, were brilliant, light-hearted girls, full of fun and frolic. These, with Mrs. Carlingford, and a maiden sister, made up the family. They lived in town in the winter, generally coming out to their country residence the first of May, and remaining until the last of October.

One summer when they came, the last joyous summer it was which that house ever knew, the family had a new member—a Miss Dupre—Leonie Dupre. Her father, a gentleman of French descent, had been a friend and classmate of Mr. Carlingford, who had died the autumn before, leaving her, his only child, to Mr. Carlingford's care.

Leonie Dupre was beautiful—a strange, striking style of beauty. A brunette, with large, lustrous black eyes, never bright and sparkling, but with a look of tender, tearful sadness in their depths, strangely at variance with the rest of her face. A clear-cut oval face, a broad, low brow, shaded by heavy waves of purple-black hair, and a graceful little head, set daintily on the whitest throat imaginable, making you think of those charming lines in Lady Jane:

"Head set on maybe a lily,
Maybe Juno's crest."

She was tall and slender, moving with a graceful, willowy motion, and with a peculiar fascination in her manner.

She was strangely fitful and varying in her moods, sometimes blithe and brilliant, letting her clear, joyous laughter ring out like a bird's carol all over the house. Then again she would move around in a dreamy way, with her head drooping, and the filmy sadness in her eyes growing deeper and deeper. I think it would be difficult to tell in which mood she was most charming—with the bewildering brightness in her face, and the deep, restless flush on her cheek that she had in her gayer moods, or with the wondrous, misty sweetness in her eyes, and the tender, graceful droop of the little head in her sadder ones.

With her inexpressible grace and sweetness she twined herself around all hearts. Grace and Nora almost worshipped her; and Mrs. Carlingford, a nervous, fretful invalid, thought that no voice was so soft and musical as Leonie's, and no touch so cool and gentle on her forehead as hers. And Mr. Carlingford thought no one appreciated his jokes like her, and was so ready with a brilliant repartee. And Lawrence, haughty and imperious as he was, scornful and unbelieving in any truth or goodness in womankind, acknowledged to himself that she was really pure and true, and yielded at last to the tolls her fascinating grace wove about him, and confessed to himself that he loved her—loved her with all the intensity of passion of which he was capable. But he had discovered it too late. He never considered that anything which he wished might not be for his having. That any mortal man should stand in his way was not to be imagined. That another, that even his gay, careless brother should love her was not strange; but that she should love him was impossible! And yet the suspicion would force itself upon his mind. He had no real reason for thinking so, he said to himself twenty times a day, but try all he might, he could not banish the idea from his mind. He had been absent from home when she first came, and had returned only two months before they came to the country. In those two months he could but acknowledge that her smiles had been pretty equally divided between Maurice and himself, though of course her long acquaintance with his brother caused a great familiarity between them.

They were riding one day, Maurice and he, over the shady country road. Maurice talking in his usual gay, careless way, of an excursion they were to make the next day to some noted falls a few miles distant.

"Leonie and I are going on horseback," he said; "and Nora and Grace and Aunt Mary in the carriage; and I suppose you'll go with them, shan't you?"

An angry flush mounted to Lawrence's very temples.

"Leonie!" he said, scornfully; "it seems to me you are exceedingly familiar."

Maurice answered carelessly, but with a flush on his face:

"We all call her Leonie; that is, all but you, and you know you haven't known her as long as I have. She seems so like one of ourselves, that I shouldn't think of calling her Miss Dupre."

"I should like also to inquire," pursued Lawrence, "by what right you constitute yourself her cavalier on all occasions;" and the flush on his face grew deeper and deeper.

"By her permission," he answered, a little vexed. Then looking at his brother's flushed face and angry brows, he said: "I don't know why my attentions to *Miss Dupre* (as you wish me to call her) should annoy you. You haven't any designs in that direction yourself, have you?"

He was vexed at Lawrence's tone and words, and intended to annoy him; but he was not prepared for the change which came over his face; his lips trembled, and his eyes flashed, but he controlled himself with an effort, and answered almost carelessly, though his voice was hoarse with passion:

"If I had, I should not venture to enter the lists against so doughty a champion as yourself."

Maurice made no answer, and after that Leonie Dupre's name was never mentioned between them. But I think they both understood each other perfectly, and it caused a coldness and constraint between them, which had never been before. They avoided each other's society as much as possible, instead of seeking it as formerly. Maurice was constantly fluttering about Leonie, the old story of the moth and the candle, always gay and debonair. And Lawrence, without abating a jot the haughty indifference of his manner, still paid her always the careful, delicate little attentions, which are so flattering from such a man; and Leonie was flattered and pleased by them, but, I think, never thought of attributing them to anything more than mere gentlemanly courtesy—certainly not to any particular regard for herself.

Lawrence could not humble his pride sufficiently to fairly enter the field, and strive with his brother for her favor. If he had done so, I think he would have won. There is a strange sort of fascination, an almost irresistible attractiveness to women, especially to very young women, in men of his character. The proud imperiousness and authority of manner, the unbending will, and fixed determination of purpose which tread remorselessly on every obstacle in its way, passes for nobility and strength of character, and the haughty scorn and contempt which looks down on his fellow-men, only makes them feel that there must really be something fine in a man who has such a very fine opinion of himself. Of course there are those of finer

perceptions, whose eyes are keen to see the dross underneath, but to the majority this type is the all-interesting. Else why do they walk the stage as heroes in so many tragedies, and figure so extensively in novels, always and ever bearing off the laurels in love and war. For when were these fiery-hearted youths ever known to play that rather indefinite and obscure part, vulgarly known as "second fiddle?"

But in this case, Mr. Lawrence Carlingford seemed to prefer to play "second fiddle," for a time at least, rather than to contest with his brother for the position of "first fiddler." At last he left the field entirely to Maurice, almost avoiding Leonie, never paying her, at any time, the least lover-like attention; as warm in his manner to his brother as of old, and with a careless gayety which was utterly foreign to his nature. Cool and indifferent, but always with that restless glitter in his eyes, and a compression of the firm lips, that would have told a keen observer that the calm was only the thin crust of earth over the burning heart of the volcano, and the careless gayety but the placid, treacherous water above the dangerous, sunken rocks. Maurice was himself too true and noble to imagine that his brother's indifference was only assumed, and began to think that he had mistaken Lawrence's feelings for Leonie. But he was so anxious as to the success of his own suit, that he could not think much of Lawrence in any way. Lover-like, he was tormented with a thousand hopes and fears, until, one of those misty summer nights, sitting there on that vine-wreathed piazza, with the moonlight shedding a flood of radiant light into her fair, upturned face, and filling the tender eyes with a new radiance, he told her that old story—as old as this weary earth, yet ever bright, and fresh, and new. And she, with a flush on her cheek, bright, and glowing red like the heart of a June rose, and the dainty little hands fluttering like prisoned birds in his clasp, told him, with her wondrous eyes, more potent than any words could be, that his love was not in vain. And the beauty, and joy, and glory of that summer night seemed filling like a flood his heart and life.

He could not help showing his joy in his face as they entered the lighted drawing-room where the family were sitting. I think they all saw it, and knew instinctively what caused it; certainly one of them did. Lawrence was sitting in the shadow of one of the

curtains, and as he looked at them, the careless smile passed away from his face, and his breath came heavily from between his set teeth; but it was only for a moment, the next he was continuing his careless conversation with his sister on a party which they were to give the following night.

The night of the party came—a night long to be remembered by all the joyous guests who should assemble there.

Lawrence and Maurice were sitting in the drawing-room, when Nora and Leonie, dressed before the others, came down stairs.

"Isn't it such a pity," Nora exclaimed, as they came into the room, "Leonie hasn't any suitable flowers for her hair? She wants some of bright, vivid scarlet. Do you remember those scarlet lilies we saw in the greenhouse at N——? If we had only thought of it before! They would be so beautiful in Leonie's dark hair. It is only about two miles over there, and one of the servants might have ridden over this afternoon as well as not. I am so sorry we didn't think of it."

"Let me go now," interrupted Maurice, eagerly. "I can get back before any of the guests arrive. It is only a short distance by the cross road."

"No, no," cried Leonie, "don't go! It is so dark, and that cross road is dangerous. I can wear white flowers just as well."

"No, I would not go, Maurice," said Nora. "It is very dark, and the road round the ravine is not safe."

"Surely, Nora," said Lawrence, "you would not have him so cowardly a knight as to refuse to fulfil his lady's wish, because of a dark night, and a dangerous way, would you?" But Maurice, resisting all entreaties, was gone before he had done speaking. "Well, if the rash youth is really going, I will go with him and protect him from the dangers of the way."

"I don't think you will be any very great protection," laughed Nora; but he was already gone.

An hour passed away, and the guests began to arrive. Another hour and the spacious rooms were filled. It was a gay, brilliant scene. Soft eyes shone brighter than the flashing jewels, the soft rustle of silk, glad greetings, and merry laughter mingled with the bursts of glad, triumphant music that made the blood leap in those young veins. Snowy arms and shoulders gleamed out whiter than the foamy lace that encircled them, and the intoxicating perfume of rare

exotic plants was heavy on the air. And over all, the brilliant lights shed a flood of radiance.

Leonie stood apart from the gay throng, with a little shade of anxiety on her lovely face. Nora came to her side, pale with apprehension.

"Leonie," she said, "something must have happened to them, they have been gone so long."

Before she had ceased speaking, a horse came furiously up to the door, and Lawrence, pale and haggard, as if with nights of watching and agony, burst into the room.

"Father, father," he called, "for God's sake—somebody come quick! Maurice has fallen over into the ravine. His horse stumbled among the loose stones on the edge, and they both went over."

Mr. Carlingford, pale as death, but perfectly composed, called two of the servants, and hastened with Lawrence to the scene of the terrible disaster.

In less than an hour they returned, bringing the cold, mangled form, from which life had forever fled. They brought it in, and laid it on a sofa in that gay drawing-room—the white, dead, pulseless thing; the bright hair damp with the heavy night dew, the scarlet blood oozing slowly over the frozen lips.

A breathless hush fell over all the assembly. Leonie uttered no cry, spoke no word, but stood at the head of the lifeless form, cold and rigid as if turned to stone, her face white as a snow-drift, and her hands clenched tightly together.

It was a strange scene—that pallid image of death in that radiant festive gathering, the air still vibrating with the strains of joyous music, and filled with the rich breath of flowers; everything telling of life and the thrilling joy of youth. Slowly and sadly the guests dispersed, leaving the stricken family alone with their terrible, crushing weight of sorrow.

Mrs. Carlingford never recovered from the shock; she died before they came out the next spring: and a sad enough household they were when they came. Grace and Nora, poor, motherless girls, were never gay and joyous as of old, and Mr. Carlingford had lost his old cheerfulness and joviality. Leonie, too, was pale and grave, never falling into her old gay moods, but wandering constantly around with a sorrowful, dreamy look. But Lawrence was always with her, caring for all her little wants, and watching over her,

people said, with much more than brotherly devotion. And as the summer wore on, the roses began to come back to her cheek, and her step to be almost as light as of old. The poor child had thought when the crushing blow fell on her, that she could never smile, never dream of being happy again. But ah! tears rise quickly to the eyes that have looked on the seedtimes and harvests of eighteen years, but they fall as quickly, and leave no trace. Thorns grow on the roses beside the pathway where the light feet walk, but the wounds they make are not long in healing.

Soon there were rumors of an engagement between Lawrence and her who had been his brother's betrothed; and these reports were soon confirmed by a brilliant wedding which took place soon after their return to the city. The winter passed, and they came again to the home where they had known so much joy and woe.

The few first months of Leonie's married life had been very happy. Lawrence was so different from the moody, irritable man she had first known him. He was always cheerful and gay, with a triumphant joy ringing in his voice, and shining in his dark eyes which never wore the strange glitter. His brother's blithe, happy spirit seemed almost to have passed into him; but it did not stay. Day by day Leonie watched the shadow coming back to his face, and growing deeper and darker than it had ever been before; and the old sharp glitter came back to his eyes, not scornful, as it used to be, but wild and fierce. He began to avoid his wife's society, wandering out alone at night, and every night he tossed and moaned in his sleep as if oppressed with some terrible, haunting dream. And one night, one terrible night, which stole all youth and gladness away from her, he murmured in his sleep, words connected and distinct. She listened, her brain on fire, and a cold numbness like death creeping over her.

"Let go, let go!" he muttered hoarsely, through his shut teeth. "You have stood between me and my dearest hopes long enough. Go, and take your pretty posies with you. She will never wear them. You ought to have minded what your tender-hearted sweetheart told you about the dangerous way. You might have known I meant to kill you, and not have given me so good an opportunity as this. Don't cling to me, and stare in that bewildered way. Go, I say!" And then he half arose in his bed, and pushed, as if moving something heavy from him.

She listened. The blood at her heart seemed turned to ice; she could not move; could scarcely breathe. The whole terrible scene rose up before her excited imagination. She saw the dark, leaden, starless night hanging over the rocky path, and the two forms defined with terrible distinctness. The tall, dark figure standing with his hand on the bridle of the terrified horse, and the other, the gay, frank, young face, pale and stunned with the suddenness and surprise of the attack, looking in that one awful moment first into his brother's unrelenting face, with the fiendish glitter of the eyes shining through the darkness, then down into the terrible abyss below. Then she heard the terrible crash as horse and rider rolled over together, down, down, on to those sharp, cruel rocks, and the shriek that rang out into the awful stillness of the night.

Then the scene faded, and in a sort of benumbed stupor she lay until morning. With the dawn she arose, dressed herself, scarcely knowing what she did, stole down stairs and out of the house, not knowing or caring where, only to get away from him. She did not return till long after the breakfast hour. A heavy rain had begun to fall, and her thin clothing was almost drenched through. She was met in the hall by Mr. Carlingford, who inquired anxiously:

"Why Leonie, my child, where have you been? We were beginning to be anxious about you. Lawrence is quite ill—he has a little fever, I think. Nothing serious, probably the effects of his exposure to the rain yesterday."

She went into the breakfast-room with one feeling in her mind—that she must struggle with all her might to keep her awful discovery a secret from the rest of the family. All that day Lawrence grew worse and worse. In the afternoon a physician was sent for, who pronounced it a very serious case; he said there was great danger of inflammation of the brain. Not once all day did Leonie enter his room. She had wandered all the day from room to room, with that awful burden, which she could not share with any one, weighing upon her. She began to feel that she could endure it no longer. She felt as if her brain was turning. If she could only tell some one! Mr. Carlingford came to her as she stood by one of the dressing-room windows.

"Leonie," he said, "why do you not go and see Lawrence?"

Then she could endure the burden of silence

and secrecy no longer. Doubtless there are women who would have borne it to their grave, carrying alone the burden which would weigh down and destroy other lives if shared. But Leonie was not one of these; she was a child still, not yet twenty, and she could not bear it. She cried out:

"O, I cannot, cannot see him—he is a murderer!" Then the tension in which she had held her nerves so long gave way, and she fell insensible at Mr. Carlingford's feet.

He lifted her up tenderly, and laid her on the sofa. His first thought was that her anxiety for Lawrence had made her insane. Then a horrible, vague suspicion of the truth darted through his mind. A swift, inexplicable current of thought carried him back to that night which had covered his head with gray hairs, and changed him to a gloomy, sorrowful man. A cold shudder passed over his frame. Leonie, coming slowly back to consciousness, opened her eyes and looked into his face, a strange, clairvoyant brightness in the depths of her dark eyes, a terrible, searching, expressive glance, which told him plainer than words, that the horrible suspicions and fears which had been vague and almost intangible, but which now took shape and form, were true. They said nothing; there was no need of words. For a long time they sat there with the darkness gathering around them, and the dreary rain beating heavily against the panes.

It was a fearful night of rain, and wind, and tempest. At last Mr. Carlingford arose and went out of the room, with a step faltering and feeble like that of a very old man, and Leonie was left alone. All through the long watches of the night she kept her vigil there; and in the chamber above Lawrence Carlingford lay dying. He had been unconscious for hours; yet in all the raving of his delirium, he kept well the awful secret which he had revealed in his restless slumbers.

The storm passed away with the night, and the first faint ray of dawn creeping through the closed shutters fell upon the pallid, upturned face of the dead.

The family went abroad very soon after Lawrence's death, and never returned here. Grace and Nora were both married; but Leonie stayed with Mr. Carlingford until his death. The house was sold, but nobody lived long in it. Whether people suspected the terrible truth or not, I do not know; but a story arose in some way among the village people, that the house was haunted. How-

ever that may be, the house is deserted, as you see, and fast falling into decay, and the name of Carlingford is almost forgotten in the country side.

SHOPPING.

A husband, one who has had to suffer for his misdeeds, in feelings and in pocket, gives the following picture of shopping expeditions with wives:—

No Paterfamilias ever goes a shopping twice unless in expiation for some peccadillo, and when I see him doing it, I say to myself: "What, Mr. Caudle, you have been more attentive to Miss Prettyman than you ought to have been, within the last day or two!" or: "You have come home with the milk in the morning, have you, you middle-aged reprobate!" It is only very simple people, indeed, who set him down as a domestic man and pattern husband.

In the East—or at least in Egypt—bargaining is a recognized institution, and all purchases are effected upon the auctioneering system. You buy a carpet in the street, according to Lady Duff Gordon, in the following fashion. You look at it superciliously, and remark: "Three hundred piastres, O uncle." Upon this, the broker exclaims despairingly to the passers-by, or to the gentlemen sitting outside the coffee-shop: "O Muslims, hear that, and look at this admirable carpet! By my faith, it is worth two thousand." And those appealed to give their various opinions at length, and the sale is (to women) a linked sweetness long drawn out—what brokers call a time-bargain. Egypt, then, in spite of its polygamous ways, must be a seventh heaven to ladies. But in London, where matters are not so conducted, the notion of bargaining is abhorrent to the male and what he suffers when he goes a-shopping with his mate is something terrible. Of course, at respectable shops no diminution in the fixed price is ever permitted; but from the printed statement to that effect which you read in many of them, you may know that the attempt is often made. At all events, the lady will not hesitate to express her opinion that the figure is too high. It is then, and only then, that the shopman and husband have any sympathy for one another: the former throws an appealing glance across the counter to his brother-man, as though he would say: "You know her, of course; but is not this very embarrassing?" and Paterfamilias smiles grimly in return.

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

I asked the flowers, in the soft spring time,
Wherefore they smiled in their youthful prime,
When the stormy days so soon would come
That would blight forever their beauty and bloom.
And the sweet flowers answered, "Each day renews
On our leaves the sunshine that dries the dew;
Why should we not smile? Till now we have thriven,
And the sunshine and dew are both from heaven."

The Marigold.

There are several handsome species, some of which are shrubby, and some annuals; the common Marigold, *C. officinalis*, and its varieties, and *C. stellata*, are the handsomest of the annual species. The Cape Marigolds, *C. pluvialis* and *C. hybrida*, have been removed by Professor D. Candolle to a new genus, which he calls *Dimorphotheca*. Both these species are hardy annual plants, with very elegant flowers, which close at the withdrawal of the sun; and as they do not open at all when dark heavy clouds foretell the approach of rain, Linnaeus called the commonest species, *Calendula pluvialis*, or the Rainy Marigold. The florets of the ray of the flowers of this plant are of a pure white inside, and of a dark purple on the outside; while those of *C. hybrida* are of a dingy orange outside.

The Judas Tree.

Few trees are more ornamental in a shrubby than the two species of this genus; but *Cercis Siliquastrum*, the common kind, is decidedly the handsomest. The leaves are curiously shaped, and the flowers, which are of a beautiful pink, grow out of the bark of the stem and branches, and not, like those of other plants, among the leaves. These flowers have an agreeably acid taste, and when fried in butter make excellent fritters. The common Judas Tree is a native of the Levant, and it is frequently grown against a wall, producing its flowers in April; but the American kind, *C. Canadensis*, is quite hardy. They both produce abundance of seeds, and grow best in a deep sandy loam, rather rich than poor.

Capaicum.

The pods of the plants belonging to this genus produce the Cayenne pepper; and they are very ornamental from their brilliant color, which is a bright scarlet, and their remaining on all the winter. They are generally tender annuals, requiring the heat of a stove to ripen their fruit; but there is one species, *C. cerasiforme*, sometimes called Cherry Pepper, or Bell Pepper, which does not require any greater heat than that of a greenhouse.

Doryanthes.

D. excelsa, the only species known, is a splendid Australian plant, sending up a flower-stalk twenty or thirty feet high, crowned with a head of bright scarlet flowers. The plant is herbaceous, and requires a peaty soil and greenhouse heat. It dies as soon as it has produced its flowers.

The Juniper.

Evergreen shrubs, natives of different parts of the world, but most of which are hardy. They all thrive in common soil, mixed with sand, or in heath-mould; and they are generally propagated by seeds, though they will all root from cuttings. *J. communis*, of which there are several varieties, is a very common hardy evergreen, sometimes found in the form of a low bush, and at others in that of a conical tree, like the cypress. It bears clipping, makes excellent garden hedges, and was formerly cut into a great variety of shapes. The fruit is used throughout Europe to flavor ardent spirits (the spirit called Hollands being made from it), and the wood is burned in ovens or kilns to flavor dried beef, hams, or fish.

Flowering Rush.

An aquatic plant, producing pink flowers. When cultivated, the seeds should be sown in loamy soil at the bottom of the aquarium or pond where it is to grow, or in a pot plunged to a considerable depth; or it may be increased by dividing the root.

Compositae.

The composite flowers, such as the daisy, are in fact heads of flowers, composed of hundreds of little flowers or florets, as they are called by botanists, each of which has its corolla, stamens, pistil and fruit; the whole being surrounded by an involucre which looks like a calyx. The central part, which in the daisy is yellow, is called the disk, and the florets composing it are tubular; while the outer part, which in the daisy is white, is called the ray, and its florets are ligulate, or flat, and open at the extremity, and tubular at the base. Other genera have all the florets tubular, as the common bluebottle and sweet Sultan; and others are all ligulate, as in the dandelion and sow-thistle. This last genus affords a good example of the pappus, a sort of feathery crown apparently attached to the seed, but which is in fact the upper part of the calyx cut into very fine hair like the divisions; the calyx remaining attached to the seed when ripe. The pappus is also seen conspicuously in thistledown, and the dandelion; but some genera of the composite are without it, as, for example, the daisy and the chrysanthemum.

Commelina.

Perennial and annual plants, hardy and tender, with beautiful bright blue flowers. *C. celestis*, L., has tuberous roots, but it may be raised from seed, by sowing it in a hotbed early in the season, and turning it out into the open border in common garden soil, tolerably rich, during the summer; and in autumn its tuberous roots may be taken up, and preserved during the winter, to be replanted in the open ground in spring; or they may be protected by covering the ground with ashes or sand.

Jupiter's Beard.

An ornamental, low shrub, which will grow in any common garden soil, and is propagated by cuttings.

The Housewife.

Johnny Cakes.

Sift a quart of corn meal into a pan; make a hole in the middle, and pour in a pint of warm water. Mix the meal and water gradually into a batter, adding a teaspoonful of salt; beat it very quickly, and for a long time, till it becomes quite light; then spread it thick and even on a stout piece of smooth board; place it upright on the hearth before a clear fire, with something to support the board behind, and bake it well; cut it into squares, and split and batter them hot. They may also be made with a quart of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and one teaspoonful of wheaten flour; add Indian corn meal sufficient to make a batter like that of pancakes, and either bake it in buttered pans, or upon a griddle, and eat them with butter.

Rolls.

Rub into a pound of sifted flour two ounces of butter; beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, and add a tablespoonful of good yeast, a little salt, and sufficient warm milk to make a stiff dough. Cover and put it where it will be kept warm, and it will rise in an hour. Then make it into rolls, or round cakes; put them on a floured tin, and bake in a quick oven or stove. They will be done in ten or fifteen minutes.

Dyspepsia Bread.

The following receipt for making bread has proved highly salutary to persons afflicted with dyspepsia:—Three quarts unboltheaded wheat meal; one quart soft water, warm, but not hot; one gill of fresh yeast; one gill of molasses, or not, as may suit the taste; one teaspoonful of saleratus.

To make Yeast in the Turkish manner.

Take a small teaspoonful of split or bruised peas, and pour on it a pint of boiling water, and set it in a vessel all night on the hearth, or any warm place. The next morning the water will have a froth on it, and be good yeast, and will make as much bread as two quarter loaves.

Cold Meats at Breakfast.

In some families, whatever cold meat or cold poultry may have been left from the previous day, is served up at breakfast; in which case it is the cook-maid's duty to send it up, laid out neatly on clean and rather small-sized dishes, with breakfast plates and small clean knives and forks; sometimes it will require a little putting to rights, by trimming, and garnishing with a few sprigs of parsley, which, of course, she will attend to.

Cooking Onions.

It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stewpan, with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

Pickle and Preserve Jars.

Whenever pickle or preserve jars are empty, wash them well in cold water, dry them thoroughly, and put them in a dry place. If you wash pickle or preserve jars in hot water, it will crack their glazed surface, and make them porous, which spoils them for use, as pickles and preserves require to have the air kept from them.

Cleaning Bread-Pans, etc.

Pans for keeping bread should be wiped out every day, and scalded once a week; in the same way clean the cheese-pan, or both bread and cheese will become mouldy and musty; and cheese should always be kept standing on its rind, and the rind should be scraped before it is sent to the table.

Sweeping Carpets.

Persons who are accustomed to use tea-leaves for sweeping their carpets, and find that they leave stains, will do well to employ fresh-cut grass instead. It is better than tea-leaves for preventing dust, and gives the carpets a very bright, fresh look.

Tonic Drink.

Peruvian bark, bruised, one ounce; cold water, one pint. Boil together for ten minutes, then add half an ounce of Virginia snakeroot, and two drachms of orange peel, bruised. Keep the infusion near the fire for half an hour in a close vessel. A wineglassful may be taken every hour.

How to judge Nutmegs.

The largest, heaviest and most unctuous of nutmegs are to be chosen, such as are the shape of an olive, and of the most fragrant smell.

Sunburns.

The best plan for removing the effects of sunburns is to wash the face at night with either sour milk or butter milk, and in the morning with weak bran tea and a little eau de cologne. This will soften the skin and remove the redness, and will also make it less liable to burn again with exposure to the sun. Bathing the face several times in the day with elder-flower water and a few drops of eau de cologne, is also very efficacious.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Pound one stick of vanilla, or sufficient to flavor it to palate, in a mortar with half a pound of sugar; strain through a sieve upon the yolks of two eggs, put it into a stewpan with half a pint of milk; simmer over a slow fire, stirring all the time, the same as custard; when cool, add one pint of cream and the juice of one lemon; freeze. One quart.

Raspberry and Currant Ice Cream.

Take one pound of raspberries, half a pound of red currants, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and one pint of cream. Strain, color and freeze. One quart.

Curious Matters.

Utility of Moles.

An interesting experiment, which proves the service rendered to agriculturists by moles, and the impolicy of destroying these little quadrupeds, has been made. In a commune of the canton of Zurich, the municipal council were lately about to proceed to the selection of a molecatcher, when M. Weber, a distinguished naturalist, laid before the board the following facts. M. Weber had carefully examined the stomachs of fifteen moles caught in different localities, but failed to discover therein the slightest vestige of plants or of roots; whereas they were filled by the remains of ascaris, or earth-worms. M. Weber, not satisfied by this fact, shut up several moles in a box containing soda of earth, on which fresh grass was growing, and a smaller case of grubs and earth-worms. In nine days two moles devoured 341 white worms, 193 earth-worms, 25 caterpillars, and a mouse, akin and bones, which had been enclosed while alive in the box. M. Weber next gave them raw meat, cut up in small pieces, mixed with vegetables; the moles ate the meat and left the plants. He next gave them nothing but vegetables; in twenty-four hours two moles died of starvation. Another naturalist calculated that two moles destroy 20,000 white worms in a single year. Evidently farmers ought to endeavor to multiply moles rather than kill them.

Queen Victoria related to the Americans.

The Princess Helena of England, by her marriage with Prince Christian of Augustenburg, will, it is said, become the niece of a New York lady named Lee. The family of this latter, some years ago, settled themselves at Paris, and hoped, as is not unusual with rich Americans, to form an alliance with some noble European family. There were two young ladies, both of whom attained their wish, as one married Baron Wachter, minister of Wurtemberg at Paris, and the other some time after inspired with the warmest love Prince Frederick, brother of the late Sovereign Duke of Augustenburg, and uncle of the present prince. The marriage took place at the United States Embassy at Paris, and the bride and bridegroom started for the East on a wedding tour. They had reached Beyrout, in Syria, when the prince was taken ill and died. His widow returned to Paris to the house of her sister, the Baroness Wachter, and now becomes aunt of an English princess.

Photographing Changes of Nature.

Among the noble uses to which female genius may be put, is that of watching and copying the subtle changes which pass over the face of nature. Miss Beckly, a daughter of the mechanical assistant at Kew, is thus employed; her special field of observation being the sun, all the changes on which she records from day to day by means of his light. During the day she watches for opportunities for photographing the sun, with that patience for which the sex is distinguished; and we have the authority of our president of the Astronomical Society for saying that she never lets an opportunity escape her. It is extraordinary that even on very cloudy days, be-

tween gaps of clouds, when it would be imagined that it was almost impossible to get a photograph, yet there is always a record at Kew.

A remarkable Tree.

In the birch wood of Culloden, Scotland, there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. About thirty years ago, a young giant of the forest was blown down, and fell across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned, and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish, in all their splendor, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a birch fir.

Printing in China.

The Chinese have had a great start over all the nations of the West. It is difficult to say when the art of printing was first introduced. It is known to have been practised in China, from plates of wood, at the end of the sixth century of the Christian era. In A. D. 593, there is a decree for the collection of "old designs" and "text," and for their cutting in wood for publication; but it is not then spoken of as a novel invention. In 932 the canonical books were ordered to be engraved on wood and printed for general sale; and in 962 the work was completed, and the books "were circulated over all the empire." Movable types were first employed in the middle of the eleventh century. The imperial arrangements for printing have been carried out in China on a most magnificent scale. The Emperor Khanghi, whose reign began in 1662, had 250,000 movable types, engraved in copper, and printed no less than 6000 volumes. Kienlung, in 1773, ordered 10,412 works to be published, covering the whole field of Chinese literature.

Deaths by Accident.

It has been found that accidental deaths nearly everywhere increase more rapidly than does the population. In France, for example, the following successive and increasing ratio has taken place:—15 fatal accidents to 100,000 inhabitants from 1827 to 1830; 16 ditto from 1831 to 1835; 19 ditto from 1836 to 1840; 22 ditto from 1841 to 1845; 24 ditto from 1846 to 1850; 25 ditto from 1851 to 1855; and 28 ditto from 1856 to 1860.

Butter.

This substance, which we regard as a delicacy, was used by the ancients as an ointment for the body. Plutarch relates that a Spartan lady once visited Berenice, the wife of Dejotarus, and that the former smelt so strongly of sweet ointment, and the latter of butter, that neither could endure the other. At the present day, in some of the countries of Southern Europe, butter is sold by the apothecaries as a medicine, the people using olive and other oils in its place.

Facts and Fancies.

THE NIMBLE SHILLING.

When the "Rangers" were on duty through Western Illinois, whiskey was a deplorably scarce article, and the money to purchase it, when found, was equally hard to obtain. Among the old Rangers, corn-juice was considered as necessary to subsistence as corn-dodgers; but, having received no pay for a period, the small stock of funds had entirely run out. In the meantime, an old dealer had succeeded in raising two barrels of the comfortable liquid, and erected a small shanty near the camp, where a shingle, in chalked capitals, declared that "Whiskey is arrive at six sense a suc." Major Murdock, one of the old veterans, had for two days, in a woefully parched state, been searching in his "kiverin" for a stray bit he knew was somewhere about him, but his efforts to chase it up appeared unavailing—so many patches on his hunting-shirt, it was impossible to find the one he had made a pocket to contain the precious coin, and at last he had given it up. He tried to get trust for two drinks, till he could find it, but the owner of the shanty knew better than to trust any one in that crowd.

"Try again, major," said a dry crony, who knew the circumstances; "try again; never give up in a good cause. A shillin' in silver now is worth gold another time."

The major did try again, and at last, down in the seam of the tail, the major discovered the little joker, and perhaps he hailed the discovery with a yell of satisfaction.

"Now, Bill," said he, "we'll give that old feller's barrel a rip for two investigators, and no dispute."

They accordingly adjourned to the shanty, and called for the "medicino." The owner looked at the major doubtfully, but when he displayed the bit, hesitation vanished—he instantly drew the "sticks," handed them over, and took the change. The first taste brightened the major as keen as an Indian. He observed, while drinking, that the dealer placed the money on a little shelf behind him, and just above his head; it was within reaching distance, too, from his stand beside the temporary counter. Upon this discovery he at once acted.

"Well, really," said he, "that stuff is suthin' like; thar's a body to it that tickles a feller's vitality at the extreme pints. Bill," he added, "I could fight Inguns at half wages, ef they'd only feed me from such cow's milk as is in that barrel. I think we'll go another."

Bill signified assent, but looked at the major with some surprise and inquiry in his countenance, as to where he would find another bit; but the old Ranger soon opened his eyes wider. The dealer had no sooner stooped to draw from the barrel, than the major picked the shilling off the shelf, and paid it over again for the drinks.

"I knowed you had money, major," said the dealer, "ef you could only consent to shell it out; but you're getting consarned close-fisted in your old days."

The major laughed at the remark, as he replied:

"Well, you're a cunnin' serpent, Jo, and bound to make suthin' out of us fellers. I declare, that feller

is so tremenjus that it's sot me cravin' in my innards!"

"Don't give it up yit, major," chimed in the dealer; "thar's more where that come from, and the same brawn. I know you have been sufferin' fur these few days past, cause you didn't like to 'open,' and I hated precious bad to refuse you; but whiskey costs a powerful sight afore it gits here."

"Well, we will take another atom of a drink, and then lumber," says the willing Ranger.

The shilling was picked off the shelf, and went through the same process again, with equal satisfaction. After swallowing another round, the Ranger smacked his lips, and made a move towards the door, and turned back again.

"I thought you'd think better of it, major," said the dealer; "such stuff as that don't stay long in these diggins. You'll go another, I guess."

"Well, jest one more," says the major. "I declare, I think it war some sech liker that tempted Adam instid of an apple, as the Scriptur sez. It is all sufficiently enticin' to tempt a coon out of a holler log, if the dogs were arter him."

In reaching for the shilling this time, the major was so eager, and a little excited withal, that he dropped it down right before the owner of the shanty.

"Halloo!" says he; "that thar shelf must be gettin' crowded, when they are droppin' off—or is this yours, major?"

"It's yours now," answered the Ranger, "for these last drinks; and, Jo, yar is wishin' yar may git arr so often."

"Thanky, major, thanky," said Joe. "I'll drink that myself." And so he did.

The major and Bill retired with the honors, and as they were passing through the door, Jo was feeling on the shelf for his shillings; but the hunting-shirt coin was all that the search produced.

"Bit, by thunder!" exclaimed he. And coming to the door, he shook his fist after the old Ranger, exclaiming, "I might hev knowed a pizen old Ingen-killer like you had no money—you shan't have another suck out of this barrel, if your old melt and glassard was freezin' inside on you."

But the major had had his drinks.

A ZOUAVE STORY.

When the war in Italy commenced, the Zouaves embarked for Genoa; but, as they were going on board the ship, they saw a formal order forbidding the entrance of all dogs upon the vessel. As they were very much attached to their dogs, they were stricken with grief. It was not easy to deceive the sharp lookout kept by the intendant, for every soldier advanced along the narrow gangway, one by one, as their names were called. Necessity is the mother of invention. The drummers unscrewed their drums, and the best dogs of the regiment were concealed in the drums, which were screwed up again. When regiments embark, no music is played, but on this occasion, the colonel determined that there should be music. He ordered the trumpets and drums to take

the head of the column, and to play a lively tune. The faces of the drummers—every one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived! The trumpets sounded; the drums were all silent. The colonel got angry and bawled to know why the drums did not beat. There was but one thing to do, and that was to beat. The moment the drums began to beat, innumerable dogs began to howl and to bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves. Everybody looked right, left, backward, forward—no sign of a dog anywhere; and yet, the more the drummers beat, the more the dogs howled. At last a spaniel fell out of a drum, rolled over and over on the ground, got up and took to his heels, howling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The intendant ordered the drummers to advance on beard, one by one, and to roll the drum as he came. If a barking was heard, the drum was unscrewed, and the dog put ashore. Only one dog got on board; this was Toutou, who kept quiet through all the rolling. It need not be said the 3d Zouaves adored Toutou.

A MODEL JURY.

Some of our readers may have been compelled to sit on a coroner's jury. If such is the case, they will appreciate the following report of a coroner's inquest on the body of a man found drowned:

Coroner. Did you know the defunct?
 Witness. Who's he?
 Cor. Why, the dead man.
 Wit. Yes.
 Cor. Intimately?
 Wit. Werry.
 Cor. How often have you been in company with him?
 Wit. Only once.
 Cor. Do you call that intimately?
 Wit. Yes; for he was drunk, and I was werry drunk, and that made us like two brothers.
 Cor. Who recognized the body?
 Wit. Jack Adams.
 Cor. How did he recognize the body?
 Wit. By standing on the body to let the water run out.
 Cor. I mean how did he know him?
 Wit. By his plush jacket.
 Cor. Anything else?
 Wit. No; his face was so swelled his mother wouldn't ha' knowed him.
 Cor. Then how did you know him?
 Wit. Caus I warn't his mother.
 Cor. What do you consider the cause of his death?
 Wit. Drowning, in course.
 Cor. Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?
 Wit. Yes.
 Cor. How?
 Wit. We searched his pockets!
 Cor. I mean did you try to bring him to?
 Wit. Yes, to the public house.
 Cor. I mean to recover him?
 Wit. No; we weren't told to.
 Cor. Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?
 Wit. Yes; the whole village suspected him.
 Cor. Why?
 Wit. Caus he alienated one of the squire's pigs.

Cor. You misunderstand me. I allude to mental aberration.

Wit. Some think *he was*.

Cor. On what grounds?

Wit. I believe they belonged to Squire Waters.

Cor. Pshaw! I mean was he mad?

Wit. Sartinly he were!

Cor. What, devoid of reason?

Wit. O, he had no reason to drown himself, as I knows of.

Cor. That will do, sir.

To the jury. Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and will consider your verdict.

Foreman. We are all of one mind.

Cor. Well, what is that?

Foreman. We don't mind what; we're agreeable to say anything you please.

Cor. No, gentlemen; I have no right to dictate to you; you had better consult together.

Foreman. We have, afore we came, and we are all unanimous.

Cor. I am happy to hear it, gentlemen.

To the clerk. Mr. Clerk, take the verdict. Now, then, gentlemen.

Foreman. Why, then, it's *justifiable suicide!* but we begs to recommend to mercy, and hopes we shall be allowed our expenses.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

"There are tricks in all trades but ours," as the lawyer said to his client. An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty-five shillings were demanded. He offered twenty shillings.

"As I live," said the Quaker, "I cannot afford to give it thee at that price."

"As you live!" exclaimed the countryman. "Then live more moderately, and be hanged to you!"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick was never found out before."

HAIR OIL AS A "CORDIAL."

Billy King, the surgeon's steward of the gunboat Westfield, was a jolly fellow with a heart as big as any ever discovered in this selfish world. When William had anything good, he never rested until he found somebody to share it with him, and the poorer the recipient was, the more freely he gave. It was his usual custom to employ any convalescents who might be in the sick report, to aid him in cleaning up the dispensary, and on one occasion a "contraband" of the name of Joe, who had hurt his foot was the individual selected.

Now, Bill had a bottle of what was called "Rose Cordial," a very sweet and delectable drink of an indescribable composition and unknown qualities, and the darkey having completed his task, William gave him thereof to drink. Joe concluded that "dat are were a nice swizzle," and expressed his thanks in appropriate terms.

The next morning, while he was engaged in the same task, the steward was obliged to go out of the office, leaving the darkey alone. Joe thought this a splendid opportunity to capture another dose of the "swizzle," and having carefully noted where the bottle was kept, he soon had possession of it: It

looked rather different from its appearance the day before; but giving it a good shake, he placed it to his lips, and never tasted anything until he had swallowed two-thirds of its contents. The first half of the draught appeared to him something like strong butter, but the last half possessed the small, taste and attributes of whiskey, and Joseph was satisfied.

Now be it known to all whom it may concern, that the steward, finding the cordial bottle empty, had mixed up equal parts of pure castor oil and whiskey, scented with a little bergamot and oil of rose, to be used as hair oil, and this mixture he put into the empty flask, from which the sable Joseph had incontinently drained it. When the steward returned he was astonished to find the contraband writhing in agony on the floor, but he did not wonder much at this when the darkey's terrified confession proved that he had swallowed something like *ten ounces of the best cold-pressed Ol. Ricini!*

No very bad result followed the dose, save an excessive weakness consequent upon the fearful emesis and purgation which the poor victim had to undergo; but it may safely be presumed that Joseph never interfered with the bottles in that dispensary again. Indeed, he was heard to say, not long afterwards, that "doctor's truck didn't agree with him, no how!"

HOW THE DEACON GOT EXCITED.

A few years since, near the city of N—, in Connecticut, lived and preached old Parson B., who was a bit excitable and near-sighted. One day he had been to the city with his horse, and among his purchases was a barrel of flour, the head of which was partially out.

On the way home the old man was overtaken and passed by a fast young man, driving a fast horse and, putting on "much" airs. Now, the parson's horse was usually a quiet, steady-going animal enough, but he couldn't stand that sort of thing; so he started after him of the fast order in 240 good earnest.

The jolting of the wagon at length jarred the head completely off the barrel, and the strong wind which was blowing directly after the parson, blew the flour all over him and the horse. At last the fast young man was left, and the village reached; but the speed of the horse was not checked.

In driving through a street to reach his home he came in contact with one of his deacons, who was naturally surprised to see his minister driving at such a pace, and signalled him to stop.

"Why, Parson B.," said he, "what on earth is the matter? You seem greatly excited."

"Excited!" yelled the old man, "excited. Who wouldn't be excited—snow storm in July. Get up, Dobbin!"

The deacon smiled, but was silent.

A LONG-EARED SCHOLAR.

Mr. W. is one of our most popular artists and teachers of drawing. The other morning, while busily at work, he was interrupted by a rough-looking customer.

"Be you Mr. W., the painter?"

"I am, sir."

"You teach cressets to draw, I believe?"

"Yes sir," replied the artist, who fancied his vis-

itor some wealthy old father; "do you wish your daughter to take a few lessons?"

"No sir, not my darter."

"Your son, perhaps?"

"No, not my son, neither."

"Who then, sir? not yourself, I hope."

"No, not myself; but somebody a darned sight more difficult. A four-year old mule I bought t'other day. Learn him to *draw*, and dern me if I don't out pewter and give you the biggest hundred dollars ever you seed."

The countryman went down stairs with a hop, skip and jump, closely followed by an old pair of boots, a meerschaum pipe and sundry other movables.

FORGETTING NAMES.

We have a very uncertain and unreliable memory of names. Meeting two friends the other day—strangers to each other—whom we wished to introduce, we could not, had it been to save our editorial existence, remember their names! And those names were just as common as Smith and Jones. A rather awkward position for all parties.

A friend of ours once went to call upon a young lady, whose name entirely vanished from his memory the moment the servant opened the door.

"Is—is—Miss—Frank Robinson's cousin in?" said he, coughing and scraping.

A young man who went to be married, forgot his own name at the most important part; and the ceremony had to be delayed until he could remember it. Fancy him whispering, affrighted, to the young lady:

"What is it, Sarah? O! I remember—Thomas!"

The following case is authentic: A gentleman of our acquaintance in W—, met a young fellow a day or two after the ceremony had taken place.

"So, Tite, they say you have been married?"

"So they say," responded Tite.

"Who did you marry, Tite?"

"Why, I married Miss—Miss—O, a girl on the hill here!" said Tite.

AN ASTONISHED HUSBAND.

As a steamboat was about to start from Cincinnati one day, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, said in a suppressed voice:

"I say, me and my wife has just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk, as he passed tickets to another passenger.

"A birth! thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the astonished man; "we ~~had~~ but just got married—we only want a place to ~~stay~~ all night, you know."

LITTLE AND LONG.

At a bigamy suit, recently instituted against a young woman, it turned out that one of her husbands was named Little, and the other Long. A waggish young lawyer, on hearing the case, said he could imagine the woman addressing her brace of husbands thus:

"Love me, Little—love me, Long."

When a broker loses all his money, he is dead broke; but when he dies, he is dead broker.

A SMART WIFE.

Sam Smart, who owned a snug little farm, was somewhat startled one fine day by an offer of more than twice the worth of it in greenbacks.

"Shall you sell the farm, Samuel?" asked his wife.

"Certainly I shall," said Sam, "if the excited individuals don't back out, or prove to be a couple of escaped lunatics, as I half suppose them to be." And sell it he did.

After the bargain was made and the money paid, one of the men took Sam and his wife to the back of his farm, where there was a small excavation in the ground filled up by the recent rain.

"See what you've lost and we've gained!" said the excited individual, scooping up some of the water in an old tin cup and holding it up for their inspection. Sure enough, the oil was half an inch thick on the top of the water.

Sam was indignant. If he hadn't been a fool, as he said to his wife, and just watched for indications, he might have died a millionaire.

Sam's wife was bursting with laughter, but restraining herself, she coaxed her husband into the house, and told him the whole story.

"You remember when I had my cough last winter, and the doctor recommended cod liver oil, Sam, and you brought home a whole gallon because you got it cheap, and made me promise to take a dose three times a day? Well, I didn't, and it stood in the closet till I cleaned the house, when I threw it all into the hole at the foot of the garden."

Sam saw the joke, and pocketed the cream of it in the shape of a pile of greenbacks.

At last accounts, Sam was living in clover, while the oil hunters were industriously boring—and may be until this time, for all we know.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

A soldier, who is on the plains, hunting Indians, relates the following:

Our evenings are cool, and when the day's march has not been too fatiguing, the soldiers gather around a cedar-wood camp-fire, and in their way, indulge in camp gossip. I listened to a discussion last evening on the comparative merits, or, rather, demerits, of the various military posts at which they had seen service.

"Which was the coldest post?"

A candidate from Rouse's Point presented its claims, who was, in fact, ignominiously routed by a cavalryman who had wintered at Pembina.

"Which is the hottest post?" was logically and meteorologically the next question.

Tampa Bay, Key West, and Point Isabel were all warmly advocated; but the discussion was thoroughly—indeed, one might say hermetically—closed by a three-chevrons veteran, who, with a Homeric wave of the hand, imposed silence.

"All were attentive to the warlike man,

When rising from the couch he thus began."

"Boys, did any of you ever hear of Fort Yuma?" Not one of them.

"Well, Fort Yuma is clear over beyond Arizona, near the Gulf of California, where nothing grows, nor flies, nor runs. It's the hottest post, not only in the United States, but in creation, and I'll prove it to you. You see I was ordered there six years ago, and hadn't been there two weeks, in the month of August, when two corporals died. They had been there ever

since the post was a post—in old Hoffman's time. Well, they both died, and where do you think they went?"

No one could possibly imagine.

"Why, I'll tell you—they both went straight to h—l!"

Profound astonishment in the auditory.

"Yes, but they hadn't been gone forty-eight hours—hardly time to have their descriptive lists examined, and put on fatigue duty down below—when, one night, the hospital steward was waked up in a hurry, and there he saw the two corporals.

"What do you want?" says he. You know them hospital stewards are always surprised at a soldier's ever wanting anything. 'What do you want?' says he.

"We want our blankets," says they.

"After that you needn't talk to me about any post being as hot as Yuma."

The auditory separated in silence.

A WALKING DEMIJOHN.

An Irish hod-carrier recently entered a drinkery where whiskey is sold by the pint, and called for half a pint of whiskey.

"Where's your bottle?" asked the dealer, when he had filled the tin measure.

"Meeself is my bottle," was the reply, "I'll carry it inside of me."

The man of whiskey stared, but passed over the utensil.

The hod-carrier drained it to the last drop. He came back in about an hour.

"That half-pint of whiskey is very lonesome," said he, "give me another to keep him company;" another was given him, and he drank it.

At three o'clock the same afternoon, he came again to the whiskey seller.

"Them two half pints is quarrellin'," he said; "raisin' a disturbance inside of me; let me have another half-pint to separate them."

He drank it and then ended his night in a station house.

A DOUBTING WOMAN.

The following is, of course, not intended for our lady readers, since the words "brecks" appears in it. It is merely a *bonne bouche* for our Biblical scholars:

The ladies of the congregation of Dr. —, Edinburgh, lately determined to present the doctor with a pulpit gown. The doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people of the church, "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I shan't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown." The doctor said, (and there was a significancy in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trowsers!)" That satisfied the old lady.

Why is an auctioneer like a pirate? Because he makes sale under the red flag.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

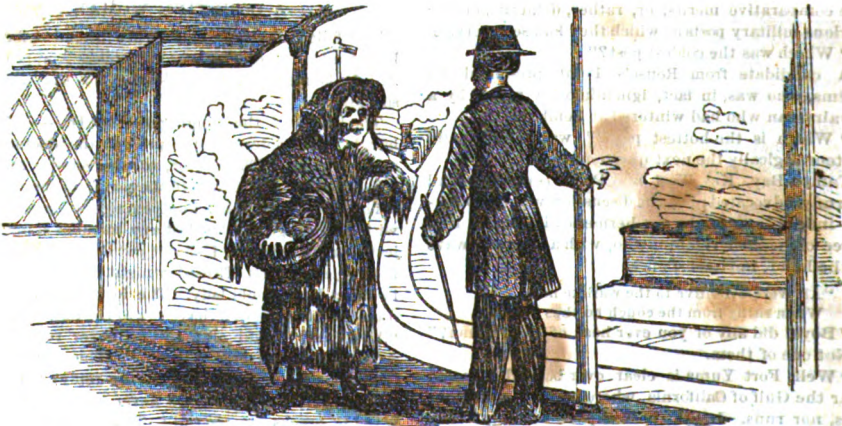


A FASHIONABLE CALLING.

SWEEP—"No, mum, my wife aint at 'ome; she 'have just gone out for a drive with another lady."
VISITOR—"Will you 'ave the goodness for to give 'er my card?"



THE POLICE ARE SO ATTENTIVE.—**Street Boy**—"Hullo! Look a-berre, miss! You've dropped one of the infant!"



AN INLIGNANT APPLE-VENDER.

POLICE OFFICER—"Now, then, old lady, stand back! Here's the express!"
INDIGNANT VIRTUE—"Bad scan to ye, and is it me ye after callin' an ould lady? Why, av
 do'n't turn yer head away, it's frightening the eggs off the rail you'll be!"

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 5.....NOVEMBER, 1866.....WHOLE No. 143.

COUNT BISMARCK.



TO-DAY the man who occupies the greater part of the attention of the European public is the Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council of Ministers of Prussia, Count Leopold Von Bismarck. By his boldness and perseverance he has worked his way into the front rank of the masters of Europe, and is now, as some persons think, the man

upon whose will depend the destinies of nations.

Count Bismarck was born in an eventful year,—that of Waterloo, when the great system against which he has so uncompromisingly arrayed himself, was for a time overthrown. His birthplace was the castle of Schoenhausen, and his early life was passed

amid localities made memorable by some of the most striking events of the Thirty Years' War. After receiving his primary education there, he attended the colleges at Berlin, and afterwards went to the University of Göttingen, the national school of a great part of Germany, and which is more celebrated than any other on the continent of Europe. He stood well in his classes, and, at the same time, was a proficient in all the characteristics which have made the students of Göttingen notorious. He drank beer by the gallon, smoked tobacco by the pound, fought duels, broke windows and street lamps, beat the citizens, and did all things else considered necessary to a high position among the students. His exploits are a part of the traditions of the university, and are related by the students with great gusto. Among the stories told of him in this connection is the following:

Being invited to a ball, he ordered a pair of new boots; but on the day before the ball took place he received notice that the boots would not be ready. Instead of submitting to his fate, going to the ball in old boots, or staying away altogether, Bismarck went down to the shoemaker, taking with him two enormous and ferocious dogs, which he assured the unfortunate Crispin should inevitably tear him to pieces if the boots were not ready by the following morning. Not satisfied with his threat, he hired a man, who paraded the dogs before the shoemaker all through the day, and occasionally reminded the luckless man of his perplexing predicament, by saying, "Unfortunate shoemaker! thou art doomed to death by the dogs unless the boots be finished." With a sigh, the poor shoemaker told his wife he must work all night, and so Bismarck got his boots in time for the ball.

At the age of twenty-one Bismarck had taken his degrees at both Berlin and Göttingen. In accordance with the law which requires every Prussian subject to bear arms between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four years, he entered the army, and served, some say in the infantry, others in the cavalry.

After the usual term of service, Bismarck entered on diplomatic life, and a characteristic anecdote is related of his first essay in patronage. He had been promised some assistance by a minister of state, upon whom he waited by appointment, and by whom he was kept waiting for an hour and a half. When the minister appeared, the young man responded to his inquiry as to what he required, by saying; "One hour and a half ago I want-

ed an audience; now I decline it." He did not forget the insult thus offered to his dignity; but when, by other channels, he had risen to power, and the minister who had intentionally or unintentionally wounded his honor was himself in a subordinate position, he readily forgave the old grudge, and took no advantage of their altered circumstances.

On the decease of his father, Bismarck resigned his government appointment, and retired to his estates, in 1847 became *conseil general* of his department, and in the following year was elected deputy. Three years later he was honored by receiving the appointment of Prussian representative at the German Diet at Frankfort. There his policy was so satisfactory to the government that he was raised into a position of considerable influence. The strong native energy of the man, added to a well-cultivated intellect and a warm adherence to the old policy of Prussia, made it plain to all, that his power in the state for good or evil would soon be felt. In 1855, when the Russian war was just beginning, Bismarck was called to the Upper Chamber of Prussian Legislature; in 1859 he was despatched as Minister Plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg; in 1862 he was accredited as ambassador to Paris. A few months after this he was appointed one of the ministers of state, and one month later accepted the portfolio of the Foreign Office, and became President of the Council of Ministers.

This position he still holds. It was through his exertions that the great and brilliant war which has just closed in Europe was inaugurated, and brought to a successful conclusion. It is said that for years he has had fixed in his mind a firm and settled policy, the object of which is to make Prussia the leading power, not only in Germany but in the world. As a prelude to this he exerted himself to bring on the Schleswig-Holstein war, by which Denmark was plundered, and Prussia enriched. Encouraged by his success in this matter, he determined to push Austria to the wall, and force her into a conflict, well knowing that the first blow struck would shatter the old German system into a hundred pieces, and feeling confident that the new distribution of territory which would result from it would, out of the forty-four millions of German people, give to Prussia more than one half, with a corresponding increase of territory. He has played his game well, and he has succeeded; but it is by no means sure that his success will be lasting.

Like a prudent man, Count Bismarck keeps his own counsel in most things; but he makes no secret of his determination to make his country the mistress of Europe. He has boldly proclaimed himself the champion of the cause that revealed itself plainly to the world in the Holy Alliance—that of absolutism

far better than that of the present day, and he aims to bring back the past in the formation of a great German Empire. It is said that, intoxicated with his wonderful success, he openly declares that there must be but one great empire in Europe, and that France must be humbled into a kingdom, and kept so



PASS IN THE BALKAN FRONTIER, BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

and despotism. Naturally he is thus made hostile to the French Empire which is based upon the great doctrine of a government existing by the consent of the people, and not by the divine right of the sovereign. He does not deny that he thinks the system of government as practised in the middle ages

in the future. He boldly calculates the chances of destroying the Napoleon dynasty in France, and bringing back the Bourbons, who have always been so ready to ruin their country for the benefit of foreigners.

"So far, so well," as the old proverb has it—but what then?

Whatever may be the fate of the Napoleon dynasty, it has placed France beyond the reach of destruction. That country has become too necessary to civilization to be blotting from the map of Europe, or even humbled from its present proud position. The world is going forward and not backward, and Count Bismarck, powerful as he is, is powerless to stop its course. If he persists in arraying himself against the age he must prepare to meet the fate of the child who tried to stop a locomotive by a blow from its fist.

Further than this, there are other powers in Europe, who view Prussia's sudden aggrandizement with alarm and anger, and Count Bismarck may find his next effort opposed by the combined might of Russia, France, Austria, and even Italy; and then there can be no doubt that England, who always waits to find the winning side, will join the coalition.

We think these views well founded, and it may not be many months before the whole matter is determined.

Yet, while so bold and insulting in his conduct towards other nations, Count Bismarck, for some reason best known to himself (probably because of our hostility to Maximilian), has been remarkably polite and obliging to the diplomatic representatives and citizens of this country. The correspondent of one of the New York dailies writes as follows in regard to this:

"At Frankfort, Mr. Murphy, American minister, refused to allow the Americans to give up their rooms or surrender their passports at the beck of the tyrannical Manteuffel, and I do not think that one of our countrymen has lost so much as an umbrella in the whole war, while neutrals of other nations have fled, forsaken by their legates, and plundered of their soap and hat-boxes. To-day Governor Wright, Ambassador at Berlin, demanded the body of an American citizen confined at Stutgardt, and got him, though the man was German enough to make a spoon of. The same official took your correspondent to Count Bismarck to ask for a pass into Bohemia. The count, who speaks English fairly, replied that he had resolved at the beginning of the war to leave all such business at the discretion of field commanders; 'but,' said he, smiling, 'when one has come so far, and from a people we like so well as the Americans, he shall have it.' It is proper to add that the first pass ever written for a newspaper correspondent by Count Bismarck was at the request of another American some days

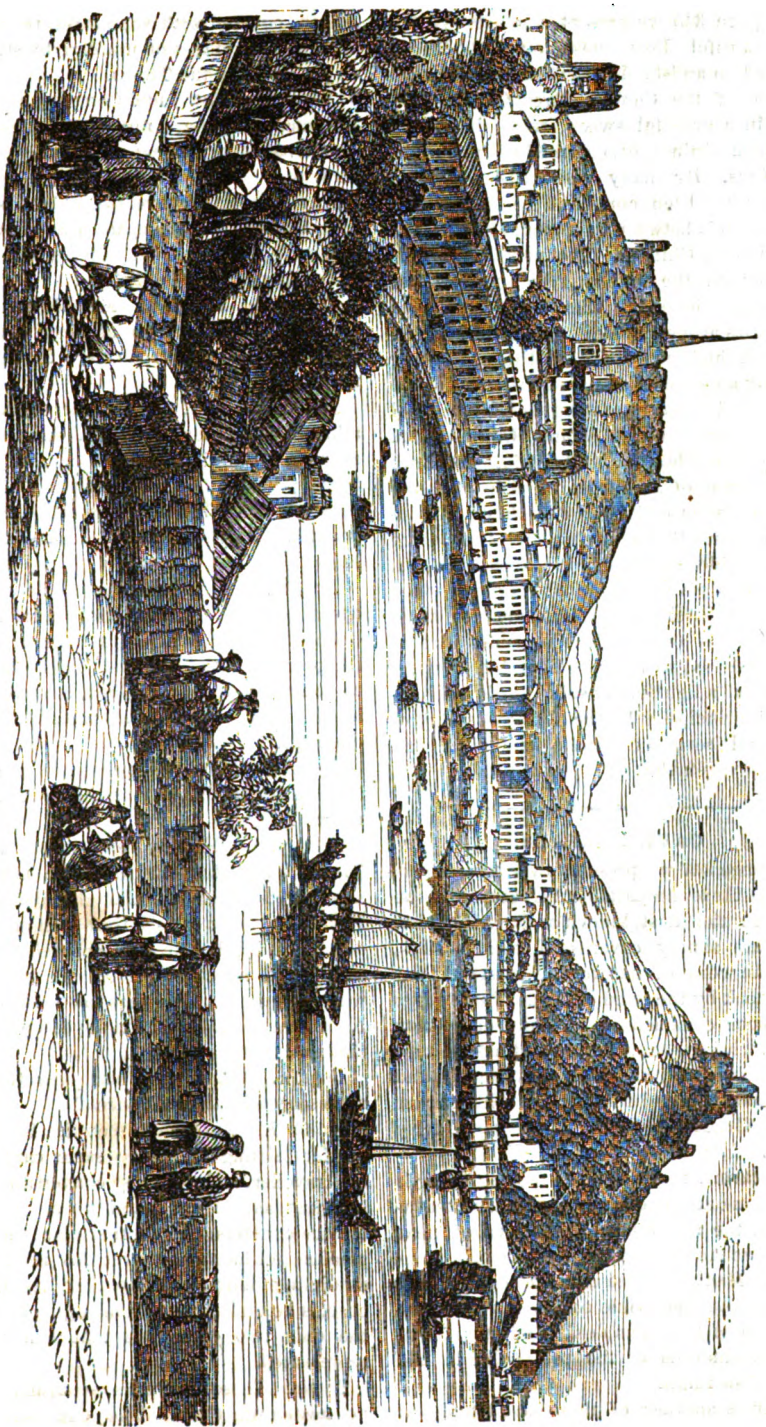
before. Further, Governor Wright expressed a wish to see a needle-gun, and the next day received one as a present, accompanied with a bundle of cartridges. Throughout Germany, wherever there has been terror at the Prussian advent, the American flag has been almost the only emblem looked to as assuring and protecting. I believe, also, that while our consuls have been invariably firm and bold, they have been in no case extravagant or absurd."

The personal appearance of Count Bismarck is imposing and ingratiating; his expression indicates the possession of rare energy; his eyes are full of intelligence,—and a light brown moustache partly conceals his well-set lips. He has the air of a true gentleman, and a constitution of iron.

PASS IN THE BALKAN FRONTIER.

The terrific scene of rock and mountain, represented in the engraving on page 343, with the arches in the barrier of rock, through which the forks of the road pass, will give our readers a correct idea of the tremendous character of the rocky frontier between Turkey and Russia. The Balkan ridge (ancient Hæmus) is an extensive chain of European Turkey extending from the plain of Sophia to Cape Emminen on the Black Sea. The Balkan is connected with the mountains of Middle Europe by the ranges of Montenegro, Herzegovina, and the Dinaric Alps on the west, and the mountains of Greece on the south. The deep and narrow gorges afford paths difficult for beasts of burden, and the range is traversed by only one great route, that of the gate of Trajan, by which the communication is kept up between Vienna and Constantinople. It affords no barrier to the passage of the enemy, and it will be remembered that some thirty years ago, in a war between Russia and Turkey, the Russian general Diebitsch, crossed the Balkan frontier with a powerful army, yet a determined resistance could have kept the Russians at bay, or sent them back to their own frontier in disorder. During the Crimean war the Russians had all that they could attend to at Sebastopol, without thinking of an invasion of Turkey, but the time is not far distant when the "sick man" will die, and then Russia will enlarge her territory at the expense of her neighbor, and so gain possession of the celebrated Pass of Balkan, and once in her possession, it will be taken care of.

A GENERAL VIEW OF MACAO.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MACAO.

On page 345 we present a general view of the beautiful Portuguese city of Macao, situated on an island of the same name at the mouth of the Canton River, China. It is built in a graceful sweep, while beyond it rise bold eminences, crowned with churches and forts. By many who have seen both cities, it has been compared to Cadiz. The population is between twenty and thirty thousand, mostly Chinese. The peninsula is connected with the mainland by a narrow, low and sandy isthmus. The town stands on declivities around a semi-circular harbor, facing west the island of Patera, the shore being lined by an embanked parade, shown in the foreground of our engraving, and a terrace of white houses, above which Chinese and European residences afford a striking mixture and contrast of architecture. The principal edifices are the collegiate church of St. Joseph, eleven other churches, and the senate house, besides some curious Chinese temples. Macao was given to the Portuguese by the Chinese emperor in 1586, in return for assistance against pirates. The broadest part of the peninsula, to the north of the town, is flat and of a light sandy soil; but is well cultivated, principally by the Chinese, and produces all sorts of Asiatic and European culinary vegetables.

CAVE TEMPLES.

On page 347 we present an engraving of one of those remarkable structures to be found in the East, known as Cave Temples. They are simply caverns of various sizes, some the work of nature, and others cut out of the rock by the hand of man. These caves have been ornamented, in many cases very richly, with sculptures and paintings of rare perfection. They are of great antiquity, and show that the arts had obtained a high order of excellence in India at a very early period.

The cavern represented in the engraving is one of an extensive group of similar excavations in the rocky side of a deep valley, near the city of Adjunta, in the province of Aurnagabad. Many of these excavations are only small sanctuaries, while others have the dimensions of large temples. Amid these venerable memorials of the past, solitude and silence now reign.

There is another of these cave temples at Ellora, which is regarded with great vener-

ation by the Thugs. The walls of this temple are covered with sculptures representing the different stages of murder: by strangling as practised by the Thugs.

When the East India Company suppressed the infamous gang, a number of Thugs were examined as witnesses against their confederates.

The following conversation, between Captain Sleeman, the Company's agent and the witnesses, contains an interesting account of the Cave Temple of Ellora:

Capt. S. You told Mr. Johnston, the traveller, while he was at Sangor, that the operations of your trade were to be seen in the Caves of Ellora.

Feringeea. All! Every one of the operations is to be seen there. In one place, you see men strangling; in another, burying the bodies; in another, carrying them off to the graves. There is not an operation in Thuggee that is not exhibited in the caves of Ellora.

Dorgha. In the caves are to be seen the operations of every trade in the world.

Chotee. Whenever we passed near we used to go to see these caves. Every man will there find his trade described, however secret he may think it; and they were all made in one night.

Capt. S. Does any person beside yourselves consider that any of these figures represent Thugs?

Feringeea. Nobody else. But all the Thugs know that they do. We never told any one else what we thought about them. Everybody there can see the secret operations of his trade; but he does not tell others of them; and no other person can understand what they mean. They are the works of God. No human hands were employed upon them; that everybody admits.

Capt. S. What particular operations are represented by the sculptures?

Sahib Khan. I have seen the Sotha (inveigler) sitting upon the same carpet with the traveller, and in close conversation with him, just as we are when we are worming out their secrets. In another place the strangler has got his roomal over his neck, and is strangling him; while another, the chumochee, is holding him by the legs. These are the only two operations that I have seen represented.

Nasir. These I have also seen, and there is no mistaking them. The chumochee has close hold of the legs, and is pulling them,

thus; while the bhurtote is tightening the roomal around his neck, *thus!*

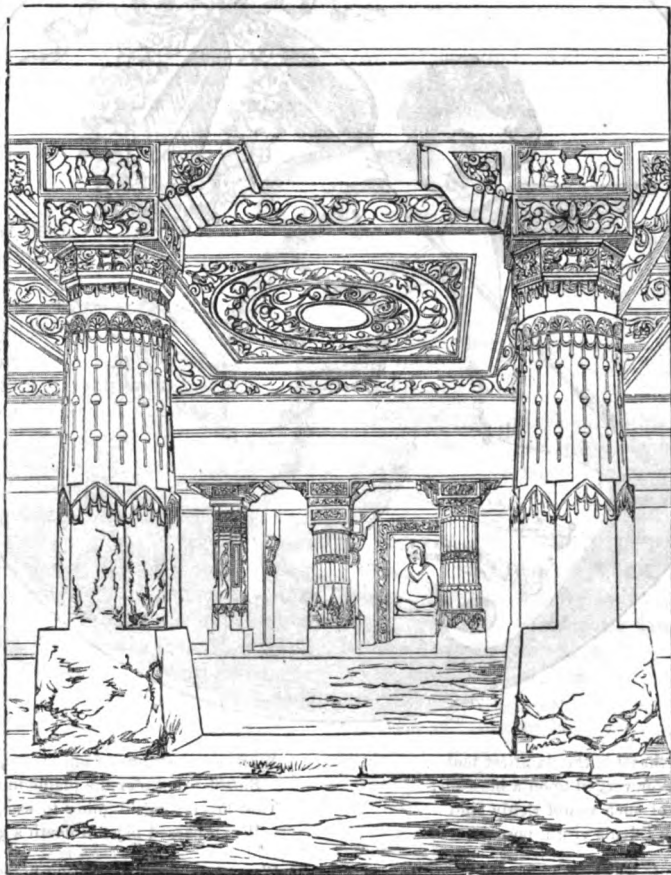
Capt. S. Have you seen no others?

Feringeea. I have seen these two; and also the lughas carrying away the bodies to the grave, in this manner, and the sextons digging the grave with the sacred pickaxe. All is done as if we had ourselves done it; nothing could be more exact.

Capt. S. And who do you think could have executed this work?

cut by some demons, who knew the secrets of all mankind, and amused themselves here in describing them.

Caves have been used for religious purposes by many nations. Among the old Greeks the Delphian oracles, which were revered by all the civilized world of that age, were delivered by a priestess seated at the mouth of a cave. The Teutonic tribes of the early ages of Europe also celebrated their mystic rites in caverns.



A BUDDHIST CAVE TEMPLE.

Feringeea. It could not have been done by Thugs, because they would never have exposed the secret of their trade; and no other human being could have done it. It must be the work of the gods; human hands could never have performed it.

Capt. S. And supposing so, you go and worship it?

Sahib Khan. No. We look upon it as a mausoleum, a collection of curious figures

None, however can equal India either in the variety or number of its caves. The traveller in that far country is often called to admire the rare beauty with which caverns, that, from the exterior, are seemingly the abodes of beasts and birds, are ornamented. To the artist especially these ancient temples are interesting, and they afford many valuable models which he may study with pleasure and profit.

MY SWEETHEART.

~~~~~  
 BY EARL MARBLE.  
 ~~~~~



My sweetheart is the daintiest bud
 That ever verged upon a blossom:
 A brace of such would richly stud
 A fairy Eden's virgin bosom.

Her skin is white, her eyes are blue,
 Her lips and cheeks would shame a ruby;
 The colors of a patriot true:
 Who wouldn't worship is a booby.

O sprite of love! that hovers o'er
 Each maiden's life in hours of vision,
 Waft her sweet odors from the shore
 That bounds the blooming realms elysian

With wreaths of flowers her life endow,
 That every virtue there embraces:
 They 'll rest as well upon her brow
 As on the fairest heavenly Graces'.

Waft to her strains of music, too,
 Soft floating o'er the plains immortal,
 That lovers sing in going to woo,
 When passed beyond death's gloomy portal.

Chant in her ear the rolling notes
 That swell into a heavenly pean,
 And breathe the air that softly floats
 As though 'twere blown from pipes pandean.

O nymph! not only guard our days
 When youthful fervor glows within us,
 But let cold airs ne'er check the blaze
 That on Love's altar burns between us!

So shall we down life's river glide,
 Each rose-lined shore our eyes alluring,
 Stout stemming every adverse tide,
 Ne'er stopping till we reach our mooring.

THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

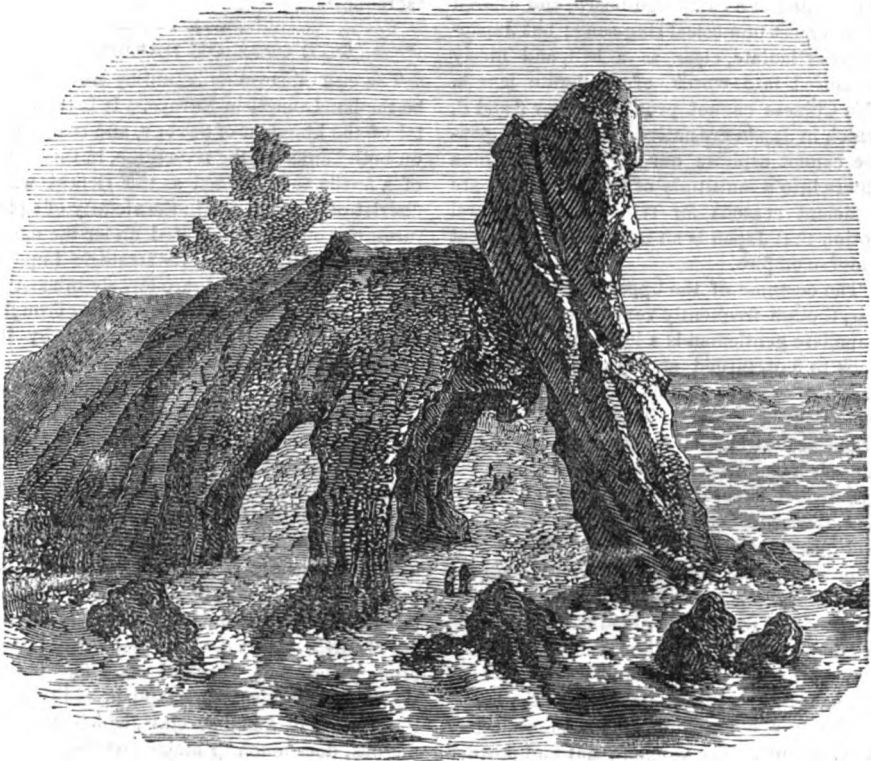
On this page the reader will find an engraving representing a very curious rock on the Japanese coast. It is a volcanic formation, and was no doubt given its queer shape by the same agency that broke off the Japanese Islands from the Asiatic coast.

There is a singular resemblance between Japan and Holland. As the Zuyder Zee is flanked both west and north with a bank of islands which evidently belonged once to the main land, so the Japanese Islands, which

"Rich Scholar Peak," which rises 14,177 feet above the level of the sea, is the Parnassus of the empire.

The country itself is almost unknown to the outside world. The Japanese are still very hostile to strangers, and are unwilling to communicate much information concerning either their country, their institutions, or their customs.

The word Japan is an English corruption of *Dais Nipon* (*Great Nipon*), and *Nipon* means the "Land of the Rising Sun;" so that



CURIOUS ROCK ON THE JAPANESE COAST.

shut in the Japan Sea, evidently belonged once to the Asiatic continent. The Zuyder Zee and the Japan Sea are both eruptions of water, and in each case the islands that hedge them in have been dislocated by volcanic action. As far as Japan is concerned, the agency is still at work, and the natives declare that some one of their cities at least is devoured by earthquake every seven years. The great volcanic mountain, Wunsenlake, which reaches to the line of perpetual snow, is both feared and worshipped; while the

Japan signifies, in reality, the "Island empire of Eastern Asia." It is divided into eight provinces; has an area of 266,500 square miles; embraces 3854 islands, four of which are of considerable size; and has a population of nearly 40,000,000. The people are of Malay, but not of Chinese, origin. This we think it is impossible to gainsay, for, though the features of the two are cast in the same mould, the people themselves differ as widely as the poles. The Chinese are peaceable, modest, speculative, tricky, and usurious; the

Japanese are proud, jealous of honor, boastful of birth, warlike, ambitious, and enterprising. The religion of China is Buddhism—a highly philosophical and speculative system; that of the Japanese is idolatry, called *Sintos*, from *Sin*, the chief idol. Lastly, the language of the two people differs in every respect: that of the former is monosyllabic, of the latter many-syllabled. The Chinese have no letters, and therefore no spelling; the Japanese have forty-seven letters, of which their words are built in the same manner as our own. Chinese is a jumble of consonants, harsh as the grating of a rusty sign-board, and uttered with a most unmusical sing-song; but Japanese is articulate, clear as a bell, and nicely measured into words of moderate length. The Chinese cannot pronounce our *r* and *d*, which in Japan are native sounds; the Japanese cannot aspirate our *h*, which in China enters into a multitude of words. These are sufficient reasons for rejecting the general notion that Japan is an off-shoot of the great Chinese empire.

The costume of the upper classes is peculiar, though frequently very rich. That of a Japanese gentleman is a loose silk robe from neck to foot, girded at the waist with a broad-cased silk sash; over the robe comes a loose, wide-sleeved jacket, decorated with the armorial bearings of the wearer. The head dress is a cap made of bamboo and silk, of a cylindrical shape; the stockings are white, and the sandals made of straw. Physicians and priests shave their heads entirely, but others shave the forehead only, and comb the remaining hair towards the top of the head into a ridge, where it is glued with bandoline, trussed with hair-pins, and cribbed with tortoise-shell combs. The body of the higher castes is tattooed most elaborately, the favorite devices being blue dragons, lions, tigers and serpents. The women paint and powder their skins profusely; their dress is similar to that of the men.

When a maiden marries, her teeth are blackened, her eye-brows carefully plucked out with tweezers, and she is made as ugly as art can devise. The men are divided into eight tribes, four upper and four lower, but only those of the upper are allowed to enter a city on horseback. The barrier of birth none can pass over; in the caste where a child is born, there it must hopelessly abide: no native talent or personal merit can lift a man above his rank, nor can any demerit deprive him of his noble birthright.

The government of Japan is oligarchical, and of course despotic. It is formed of two councils of state. There is a spiritual and a temporal emperor. The spiritual emperor is called *Mikado*, the temporal emperor, the Tycoon or Great Lord. The spiritual emperor is the descendant of a long line of ancestors; the Tycoon is his vicegerent. The former is the nominal, and the latter the real, head of the empire; one reigns but does not govern, the other governs but does not reign. The spiritual emperor is worshipped as a god, and his body is regarded with the most extreme sacredness.

THE CITY OF DRESDEN.

The city of Dresden is said by travellers to be the handsomest in Europe. It is the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, and is situated on both banks of the river Elbe, in the midst of a fertile valley, noted as the richest wine district of Saxony, and in the vicinity of a picturesque country, celebrated under the name of Saxon Switzerland. Its strategic importance has caused it to figure largely in most of the German wars, and recently it was brought into greater prominence than usual, by its sudden and masterly occupation by the Prussian army.

The whole aspect of Dresden bears the impress of an ancient and thorough civilization. It is surrounded by promenades, parks, and pleasure-grounds, and contains more handsome buildings than any other city, in proportion to its size, in Europe. The churches are about twenty in number, and of great beauty. The Roman Catholic church contains a famous organ, fifty statues of saints, by Mattielli, a great altar piece, by Rafael Mengs, and other works of art. The public school system is very fine, and in addition to the schools of a higher class, which are numerous, does much to make Dresden one of the most intellectual cities of the world.

The river Elbe divides the place into two portions, called the old and new town; the former dates back to a very remote period, and was a city as early as the year 1216, and the latter is about four hundred years old, a circumstance which is somewhat opposed to its title of *new town*.

The two sections of the city are connected by a handsome, hewn stone bridge of sixteen arches, said to be the finest in Europe, and which was called by Jean Paul, "Dresden's triumphal arch." This bridge is shown in the engraving on page 351.

The new town is by far the best portion of the city, the houses being mostly built of free-stone, high and substantial; the streets broad, straight, and well paved. The royal palace

stands opposite the bridge, at the entrance of the new town, presenting a rather indifferent appearance externally; but the inside makes ample amends for all this, the apartments be-

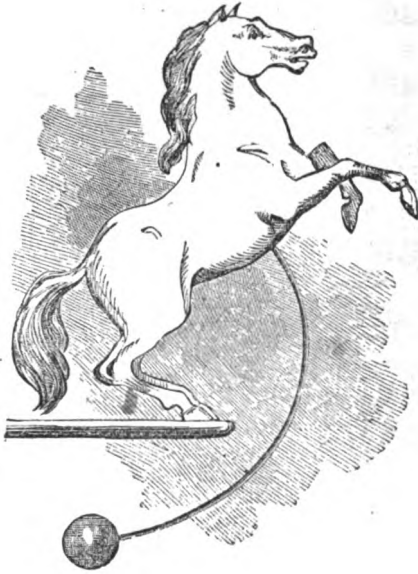
THE CITY OF DRESDEN, AND THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ELBE, SAXONY.



ing spacious, and most elegantly furnished in all respects. The room called *Güne Webolde* (Green Vaults), is a depository of great riches and splendor as well as of remarkable curiosities. It is composed of eight arched rooms, filled with articles of prodigious value, consisting of gold, precious stones, diamonds, rubies emeralds, immense pearls, sapphires, etc., the whole valued at five millions of dollars. Dresden is most admirably located, more than four hundred feet above the level of the sea.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THE MECHANICAL BUCEPHALUS. — The illustration of the horse furnishes a very good solution of a popular paradox in mechanics: Given, a body having a tendency to fall by its own weight; required, how to prevent it from falling by adding to it a weight on the same side on which it tends to fall. The engraving



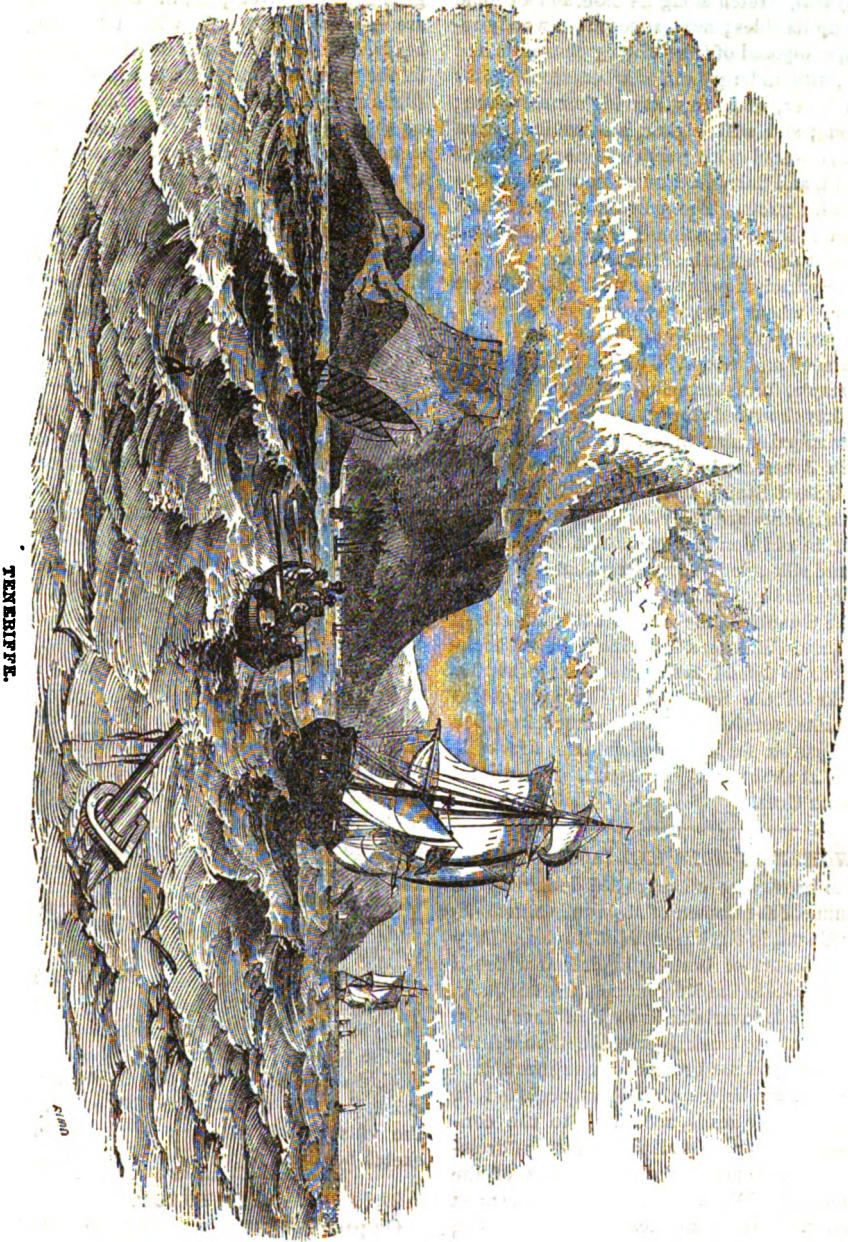
shows a horse, the centre of gravity of which is somewhere about the middle of his body. It is evident, therefore, that were it placed on its hinder legs on a table, the course of its direction or centre would fall considerably beyond its base, and the horse would fall on the ground; but to prevent this, there is a stiff wire attached to a weight or bullet connected with the body of the horse, and by this means the horse prances on a table without falling off; so that the figure which was incapable of supporting itself, is actually prevented from falling by adding a weight to its un-

supported end. This seems almost impossible; but when we consider that in order to have the desired effect, the wire must be bent, and the weight be further under the table than the horse's feet are on it, the mystery is solved, as it brings the total weight of bullet and horse in such a position that the tendency is rather to make it stand up than to let it fall down.

TENERIFFE.

This island, of which we present an illustration on page 353, is the largest of the Canary group, and is situated not far from its centre. It is of an irregular, triangular form, sixty miles long, northeast to southwest, and varying in breadth from thirty-five miles in the southwest, where widest, to twenty miles near the centre, and about six miles in the northeast. It is wholly of volcanic formation, and is composed principally of enormous masses and cones of trachyte, lava, and basalt, which in their culminating point, the peak of Teyde, attain the height of 12,182 feet above the sea level. The coast, which is very irregular, is exceedingly dangerous, and has only one really good harbor, that of Santa Cruz, on the northeast, where two rocky arms stretching around northeast and southeast, enclose a beautiful semi-circular bay.

The most remarkable feature of the interior, is in the broadest part of the island, towards the northwest, where the enormous peak of Teyde is seen piercing the clouds, and surrounded by a girdle, which gives it the appearance of a fortified town, encircled by its fosse and bastion. The *piton*, or cone, properly so called, is not more than 852 feet high; but in consequence of the loose particles of pumice which cover its surface, is ascended with very great difficulty. The view from the summit is one of the most magnificent in the world. It extends over the whole of the Canary archipelago, while from the transparency of the atmosphere, even minute objects are perceptible at the greatest distances. The crater, which has its most elevated point on the northeast, and its lowest on the southwest, is about half a league in circuit, and slopes by an easy descent, to a depth of not more than an average of 106 feet. Though it seems to have been the original vent of the whole volcanic archipelago, it appears to have been for ages only a *solfatara*, all the eruptions of the last three or four thousand years having been made by openings through its sides.



Below this crater, and immediately west of it, is another of much larger dimensions, forming the summit of Mount Chahorra; which, though isolated from the peak of Teyde, is connected with it for a great part of its height; and still farther on the west, at the foot of Chahorra, are other four cones, from which the last eruption took place in 1793. The only

other eruption since the occupation of the island by the Spaniards in 1496, was that of 1706. At all times, however, the internal activity of the volcano is indicated by frequent streams of hot vapor.

Teneriffe, taken as a whole, bears a considerable resemblance to Mount Etna. Towns and villages, with their fields, gardens and

vineyards, stretch along its base, and for some way up its sides; next succeeds a woody region, composed of trees, chiefly chestnuts and oaks, with undergrowth of arborescent heaths at a lower, and ferns at a higher elevation; beyond, and still higher, is a wide, barren plain, covered with pumice stone and blocks of lava, and inhabited only by a few rabbits and wild goats. The portion of the surface available for cultivation has been estimated at about one-seventh of the whole.

The principal productions of Teneriffe are maize, wheat, potatoes, pulse, almonds, oranges, apples, guavas, honey, wax, silk, cochineal and wine. The last, which forms the staple, furnishes an annual export of nearly thirty thousand pipes, which formerly found its principal market in the Spanish colonies of South America; but is now sent chiefly to the United States and Great Britain. The manufactures are very insignificant, but include, in addition to some coarse linen, woolen and silk goods, some excellent specimens of furniture and cabinet work.

The Guanches, the original inhabitants of the islands, almost all perished in vain endeavors to defend their freedom against the attacks of the Spaniards. The present inhabitants, consisting of a mixed race, in which the Spanish features predominate, are estimated at about ninety thousand. The capital is Santa Cruz.

WOMEN OF MOLA AND CASTELLONE.

The engraving on page 355 delineates the costume of the women of Mola and Castellone, near Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples. They possess an art of braiding their hair which is not the same in the different countries of Italy, but which is invariable in each of them. On Sunday at daybreak, before the time of the first mass, you see groups of young women in the open air before the doors, occupied in adorning their heads, according to the consecrated custom. Of all the manners of dressing the hair peculiar to Italy, that of the inhabitants of Mola and Castellone is the most singular. To increase the bulk of their tresses, they interweave heavy cords, and add ribbons, which, according to their color or richness, serve to distinguish young girls from married women. The first make a triple plait of lively and variegated colors with these ribbons. The second make only plaits of more modest colors, but of tissues of gold and silver. To keep the hair in place, the

girls use long silver pins, the heads of which are generally an eagle with two crowned heads. These pins, like those which are found in the ruins of Pompeii, are called *spadette* (little swords). The married women, instead of these pins, use a sort of crescent, which, slender in the middle, expands and rounds towards the extremity, and is called *spadetta sana*, and is thought to symbolize the pacific unity of marriage. The ribbon ornaments are fixed to the hair by a number of large silver pins, among which is one of a bird with a sort of little branch of coral hanging from its beak. In different places, and particularly at the back part of the head, you see little hands of coral, with the finger raised—these are charms against the *jettatura*, the evil-eye, a superstition which still exists among the country people, and sometimes influences the upper classes. On festival days, and in processions, when all these young women are collected, adorned in their rich dresses, they present a surprising and charming spectacle. They have veils of silk, cotton or wool, but if they covered their heads, of what use would their elaborate hair-dresses be? It would be time and trouble thrown away—so they allow their veils to float negligently over their shoulders. Their dresses are of silk, some of them plain, others embroidered with flowers of gold and silver. Their velvet corsets are covered with strips of gold lace, which on the back, diverge into rays. Their ear-rings are of large pearls and in the shape of boats. Their fingers are loaded with rings, with the exception of young girls who are not engaged. They wear also heavy gold chains, to which women of mature age suspend gold doubloons. Let the imagination add to all this array, an elegant, well-proportioned shape, a fine complexion, rather roseate than brown, for the women of Mola and Castellone do not work in the fields, and you will readily conceive that no travelling artist ever leaves the villages without new drawings in his sketch-book and agreeable souvenirs in mind.

JOHN ELIOT.

On page 356 we give a fine representation of John Eliot, the venerable "apostle to the Indians," as he is historically called engaged in imparting religious instruction to a group of the savage inhabitants by whom the Pilgrim settlers of Massachusetts Colony were surrounded. We cannot do better than quote what Bancroft said of this excellent man, who began to preach in 1646. His benevolence

almost amounted to genius. An Indian grammar was a pledge of his earnestness. The pledge was redeemed by his preparing and publishing a translation of the whole Bible into Massachusetts dialect, which was done in the year 1664, at Cambridge, Mass. His actions, his thoughts, his desires, all wore the hues of disinterested love. Elliot mixed with the Indians; he spoke to them of God, and of the soul, and explained the virtues of self-denial. He became their lawgiver. He

abatement; but, on the contrary, manifested a steady and continual increase. He appears never himself to have doubted its endurance; but confidently referring it to Divine bestowment, he felt assured of its derivation from a source incapable of being wasted by the most liberal communication. Everything he saw or knew occurred to him in a religious aspect; every faculty and every acquisition that he derived from the employment of his faculties was received by him as a ray imparted to



MOLA AND CASTELLONE WOMEN.

taught the women to spin, the men to dig the ground. He established for them simple forms of government; and, in spite of menaces from their priests and chieftains, he successfully imparted to them his own religious faith. Groups of Indians used to gather round him, as round a father; and, now that their minds were awakened to reflection, often perplexed him with their questions. It is a remarkable feature in Elliot's long and arduous career, that the energy by which he was actuated never sustained the slightest

his soul from that everlasting source of sentiment and intelligence which was the object of his earnest contemplation and continual desire. As he was one of the holiest, so was he also one of the happiest and most beloved of men. When he felt himself disabled from preaching, by the infirmities of old age, he proposed to his parishioners of Roxbury to resign his ministerial salary; but the people unanimously declared that they would willingly pay the stipend for the happiness of having him reside among them. His example, in

deed, was the most valuable part of his ministry among Christians; his life, during many years, being a continual effusion of soul, in devotion to God and charity to mankind.

The mild, persuasive address of Elliot soon gained him a favorable audience from many

erect fixed habitations for themselves, and where they eagerly received his instructions and guidance. A considerable number of Indians resorted to the lands allotted to them by the provincial government, and exchanged their wild and barbarous habits for the modes



JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

of the Indians; and, having successfully represented to them the expediency of an entire departure from their savage habits of life, he obtained from the General Court a suitable tract of land adjoining the settlement of Concord, in Massachusetts, upon which a number of Indian families began, under his counsel, to

of civilized living and industry. Elliot was continually among them, instructing, animating and directing them. They felt his superior wisdom, and saw him continually and serenely happy; and there was nothing in his exterior condition that indicated sources of enjoyment from which they were debarred.

TRENHOLME'S FOLLY.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

It was a crazy old house on a hillside, in the most picturesque part of West Virginia—a wilderness of dismantled rooms, and rattling casements, and doors that shut with a bang, and opened with a frightful shriek, of tumbling chimneys, and shattered roof, and shaking floor—a wretched ruin, all the more wretched in that it came so near being a beautiful home.

Such as it was I was the sole owner. It had come down to me from my uncle, the eccentric Trenholme who built it, and of whose folly it was a lasting monument. And yet, if any one had known all the secret motives that induced my uncle to stop midway, and leave his rudimentary castle to the mercy of the rough wind and the untender hand of time, I think the folly would have been given a kinder name. No one did know save myself, and I not until he was an old man, not till the knightly figure which must have found him favor in all womanly eyes was bent and shrunken, and the black hair bleached by time and sorrow, and the sweetness of his noble heart turned to gall. Even then I pieced up the story at odd times—adding a link here, a forgotten thread there, till the whole stood before me the completed romance of a life.

The Trenholmes were an old family, and in the days of their primitive greatness had owned all the land around for miles. Later, however, the pride of landholding had in some degree died out—necessity perhaps making war upon it—and the Trenholmes had found other investments for their money; for the family was rich all along down till it got to me, and I was as poor as a church mouse. My father must have had unusual talents for spending, to have rid himself of his fortune so completely in the space of three years. But it is always a downhill slide to poverty, and when my father came home in broken health from abroad, and my uncle's house was opened to receive his young wife and child, it was thought to be a sad coming home for one of the Trenholmes. It was only a nine days' wonder though, and then my uncle and his affairs became the point of interest. My father dropped into the grave that had been so long waiting for him unnoticed, and my mother followed him before the turf on the grave was green, and that, too, was nothing.

Poor relations are of proverbially small consequence, and the moment that we, with our dilapidated fortunes, set foot in the country, we sank into the position of dependents upon the bounty of Richard Trenholme, the rising politician, the rapidly growing rich man.

The foundation for the great house on the hill was laid when my father died; all that summer the work went forward. As soon as one corner of it was covered from the weather my uncle had two rooms fitted up, and lived there during the day, and when my mother's death left me lonely in the house he had taken for us, he sent for me to come to him.

I remember the confusion everywhere; the busy faces of the carpenters, my handsome uncle, proud but gay, too full of happiness to shut it up in himself, and so winning everybody's good-will by his courtly kindness. I remember, too, long absences which came at short intervals, whose occasion I did not very well understand, though somehow I had picked up a notion that they were connected with a lady. Why that should take my uncle away from home so often and so long, I could not guess, but I had no very kindly feelings toward that lady—I missed my playfellow and protector so much.

But one night, after he had been gone a week, I heard the familiar footsteps of his horse as he came over the little bridge, and up the hill. But surely Lion had never returned at such a pace before. His hoofs rang sharp upon the stony road, his flanks were white with foam, his mouth dropping blood.

My uncle brought him up suddenly at the steps of the house, so suddenly that the animal fell back upon his haunches quivering all over. Child-like I ran to meet him, putting myself in his way. He put me aside without a word.

"Uncle Richard, why don't you speak to me?" I said.

I did not know the meaning of the pallid, set face, the dark eyes luminous with an unnatural light. Nor did the party of workmen around, for they stopped on their way out from work, and looked in mute surprise.

"Here, you, Ransom!" said my uncle, in a hoarse shout.

Ransom came. He was the master builder.

"You needn't come again. I shan't want you any more."

"Not want us any more!" echoed Ransom, astonished.

"No! I don't want you any more," said my uncle, grinding out the words between his shut teeth. "Stay! It is Saturday night—so much the better. Go to my agent in town and get your pay."

"Mr. Trenholme, aren't you going on with the house then?" said the amazed workman.

"Is that any business of yours?" demanded my uncle, his suppressed fury breaking through the restraint he had imposed upon it. "But no! The house stops where it is. Go tell that to your men if you like." And with that my uncle strode into the house. I followed, half crying with vague alarm.

What came afterwards I but dimly remember. I think my uncle had a long illness. I recollect that the old black woman who did our cooking used to cry over me at times, and tell me if the good Lord didn't help I should be without a friend in the world.

But when my memory reflects things clearly again, my uncle was an old man, if gray hair and a worn face are signs of age, and I am a stalwart boy fast growing up, getting what education I can from a heterogeneous mass of books that filled one of our finished rooms, living a queer, lonely, silent life. I had grown up with the idea that my uncle was different from other people. The time when he had not been so was long ago, and seemed more like a dream than anything else, and I heard the place called "Trenholme's Folly," and my uncle's singularity spoken of without much feeling of any kind.

I knew there was something wrong, else why was the house going to decay? Why did we, of all the people in the village, live without society or friends? Why did my uncle sit in shabby clothes by a wretched fire, and pull down the shutters if he saw any one coming up the hill?

But, by a sort of instinct, I postponed the consideration of those mysteries until some indefinite, future time, and with my books, my fishing-rod, and my gun, I was in a quaint fashion happy. But the years brought me round to a time when my own prospects began to be of interest to me.

I had very vague ideas of what life was; such notions as I had gained from books, and when I came to test them I found that they differed essentially from the realities of life. But this I learned only by experience. At

twenty-one I was as innocent a neophyte as you can imagine. Still, little as I knew, I was sure I was not to live at Trenholme Folly forever, that there was a world outside, and possible happiness to be won. And at twenty-one I thought it was time to move in the matter. So I broached the subject to my uncle one day at dinner.

"How are you going to get your living? Why, live here! What more do you want? Haven't you books enough? Isn't there any fish in the stream? Are there no birds in the woods? Boy, be contented."

"But, uncle, I am not a boy now," I remonstrated, my manhood rising in indignation. "I am a man, and I want to do a man's work in the world; to know other men and women—"

"Yah!"

The monosyllable I have written fails to express my uncle's exclamation. It was more like the snarl of a wild beast than any form of speech. Used as I was to his words, I looked at him in amazement—at his angry eyes, at the cloud of white hair that fell low on his shoulders and gave him such a wild, maniacal look; and as I looked, up from that long-past time came the remembrance that had so long been buried under the accumulations of years. It was something about a lady that had taken my uncle away on those long, frequent visits!

"You want to know women, do you?" he hissed out, presently. "Better spend your life in a cavern; better live at Trenholme till you are as old as I am than put yourself in their way!"

"But I suppose all women are not alike," I said, presently, speaking from my book knowledge.

My uncle only replied by a harsh laugh.

"At any rate," I said, petulantly, as I rose to go out, "I am not in any danger from them as long as you keep me here."

"I keep you here! You are free to go when you please, Guy Trenholme."

"Free to go!" Was that indeed true? An exhilarating sense of freedom filled my heart. I free to go out into that wide, living world of which I had read and dreamed so much? The thought was inspiration. As with my gun upon my shoulder I strode off towards the wood, my blood running swiftly, my young muscles elastic and strong, this thought burning in my brain, it seemed that I could never stop till I had reached the confines of that imagined world, and caught a look at its wonders.

But presently the remembrance of all my uncle had done for me, my natural affection for him, and sympathy with his forlorn condition, came to restrain my ardor. Could I go and leave him to the careless guardianship of old Dinah, to the wretched company of his own thoughts? I free? Ah, no! I was bound by a stronger chain than I could break. All day this troubled and perplexed me.

When, just at sunset, I came out of the forest, and climbed to the hill that overlooked the valley, the familiar scene was so full of beauty and peace, that my desire to go faded away in the love of home and its associations. In childhood the heart clings fondly to very homely things. Afar from the hill rose Trenholme Folly. The red sun shone on the weather-stained walls; it made its very shabbiness picturesque. Homely as it was, ruin as it was, how happy I had been there! In the late autumn evenings, with a bright fire on the hearth, Laxes at my feet; and a favorite book in my hand—what more had I needed to make me content? The windows might clatter, the doors shake, the timbers creak—it was only a part of the music of the storm. People riding along the highway might scoff at Trenholme Folly and its recluse; it did not matter then. My uncle sitting in his great chair looked peaceful and content; more than that he never was. The shadows lay too dark upon his face ever to be quite lifted. Yet he took a certain pleasure in my society, and in his odd way testified it. O, I had been very happy at Trenholme, after all! Then, as the red light died away on field and river, when the forests withdrew into the gloom, the wide, rich meadows lay softly, darkly green, the white road wound among the hills with pretty, careless indirectness, the tall elms stood grandly in the pastures. I thought how all this was identified with my life, how sadly I should miss it, how little I should be myself without it, and I half-resolved never to go away, but live on at Trenholme Folly with my uncle and my books.

It was a bit of youthful sentimentalism; but what else has youth, save sentiment? I did not know that an event was close by that would modify my whole life. As I came down the hill, just after I had crossed the bridge, I heard the din and clatter of wheels behind me, and then a loud shout; looking round hastily, I saw, through the cloud of white dust, a carriage and pair coming at a headlong speed. Before I could stir, almost before my mind had leaped to the conclusion

that the horses were running away, they reached the little bridge; some thoughtless pressure of the driver upon a rein, and the horses wheeled, backed the carriage against the railing; it gave way, and the carriage going over the edge drew the horses after, and in a moment all was lost to my sight.

It all happened so quickly that it seemed impossible to believe it real. In an instant, however, I turned, and ran to the brink of the stream. It was here narrow, and swift, and deep. In the descent the coach door had become unfastened, and the first thing of which I have any distinct recollection was seeing the dress of a woman, her shawl trailing far out upon the waters.

Fortunately I could swim like a fish, and in an instant I was in the water, and had seized the lady. Then I heard a voice near me:

"That's right, young fellow! If you can save the girl, I can manage Mrs. Fairthorne!"

It was the driver struggling out from the wreck of the sinking carriage with a lady clinging to his shoulders.

I paid no other heed to them, but made the best of my way to the shore. Even then I knew that this girl was of a race different from the few women I had known. She never uttered a cry, never lost her consciousness. When at length I set her down safely upon the shore, and gave her a long, strange—what she must have regarded as an impertinent—look, she showed no self-consciousness, but as simply and authoritatively as if I had been her servant, said:

"Why do you wait? Go and help John with my mother!"

I needed no second bidding. In a minute or two the elder lady was brought to shore, and John stood shaking himself like a wet Newfoundland.

"Will the horses get to the shore, John?"

"I expect so, ma'am. I cut the traces, and they swam down stream; I'll go and see if they've got ashore there where the bank is lower."

John went, and I waited in silence, anxious to do more, but not knowing what was needed.

"We have had a narrow escape, Love!" said the elder lady, shaking the water from her bonnet.

"Yes, mother, I owe mine to this young man," said the girl, her calm, soft eyes meeting mine.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairthorne.

I do not think she had noticed me before.

Now she gave me a scrutinizing look, going over my whole person, and returning more than once to my face. I think she decided that I was not a person to whom it would do to offer money.

"Will you come up to the Hall to-morrow, and allow Mr. Fairthorne to add his thanks to mine?" she said, with graceful condescension.

"Thank you, I am very happy to have done you a service, but I do not know Mr. Fairthorne, and do not wish any thanks for what I have done."

She looked a little surprised, almost offended, at my haughty reply. But she only said:

"Not know Mr. Fairthorne? Perhaps you do not live in the neighborhood."

"Yonder house has been my home all my life," I returned, indicating Trenholme Folly by a gesture.

"Ah! Mr. Fairthorne has bought the old Peyton estate. It will henceforth be called Fairthorne Hall."

"Indeed!"

My quiet reception of her communication seemed to disconcert her. She was not quite sure of my position. She saw I was not a clown, and yet my shabby dress, and my manners, perhaps, were not those of a gentleman. She was anxious to preserve a proper medium in her discourse with me, and had thrown her bit of information to tempt me to reveal something of myself. Of all this I was quite ignorant then, and my immobility arose partly from pride—I had heard my unclesneer at the mushroom families that were constantly settling upon effete estates—and partly from the natural diffidence of one so unaccustomed to society.

I puzzled the lady, and not less were they a surprise to me. Mrs. Fairthorne was tall and graceful—even the disadvantage of the situation could not conceal this; her face was dark and refined—a certain latent passion lying in the eye, and the lines about the mouth; and her manner had that indescribable magnetic attraction which is the natural dower of a few men and women.

.And Mrs. Fairthorne was not more unlike the few matrons I had known, than her daughter was unlike the buxom country-girls at whose rosy faces I cast sly glances as I passed. The delicacy of her complexion, the splendor of her hair, the sweetness of her smile, the gentle composure of her manner, her small, beautiful hands, were a wonder to me.

Away in a desolate room, among a lot of

rubbish that my uncle had huddled away in promiscuous confusion, was a half-effaced portrait of a golden-haired girl—one of Lawrence's beauties—such a face as I had never believed could really exist. Now the portrait had stepped from the frame and stood before me.

"The horses be all right, ma'am, but what'll we do for a carriage?"

"I don't know! Really, it is very awkward!" said Mrs. Fairthorne, with an involuntary glance at me. I hastened to suggest that the ladies should go with me to my uncle's house, and be made as comfortable as possible, while John hastened to the village for a vehicle. This was arranged, and we walked together up the hill. As we neared the house Mrs. Fairthorne looked around with an air of dismay.

"Who is the owner of this house?" she asked.

"My uncle's name is Trenholme, and the place is called Trenholme's Folly," I answered.

"Do not have any apprehensions. It is more comfortable than it looks. We shall, at least, be able to give you a fire and a glass of wine." And as I spoke, I turned toward her with a certain feeling of injury. But I was astonished at the change in her face. A singular pallor had come over it, and her lips quivered as she tried to shape some words.

"I—you are very kind," she faltered. "My dear, you go first."

We were just on the step, and Mrs. Fairthorne shrank back behind her daughter.

Thus it happened that the first sight which disturbed the reverie of the eccentric old man crouching over the fire with the prosy book before him, was Love Fairthorne's sweet, young face.

"My God!"

He had risen. The words were gasped rather than spoken. The ghastly face, the working lips were frightful. Miss Fairthorne stepped back and came close to me.

"Is he angry?" she said, in a frightened whisper.

"Don't be afraid!" I said, gently, a sense of pleasure thrilling my heart.

"Uncle," I said, going forward, "these ladies were thrown into the brook by their horses backing off the bridge. I have brought them here to get warm and dry, while their coachman goes for another carriage."

There was a little pause. My uncle seemed to be trying to control himself. At last he said quite calmly:

"The ladies are welcome to stay. Call Dinah, and ask Cato to bring some wine."

At this Mrs. Fairthorne came forward. Her voice was unsteady as she said, half putting out her hand:

"I see you know me, Archibald!"

"Know you!" A grim smile was on his face. "No, I don't know you. I know *her*!" indicating the girl.

"Yes, Love is very like what I was at her age," she stammered.

"So her name is Love, too?" muttered my uncle.

"But time changes us very much," said Mrs. Fairthorne, smiling faintly.

My uncle turned full upon her.

"Has it changed *me*?" he demanded, fiercely.

I imagine Mrs. Fairthorne's memory recalled the same picture that came swiftly to my mind—the handsome, black-bearded young man of twenty-five, good-humored, kind, at peace with all the world. No wonder that she grew pale before this apparition—this white-haired, spectral figure, prematurely old, —this snarling, desolate, miserable old cynic, whom her cruelty had half-crazed. She sat down without a word, meek, humbled, and not again till she was in her carriage ready to drive from the door did her natural manner return to her. Then she beckoned to me.

"Has he been long so?" she whispered.

"For seventeen years!"

She made a gesture expressive of surprise and pain, and then sitting back in the carriage drew her veil closely over her face. And so they drove off, Miss Fairthorne's sweet face smiling out at me till the last.

I went back into the house. My uncle had been peering out through a crevice in the shutter.

"How came they to be here?" he said, with a sort of frantic impatience.

"She said Mr. Fairthorne had bought the Peyton estate," I replied.

"How dared they?" he muttered. "How dared she show her face to me?"

"Was she so false, then?" I asked.

"False!"

He went to a desk that he had always kept carefully locked, displaced various papers, and at last drew out a small packet of letters tied about with a faded ribbon. He put them into my hands without a word.

"Am I to read them?" I said, wondering.

"Ay, read them. I want you to judge what she was."

It was with a curious sensation that I began to unfold the delicate paper. A soft scent stole out; an invisible aroma of refinement pervaded them, that belonged naturally to the graceful woman who had just left us.

He watched me as the thin sheets rustled in my hands one after another. They were such letters as a true woman would write but to one; and yet, recalling them now, I remember a tone of insincerity that then I failed to detect.

I laid them down at last.

"Surely she should have been your wife!" I said.

"She was promised to me," he replied, with singular quietness; "but when I went to claim her I found her the wife of Fairthorne."

"But why?" I began in surprise.

"O, she was eager for wealth and position," said my uncle, grimly; "and Fairthorne had a good many thousands more than I, and was a few degrees higher in the social scale. However, God punished her! her two beautiful boys died. Fairthorne missed his governorship. And I—I missed everything."

He spoke sadly but more rationally than usual. After a little, I said:

"The daughter is very beautiful!"

My uncle started. His face grew malign.

"See here," he said, fiercely. "Make her love you, lad—but don't love her."

I gazed at him in surprise and horror.

"It will only be fair play, you see, don't you?" he said, in a hurried whisper. "Punish her—fair, treacherous face like her mother—that will make me rest easy—that will be a revenge worth having!"

"She would scarcely fall in love with an ignorant, ill-dressed clown like me," I said, evasively, yet with some bitterness.

"You shall learn what you choose. And shall have clothes. I've got plenty of money—plenty," he said, with a crafty laugh.

It came into my mind to profit by this strange freak of my uncle's. If he had plenty of money, why should I, his nearest living relation, live in ignorance, and dress like a laboring boy?

For the next three years I was under the instruction of a private tutor in the nearest city—I had no mind to show my deficiencies at a university. At intervals I travelled; once I crossed the sea and paid a brief visit to famous European capitals; I saw something of society. The foundation had been long ago laid. I gained a rapid acquaintance with books. I was soon at home in the world. At twenty-four I was no longer a clown. All

this time my uncle's mental disease had been taking a more positive form. I was dismayed to find that the strange whim he had taken when he first met Mrs. Fairthorne had grown to a mania, and the desire for its gratification increased beyond his control. This became frightfully apparent, when, at the end of the three years, I went back to Trenholme Folly, at my uncle's request.

"So you're twenty-four—twenty-four?" he said, with a chuckle.

"Yes, uncle."

"And good-looking! Don't they call you good-looking, boy?"

I laughed.

"And you're educated?"

"Yes, in a way."

"And you've seen the world, and know what takes a woman's fancy?"

Did I? I don't know. I was honest, God knows. I would give the woman I loved the worship of a pure, fresh heart. I was brave, and true, and strong. But are these what women like? I did not answer, and my uncle went on:

"And you'll win the heart of that little treacherous-faced girl—and then—I think her mother will suffer in her turn. Retribution comes slowly, but it comes at last."

His eyes were on the fire. I watched him a moment in silence unobserved. Three years had carried him far toward the grave. Incipient paralysis was apparent. The physician who had been called in his last illness had said that he must be humored.

So I would not thwart him. I would enter into no argument to convince him of the folly and wickedness of his design. Any day might take him where the mists that clouded his reason would be dispersed, and forgiveness and mercy become easy.

"I think, uncle, I'll go up and see them to-morrow," I said, lightly.

"Yes, yes," he replied, laughing shrewdly. "It's best not to waste time. There might be others around, you know."

On the morrow I rang the bell at Mr. Fairthorne's door. I was quite at ease as to the propriety of the step, quite sure of a welcome, for Mr. Fairthorne had more than once pressed me to call.

I had not waited a moment before mother and daughter came in. Mrs. Fairthorne was the same graceful, winning person that I remembered; but I looked beyond her, for the young girl. I was curious to see whether the ideal in my mind was so much exaggerated as

my reason told me it should be. Yet when she appeared I was for a moment silent with surprise.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Trenholme. You would not remember her."

"On the contrary, I remember you both perfectly."

"You have a good memory for faces."

"No—but you were the first ladies I ever had the happiness to see."

"And you a boy of at least eighteen," cried Mrs. Fairthorne, with a musical laugh. "Ah, well! You have seen a great many since."

"But none more beautiful, Mrs. Fairthorne."

"Do you hear him, Love?" said the lady, gayly. "What shall be done with a young man who dares to import Parisian fashions to these pure solitudes?"

"I think," said Love, in a soft, low tone, "that this once—only just this once—we shall have to forgive him, for the sake of what he did for us three years ago. Mr. Trenholme, I cannot tell how often I have thought of you with gratitude," she said, turning toward me in her frank, innocent way.

I replied only by a bow. The words of compliment, such as I should have dared to use, would have so inadequately expressed the pleasure her words gave me, that I would not profane my feeling by using them.

Presently the mother was called away, and I sat there alone with Love Fairthorne while the sweet hours of the summer morning went on. The room looked into the garden; it was still and sunny out there, but climbing vines, curtaining the window, gave coolness and shade to the room. Some long tendrils reached in and touched the chair where she sat. Morning glories and jasmine blossoms looked in, but she was fairer than any flower of them all.

Love Fairthorne had none of that graceful affability which so distinguished her mother. I imagined she could even be *brusque* upon occasion; indeed, I remembered her so. But her face was candor and innocence itself. There were truthfulness and sincerity in her manner, and in the very emanations of her presence.

Afterwards I knew that the atmosphere she lived in was tainted with worldliness. Her father, a broken-down man of fortune, was above no mean toadyism that might raise him and his family. Her mother was scheming to make a good match for her daughter. Yet here the girl lived, wearing her innocence like white robes, uncontaminated and noble; a woman to win any man's heart who wor-

shipped honor and truth—as she won mine. —I do not know when my love for her began. Sometimes it seemed as though I must always have known her; so completely and quickly she became a part of my life. That summer was all sunshine; a happiness so perfect came down upon me that I feared to disturb its blissful calm, to win even the sweet consent which I hoped waited for me. I almost lived at Fairthorne Hall. There was no mistaking the attitude of her parents towards me, and, rapt as I was, sanguine with youthful confidence, I was sure to overcome the opposition I anticipated from my uncle. Yet, occasionally, a small cloud would drift across my sky. If he should be obdurate, there would be nothing but the pain of long delay before me, for I had no means of my own, and my education had not fitted me for immediate success in practical life.

One day Love rallied me upon my moodiness, and I said I was thinking of my uncle.

"That poor old man!" she said, her bright face growing grave. "Is he worse than usual?"

"No. Dally getting nearer to that world where his sorrows will be forgotten, is not growing worse."

After a minute she said, hesitating, and blushing:

"Was there not some attachment between him and my mother?"

"He loved your mother profoundly and truly, but her affection for him seems to have been feigned, or, at most, only that shallow sentiment that has no element of endurance."

She looked pained.

"Forgive me, Love; I try to forgive her because she is your mother; but I never could have loved you with the whole force of my nature if I had not believed you truthful, and tender, and stable. Have I trusted you in vain, Love?"

"Not if I know myself, Guy!" she said, softly.

"I know I have not, and I do not fear to put my life into your hands. Will you take it, Love? Will you make it what only you can?"

The words of her answer were precious as pearls to me—sweetest and truest of women.

Of course it was my duty to go at once to Mr. Fairthorne, which I did. He, poor old fellow, was quite overcome with emotion.

"My dear Trenholme, I shall be too proud—I beg your pardon—I am making an old fool of myself. If you can guess how anxious

I have been to see Love's future assured to her, you will excuse me. The girl was never meant for a hard life, you know."

My heart softened towards him. I began to understand and forgive the complaisance that I had often despised. The best feelings of our nature often tempt us to do degrading things. I could forgive him for flattering General Lisle, and pretending to think that stupid young Montgomery a genius, when I thought of Love, and reflected that her father's death would leave her not only friendless but penniless. For, in a burst of fatherly confidence, Mr. Fairthorne admitted to me that he was absolutely a poor man.

"It is my duty to tell you this," he said; "but I am sure it will make no difference with you."

I assured him that it would not.

"Yet, in spite of my real poverty," he went on, "my family have always had the appliances of wealth, and I have been anxious that Love should marry one who would continue them to her."

He looked at me inquiringly. I felt the blood rush over my face, and for a moment I seemed to myself an impostor. After all, what assurance had I to give him? Only my hope of my uncle's favor, and that, perhaps, I had forfeited by my attachment to Miss Fairthorne.

"May I ask if your uncle intends to make you his heir?" said Mr. Fairthorne.

"I have always supposed that he did," I replied.

"Has he never said so?"

I could only reply in the negative. Mr. Fairthorne looked disappointed.

"Well!" he said, after a pause. "There can be no doubt of it, I should think. He is not likely to leave his money to any public object, and he is fond of you."

"Mr. Fairthorne, I will take measures immediately to ascertain my uncle's intentions towards me, and if you choose, we will not suppose anything to be settled until I have done so."

"Thank you, Trenholme. That is honorable and like you. I would not on my own account ask that, but you know how important it is that there should be no misunderstanding for my daughter's sake. I own I should prefer you for a son-in-law to any one whom I know, and for that reason I have avoided giving young Mr. Montgomery any encouragement, though, as you know, his position and means are all that could be desired."

I went away from Mr. Fairthorne in no very pleasant mood. He had, it is true, declared his preference for me, but it was plain enough that if my uncle cast me off I could not hope for much favor at his hands. Then, too, he had thrown out that suggestion of a rival—a rival, too, who I was sure would receive most potent backing from Mrs. Fairthorne, whose real friendliness toward me I had long mistrusted. I think it was enough to make her dislike me, that I was acquainted with a dishonorable action of her life that she would gladly have had forgotten. If my uncle would do anything for me, all would go well. If not, and I had to make for myself fortune and position, could I trust Love's waiting for me? Could I trust her? A day—an hour ago, I should have sworn to her lasting fidelity; now my very anxiety made me doubtful.

My suspense was soon at an end. That very evening my uncle introduced the subject over our meagre tea.

"Take away the extra candle, Dinah. How often have I told you that one was enough? But women are naturally wasteful—wasteful and treacherous." He had grown terribly parsimonious latterly, and would not go on speaking till the extra candle was removed.

"Well, Guy, my boy, how do you get on with the girl up at the Hall? She is *her* very picture. Does she like you, Guy?"

"I think she does, uncle."

"Does, eh? That is good—good!"

I grew sick at the malicious triumph in his eyes; the mocking, evil look that distorted the wizened face. I could not bear it, and I hastened to say:

"I don't think Miss Fairthorne can look like her mother, uncle—at best, it can be only a superficial resemblance; for, though Mrs. Fairthorne may be selfish and insincere, Love is all truth, and candor, and generosity."

"She is! And what of that? What is that to you? What is that to you, I say?" he repeated, with passionate vehemence. With the cunning of a disordered mind, he had caught my meaning at once. There was nothing now but to face his anger boldly.

"Only this, uncle," I said, trying to speak quietly. "The beautiful traits I have spoken of—her whole lovely nature, as well as her charms—have made me love her as truly as you, as any man ever loved a woman."

I stopped here before I had intended, for the effect of my confession was even so much

more than I had anticipated, that I was alarmed. He could not speak for a minute or so; when he did, it was in incoherent curses and ravings, that made my blood run cold. After a while he grew somewhat more rational—not more reasonable.

"You're a beggar, Guy Trenholme, only a beggar," were his first intelligible words. "I *can* make you rich, but I'll never give you a penny if you marry Love Fairthorne."

"Then I must earn my fortune for myself," I said, rising.

"Earn a fortune! A pretty fellow you are to do that! What are you good for? What are you good for?" he sneered.

"I don't know; but perhaps I may be able to prove that I am good for something."

"Ah—ay! And while you are doing that, your sweetheart will be listening to somebody else," he said, tauntingly.

There was bitterness in having my unspoken fear thrown at me in that way, but I said, more bravely than I felt:

"If she does, I hope I shall bear it like a man."

I had never thought of it, but my uncle accepted that as a personal reproach, and broke out into a torrent of abuse, from which I only escaped by fleeing from the house.

After this I did not go to Fairthorne Hall for a week. It was a week of storms—of winds that howled along the valley, and round in the great trees about the house, like demons, and piled the dead leaves in drifts around the door. At night it was especially dismal. Then the loose doors shook and the casements clattered, and the voices of the wind shrieked in the empty rooms like troops of ghosts. What with the wind, the unusual noise, and my own worry, I often found it impossible to sleep. One night, when I had been more disturbed than usual, I was sure I heard a step on the creaking floor overhead. I got up immediately. The idea of robbers seeking booty at Trenholme Folly was not so ridiculous, on second thought, as at first it appeared. My uncle must have money, and he probably kept it somewhere in the house. All the neighborhood knew that he had, a long time ago, disposed of various stocks and estate, and nobody knew where he had concealed the proceeds.

So arming myself with a club and a candle, I proceeded to investigate. When I reached the landing at the head of the second flight of stairs, I started in surprise. Another light flashed out to meet my own, and there was my

uncle treading cautiously along the loose floor. His wild, watchful eyes, and white hair streaming down upon his shoulders, made a singularly weird picture.

"What are you up for, Guy? Watching me, are you?" he exclaimed, angrily.

"No. I heard a noise, and thought there might be robbers in the house," I replied.

"Robbers!" he echoed, with a curious laugh. "Precious little they'd get—precious little. You may tell that to your friends, the Fairthornes."

Whether he caught cold prowling about the damp rooms, as I suspected, I cannot say, but the next morning my uncle was too ill to leave his bed. I sent for Dr. Seymour at once, and he pronounced it a low, dangerous fever, from which it was not probable he would ever recover.

For days he lay in a semi-delirious state, his small stock of strength ebbing gradually away, each morning finding him weaker than the preceding. As he lay thus, it was curious and touching to see how the squalidness of misery that had belonged to these latter years, fell away from him; how the insane light faded from his eye, the pinched, avaricious, miserly expression of countenance disappeared. His face grew white and smooth; the wrinkles filled out, the wizened, decayed look passed; even his shrunken figure resumed something of the heroic proportions of other days. His long, white hair gave him an air at once grand and benign.

"What a magnificent wreck he is," said Dr. Seymour, softly. "I shall not be surprised if, with the diminution of the fever and the decay of his physical strength, his mind recovers its tone. Disease often sweeps the way clear for death."

O, if that might be! How eagerly I watched for any change.

It came at last, after a long, anxious night. For several hours his sleep had been more profound and uninterrupted than usual; and now, after a nap of some duration, he opened his eyes upon me—calm, kind, gentle—no wildness or incoherency in his speech; more like the man I remembered in my childhood, than the whimsical hypochondriac of these later days.

"Have I been ill? And who is this? O, I know—Guy. But I had forgotten you were grown up. I must have been ill a long time."

These were his first words. As gently as I could, I let him know what was needful of the past years.

"It seems like a bad dream to me," he said, confusedly. "But I am grown an old man,"—and he looked at his hands—"an old man, Guy! It has been a lost life—that is the saddest of it."

"But you could not help that," I said.

"I don't know. If I had curbed my passions more—but I was used to having things my own way—my willful spirit would not be chastened, and the first shock of feeling drove me out of myself."

He talked a great deal after this; much of the intervening time had slipped away, but his early life was fresh in his memory. But there was no rancor in his heart now—no harshness in the way in which he spoke of the woman whose falsehood was at least the occasion of his wasted life. When I told him of Miss Fairthorne, and my love for her, it was quite new to him. He was greatly touched, and said, tremulously:

"God bless you both, and may she make amends to you for her mother's unkindness towards me. Indeed, she owes something to the Trenholmes," he added, with a faint smile.

"But, uncle, I have nothing to offer her, if you keep your word by me."

"What do you mean, Guy?"

I explained, putting as pleasant a phase upon it as I could.

He looked troubled—perplexed.

"Of course you are my heir; there must be a good deal, if I could only remember. I made a will, I think—I am sure; but I can't tell where it is."

"Is it not in Mr. Reid's hands?" Mr. Reid was the lawyer who had acted for him several years since.

"It may be," he said. Then after a long silence, he said, suddenly: "It is somewhere in the house—it must be."

He was sinking fast. The exertion of talking had told terribly upon his strength, and I implored him not to let himself be troubled now. "If the will exists, I shall find it; and if not, it will be all right." Nevertheless, I could see that the subject occupied his mind all the few hours that remained.

The night wore on, and at last the faint red of sunrise flushed the east. It was when the sun rose above the horizon and shone in at the window, that he half lifted himself up, raised his hand with an upward, pointing gesture, and then in a moment it was all over.

For me, earthly interests had grown pale in the presence of the awful mystery of death. But who was the heir? Where was the

money? These questions came up all too soon. Before the grave had closed over him I was beset with questions and congratulations. To those who offered the latter, I said:

"You are premature. No will has yet been found, and if there is not one forthcoming, there is nothing but the estate, and that I share with some cousins, who are doubtless poor enough without having Trenholme Folly added to their burdens."

Of course there was a will. Of course Mr. Reid knew all about it. To Mr. Reid accordingly I went. He was interested and courteous. Yes, he had drawn up a will for the late Mr. Trenholme, twenty years back, or more. Let him look at his books, and he would give me the exact date. Yes, twenty years to a month. But he had not taken charge of that will. Mr. Trenholme preferred to keep it in his own possession. But as to its tenor, he had no hesitation in saying that it named me as the heir.

"But what was there to bequeath?"

Why, there was bank and railroad stock, and real estate, he had assisted Mr. Trenholme to turn into money, but of course he had reinvested it.

"Not that I know of," I said.

Mr. Reid looked surprised.

Was it possible he had hoarded it up all this time? Mr. Reid remembered now that his client had been very eager to get specie. Yes, it was quite likely it was hidden somewhere in the house. He had a client within a month—I must have heard of him—he was not at liberty to reveal his name—professional honor and so forth—but he averred on his death-bed that he was not worth a hundred dollars in the world; but after his decease fifteen thousand dollars in gold were found hid away in the cellar.

As soon as possible I got away from the affairs of the man in whom I was not interested, and back to my own, upon which so much depended. And so after a brief conference I rode back to Trenholme Folly. I had lived a month without a sight of Love Fairthorne, and I was longing to go to her; but I put a strong restraint upon myself, and determined that I would not seek her till my prospects were more defined. So I set to work to hunt up the missing will, and whatever might be with it; and acting upon Mr. Reid's hint, I began with the cellar. My investigations speedily came to an end here. There was no available hiding-place apparent.

From the cellar I proceeded by regular ap-

proaches to the attic, for I was determined to do my work thoroughly. I searched between the floors, I peeped behind partitions, I rummaged the closets, I moved every movable article, and looked under it and behind it and in it. When I reached the garret, my field of operations became more complicated; for even in our *menage* rubbish had accumulated, and had been bestowed upon the garret. I grew disheartened as the search proceeded, but not the less would I go on. Indeed, it soon began to have an interest, I might almost say a fascination, independent of my hopes from it. I could set myself to nothing else in the daytime, and it haunted my dreams at night. Always I was rummaging in odd places, disturbing the dust of years, exhuming quaint, nondescript articles, till my brain and hands were tired.

At the end of a week my search had availed nothing; and my longing to see Love Fairthorne, quickened by a tender little note she had sent me, became unconquerable. So at last I gave way to it and went over to the Hall.

I was shown into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Fairthorne met me. "I am afraid you must excuse Love, to-day," she said, placidly. "She is suffering from headache, and is quite too wretched to see any one."

I knew it was a fiction, but I could not tell her so. I could only sit down and talk common-places, pretend to be interested in the small gossip she gave me, raging inwardly all the time. And then I went back to my lonely home, more miserable than ever. I do not know how I should have borne it, but that evening there came another precious bit of consolation from Love.

"Be patient!" O, I could be patient if she would only be true. And so, somewhat heartened, I set to work again. A month went. Once Mr. Fairthorne called, and through a good deal of irrelevant matter, I made out to understand that he was still favorable to me, and would not encourage any one else, but he could not answer for Mrs. Fairthorne. More than once in this time I heard young Montgomery's name associated with Miss Fairthorne's, and that added to my depression.

I grew so nervous and excitable that it was possible neither to eat nor to sleep. The season was now advanced; the nights were cool; the wind, which in that hilly region was never at rest, was always at work upon the loose windows and doors of the dilapidated old house, and even when my incoherent

dreams would let me sleep, the noise forbade it. At last I transferred myself to what had been my uncle's room, as being less exposed, and likely to be more quiet. But here, I was haunted by a positive impression of his personal presence. If I woke at dead of night, it was with a sudden conviction that he stood before me. I knew this life was quite unworthy of me, and one day I came to an abrupt conclusion to abandon this search and go out into the world, where at least a livelihood was to be won. I put an advertisement into the county paper, calling for the missing cousins who were to share with me the magnificent demeane of Trenholme Folly, and only waited for their appearance to fulfil my determination.

I was eager to get away now; the impression of my uncle's presence, of which I have spoken, had grown so strong that it had become singularly uncomfortable; and since I had resolved to go away, it was more persistent and obtrusive than ever. At another time I should have laughed at anything so absurd; but now my nerves were so thoroughly shaken, that I could not combat my unreasonable fancy.

At last, one night, I awoke from the first sound sleep I had enjoyed for a long time, with the impression strong upon me that I ought not—must not go away from Trenholme Folly—that the fortune in store for me was here, just within reach of my hand.

The moon shone full into the room when I awoke, and this feeling was so powerful, that I looked around involuntarily for what I wanted. It was as if I had been listening to words that enjoined it upon me not to go away, yet I had no definite idea of anything of the kind having taken place.

I lay still a few minutes, but sleep I soon found had fled. Suddenly it occurred to me to rise and search certain places in this very room, that I had overlooked, or thought unlikely hiding-places. It would be curious if the precious papers should be there in my uncle's own room, while I had been hunting from garret to cellar!

I arose accordingly; but the room was chilly; there had been no fire in it during the autumn. There was a ricketty stove, and a box of kindlings in the closet. I would light a fire as a preliminary. I shivered as I put the materials together, and was glad when I saw the bright flame curl up, and catch the pine splinters. I should have a bright glow in a moment.

But I was to be disappointed; the fire caught the wood and burned briskly for a moment, then clouds of smoke rolled out into the room. I opened dampers, and laid up the wood more lightly, but nothing but smoke followed.

Could there be any obstruction in the stove-pipe? I thought. Almost parallel with that thought, but coming I suppose as its sequence, a wild fancy shot across my mind, taking such strong hold upon it, that I grew breathless. In a moment I had pulled the stove forward and wrenched the pipe from its place. I plunged my hand down it; it came upon some obstruction. I eagerly drew it out. A mass of papers, blackened with soot! There was more to come, but I could not rest until I had examined these. I tore off wrapping after wrapping, and came at last to the clear white paper, written upon in Mr. Reid's hand, that designated me as the heir. Then I drew out of the pipe a leathern bag, and opening it swiftly, the glittering gold pieces rolled out before my delighted eyes. I need not particularize all the contents of that novel safe. There was enough, more than enough, I thought, for I had not then learned that every gratified desire brings more in its train as imperious and clamorous.

Quite the most touching thing was a little casket that proved to contain a set of magnificent jewels. There was a crumpled yellow paper put up with them—a fragment of a note Mrs. Fairthorne had written to my uncle in those long past times.

It would be an odd *denouement* that the daughter should wear the jewels that had been designed for a bridal present to the mother. But so it should be.

The next day I presented myself at Fairthorne Hall. I had a right to be bold now, and I quietly put aside the servant who doubted, with a grimace, whether Miss Fairthorne were disengaged, and walked into the drawing-room. Going straight up to Love, I put the jewel-case in her hands.

Her sweet face looked up wonderingly into mine.

"Open it, dear."

She did so, a soft flush rising on her cheeks.

"O Guy, what does it mean?"

"They are my bridal present to my wife. How soon will you wear them, darling?"

She made a gesture of surprise and delight, and the movement with which her hands clasped the jewels was almost a caress.

The rest came around to see.

"I imagine they were intended for another person, but—"

I stopped; Mrs. Fairthorne had become very pale, and her eyes were soft with tears. But presently she gave me her congratulations with her usual grace. I missed her shortly from the room, however, and she did not appear again that evening.

Later, when I rode back to Trenholme Folly, it was not the old house that I saw before me in the white moonlight, but a stately home, enriched by art, sitting high upon that sunny hill, backed by the soft gloom of dark woods, within sound of the running river, filled with Love's sweet presence. And now that moonlight fancy is become a reality.

BOTH SIDES OF A HEDGE.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"WELL, Charlie, I had a double reason for inviting you and Tralee down to Thonetville at this particular time," said Sutledge, lighting a cigar, and seating himself at one of the windows of the smoking-room.

"Ah, indeed! I wonder what your reasons were?" Tralee asked, languidly, stretching himself on the lounge.

"Well, in the first place," began Sutledge, smiling, "I wanted you to see what a cosey little paradise I have, and the principal charm of the place, which, by the way, is Mrs. Sutledge, as you couldn't be at the wedding as I wished you to, and I wished to see you and talk over old times. Secondly, I—well, how shall I express it?"—Sutledge puffed vigorously at his cigar for a few minutes.—"Well, to come to the point (I don't like this beating around the bush), my wife has two very dear friends; and—"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it," put in Charlie.

"Very particular friends, I mean."

"Who are they?" Tralee asked, opening one eye with a slight show of interest.

"That's just what I am going to tell you. One is Miss Clara Polten, and the other Minnie Nicobar, both of New York. Both extremely lovely,—I don't know which is the most so. Both are sensible and agreeable."

"Ah! I want to know."

"Well," continued Sutledge, not heeding the interruption, "we expect them here tomorrow to pay us a visit."

"Too bad!" moaned Rives.

"Why so?"

"We were going to have such a fine time fishing, weren't we, Tralee?"

"Yes, and the trout are so plenty in the streams hereabout, you said in your letter of invitation."

"Well, what's that to do with the ladies?" Sutledge inquired.

"Why, it will be expected that we shall do the agreeable to them. There'll be riding and walking, first to see the sun rise from the summit of some grand old mountain three or four miles off. Then we'll have to walk out to see the sun set; and then there'll be walks by moonlight, in the balmy air and night dews that always give me a touch of the rheumatism. Then I'll have to sing a duet with one of the ladies, while Charlie Rives is talking soft nonsense to the other. Well, I suppose the trout are safe for this season."

"I don't know about that," Sutledge said. "But I can remember a time, not long ago either, when you were not so averse to the society of ladies."

"No," answered Rives, "but Tralee and I have done nothing but flirt with the sweet creatures through the winter; and, to be plain about the matter, we wanted a change of programme. We came down to the country to rusticate."

"Well, I intended a change of programme. You've flirted long enough. Now get married, and you'll find it a very sensible, as well as agreeable change."

"Don't see it," muttered Tralee from the lounge.

"No, not yet. Can't think of binding myself to one woman for some years yet. Couldn't think of commencing courtship in earnest at present. When the woman comes along—she will sometime, of course—then I shall accept my destiny with meekness and resignation. No use in resisting fate. But, besides, you know I am wedded already—to poetry. I've a volume of poems nearly ready for the press now. Of course they are not all gems, and the first volume may not make the

name of Rives immortal; but the critics must needs deal leniently with me, for a gentleman in my circumstances to write anything, deserves great credit."

"So Byron thought. But will you get it? Saxe says:

"You may dream of poetical fame,
But your wishes may chance to miscarry—
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry!
And here I am willing to own,
After soberly thinking upon it,
I'd very much rather be known
For a beautiful son, than a sonnet!"

"Those are my sentiments, too."

"It is well that we have not all the same desires and aspirations," Rives answered.

"But I say, Charlie, don't you think a pretty woman the very personification of poetry?"

"Of course she is," growled Tralee. "Poetry is nothing but moonshine—fancy—trash, and so is woman. Nothing real about her, not even her hair. Her cotton is *real*—high, though, I see from late quotations."

Sutledge laughed. "You are cynical, Tralee."

"One might imagine you'd been jilted. Did you make an offer of your hand and heart to the charming Miss Montrose before leaving the city? and did the haughty dame say 'No?'" asked Rives.

"I don't remember anything of the kind. I understood that Miss Montrose had about run through her fortune, and no doubt she would like to form an alliance that would replenish her purse. What a helpmeet she would be! I want a *woman* when I marry."

"And suppose the woman should be quite as particular about having a *man*?" asked Sutledge.

"Well, I know I've been a drone all my life. But I'm going to be something one of these days. I shall make a bold strike. One of these fine mornings I shall wake to find myself famous. Pass me one of those cigars, Charlie, if you please." And Tralee leaned back on the lounge and closed his eyes, as though the exertion of talking had quite exhausted him.

"Shall I smoke it for you?" Rives asked, passing him a cigar.

"No, thank you. By the way, you say the ladies arrive to-morrow?"

"We expect them on the one o'clock train," Sutledge answered.

Tralee smoked in silence. Perhaps the

thought of ladies' society wasn't so disagreeable to him, after all. There'd be a chance to make another conquest, perhaps. He was a handsome man, had a handsome form, and dressed with taste, always had abundance of small talk at his tongue's end, could sing a fair tenor, and dance with perfect grace, and was possessed of a large fortune left him by his father. He had rather extravagant tastes, perhaps, but he always lived within his income, so he could see no reason for making any exertion in the world. Trade was vulgar, and he was too indolent to study a profession. Still, he had a vague idea of making a bold strike one of these days, as he had said. What sort of a strike it would have puzzled him to have told. He was twenty-eight, and, for a wonder, had never once thought seriously of matrimony. He imagined that some designing woman (all women were designing in his eyes) would entrap him some day, though. Well, he would submit. There must be some bitter with the sweet. You see he had never been in love, never had had the faintest twinge of the grand passion. All women were the same to him—all fickle and frivolous, he thought. Never imagined that any sane woman could think of rejecting him should he make her an offer of marriage; thought that it might not be very disagreeable to have a wife and keep an establishment of his own, but he feared there would be too great a load of responsibility on his shoulders. Well, trouble would come soon enough—he would not borrow any.

Rives was something like his friend, except that he had much more energy of character. He might have been a useful man in the world if he had not, like his friend, had the misfortune to be wealthy. As he had said, he thought great credit was due to him for having done anything.

Tralee and Rives had been in college with Sutledge, and had graduated at the same time. The latter had studied law afterwards, and been admitted to the bar. Then he went to Thonetville, and opened an office. His first client was a certain Mr. Overton. He had a suit at law, and Sutledge took the case and gained his cause. He saw Miss Overton for the first time, in the court-house when he was making his plea to the jury. That night he was introduced to her; next, he found that he loved her and that she loved him; and the consequence was, they were married soon after. Tralee and Rives were in St. Louis at the time, so knew nothing of the wedding

until after it was over. Three months afterwards they received an invitation to visit the newly wedded pair at Thonetville. Rives thought Sutledge hadn't done bad in the selection of a wife.

"Passable, passable," said Tralee. "Got a pretty face, lovely brown eyes—don't you think so? Ah, but then these women are all alike—a sort of necessary evil."

"Bah! you'll wake from your lethargy one of these days, to find Cupid's arrow in your heart, and then you'll think one woman is an angel," Rives replied.

Next day Tralee and Rives were in the library together. Sutledge had gone to the station with the carriage, after the ladies. Tralee was sitting in the easy-chair with a copy of Shakespeare open before him, reading the "Taming of the Shrew," and Rives was writing letters to go by the afternoon mail.

"Fudge! man has his will, but woman has her way," said Tralee, closing the book and commencing to pace the room.

"Just so," answered Rives, without looking up from his writing.

"By George, they've arrived, Charlie," as the carriage drew up before the door. Tralee stood by the window looking through the shutters. "Not so bad, either."

"Eh?"

"Jove! what a pretty foot!"

"What's their complexion?" asked Rives, without moving.

"Blonde, golden hair and azure eyes, lips as red as blood-red wine. Both of 'em smiling. Know there's a couple of young gentlemen here, probably. Dreaming of a conquest already, perhaps."

Rives got up and went to the window.

"Very fair, Tralee. Worth our while, eh?"

"Yes—nothing else to do."

At dinner the gentlemen were introduced. Tralee was quite animated, for a wonder. He brought his small talk into requisition. Rives shone to the best of his ability. The ladies were agreeable. They felt thankful to Mr. Sutledge for inviting the gentlemen down just at that particular time, it is so haudy to have an escort in the country.

"What do you do here?" asked Miss Polten, after dinner.

"Nothing," said Tralee.

"How swiftly time must fly," Miss Nicobar said, with a little sly laugh.

Tralee thought she was laughing at him. "O, we smoke, and read the morning paper.

We were going trouting one of these days," he drawled.

"But you can't smoke all the time," said Miss Nicobar.

"Yes, about."

"Perfectly horrid!" said Miss Polten.

Tralee thought he wasn't getting on very well. He went to the piano. "Will you not favor us with some music, Miss Polten?"

"And keep you from your cigars? I can't be so cruel as that," she answered, with provoking frankness.

He sat down to the instrument and rattled off a waltz.

"Sing us that little Scotch song you favored us with last evening, will you?" asked Mr. Sutledge. "Do, that's a dear!"

"Well," and Tralee began:

"'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie wi' her braw new gown
Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud tinged wi' morning shower
Bloomed fresh within the sunnie bower,
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That ever bloomed in Gowrie."

Tralee finished the song, and then turned to Miss Polten: "Will you take my place at the instrument now?" he asked.

"Yes, as you have been so kind."

It was twelve o'clock that night before Tralee and Rives found themselves in the smoking-room.

"What do you think of them?" asked Rives.

"Better'n trout-fishing," answered Tralee, lighting a cigar, and throwing himself upon the sofa.

"Yes, I think we shall enjoy ourselves."

"Of course. But there's that inevitable sunrise-ride to-morrow morning. I knew we should have to take it. Farewell to morning dreams, except I dream with my eyes open," Tralee groaned.

At the same time the young ladies were "unfixing" their hair preparatory to sinking into the arms of Morpheus.

"Mr. Tralee has fine eyes," said Miss Polten, brushing her hair out, as she stood before the mirror.

"Yes, he sings well, too," Miss Nicobar remarked.

"Don't you think Mr. Rives is rather the most agreeable?"

"I don't know. Either will do for a flirtation."

"Yes. We can make them useful while we are here," Miss Polten said, laughing.

"I was pleased to see how miserable Mr. Tralee looked when we proposed that early ride."

"Yes, what a good husband he'd make. You know he wouldn't trouble you with too much devotion."

"No; he isn't my ideal. But I'm twenty-five—it's time something was done," said Miss Nicobar, with a half sigh.

"I suppose we must take up with a husband sometime."

"Yes; and if you can't get one you want, you must take what you can get."

"We might make something of them."

"I don't know. We'll wait and see what the raw material is that we've got to work upon, first."

Next day the flirtation was continued. A ride in the morning and another in the afternoon was just the regular thing. Tralee would have said a week before that his constitution would break down under such usage. But on the contrary I think his health improved. He didn't object to moonlight walks either. Sometimes he went with Miss Polten, and again with Miss Nicobar.

A week passed away. Mr. Tralee had taken to thinking seriously. He was more silent than usual when he smoked his cigar. When in the drawing-room he often found himself looking intently at Miss Nicobar. Sometimes he felt very much confused when she spoke to him. When her hand touched his it always thrilled him strangely. He couldn't understand it at first.

"It can't be possible," he thought, "that I am in love. No, that can't be. I've seen far more beautiful women than either Miss Nicobar or Miss Polten. But then, there's something rather bewitching about Miss Nicobar—sweet Minnie Nicobar! What expressive eyes she has! I always did fancy golden hair. Hum—I—"

Tralee twisted his moustache and looked very serious. "I believe I do like her very much. I think Rives does, too. We may be rivals. I believe I'll speak to him about this." And he got up and walked down into the garden below the house.

Rives was walking up and down the gravel path behind the hedge. He had been walking there for half an hour. One would say, to look at him, that he was trying to solve some very difficult problem. Tralee spied him and went around where he was.

"Ah, Tralee, glad to see you. I've something to say."

"Yes, and so have I," Tralee answered. "Where are the ladies?"

"Taking a siesta, I believe. I wish to speak of them."

"And so do I."

Rives smiled. "Well, what?"

"They are very fine young ladies."

"Yes, certainly. I am aware of that," Rives answered, laughing.

"Well, but we couldn't do better," speaking earnestly.

"I suppose we must do it sometime," with a sigh.

"Yes. Which do you prefer?" Tralee asked.

"It's hard to choose. I think one of them is the woman I've been expecting. I think Miss Nicobar rather fancies me."

Tralee turned pale a little. "'Tis hard to choose." He didn't think so, but he was trying to blind Rives as to his real sentiments.

"Well, we can't both have the same one."

"No. And we should make ourselves understood before long. We ought to pair off."

"Yes, and the toss of a copper will decide it, I'm not very particular about it," and he drew a half eagle from his porte-monnaie. "Heads, and Miss Nicobar is yours, Tralee. Between two such beauties, 'tis hardly worth while to toss twice. Up she goes," and the coin flew upward. "Tails it is, you've lost!"

Tralee could not conceal his chagrin. "Was that fair?"

"Of course. Did you not agree to leave it to fate? Take a cigar, Tralee, we'll ride out with the ladies after tea."

For half an hour they walked the path in silence, and then returned to the house. Miss Polten and Minnie Nicobar were singing a duet when the gentlemen entered the parlor. Minnie turned away from the instrument when they came in.

"We shall ride out after tea, Minnie," Rives said, advancing toward her.

"No, thank you."

There was something in those expressive eyes that Rives did not like. "Are you unwell, Miss Nicobar?" he asked.

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Ah, indeed?"

"I've one little word of advice to give you, Mr. Rives," Miss Polten said, with a mischievous twinkle in her blue eyes, that Rives thought boded him no good.

"Well."

"When you toss a half eagle again for the choice of two ladies, be sure that the two ladies are not upon the other side of the hedge. Good afternoon, Mr. Rives. Adieu! Mr. Tralee!" And the ladies swept out of the room.

"By George! we're done, Tralee."

"Done brown, too. I'm off to Newport in the evening-train. Sea air may do me good."

An hour later, two gentlemen took the cars at Thonetville Station. They looked crest-fallen, and one of them was heard to say—
"Confound that hedge!"

INTOXICATION IN FRANCE.

Even in France there are some towns where women rival men in their habits of intoxication. At Lille, at Rouen, there are some so saturated with it that their infants refuse to

take the breast of a sober woman. In the mountains of the Vooges infants drink eau-de-vie. On Sunday, in the churches, the air is literally infected with the smell of eau-de-vie made from potatoes. In these mountains there are no more frequent causes of idiotcy and imbecility; for in general the dwellings are healthy, and the water is excellent. The great misfortune is that the children of habitual drunkards are idiots, so that the punishment follows from generation to generation, from the guilty and degraded father down to the innocent children. In the manufacturing towns the mayors are obliged to take measures against the cabarets that supply eau-de-vie to children; for there are drunkards of fifteen, as there are laborers at eight; and, morally and physically, they present a melancholy spectacle.

CUCKOO SONG.

BY JOHN BANKS.

O Kitty Bell, 'twas sweet, I swear,
To wander in the spring together,
When buds were blowing everywhere,
And it was golden weather!
And down the lanes beside the farm
You roamed beside me, tripping lightly—
Blushing you hung upon my arm,
And the small gloved hand pressed tightly!
And the orchis sprang
In the scented meadow,
And the trostle sang
In the greenwood shadow;
And your eyes were bright
With happy dew—
Could I doubt a light
So divinely blue
When you kissed and sighed
"I will be true?"
Though far and wide
The brown bird cried—
"Cuckoo!"

O Kitty Bell, the cry seemed sweet, [ing;
For you were kind, and flowers were spring-
The dusty willow in the heat
Its woolly bells were swinging,
And around its boll the linnet brown
Finished her nest with wool and feather,
And we had thoughts of nestling down,
In the farm by the mill, together;
And over the hill
The breeze was blowing,

And the arms of the mill
Kept coming and going;
And who but Love
Was between us two,
When around and above
The fittermice flew,
And as night drew nigh,
You swore to be true?
And I heard the cry
From woods hard by—
"Cuckoo!"

O Kitty Bell, 'tis spring again,
But all the face of things looks iller;
The nests are built in wood and lane,
But you are nested with the miller.
And other lovers kiss and swear,
While I look on in scorn and pity,
For "all," I cry, "is false and fair,"
And curse the cuckoo and Kitty;
And over the hill
The breeze is blowing,
And the arms of the mill
Keep coming and going;
And the hidden bird
Is singing anew
The warning I heard
When I trusted you;
And I sicken and sigh,
With my heart thrilled through,
And wherever I fly
I hear the cry—
"Cuckoo!"

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Do you think you are well enough, mamma, to be left alone a little while this morning?" asked Mary Dennis, tenderly, as she smoothed an imaginary wrinkle out of the well-worn but scrupulously neat counterpane that covered the emaciated invalid. "I will fill up the stove before I go, and make you some fresh toast-water, and I'll be home again as quick as I can. I shan't be gone over an hour."

"But, Mary, you'll freeze, child; it's such a dreadful storm. Just hear the wind blow, and the snow drifts so you can hardly see across the streets; besides, I don't believe the sidewalks are half cleaned off yet, and you'll get your skirts all dragged, and that always gives you a cold, you know. Your shoes are so thin, and you've only that straw bonnet. No, no, child, you mustn't think of going out this morning;" but here a hacking cough interrupted her.

"You'll sleep now, mamma, you always do after such a spell; and while you take your nap, I'll go, I guess. I don't believe it's as bad out doors as it looks. At any rate, I'm neither sugar nor salt, and I'm such a fast walker, I shall hardly have time to feel the storm. Besides," seeing that her mother's lips parted with another whispered expostulation, "it is absolutely necessary that I go. Our fuel is nearly gone, and we have only half a loaf of bread in the pantry, and only one drawing of tea. The money for that cape of Miss Lawton's will set us all straight for a long time to come. Fifteen dollars, mamma; only think how long it is since we've had so much money at one time. You shall have a little feast to-night; something you've wanted so long—something you like so much; can't you guess?"

The invalid's mouth watered, as she said:

"Do you mean chicken-broth, child? But no, you wouldn't be as extravagant as that, when poultry is so high;" and she sighed, as her memory gave one sharp, backward glance to those "other days," when every meal was a feast of carefully-culled luxuries.

"But I would, mamma, because, you know, we didn't have any for Christmas; and then a nice fat chicken will make you so many meals. Why, it'll last a week, and longer,

perhaps. You don't eat much more than a canary. And while you sip your broth, I'll luxuriate on baked potatoes, my especial love, you know, mamma. Indeed, I believe I could live on them entirely; and despite all you say about my being Yankee to the backbone, I must believe there's a little Erin in my blood." And she laughed merrily, while, as the dimples faded from her cheeks, there rippled from her lips, in a most delicious brogue, a snatch from the popular Irish melody.

"You'll let me go now, wont you, mamma? and you'll take just the nicest nap and dream of poultry-yards and chicken-broth, and Boston crackers, and green tea, and the purse of Fortunatus;" and, kissing the white face, she turned away and arrayed herself in the summer clothes which were all she had left to shield her from the storm without. "Good-by," said she, gayly, as having rattled the stove once more, and shoved the stand a trifle nearer the bed, she closed the door softly after her, and ran down the rickety stairs that led to the front door.

As she opened it, a gust of wind nearly tore her shawl off of her, while a shower of fine icy particles stung her face and hands.

"It is a dreadful day," she murmured, "but I must go;" and, more careful of the embroidered cape she carried, than of her own shivering limbs, she hurried on towards the palatial home of her employer.

By the time she reached it, her fingers were so numb she could scarcely pull the bell, and she stood shaking as in an ague-fit, while waiting for it to be answered.

Fortunately for her, the imperious colored waiter who usually attended in the hall, was off duty that morning, and a female domestic opened the door. Involuntarily Mary stepped within, out of the wind and snow, then tried to apologize by stammering the words:

"I was so very cold, pardon me, I couldn't wait to ask if Miss Lawton was at home."

"Why, you're most froze," said the girl, who recognized her as the young seamstress that had of late been there quite frequently. "Yes, she's in, but come to the register, quick;" and she led her across the softly carpeted hall, and seated her in a luxurious chair. "There, warm yourself good, now,

and I'll tell her you're here;" and she proceeded to the little boudoir where Miss Lawton sat lounging over the last new novel, her eyes on the printed page, but her thoughts on a certain young gentleman in whom she was becoming deeply interested, and who, she had reason to believe, had chosen her for his divinity.

"What a fortunate thing for me that Henry Staunton happened to come home from Europe just as he did," she whispered, softly. "I was so utterly *blase* with my three years of dissipation in this Atlantic city, that I verily believe but for his unexpected advent, I should have accepted the hand and purse which that old millionaire stands ready to offer—accepted him just for the change, the *ecbat* of a wedding in church, with six bridesmaids, and a trip to Europe. What a dark, foreign air Staunton has, and what an exquisite tremor there was in his rich voice, as he last night begged permission to see me alone this morning. And didn't I simulate girlish quavers most admirably, as I faltered my permission? Heigho, Clara Lawton, you're in a fair way now to make something more than a mere marriage *de convenance*,"—and the heartless coquette trilled an opera air, and then started suddenly as the door-bell rang.

"It can't be he's come so early," and she glanced at the little ormolu clock which had not yet struck eleven. "Still it may be, for when a man is passionately in love as he seems to be, he is not always *au fait* as to ceremony. It must be either he or some one on most pressing business with papa, for no ordinary errand would lead any one to tempt the fury of this storm;" and she involuntarily shuddered as a blast fiercer than any before shook the windows. "I will be prepared;" and she sank upon the *tete-a-tete* in an attitude of unconscious(?) grace, her dress falling about her in soft, voluminous folds, its exquisite color giving delicious tone to her fair face and almost transparent fingers. One little foot rested carelessly upon a hassock, and so perfect was its *petite* slipper, with its embroidery of silk-flosses, that a lover might have been pardoned if he had begged for it as a *gage d'amour*, to lie side by side with a perfumed handkerchief, a knot of ribbons, or a cluster of sweet flowers.

A quick glance at the opposite mirror, to be certain the tableau was correct, an expression of satisfied pride, and the reader was buried in her book, not the French novel she had held before—that was tossed out of sight

beneath the window drapery, and Tennyson's *Idyls of the Kings*, in embossed binding, was softly clasped by the sparkling fingers.

With one of them pointing to the first line of Elaine's "little song"—

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;"

she sat and waited the opening of the door, for she had given orders that Mr. Staunton should be directed to her own parlor, but not announced.

"Come in," she said, sweetly, to the modest knock. One look, and she said, sharply:

"What is it, Kitty? Didn't I tell you I was not to be disturbed this morning?"

"Yes ma'am; but Miss Dennis has brought home your new opera cape—"

"What, in this storm?" and for a moment the woman in her stirred with pity. "She shouldn't have come out such a wild day. I shall not need it either, before next week. She must have hurried with it, too."

"I expect, Miss Clara," said the maid, who was on more familiar footing than the other servants, being confidant to some wicked mysteries of the toilet—"I expect she was drove out by necessity. She was nearly froze stiff when she came. Will you see her?"

"Bring her into the next room, Kitty, and mind, I'm only at home to Mr. Staunton;" and murmuring—"it was too bad to spoil that attitude," she lifted a mass of damask drapery, and passed into the little retreat beyond, a sort of retiring-room, through which by another door, she could slip up to her chamber, when not disposed to see stray visitors.

"You have been very quick," she said, graciously, to the young seamstress, as Kitty ushered her in—"I hope I shall not have to find fault with your work."

"I do not think you will, Miss Lawton, for I took great pains with it; but our necessities now-a-days make me very economical of time. Will you please look at it?" And she unfolded it.

"O, superb—magnificent! your taste was better than mine; this will exactly suit my sultana style;" and she bent a little for Kitty to fold loosely about her shoulders the brilliant opera cape, a truly wonderful thing, a poetic blending of shawl and wrap; the material of softest cashmere, the color a rich crimson, out of which the snow-white blossoms of the embroidery seemed to lift themselves, as if on purpose to woo admiration.

"If you can work like this, I can get you plenty to do," she exclaimed. "It's a love,

isn't it, Kitty? I shall be the envy of our set." And taking it off she inspected it closely; but there was no fault to be found with it, and finally spreading it carefully on a lounge, she said—"Did you bring your bill?"

"Yes ma'am," and a little slip of paper fluttered in the yet purple hand of the seamstress. "Fifteen dollars, Miss Lawton, is the price you agreed to give me."

"Yes, yes, I believe it was," and she ran her eye over the bill. "You write a lovely hand, Miss Dennis. I think you cannot have always sewed for your living. Why don't you get a situation as a governess? it would be much easier for you."

"I cannot leave my mother, Miss Lawton. She is quite an invalid."

"Ah, that's unfortunate, for I could have found you a nice place I think. I—I haven't the money by me just now, but if you'll call some time next week, or week after, I'll have it ready. Good-morning."

Thoughts of that room she had so lately left, with its empty coal-scuttle, its bare shelves and the poor, dear sufferer dreaming of a savory supper, put courage into the heart of the sensitive seamstress, and she said, firmly:

"Miss Lawton, I cannot wait till then. We are out of fuel, out of food, nearly naked. I depended on your paying me for the cape at once, or I would have done other work. If you do not pay me, we must freeze and starve;" but here her voice faltered, and in spite of herself a tear trembled in her eye.

"If I had known you were as poor as that, I should not have employed you. If there's anything I hate, it's a whining seamstress around—"

"Pardon me, Miss Lawton, for myself I could bear much, but my mother—"

"If she's so sick, why don't you send her to the hospital? The city provides for such cases. And you would have a far better chance to work than you do now. I'll warrant half your time is spent waiting on her."

"What would it avail me to sew more, when I cannot get the pay for what I already do?" she said, bitterly, an appalling sense of the danger she was in from the want of a little money, making her for once forgetful of the respect due to her employer.

"Insolent!" cried Miss Lawton, her eyes flashing fire. "Kitty, show Miss Dennis the door." There was an emphasis on the Miss, that warned the owner of the name that she had made an enemy of the lady of that house.

There had been an involuntary listener to this conversation. Just as Kitty had bade Miss Dennis come with her to her mistress, a gentleman had run up the stoop, and for once, regardless of proprieties, for the wind had risen to a perfect gale, he tried the door before ringing the bell. To his surprise but delight, for even he felt the cold severely, muffled as he was, it yielded to his touch, and he entered the hall. He hesitated here, but a lover's whim came over him. He knew his angel was expecting him; why should he be so prosaic as to wait for a servant to inform her of his arrival? he would go to her at once; he would find her in her private parlor, he was almost certain, and he well knew where that was, for he had trifled away many a forenoon there lately. So, hat in hand, he wended his way to the spot, which hereafter, he trusted, was to be a Mecca in his memory. He entered it noiselessly, just as the object of his adoration passed under the damask.

Her sweet voice arrested his steps. How like a ripple of music it seemed to him, as he heard it speak so graciously to the young seamstress. Surely it was no sin, no indiscretion even, to listen to those tones; and then how delicious to note her blushes and maidenly confusion when she re-entered and found him there. O, no, it could not be sin, it could not even be indiscretion—but it was, though little he recked it then—it was his salvation, his and another's too.

His eyes grew humid, as he heard her so kindly propose another and more remunerative labor to the poor girl, but their expression soon changed, and there was a stern look there that argued ill for the matrimonial prospects of Clara Lawton.

As noiselessly as he had entered, he retreated, and no soul in that mansion was the wiser for his presence. Descending the marble steps, he loitered near, unheeding the fury of the storm. He would see this little by-play to the end, cost what it might. Better a wrecked hope than an unholy home. The wife of his bosom must be free from such taint as lurked in this Miss Lawton's blood.

Stumbling as we do when a great and bitter disappointment blinds the eyes to outward things, Mary Dennis somehow made her way to the pavement. There she paused, and the close observer saw her wring piteously her hands, and once press them convulsively to her heart. Then she walked on, seemingly unmindful of the storm and wind. How he pitied her as he followed in her track, for he

knew she must be suffering keenly. His own feet ached, cased as they were in boots and fur over-shoes; his own hands were numb, though shielded with Angola gloves, and his ears tingled, in spite of the fur cap and collar. She must be nearly frozen, with only those thin gaiters, those lyle-thread gloves, that straw bonnet, and that far-worn shawl.

Occasionally as there came a wilder gust, she would turn around quickly and walk backward; then she would grapple her shawl tighter, and press onward.

By-and-by she halted, and began to look curiously at the mansions that lined that aristocratic street. Once she even set foot on one of the marble steps, but brushing the snow from her eyes she passed along a little further.

He was close beside her now, and heard her say to herself:

"This must be the house," when she rapidly ascended the stoop.

"What does it mean?" he queried to himself, as he followed her. It was his own uncle's—the very place where he was living now, and which he had quitted only an hour before, to lay his heart, hand and fortune at the feet of Clara Lawton.

"Is she going to beg?" he thought, but dismissed the idea at once. Yet why not, when a cruel death stared her and the being that gave her birth, close in the face? He would know.

As she touched the bell, he arrested her hand, and saying, gently, "You must not be kept waiting here," he turned his night-key and motioned her to pass in. "Walk into the parlor, and sit down beside the grate. It is cruelly cold out; the worst storm of the season." And as deferentially as if she had been a lady of his "own set," he drew a luxurious chair towards the glowing fire.

"Thank you, sir," she said, with quiet grace. "It is very cold. I should not have ventured out in such a storm, had I not been compelled to." For a moment she was silent, and sat holding out her hands towards the cheery warmth. Then turning her head, she said: "My errand is to Mr. Rufus Staunton. Is he at home, and would it be convenient for him to see me?"

"I will speak to him. What name shall I give?"

She hesitated, and a bright color stained her fair face. Then she remarked cautiously:

"I think it will not be best to tell him my name. I fear he will not come down; but O,

I must see him!" The last words seemed wrung out of her very heart.

"What can this young girl want with Uncle Rufus?" he thought, as he went up stairs to call him. Was the little by-play to become a tragedy in earnest?

"Uncle Rufus," he said, calmly, as he entered the library where that individual, the master of that lordly house, was comfortably ensconced in a luxurious arm-chair, a cloud of delicate gray smoke rolling away lazily from his meerschaum, while a decanter of amber-hued wine, with a glass or two on a silver salver beside him, spoke of another epicurean pleasure. "Uncle Rufus, there is a young lady in the parlor, who wishes to see you on important business."

"A young lady," he growled, as he laid aside his bit of "sea-foam," first glancing at it to see how near its shade was to the hue so craved by connoisseurs in the poetry of nicotia. "Out in this storm! Pshaw, boy, you're joking. How's she dressed?"

"Her dress betokens frugal poverty, but she is a lady, nevertheless—"

"A beggar, I'll warrant. They seem to think I'm made of money. Charity! Why I shall be in the poor-house myself, by next season, at the rate I give. And she expects I'm going to trot my rheumatic foot down stairs for the sake of hearing her whine? I won't do it. There," tossing a twenty-five cent currency bill on the table, "give her that, and tell her to clear. Beggars! They haunt me. They'll waylay me on my road to heaven, I expect, and tell me I don't need my shroud where I'm going, and it will make nice slips for their babies." And quaffing another glass of wine, the third he had indulged in since breakfast, and telling his nephew to ring for more coal, he resumed his meerschaum and his princely reveries.

Outside the door, Henry Staunton halted and took counsel of himself. He had committed one sin, or one indiscretion, already that morning, and it had been a revelation to him of that hidden mystery, the human heart. Should he commit another, and learn something more?

"The end justifies the means," he said, quoting popular theology, and he returned to the parlor, saying courteously: "My uncle is too much indisposed to come down, or indeed see any one in his room this morning. He has commissioned me to learn your errand, and bear it to him."

The young girl's cheeks were fairly dyed

in crimson, as she listened. Several times she attempted a reply, but the words would not frame themselves. Finally she faltered the scarcely intelligible sentence: "If I'd been—if it wasn't for—if I had any other"—then recovering herself by a mighty effort, she said, calmly: "I fear he will not heed my request from another's lips. Indeed it is doubtful if he would have heeded it from me. But when the wolf's head is quite inside the door, sir, we grow venturesome, and dare to do what at another time would be thought reckless. Say to your uncle, sir, that Mary Dennis, the only surviving child of his friend, James M. Dennis, has called to ask of him the sum of fifteen dollars; not as charity, but as part payment of the debt he owes my father, who years ago saved him from total ruin, by signing his paper. Say to him, that though I have no legal right to claim it, I have a higher one—a moral right; for it would be sin in me to see my mother freeze and starve, when one to whom my father loaned ten thousand dollars, not one cent of which was ever repaid—is now living in luxury. Say to him that I was disappointed to-day, in not receiving my pay for a piece of work I had taken home to one of my wealthiest patrons,"—how the young man winced at those words—"otherwise I should not have troubled him at this time."

She had risen impulsively, but she dropped down into the seat with a weary motion, as though nearly exhausted. Poor child! Not a mouthful of warm food had crossed her lips that day. A bite of baker's bread and a glass of water had been the extent of her frugal breakfast.

"I will do your errand, Miss Dennis, and I have no fears but my uncle will be manly enough to heed your request. These business men are not always as honorable as they should be towards those who help them in their hour of need; but my uncle is not quite heartless." And he left her, and went again up stairs. Not to the library where his bloated relative luxuriated in sensuality, but up another flight to his own room.

"Good God!" he cried passionately, "what a day this has been. First, I learn the woman I would have made my wife, is a selfish, unprincipled, cruel slave of fashion; and next, that my uncle—all the relative left me—is living on the portion of the widow and the orphan—and I am his heir! Never a cent of his stained money will I touch—I'll found asylums with it first; ay, toss it by the hand-

ful to the beggars on the street!" Then he sat down and thought awhile.

When he re-entered the parlor, he held in his hand five ten dollar bank-bills; clean, crackling bills they were, too. Extending them to her, he said, gently:

"He desires you to accept that for the present. It is all he has by him just now. He will see justice done to your mother at his earliest opportunity. He regrets that you should be reduced to such distress."

He is a personal pronoun, third person singular, masculine gender, and refers to, or stands in place of, some noun or person understood. That, I believe, is what my old, tattered Smith's Grammar used to teach me in days of yore, when I was a pupil in yonder far-famed academy.

Henry Staunton understood that particular "he," to stand in place of himself; Mary Dennis, in place of his uncle—else never would she have grasped those bills as she did. Was it charity? No; she would have died sooner than begged. Not charity, only a trifling payment on an old account.

"I thank him; I cannot say how much, sir. But for my mother, I would not have troubled him. This will save us from a cruel death. I must hurry, sir; she will worry about me. I thank you, too, sir, for the courtesies you have extended towards a stranger." And she held out her little hand.

He took it reverently. His faith in woman, almost deadened by the heartless act of Clara Lawton, was freshened into new and beautiful life, by the sublime devotion of this daughter.

"Let me accompany you," he said, in a brotherly tone. "It is too severe a storm for a lady to be out in without a strong arm to lean upon; and let me wrap this shawl about you." And he took from the rack beside the front door, his own heavy travelling wrap.

Mary dissented feebly, but he did not seem to hear—only drew her hand within his arm, and taking the windward side of every street, went clear to the door of the humble tenement, one room of which furnished her a home.

"I would ask you in, sir, but my mother is very feeble. Too sudden a joy would kill her. I must prepare her gently for this good news." Then turning impulsively, she seized both his hands, and said, while the tears rained down her cheeks—"Thank him again for me, sir. O, may God bless him!"

Him—Mr. Rufus Staunton, she meant; but the nephew knew where the blessing belonged

and as he accepted it, felt a new hope thrill his soul.

To her great delight Mary found her mother still sleeping. And barely stopping a moment to draw the old counterpane yet closer over her shoulders, she hurried down the stairs again and to the corner grocery.

"Two bushels of anthracite, a peck of charcoal, a fagot of fire-kindlings, a peck of potatoes, a quarter sack of flour, a pound of rice, two pounds of loaf-sugar, half a pound of tea, two pounds of butter, two pounds of crackers. Please send them up as soon as possible, Mr. Simmons." And one of those clean, crackling bills was laid upon the counter.

The grocer looked at it in surprise; for though she had never run in debt to him, her purchases had usually been an item at a time, and paid for in bills so small as to need no change.

She caught his look and said, involuntarily:

"I feel quite rich to-day, Mr. Simmons. The first installment of an old debt has been paid me, and I'm going to have a little feast."

"Glad to hear it, Miss Dennis. Hope your mother is better. Wouldn't you like a bottle of wine for her?"

"O yes; I'm glad you reminded me of it. The doctor ordered it a long time ago. You'll send them up at once."

He bowed her out of the store, thinking to himself if he were a young man, and looking for a wife, he'd cultivate her acquaintance at once. Strange he never thought of it before. Ah, a little good fortune is very suggestive to outsiders.

From the store she hurried to the market, and esteemed herself fortunate in finding a nice, plump fowl—"the last of the lot," the butcher said, patronizingly.

She took that home herself, and in the shortest possible time had it properly dissected, and in the kettle cooking.

The potatoes were washed and in the oven, the biscuits ready to follow them ere her mother awoke.

"You've slept finely, mamma," said Mary, as she kissed her. "I think you must be getting better. Don't you feel refreshed?"

"Yes, child, I think I do. But I had a strange dream, Mary. I thought you decided all at once, to go to California and dig gold; and in spite of all I could say, you would and did go. But before I had hardly thought you were there, you returned with a bushel bag, and untying the string, you turned it upside down, and there rolled out the greatest quan-

titles of gold eagles, and all so bright. But, alas!"—and the poor widow sighed—"dreams go by contraries, they say, and I'm almost afraid to ask if you got the money."

"You needn't be afraid, mamma. I've got enough to last us quite a while now, and I've just the nicest dinner cooking. Why, we're going to feast to-day. Don't you smell the chicken?"

"O, I'm so relieved, Mary. These fashionable ladies are so apt to be careless, or thoughtless about paying for their sewing. What should we have done, if she had not been prompt?"

"Well, don't let's talk about it now, mamma. Let us 'put in, and have a good time for once,' as old Mrs. McBride, down stairs, says, when she gets two dollars ahead."

And how those two half-famished women enjoyed that dinner those only know, who, like them, have been stinted for weeks to the smallest allowance of food.

"Why, I feel like a new creature," said Mrs. Dennis, as she sat propped up in the bed, watching the shadows gather about the room, for they lingered long over their little feast. "O Mary, you don't know how I've craved some broth; and once I used to give it away by pailsful. O child, if Rufus Staunton was a just man, we should not now be here."

"Perhaps his conscience will awaken after awhile, mamma. I cannot believe he would let his old friend's family suffer this way, if he knew of their destitution."

"Child, he would see us die at his feet, before he would take one loaf from his larder to save us. He is a cold, selfish, unprincipled man, with a heart like a flint."

"O mamma, don't say so," and the way paved, she ventured to tell of the morning's appeal.

The widow listened in breathless astonishment to the story, and when it was completed, said, mildly:

"God must have wrought a miracle. Mary, when your father lay on his death bed, I went down on my knees to that man for money to pay his funeral expenses, and he scorned my petition."

"But he is sick, now, and sickness is sometimes a wonderful revelation to the erring, mamma. At any rate, let us think kindly of him to-night, for by his tardy payment we are rescued from what I shudder to think of."

And sitting there beside that sick bed, Mary Dennis, as the twilight deepened into night, built a fair castle with her lips, the

charming cloud-mansion founded on the debt due them from Rufus Staunton.

And then she sang to her mother; and her voice, sweet and powerful, went rippling through the cracks in the floors, partitions and ceilings, till the lodgers above, below, and on each side, held their breath to listen; and many a memory, long hidden beneath the wrecks of hope and trust, lifted itself to the light again, and the old tenement house that night was haunted by angel guests.

And then she prayed; and if one tithe of the blessings she craved for Rufus Staunton descended upon his head in future time, he is a man to be the envy of the world.

Their sleep that night was very sweet and sound, and their dreams towards morning, bright and beautiful; such as come to the aged, when the dreariness of poverty has passed away forever, and to the young, when life opens suddenly its fairest leaves.

"Uncle," said Henry Staunton, as they sat together at the breakfast table the next morning, "do you know this is my birthday?"

"No, boy, I didn't, or if I did I had forgotten it. And how old does this make you? how long have you lived?"

"A quarter of a century, uncle. Getting quite venerable, am I not? I shouldn't wonder if I could find a gray hair or two if I looked very closely."

"Don't hunt for them, boy. They'll come fast enough after this. Twenty-five! Is it possible! Why it only seems like yesterday, since sis put you into my arms, a little tow-headed youngster in white dresses."

There was a suspicious looking moisture in that hard old man's eyes; for the only being he ever really loved was that sister, who had slept for a score of years under the green sod of the churchyard. Next to her, he had loved her boy; and when at the age of fifteen he was left fatherless, he had adopted him into his home and heart, and made him sole heir to all his wealth.

"And I suppose you'll expect me to come down with something pretty handsome this birthday. Well, it won't be long before you'll have it all, so I may as well begin to shell out."

He sat a while and thought.

"See here, boy; I've ten thousand in seven-thirties; if I make them over to you, will it do?"

"If it don't, I'm an ungrateful dog, uncle. Do! why, to some, it would be independence! Yes, I think it will do."

"Well, I'm glad you're satisfied. At your age, boy, it's hard to think up a present. But if there's anything else you'd rather have, say so, and it shall be yours. Anything but the house that shelters us. That I must keep to die in."

"Die, uncle! You won't die yet these twenty-years; you're only sixty-eight. Just in life's prime."

"Beyond it, beyond it, boy. But is there anything else you'd rather have? Don't be afraid to speak—I'm in a generous mood."

"N-o; nothing I'd *rather* have, but there's something I'd like with it." And he looked up quizzically.

"Out with it, boy. Birthdays don't come but once a year."

"Well, then, uncle, I'd like a deed of that little cottage of yours on Maple Avenue. I've a particular use for it." And a bright color flashed to his cheeks.

"Ah! yes," said the generous old man. "I understand. Well, you shall have it. I'll get the transfer deed to-day. Anything more?"

"Nay, nay, uncle; I'll not beggar you entirely. Shall I go down on my knees to thank you for your princely beneficence?"

He spoke with mock gravity.

"Nonsense, boy. Can't I afford it! Where is the merit?" And he went up to his meerschaum.

Two hours later, a little bare-footed girl passed him on the street, and begged for money to buy a loaf of bread, "she was so hungry." With an oath that would have made Satan tremble, he pushed her to one side without a penny.

That afternoon, as Mary Dennis sat at her sewing, singing as gayly as birds in spring, a note was brought to her. She opened it and read:

"MISS DENNIS:—Allow me the pleasure of informing you that your business relations with my uncle will in all probability be brought to an amicable settlement in the course of a fortnight; perhaps sooner. Meanwhile, you will please use the enclosed.

"Very respectfully,

"HENRY STAUNTON."

The enclosed consisted of ten bank-notes, one hundred dollars. "O mamma," she exclaimed, as she gathered them up, "does it not seem like a fairy dream?"

A week later and another note came, craving permission to call that evening and talk

over matters. Of course it was granted, and the few lines with which Mary Dennis informed him of the pleasure it would give them to receive the nephew of Mr. Rufus Staunton, became a souvenir to the young man.

The mother's health had rapidly improved, though whether it was the more nourishing diet or the good news, Mary could hardly say—probably a blending of both. She sat up now thrice a day. But this afternoon she deferred her change till evening, that the bed might be neatly made, and the room in perfect order.

Very saintly did she look, sitting up there, so pale and thin, yet with such a sweet look on her face, a look that told of a sorrow sanctified until it had become a joy. And very lovely was Mary in her dark merino dress, so prettily relieved with collar and cuffs of immaculate purity, the light of a great hope flashing from out her eyes.

The little embarrassment they felt at receiving a gentleman of Mr. Staunton's wealth in so poor a place, was soon dissipated by the cheerful cordiality of his manner, and the evening passed away like a beautiful dream.

"Is your mother well enough to take a ride to-morrow afternoon?" asked he, as he was leaving. "The sleighing is very fine, and if the weather is as genial as it has been to-day, I think she would enjoy it, and it might be a great benefit."

"O yes; I am almost well," she answered, ere Mary could reply. "I'm sure I could bear it."

"Look for me then at two;" and, bowing, he departed.

Very great was the astonishment of the lowly dwellers of that humble street, when, the next afternoon, an elegant sleigh, drawn by blood-horses, the reins held by a sable driver, and luxurious with crimson-lined wolf-ropes and gorgeous afghans, dashed around the corner, and drew up at that poor tenement-house. But even while they were wondering, it dashed off again, bearing away the two ladies.

It was a delicious day for a ride, and there was an exhilaration in the brilliant atmosphere, the smooth, but rapid motion, and the jingle of the silver bells, that flushed even the white cheek of Mrs. Dennis with a rich color, while Mary grew handsome by the minute.

"What a charming little cottage!" exclaimed she, as they halted before a little gem of architectural taste.

"Yes; we're going to stop here a while.

The attorney is waiting within to transfer to your mother her long-neglected claims;" and before they had time to recover from their surprise, he had assisted them to the pavement, and was ushering them into a little parlor, furnished with exquisite taste.

The widow signed some papers, and Henry Staunton, acting for his uncle, signed some; the attorney departed, and as the nephew returned from escorting him to the door, he said, cheerily, "Let me welcome you to your future home."

"Home!" both spoke.

"Yes; this is the interest of the debt. He thought you would prefer to take it this way."

They could hardly speak their gratitude, as, becoming a cicerone for the occasion, he led them from room to room, each one of which was perfect in its way.

"Housekeeping here will seem like play," said Mary, as they re-entered the parlor. "I am impatient to begin. We will come back to-morrow, mamma."

"Why not stay now? Everything is waiting you. And your mother looks as if she had borne all the excitement she could."

Mrs. Dennis was indeed very pale, almost ready to faint, and gladly acceded to Mr. Staunton's wish that she should remain that night.

"I did not dare engage a servant," he said, gayly, "lest I should dishonor forever my sagacity, by bringing into the house a rare specimen of Erin; but in my travels on the western prairies I often acted in the capacity of chief cook, and if Miss Mary will accept my services on this occasion, they are at her disposal."

"A very neat way of inviting yourself to our house-warming," said Mary, with a conscious blush. "Make yourself useful then, while I bake biscuit, and boil the kettle."

They had a merry time of it, those two, sitting in and out of dining-room and kitchen, and peering into this cupboard and pantry, and that one afternoon made them better acquainted than months of ceremonious visiting.

A cosy little party it was that gathered about the table after a while, Mary, in girlish grace, pouring the tea, Mr. Staunton in mock dignity opposite her, and the dear old mother at the side nearest the grate, so happy and comfortable. Who can blame them if they lingered long over the fragrant Hyson? Who can wonder if the young man determined in his own mind to come again; and often? This

was a glimpse of the domestic life he had long, in his heart of hearts, been sighing for.

"You will come to-morrow and see how we are bearing our prosperity," said Mrs. Denais, kindly, as she parted from him. "It may turn our heads. Indeed, mine feels somewhat giddy now."

"I shall come certainly; it will only give me too much pleasure."

And he did, and the next day too. But then it was necessary he should. They really needed a gentleman's assistance. There were coupons to be presented, and money to be deposited, and an infinite number of et ceteras to be attended to, before their housekeeping arrangements were perfected, and by the time they were quite settled, he had become so domesticated, that they looked for him as much as they did for the day itself.

Three months glided over. Then Mr. Rufus Staunton said to his nephew:

"It seems to me, boy, that you spend a good deal of your time away from home lately. What's up?" And he darted a keen glance at the glowing face.

"I'm courting, sir," was the old-fashioned answer.

"You are, and never told me! Do you know, boy, if you don't marry to suit me, I'll cut you off with a ninepence."

"I shall marry to suit myself, sir," was the reply, respectfully, but firmly given. "And if I suit myself, I think I shall suit you."

"But who is she?"

"The only daughter of a widow."

"Property?"

"The mother has ten thousand or so, and they own the house they live in. With the twenty thousand my father left me, and my profession, I think I can live, sir."

"If I do cut you off! But say, is she a butterfly?"

"No, indeed; a little practical housekeeper; a woman who has been tried in the furnace of affliction, and come out sanctified. A good daughter, I believe she will make a good wife. At any rate, I shall do my best to induce her to accept me as her husband."

"Hurry up, boy, that last twinge I had racked me terribly. I can't stand many more, and I would like to see you settled."

"Mary," said Henry Staunton, the next time he met her—he was well acquainted enough now to call her so, "Mary, my uncle wants me to get married, and very soon, too. Do you suppose I could find any one to have me, if I should look around a little?"

"I think you could." She spoke quickly, but there was a tremor in her voice that was easily detected.

"Then I will look." And passing rapidly from the parlor, he flitted from one room to another and back again.

"I have looked, Mary, and I find only you, darling. Must I go further, or shall I find in you, my wife! Speak, darling;" and he gathered her to his heart, and took the first kiss from her lips.

An hour after, he led the fair girl to her mother, and asked her blessing on their union.

She gave it with a tremulous voice, then added quickly: "But your uncle, Henry; will it suit him? He has acted so strangely, never once coming to see us, and refusing all intercourse. Will it be right to repay his kindness by stealing this treasure from him?"

"It was not kindness, but justice, mother," said the young man, beginning to wonder a little how he should extricate himself from the deception he had practised. "Besides, I am my own master, and I marry to suit myself. But I have no fears. He must love Mary."

"How does the wooing prosper, boy?" asked the old man, the next morning.

"As well as I could wish. I shall be a bridegroom in a month, sir. Shall I bring my little girl to see you?"

"But mind, boy, if I don't like her, I'll do as I said, cut you off with a ninepence."

"With a twopenny if you please, sir. But you will like her. She's an—"

"Angel, I suppose. They're all that before the knot is tied."

"Nay, uncle, you were too quick. She's a true woman, and if you'll let her, will be a daughter to you. I have taught her already to love you."

"Humph!" was the caustic answer.

"Now, mind, darling," said Henry Staunton, as they drew near his uncle's house, "mind and not allude to the payment of that debt. He is sensitive about it, and the less ever said the better."

"But I'm so afraid he won't like me. Poor old man; perhaps if he'd had a wife and children, his heart would have been softer." And she walked on, and was soon ushered into the same parlor where less than four months earlier in the year, she had crouched, half-frozen, over the glowing grate.

He left her and went up stairs.

"I've brought her, uncle. Will you see her now?"

"Yes, boy, now as well as any time;" and he went down.

"Mary, this is my Uncle Rufus!" And he led the blushing girl to the old man.

"My uncle?" she said, sweetly, as she laid her hand in his, "or only Henry's?"

He could not resist that voice, that look. It brought back, somehow, a thought of the blue eyed sister he had loved in earlier years, and he said quickly:

"Your uncle, child. He's always been my boy. Now I take you as my girl." And he kissed her.

But why, so often, did he find himself stealing a glance at her fair face? What olden memory did she quicken? Who did she resemble? He had surely seen such eyes before to-day, and there was something in the expression of her lips that haunted him continually.

"Your Mary," said he, the next morning, "your Mary looks like some one I used to know. But I cannot think who. What did you say her name was, boy?" Strange to tell, he had never before asked, though he thought he had.

"Dennis, sir," said his nephew, quietly.

The old man turned white as death.

"Dennis?" he gasped. "Was her father's name James M.?"

"Yes—yes, I believe so. Yes, I know it was. Why, uncle, you seem strangely moved."

"I am, boy; I am. But they ought to be very poor, if it is the one I mean. And you said they were worth ten thousand and their home."

"Yes, but—but I think they were for a time quite impoverished. Mary's father, I believe, went security for some friend who failed soon after; and, O, I don't know as I understand it, but they saw a great deal of trouble, and Mary had to do sewing for a while; when unexpectedly somebody paid them a debt of honor owed to the dead man, and they were rescued. Did you know him, uncle?"

"Did I know him?" he shrieked out. "Yes, I knew him, and if I were to pay them what I owed him when he died, they would be worth twice ten thousand. Does her mother know who your uncle is, boy?"

"She does; and prays for him night and day!"

The old man looked bewildered.

"I can't understand it, boy; she ought to curse me, ay, curse me;" and he brought down his hand heavily. "Boy, I am an old villain,

—did you know it. I can never look her in the face. But she must be paid, compound interest, too, paid to day.—Pray for me! me who took the bread from out her mouth! Boy, you ought to shoot me down and give my old body to the crows. Why don't you? I'm not fit to live."

"You must dance at my wedding, uncle, before you die."

And then, in pity to the remorse, that, awakened at the eleventh hour, was stinging the old man's heart so sorely, he told him of the deception he had practised in his name, told him all, from the beginning.

"And do you mean to say, boy, that you took the money that I gave you for a birthday gift and paid one of my old debts with it, winning thus for me the prayers of the good and pure? And they think it me? Boy, if you'll keep it up, if you'll bury the secret even from your wife, I'll—I'll not only remember you, but I'll settle fifty thousand on your wife the day she takes your name. The prayers of the good and pure!" he repeated slowly—"they may atone—they may save. Will you do it, boy?"

"Mary shall never, with my consent, know my part in the affair, sir; but I will not be bought to secrecy—"

"Then—well, never mind, let it be as it is, boy. I shan't be here long."

Yet he did settle that amount upon his nephew's bride, while the diamond set he presented was worth far more than the original debt he owed her father. And to his further credit—for let me do the old man justice, sinner as he is and ever will be,—for I do not believe the penitence of a few days can wipe out entirely the curse of years,—to the further credit of the millionaire, let me tell you, he took Mary aside the day of the wedding and told her the whole truth, saying:

"I am no saint, my girl, but I will be just to Henry. Perhaps, though," and he sighed, "perhaps, if in earlier years I had met one like you, I might have been a better man. But the treachery of one woman," and he ground his teeth, "made a fiend of me, and such I shall die;" and I think that the beggar boy who accosted him an hour later would have attested his words, for he poured on the poor little fellow's bare head a torrent of invectives that was worthy the lip of a spirit of darkness.

Only Mary, the fair young bride of his nephew, only she has any permanent hope of the old man.

"There is some good in him, Henry," she says, every day of her life, "some good, or he would not cherish your mother's memory as such a holy thing. He has lived too much with men; but now, now that there is to be a woman in the house all the time, he will insensibly soften down. See if I don't make the rough places smooth, and turn the thorns into roses;" and she looks confidently into her husband's face, while he, as he kisses the sweet lips, declares, "if she does, it will be an American version of the old Russian tale which Bayard Taylor has so recently presented us in quaint drapery—it will be Beauty and the Beast."

And meanwhile what of Miss Clara Lawton, she whose selfish refusal to compensate at the time the labor of the poor sewing-girl lost herself a husband, and gained one for Mary Dennis, what of her?

For a fortnight she enacted daily the same tableau as we once witnessed in that little private parlor. For a fortnight she sat daily with her fore-finger on the song of Elaine, waiting and listening for the footsteps of

Henry Staunton, and, pondering what had become of his idolatrous devotion. Then, utterly *blase*, she accepted the hand of the millionaire, and sent to the old tenement, once the home of Mary Dennis, a request that she would undertake a portion of her trousseau. Her surprise was great indeed when she learned that the young seamstress had departed, no one knew where. But it was greater still, when one day, shortly before her own wedding came off, as she chanced to be passing one of our aristocratic churches, she beheld a bridal group issuing from its porches, and recognized in the fair young bride leaning so confidently on Henry Staunton's arm, the poor little seamstress whom she had turned out of her house on a bitter mid-winter day to starve and freeze. But how "he" ever became acquainted with the one, and why "he" ever so rashly deserted the other, is a mystery which puzzled her brain and tortured her heart at the very moment her gray-haired bridegroom slipped the costly wedding ring upon her finger.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Pretty Sue, 'mid the harvesters binding
 Sheaves bright as the gold of her hair,
 Their song and their mirth all unminding,
 Wrought on with deplorable air:
 Seeing only the rattling stubble,
 And heavy-eared wheat as it lay;
 For her heart had its own chafing trouble—
 As hath a fair maiden's alway.

O many a damsel sore-hearted
 Pines for a lover afar;
 Sue pouted with wish to be parted
 From hers—as the pole regions are.
 Poor Jemmy, he loved her too kindly;
 She knew he was hers to the core;
 And so, like a woman, all blindly,
 She sought how to scorn him the more.

All day till the sun was descending,
 They gathered the wheat for the wain,
 Like strangers—till Jem toward the ending,
 Whispered—would God he were slain!

For what was this silence unbroken
 Better than death and the grave?
 And it might be that pity's late token
 Would reach him across the dark wave.

The last of the sheaves she was binding,
 Mute Sue—with her bonny brown hands,
 When a silvery serpent outwinding,
 Slid over the half-knotted bands.
 O dumb lips!—a cry and a pleading
 They utter and utter again,
 For the help a scared maiden is needing—
 The serpent lies dead 'mong the grain.

"Hath life only one serpent, Suey,
 Where a strong arm may bring you relief?
 Ah, loved one, your eyes are grown dewy—
 Come, Love, bind our hearts in one sheaf!"
 'Neath twilight two fond lovers linger,
 Love's star beaming out of the west;—
 The ring Susy wears on her finger—
 With blushing—must tell you the rest.

THE MISSING LETTER.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

WE were sitting on the rocks beneath the Broadway House at N—; the surf rolling up to our very feet, the moon making a bright pathway across the waters, and the cool evening breeze playing on our brows; so delicious after the intense heat of the August day. Phil had just arrived that afternoon, and my heart had warmed afresh to the companion of old days. Phil had been a great traveller since those days—had seen all that was worth seeing in the old world and the new; had been the foreign correspondent of some of our leading journals, and had sketched his experience in a style peculiarly his own—borrowing neither from the flippant witicism of one class of writers nor the solemn, owl-like wisdom of others. Weary and worn, he had thrown away his pilgrim's staff for a brief season, and had accepted an office in the Post-Office Department in Washington—in fact, his business lay in the Dead Letter Office.

His quick and active mind caught, at once, the deficiencies of the system, and he labored for a whole year to forward a plan to remedy them. In this time, very many serious incidents came to his knowledge in which individuals had suffered deeply from the loss of letters. And on this night, he found a ready listener to a story which had excited his sympathy, and which he had traced, step by step, until its finale. As near as I can recollect them, I shall give it in his own words; although my readers must suffer a loss in the absence of Phil's deep, impassioned tones, and the eloquence, not only of his voice, but of the great brown eyes, which even by moonlight spoke to me of earnest, intense feeling.

"About the year 1846, a family, named L'Estrange, removed from Canada to New York, and took up their abode in a street of somewhat aristocratic pretension. The father, as you may guess by the name, was of French origin. The mother was an English woman. Both were deeply imbued with pride of ancestry and no less with national pride. The very name of an American produced in them feelings of disgust that made itself offensively visible to every person who knew them. Gradually, the friendly hospitality which our people so generally extend to strangers, was chilled and weakened by the

presumption and arrogance of these foreigners, and they were thrown back on themselves for society.

"To one member of the household, however, it was impossible to feel repugnance. Marie L'Estrange was as good as she was beautiful. She was the only child of her parents, partaking of none of their arrogance, but, like a sweet and simple wild-flower as she was, giving out the perfume and richness of her nature to all around her. Marie was barely eighteen, when her parents settled in New York. With the confiding nature of youth, she soon gave her best affections to one who had eagerly sought them. John Holland was the son of a New York merchant—a man who, from small beginnings, was now uppermost in his circle. He had trained his son in his own business, and another year was to see John's name figuring as a partner in the long-standing firm of Holland & Co.

"He had met Marie L'Estrange at the house of a friend, and was struck with her unaffected simplicity of manner, so different to the idea he had formed of the French frivolity and mannerism he had known in others.

"The feeling of attraction was mutual. Marie shared none of her father's prejudice against the Americans, and her heart was at once surrendered, without reservation. The hardest thing to do, was for John Holland to ask the proud Frenchman for his daughter; but it must be done. He had an intuitive knowledge of the prejudice of L'Estrange; but Marie was richly worth asking for, and feeling that, after all, he was really the equal of her father, in birth, blood and breeding, he boldly came up to the mark and demanded the hand of his daughter.

"Have you ever seen a Frenchman, Karl, when his inordinate self-consequence has been brought down, his self-love wounded, and his superiority ignored? He is not a lion or a tiger, attacked in his den and nobly resenting his injuries; nor even a generous house-dog, barking out his indignation at what his instinct recognizes as an insult.

"He is only a monkey, whose witless and impotent rage spends itself in grimaces, ludicrous and ugly, exciting only mirth and contempt in the beholder. Earnest as Holland

felt in his purpose, he could but experience some of this feeling of contempt, when L'Estrange, absolutely frothing at the mouth, pronounced a broken execration upon Yankee insolence, and ordered him out of the house.

"Holland went away—but, in his heart of hearts, he registered an oath that, Providence permitting, he would make Marie his wife, despite her father's opposition.

"It boots not now, Karl, to tell how he compassed his purpose. It is enough to say that one wet, rainy morning, when all in the house supposed Marie still sleeping, there was a wedding in a church not far off, with only two witnesses to the ceremony, and Marie L'Estrange was the bride.

"Transplanted into the household of the Hollands, the bride's life flowed on like some calm, still river, unruffled by rude winds. Peace was the natural element there—not the dull, stagnant Lethe, but the sweet waters of contentment that true love brings its votaries.

"Mrs. Holland had so longed for a daughter all through her married life, and now she was experiencing a delight unknown before. John's wife! Not even a daughter could, she thought, be half as dear as this new relation.

"Of course, L'Estrange was furious. He haunted the square where the Hollands lived, and swore he would have his daughter again, dead or alive, even if she had disgraced herself. Marie cried softly, when she heard of his foolish threatenings, and only clung the closer to John and to John's father and mother. They supplied a want which she had always known—the want of true sympathy. Her parents loved her after their fashion; but it was not a real love, that seeks the happiness of its object. Far from it. They were too worldly, too fond of style, and too eager to make an appearance, to feel anything like real love or real friendship.

"When the sparkle is on the cup—when the flower is in its fullest bloom—when the star of our life shines brightest—then is the time to tremble and be afraid. Then it is that the shadow passes over mortals. Then the stars die out of the sky, the flower fades and drops its leaves, the foam is dashed from the cup. You will think me sad and desponding, but I have seen too much of life, not to know that it is not given us to enjoy lasting happiness here."

"I had never seen Phil so deeply thoughtful as on this night. It seemed as if the secrets

that had come to him in his recent experience, though belonging to others, had been incorporated into his own being. He met my glance of sympathy and smiled faintly. In a few moments he went on:

"No doubt you are thinking, Karl, that one who, like me, has forsaken all home-ties of parents, brothers and sisters, and wandered around the earth alone, must have forgotten or lost the sweetness of those ties. But believe my words, old friend, Phil Dudley has a heart still, and it beats for others' woes. Pshaw! you will think me grown maudlin. Let me pass to the real sorrow that came upon poor Marie Holland.

"Some unexpected turn in Mr. Holland's business made it necessary for either himself or John to go to Europe. There was but a short time now to the sailing of the steamer; but before it came, Mr. Holland became too ill for himself to attempt the voyage and John was obliged to go. He was to return as soon as possible, and, after a long discussion as to whether Marie should accompany him, it was decided that, for the sake of an earlier return than he would wish to make with her as a companion, he had better leave her behind. Marie consented to the arrangement with her usual sweetness, and they parted.

"The six weeks rolled away. It was hardly possible to expect that he could have transacted his business in time for the coming steamer; but Marie was really disappointed when he did not come. 'I shall surely have a letter,' she said, as she wiped away a tear. But no letter came from John. One was brought to her, but she threw it aside when she saw that it was not in his handwriting. An hour after, she picked it up from the carpet, and discovered, to her dismay, that it bore the London post-mark. What could it mean? Was John dead, and was a stranger's hand sending her the dreadful news?

"Mrs. Holland, singing softly to herself, unconscious of all trouble, looked into the room. Marie was holding an open letter in her trembling hand, while her face was blanched to snow white, and her tearless eyes were fixed and stony, like those of a statue.

"A flask of some perfume stood on the table against which Marie leaned. Mrs. Holland bathed her face and hands until she lost that terrible look. She asked not a word. Marie should tell her when she grew better; but all the while the mother's heart foreboded that the letter bore the news of John's death. But why did they write to Marie? It would

have been only natural that Mr. Holland should have received the letter, bearing *such* news. But Mrs. Holland was too much moved to think over probabilities now. Marie's state demanded instant help, and she was thankful when she heard Mr. Holland's step approaching. He took Marie in his arms and laid her on her own bed, and then Mrs. Holland gave him the letter that had thus shaken the poor young wife.

"What is it?" asked the mother, as she marked the pale face grow paler at the reading. "What is it? Ah, I know! My son is dead! he is dead."

"Calm yourself, Louisa," said Mr. Holland. "John is living and well, for aught I know. But some base person has traduced him, and has sent the shaft home to poor Marie's heart with a malignity worthy of a fiend."

"Traduced John! Why, husband! John never had an enemy in the world. It cannot be. Let me see the letter."

"It was one of that species which malice alone could ever have invented—an anonymous one. By heaven, Karl, I could bear anything better than one of those abominable missives that stab you in the dark. Of all the diabolical inventions to torture quiet, unsuspecting people with, these are the wickedest! And yet they are so common that scarcely one in a thousand, I do believe, escapes without receiving at least one of them in the course of their life. Many a one I have read, while in the Dead Letter Office, and was always devoutly thankful that a blunder, somewhere, had prevented the person from receiving it—glad too that, for once, malice had failed of its mark! But I am forgetting this letter to Marie. To be brief, the person writing it declared that John Holland was unfaithful to his wife—that he had carried out a person with him to London, and that the two had a little child on board who called them father and mother. Then followed a mass of evidence which, had the story been told in court, by accredited witnesses, would have been sufficient to blast John Holland's hitherto unblemished name forever.

"Marie! look up, dearest child!" whispered Mr. Holland. "There is not a word of truth in this, believe me! No man nor woman living would dare to affix a name to this falsehood! Be at rest! John Holland's wife never need blush for her husband, whatever may come."

"But he spoke to deaf ears. Marie, gentle and tender as a little child all her life before,

was goaded now into a jealous rage that was perfectly agonizing to the parents to witness. All her love for John seemed turned to burning hatred. It was strange that one, so habitually mild and placable, should be so transformed as she was. She even declared her determination of leaving the house and returning to that of her father, although all intercourse between herself and him had ceased on her marriage day. Never would she live with him another day!

"Miserable indeed were Mr. and Mrs. Holland. Such a terrible thing to happen in their peaceful family! What enemy could have done this? For you see, Karl, they believed in John Holland as they did in the sun itself. And the first shadow between them and Marie was this; and, although they treated her kindly, still they could not forget that she had been willing to believe an unsupported falsehood from an unknown and therefore worthless source.

"And now another trouble seized the unhappy parents. Before the time when the next steamer might be expected, Marie had carried out her resolution of leaving their house for her father's. Nothing could induce her to remain, until he came and gave him a chance to clear himself.

"L'Estrange met his daughter with a grim smile, which, had she been as clear-sighted as usual, might have enlightened her as to the writer or instigator of the letter. If I were writing this story, Karl, I should probably keep this as a mystery to be unfolded at the very last, although most any reader of common intelligence could easily guess that L'Estrange was the only enemy that John Holland had in the world, and that it was easy for him to devise ways and means to injure him. A rich man like L'Estrange would find no difficulty in finding one who would write any calumny he might dictate. And so the base deed was done, and more than one heart was made wretched.

"The steamer arrived in two weeks more, and with it came John. He flung himself into the first carriage he could find, impatient to be at home once more. The time which, in reality was so brief, had seemed almost endless to him. He had pictured to himself Marie watching for him at the window, or running down stairs to meet him; but, to his surprise, no such pleasant reception awaited him. He entered the house and made his way to the little room where his wife and mother had always sat in the morning. Ma-

rie was not there, and his mother met him with an air of singular restraint that alarmed and confounded him.

"Are you not glad to see me, mother?" he asked. "Why do you look at me so strangely, and where is Marie? I must go to her this instant."

"He ran up stairs. For the life of her, Mrs. Holland could not arouse courage enough to stay his steps. He went to Marie's chamber. All the glits were there. The toilet, the bureau, even the bed, were strewn with them. You can faintly imagine how the poor fellow must have felt. He came down again to his mother. Something had happened—something dreadful, he was sure.

"Is she dead, mother?" he asked, his poor, pale, quivering lips attesting to the true love he bore her.

"No, John, Marie is living and well, for aught I know, but she is not here."

"Her tongue refused to tell him the tale; but after Marie had gone, she had found the diabolical letter that had caused all the misery, lying, twisted, upon the floor, and she now produced it for John's perusal.

"And she believes this, mother?" he asked, as a spasm of intense pain crossed his face.

"I think she does, John. She has gone to her father."

"Mother, I need not ask you if you believe this infamous lie. And O, how *could* Marie? Well, I must go to her, wherever she is. It will be unpleasant to see Mr. and Mrs. L'Estrange, but I shall go and claim my wife."

"Yes, John, go. I believe it is your duty to see her and prevail on her to come home. Believe the letter! You know I do not; but do not blame Marie too harshly. It was a terrible blow to her loving and trusting heart."

"But nothing could ever have shaken my faith in *her*, mother!" said John, mournfully, as he turned away from the door.

"L'Estrange never did things by halves. His wily cunning had assisted to fix the fact of John's guilt deeply in the mind of Marie; and he had persuaded her that a meeting between them would be fruitless and even wrong. So she permitted her father to say that she could not meet him under any circumstances whatever; and John, well nigh distracted with grief and a vague feeling of revenge toward some one, he knew not whom, went home to his desolate chamber and passed the night in an agony that may not be described.

"After that time, he made numerous ineffectual attempts to see her, but in vain. Once, on going to the house of L'Estrange, he found it empty and a card at the window, signifying that it was to be sold. He despaired now of any future reconciliation. He went home, packed away everything that could remind him of his lost happiness, and changed his sleeping-room to a distant part of the house.

"Meantime, L'Estrange had removed to Canada. He was kind enough to Marie, but she grew every day more wretched. One day, her father was brought home dead. He had been stricken down by a carriage and trampled beneath the feet of the horses. After his death, Marie looked over his papers and, in doing so, she found the original draft of that terrible letter! Heaven only knows what the poor girl's feelings were, when she saw that it was in her father's own hand! All her injustice to her husband rushed upon her mind, and she wrote him a hurried letter, explaining how she had been deceived and imploring his forgiveness. Her closing words were, 'If you can forgive me, write me at once. Let me be your wife once more—your penitent, humiliated wife. If you do not answer, I shall know that you will not receive me to your heart. But O John! think of what I have suffered and pardon your wretched Marie.'

"She enclosed the letter written by her father, and then her quivering fingers essayed to write the address, but it was almost indistinct from her emotion.

Six months afterwards, this very letter made its appearance at the Dead Letter Office. I remember well that, contrary to my usual custom, I read it through. I was struck with the sad, almost hopeless strain of entreaty which it breathed.

"Six months! and that letter, the very embodiment of that woman's soul, had never reached the hand for which it was intended. What sighs had been sent after it! What prayers and supplications had arisen to the great white throne, that it might touch the heart of John Holland!

"Happily, I was going to New York the very next day, and although nearly all my time would be occupied with official business, I should find a moment to deliver that letter into John Holland's own hand.

"The evening of that day found me in his presence. It was into the library that the servant conducted me; and the pale, shrunken

figure sitting there was, I felt assured, the husband of that pleading woman.

"He could not mistake me. Souls like his are above all petty suspicion, and he knew I had stumbled upon his secret without a thought of wrong doing. He read it with emotion. I offered to depart instantly; but he detained me. 'To you, Mr. Dudley,' he said, feelingly, 'I wish to tell the whole sad story, since you have shown such generous interest in what you already know. You will grieve, I know, to find that your generous intentions can never be fulfilled.'

"He then told me the tale I have told to you—the last the saddest of all. 'This very day,' he continued, 'I have received a letter from Canada, written by a friend of Marie. He states that she wrote me six months since, explaining all and asking my forgiveness; that, receiving no answer, she had faded from day to day, until last week closed the struggle. I do not mourn her death, Mr. Dudley,

for I shall soon meet her, but I grieve that her life should have been so dark.'

"A violent fit of coughing succeeded his emotion, and when he removed his handkerchief from his mouth, I saw that it was covered with blood. I rang for a servant, and took my leave of John Holland, feeling that he was not far from the eternal city. I read of his death a few weeks after. At last, then, the bridegroom has found his bride!

"It cannot be, Karl, that these griefs, and sorrows, and mistakes, that we suffer here below are not righted in the world beyond those stars! I could not believe in a heaven, if I should lose my simple faith that the wrong shall be made right above. The moon has set, Karl; let us go in."

I rose early the next morning to bid Philip Dudley farewell. It was the last time I ever saw him. He knows now, whether his beautiful faith is true; for his earthly wanderings are over. "I asked for him life—and God gave him long life, even forever and ever."

BY THE BROOK.

BY CHARLES W. STODDARD.

Down across the hill's low brow—
A slender, silver fillet—
Nothing is so musical
As my little rillet.
Ah! that laughing song of yours!
Delicately trill it.

Shall I fret you, hasty brook?
Shall I mar your paces—
Weaver, weaving silver threads
Into silver laces,
Round about and in and out
The sunniest of places?

Loose your tresses in the chase,
Slip about the border
Of your garden wall and catch
A blossom, gay marauder!
What shall please my love of ease
As your sweet disorder?

While the world goes jogging on,
Presently I miss you;
Life is made of other stuff

Than your limpid tissue.
Turn a mill, you lazy rill,
While I wait the issue.

Let the beetle while away
The Summer with his drumming,
Foam you at the whirling wheel,
And babble to its humming.
Teil away the livelong day—
It is more becoming.

Creep beneath the sweeping bough,
While each ripple twinkles,
Starlight, in a sky of leaves,
And your frothy crinkles
Form a leathern apron there,
Full of creamy wrinkles.

When the bald and brazen day
Hath donned his dusky visor,
Still you flow a-down apace,
While night's myriad eyes are
Watching you; for what they view
No one is the wiser.

THREE TIMES.

BY HELEN WYNDHAM.

"COME Helen, dear, go with us to the meadows to come home with brother John—do!" And Lilly Merritt's voice grew pleading as she watched the sober face of the girl who stood in the door looking down across the cool green lawn that sloped away from the house toward the river.

"I wish school was not done. Is that what makes you so sober to-day?" questioned Sadle, in a whisper, as Lilly stood looking wistfully toward the meadows. Before the young teacher could answer Lilly called:

"Will you come, dear Miss Helen, and meet brother John? There he is!"

Helen Arnold shook her head, and the two little girls ran down to meet the tall, sturdy young man, who seemed to bring with him the scent of the hay that lay freshly cut in the meadows. The beauty and brightness of the summer seemed doubled as he came up across the lawn, listening eagerly to the clear, happy voices of the little girls.

Helen Arnold stood in the front doorway, waiting with a trembling yearning to unsay the hasty words of yesterday, but he gave her no opportunity, passing in at the side door and seeming not to notice her.

All day as the young teacher had tolled in the little brown school-house she had thought of John Merritt, and wished, O how earnestly, that she had waited before saying that "no" which she did not mean. She began to feel how lonely life could be even among the pleasant sights and sounds of the country, and that her buoyancy and brightness of spirit during the long happy summer had not been all on account of pleasant and healthy surroundings. She went into the house and up to her room to hide her sad face as she brooded over unpleasant thoughts. One of life's golden opportunities had been offered her, and she had cast it aside, and now it was gone forever. This was the last day of her school, and she would soon be at home, and he would soon forget her. But perhaps he might give her a chance yet to return a different answer. A blush mantled the white cheek, and the blue eyes grew strangely dark and bright, and she went to the mirror to arrange the gold brown hair that fell over her neck in graceful curls. She smiled as she saw reflect-

ed the faultless picture, and with a new hope went down to join the family at the evening meal.

John sat in his accustomed seat, very quiet as usual, but his eager eye drank in the exquisite loveliness of the young girl's face and figure as she came round to her place. Perhaps he read in her downcast, tender eyes the change that had come over her, but he gave her no intimation of it, and after supper, when the children romped about her and called brother John to place a wreath of clover on her forehead, he showed no sign of embarrassment or emotion, but talked to her as coolly as if she too had been his sister. Helen was a little angry. Is it a wonder? for she thought he had been trifling, and that she could not bear. A fire blazed up in her deep blue eyes and burned brightly on her soft cheeks. John watched her beautiful face and varying color, and gloried in his triumph—but ah! when was glory not bought too dearly? He leaned over her and touched lightly her soft hand.

"Did you not mean yes? I know you love me. We shall be very happy."

"Impudent! Do I not know my own mind? Love you!"

Anger prompted the words, and as soon as they were uttered she wished they were unsaid; but John Merritt could not know, and if he had, perhaps he would not have forgiven. His face grew very pale, and he turned away without a word.

Years passed away, and fortune favored John Merritt. He became a successful merchant in one of our large cities, and therefore was a mark for matrimonial speculation, but still he troubled not his head about marriage. At last the pleasant insinuating mammas, who talked to him so sweetly and affectionately about the dear girls who were their greatest treasures, got to saying unkind things about the "cross old bach," behind his back. Of what use was it, to be sure, to always behave so prettily to such a reserved old fellow? He seemed to care nothing at all for ladies.

Lilly thought surely at her wedding brother John would come out of his retirement, and make some of the marriageable ladies of her

acquaintance happy thereby, and he did; but it was a short-lived happiness, for it was a long time before he again left his business.

The truth was,—but the young ladies did not seem to know it,—if John Merrill had wanted to marry any one of them, or all of them together, he would have asked them. Being well satisfied to let things take their course, he did not trouble himself much about what was passing outside of his business, but plodded steadily onward. Now, when he went out to Dr. Maynard's, he had the little Lillian to caress and talk to, as well as her proud and happy mamma, and he went oftener than before the baby came. One day while baby sat on her uncle's knee, Mrs. Lillian said:

"My old friend Helen Arnold is coming to stay awhile with us, John, and I want you to run out as often as you can, for she is so very quiet and reserved that I want to stir her up a little. You need not be afraid of her talking too much. She never does that."

John tossed the baby, and baby's mother was so much pleased to see the little one's delight that she forgot her brother did not reply. However, it was several weeks before he ventured to Dr. Maynard's again. Then it was only after an urgent entreaty from Lillian.

"We are so lonely," she wrote. "The doctor is away, and though Helen is the best friend in the world, and baby loves her so dearly, I want you to come out. I miss my dear old brother John. Do come in the next train. I will send to meet you. LILLIAN."

Helen Arnold sat at the piano singing softly, and touching lightly the white keys, and Lillian played with the baby, and laughed at her cunning ways one minute, the next looked out of the window and fretted at John's delay.

"Dear! I don't see why he doesn't come!" And she went to the window for the fiftieth time, and had almost begun to imagine something dreadful had happened, when she suddenly whirled round with a cry of delight.

"I was looking at a beautiful picture, sis!" said John, in the doorway, and as she sprang forward he caught her in his arms and gave a return for the caresses she showered upon him. Before she had time to think of Helen, baby set up a yell, of delight, too, of course, she was such a knowing child, and her frightened mamma took her up, and, talking sweet baby-talk to her, carried her up to the nur-

sery. After she was quieted and petted a little, she was left with Susan, and Lillian ran down to the parlor to see "dear old John," wondering all the time if he would be polite to Helen.

"Mercy!" This was all she said, as she stood in the door, aghast. What do you suppose she saw? There was John, brown, handsome John, sitting on the sofa, smiling and apparently very happy, and Helen Arnold, with a crimson face, sat quietly in the shelter of his arms.

"Come in, Lillian, darling. I want to tell you about it. I have proposed."

"Proposed!"

"Yes. This is the third time."

Lillian laughed, and as she came up to her brother, he drew her down beside them. Then he told her all about it, and added:

"This time she has not said no, and we will have a happy home, too, will we not, dear Helen?" And he turned his beaming face from his sister to look at the lovely one upon his shoulder, grown thinner and paler than when he saw her last, but now most sweet and womanly, as he drew the encircling arm closer about her.

He did not seem to think that there was any danger of a "no," and I guess she didn't, judging by the confiding look she gave him. He had been confident once, and now before she thought she said, softly:

"I always thought you would ask me again, and so I waited."

John's face was but the reflection of the happiness within, as he answered:

"It seems a foolish thing to do, but yet I am not sorry I have proposed three times."

Lillian laughed, and ran up stairs to see to the baby.

A GOOD REPLY.

Lord Bolingbroke once asked Lady Huntington how she reconciled prayer to God for particular blessings, with absolute resignation to the Divine will. "Very easy," answered her ladyship; "just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch, of whose kindness and wisdom I have the highest opinion. In such a case my language would be, I wish you to bestow on me such a favor; but your majesty knows better than I how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and leave the event of it entirely to you."

"WHAT AILS THE FIRE?"

BY CHARLES CUTTERFIELD.

MY uncle and I sat in my uncle's room. It was a snug little ten-by-fourteen, with a large bay-window looking toward the lawn in front (though the lawn was covered with snow that night), with a large bookcase filled with books—with a little modern fire-place, and many little modern bits of wood struggling to give us a cheerful blaze. But the struggle of the fire was vain, and the night was excessively cold. So we sat and shivered. My uncle gave the fire several thrusts with the shovel, and sat back in his chair with his feet on the fender.

"What ails the fire, uncle?"

I asked the question, because in spite of the thrusts which my uncle had made with the shovel, the modern bits of wood persisted in blackening themselves over with a thin crust of coal, and relapsing gradually into a doze.

"I cannot tell for the life of me," said my uncle, rising, and placing one stick across another in a very scientific manner. "It seems uncommonly obstinate to-night. Perhaps we have mesmerized it, poor element!—and infused some of our black human nature into the senseless wood. Men are always obstinate in proportion to our desire for their services."

"Or perhaps the fault is in our imagination," I ventured. "On a comfortable evening, with such a fire as we have to-night, no doubt we should think it burned briskly enough."

"It is a night of wrath, certainly," said my uncle, more solemnly than he had before spoken.

"Such a night as we get only once in a score of years," I said. "I do not remember to have seen another like it in my day."

My uncle started, raised his eyes to mine, looked with a wild, troubled intensity for a few moments, and then sighed heavily, as he turned again to the fire.

"And yet something ails the fire. We shall freeze here, uncle."

"Yes, something ails the fire—such nights come only once in a score of years—something ailed the fire on such a night as this, a score of years ago." He spoke abstractedly,

and stopped suddenly when he became conscious of what he was saying.

"Uncle," said I, and I laid my hand on his arm pleadingly. "You are thinking of Rowland."

"Hist!"

He rose to his feet in a listening attitude. The fierce north wind drove against the window, the blinds rattled, the gate in the yard creaked on its hinges, the leafless branches of the trees made piercing, frosty music, the dry, cold snow drove against the glass, sifted through the crevices of the sash, and fell, a miniature drift, by the corner of the bookcase.

"It was nothing," he said, mournfully, "nothing but the feelings, which like associations awaken afresh. It is a night of wrath."

He stirred the fire again, and again sat down.

"Uncle!"

"I know what you would have; you would have me pronounce a name which I have not spoken these years. You would have me tell you why I am childless. Yes." He mused for a few minutes, possibly debating whether he should gratify my wish, possibly glancing rapidly at the past, to call its scenes more vividly to mind. "Yes—you would have me speak the name of Rowland." He placed his hands over his face, as though the pronunciation of the name gave him pain.

"I would, uncle. My father has spoken so often of his handsome, manly form, and your silence has been such a mystery. I would have you speak of my cousin, whom, not having seen, I have loved as my dearest friend. You are pained to have me speak as I do, but I have a feeling that Rowland is something to me. I feel that the unseen cousin has a hold upon my heart, and if speech is painful to you, consider how much more painful is your silence to me."

"I have heard you through," said my uncle, "though why I am thus forbearing to-night, I cannot tell. I should have stopped you at any other time in the last fifteen years. But our minds are wondrously affected by surroundings. There are thoughts which a familiar tree, or rock, or waterfall, will call up, which bid defiance to time. In the scenes of the old home, we think the thoughts, and weave the

fancies of childhood again. So to night, the storm, the dim fire, the loneliness of the house, carry me back, and make me live again the mournful life of the past. And time has softened the colors, the rough edges are worn off, and that which until this hour has been agony, only seems sad to-night. You have heard your father speak of Rowland—why do I speak that name so freely to-night? Why is that name, which has been so long an agony, a relief in this storm? No matter; I will speak of Rowland to-night. You have heard your father speak of him, but you never have till now heard his name from my lips. One may speak of grief, but not of—shame!

"I had chosen a southern city for my residence, and I was proud and happy when Rowland came home from college. I had lived in the life of my son. The hope of my manhood was to see him prosperous, honored by his fellow-citizens, and useful to humanity. His mother had been dead five years, yet I wished to surround him with the attractions of home. I procured a house, servants—all the etceteras of housekeeping, and found myself in a little paradise of earthly loveliness, in the suburbs of the city, when he returned. It was a retired, quiet place, and I made the grounds as attractive as possible. Trees, and walks, and fountains, and flowers, all that art could do, to make a home inviting to the senses, I had done.

"He came home in September.

"You see I have done everything to give you a pleasant home, Rowland," I said to him, "and I trust you will be content to remain with me. You shall study law with Mr. Tiverson, and become the master of this house, whenever there is one to become its mistress."

"And yet it is not home, father."

"Is my son unhappy?"

"No, I shall try to be happy. But a house and grounds do not make a home. It seems to me that there can never be a home for me again. The angel of the household has departed." He spoke with emotion, for he had the sensibilities of his mother. "You will pardon me, I am sure, my father, if I have the restless discontent of young men of my age. I shudder sometimes at the wild thoughts that chase one another through my soul. I am not the same person at one time that I am at another. I shall try to be happy where you wish me to be happy, to do as you desire, and be content with what I have. But I am restless. My mind is confused. I am somewhat in doubt as to my desires; and whether

the fame of men is worth its cost, I do not know. I shall try to do as you wish, for you are the only one in all the world wise enough and kind enough to guide me aright."

"He arose and left me before I had time to reply, and I saw that he walked unsteadily. His words troubled, while they comforted me. I did not remember that he had ever spoken so unreservedly before.

"In the course of a few days he had entered the office of Mr. Tiverson, and I saw but little of him. He seemed anxious to avoid my presence. Gradually I began to fear that his habits were becoming irregular. Mr. Tiverson spoke to me one day of his growing inattention to his studies. He said nothing directly of the reason, but implied that he had formed attachments for pleasures, which would be easier checked at an early day than when the habit had become settled. That evening, I remained longer in the library than was my custom, and when Rowland came home at twelve o'clock, I called him in."

"What are your wishes, sir?" he said, walking up to the table.

"My son!" I could say no more, for I perceived that he was reeling under the influence of liquor.

"Now, sir, let us have no nonsense. I am not fond of scenes. If you have got anything to say, I am ready to hear it."

"O, how unlike my noble Rowland! I comprehended now, what he meant by saying that he was not the same being at one time as another. To call me 'sir,' and speak with such disrespect. My sorrow turned to anger.

"Rowland, I have to say to you that this must stop."

"Must, sir? no man can say must to me, not even my father. Do you grudge me a little pleasure? The world is open—I can get along without your gold. If I prefer one May to half a dozen Novembers, what is that to you? Good-night, sir."

"The heat of the room intensified the effect of the beverage, and he fell against the door. He rose again with a desperate effort, and succeeded in making his way to his room. I crept to that room an hour after, to plead, to beg that he would spare me the agony and the shame; but he was sleeping the deep sleep of drunkenness, and I left him, to wait the library till the morning sun came in at the window.

"I realized now what use he found for the large sums of money I had sent him while at

college, and the large sums I had given him since his return. The demon had crossed my threshold, and claimed my only son as a sacrifice. I could not yield him. I watched for the sound of his footsteps, determined to speak with him, before he should again encounter the temptations of the city. He came down, sullen and haggard, at ten o'clock.

“Will you talk with me, Rowland?” I said, beseechingly.

“Yes,” he said, doggedly, “rather, I will hear you talk. I know you want to say something, and I must hear it. Perhaps I shall say something, too, though I must take something to rouse my spirits, as well here, as anywhere else, as long as the secret is out.”

“He raised a bottle, and had the effrontery to drink in my presence. The sight changed my sorrow to anger again, and I grasped the loathsome thing, and hurled it out of the window.

“And so you think to reform me by force? It won’t do.”

“I walked rapidly up and down the room, feeling that I had no power to accomplish my object while I was angry, and yet unable for many minutes to subdue my passion.

“Rowland,” I said, at length, still walking the room, “I do not wish to reform you by force. Pardon my haste. If ever you have a son, and that son is the pride and hope of your life, you will know how to forgive.”

“Forgive—O God!”

“For these years I have lived but in you. I have fancied that the time would come when I should see you honored, and the growth of that honor my daily joy. For you I have labored. The purpose of my life has been to spare you the impediments, the weary drudgery, the hopelessness of my youth. When I was a young man, I offered to renounce all claims to my father’s estate, if he would give me a collegiate education; he refused. I entered the world, and accepted of employments uncongenial to my tastes, and unfitted for my talents, only for my mind to smoulder, and chafe, and fall, and break away at last. At a late day I chose for myself, and contending with a deficient education, with a lack of experience which earlier years should have given me, I succeeded in making money. I deposited the sums from year to year, saying, ‘My son shall never travel the road I have travelled.’ And now—”

“Yes, father, I understand you,” he said, as I hesitated. “It is all being wasted by a dissolute boy.”

“And will you spare me this shame?”

“I will do the best that I can. I appreciate your kindness. Yet you can do nothing. Your appeals will not move me. Something tells me that some day I shall outgrow this degradation, and be a man. But my career is not run as yet; I feel that it is not run. I am not yet satisfied. I feel the degradation, but I do not loathe it. It has become somewhat fascinating, and my time will only come when that fascination ends. I thank you, my father—bear with me, my father. I shall go lower, but I shall rise sometime. It is as though I saw the point to be reached, and could not turn till I reached it. You cannot plead with me as I have pleaded with myself. You cannot sting me with reproaches as I have stung myself. I encountered temptation at college, and fell; I encountered other temptations here in the city, and have fallen lower; I shall go still further down, but there comes a time when I shall rise again. I know my own nature, and I have faith in it.”

“If your mother were living—”

“Silence! She at least will not see me henceforth, till she sees me a man. Enough.”

“He left me on the moment, and would never permit conversation on the subject more.

“He went lower and lower as he had said, cheating himself with the hope that he would touch bottom, and rise again. He gambled, and rather than ask me to give him money to make good his losses, he forged my name, and drew on my banker. He did so repeatedly, and I allowed the matter to pass, rather than brave the odium of exposure. But to prevent this drain upon my resources, and check his gaming propensities, I withdrew my money from the bank, and kept a large sum in my room. A false key unlocked my treasures, and night after night my fortune grew less. So low had Rowland fallen, without reaching the point when he should rise.

“I loaned my money on real estate security, and hoped the crisis would soon come. For false as I knew the hope to be, I yet had faith in the nobility of my son.

“A brother of my deceased wife spent a week with me in the month of December. He left me in the morning of a cloudy day, and rode west, into the country, where his business called him. After he left, the weather changed rapidly. A driving wind came down from the north. It was cold in the morning, but in the evening it was intensely so; and the wind bent the trees in the yard,

swept down fences, and made my frail Southern house tremble with its power. I sat alone that evening, in a room like this, with the same bookcase, and the same books, and a fire that seemed chilled by the wind. I remained in the room till after midnight, shivering with the cold. The fire, which the wind should have made burn the brisker, almost ceased to burn at all. I was cold, but Rowland had not yet returned, and the night wind was so fierce, and came so searchingly and so cold, that I felt afraid to retire till he came. Dark fancies floated in my mind. He might perish in the cold storm. Once, when I imagined I heard a shriek, I started up and went to the door. The storm burst in and extinguished my light, and I crept back, shuddering, to the cheerless fire.

"The clock struck one. I started up to go out. The door-bell rang; it was not Rowland, for he had a night-key; and who would ring the bell at this hour, but to bear melancholy news? I interpreted it in a moment. Rowland had become intoxicated—had fallen on his way home—had perhaps perished with cold. I answered the bell, and Mr. Tiverson entered.

"I have called from a sense of duty. You have been aware for some time, that your son—"

"Yes—is he alive? Has he perished? I am prepared for the worst."

"He is a prisoner, charged with robbery," said Mr. Tiverson.

"I sank into a chair close beside the cold fire, and gasped for breath. I was not prepared for the worst.

"I must speak honestly," said Tiverson, "and I knew of no other way than to speak plainly. A man was assailed about twenty miles west of here, while passing through the Clinton Swamp, and robbed of a large sum of money. The man himself was severely wounded, though not mortally. I know not whether to call it by bad fortune or good, but the highwayman was seen rifling the pockets of his victim, by a couple of men who chanced to be coming to the city at the time, and they secured his person, and delivered him to the authorities two hours ago. The robber was your son, and his victim Mr. Austin, your brother-in-law."

"I covered my face with my hands, unable to speak, unable to move. I heard Mr. Tiverson say that the trial would take place soon, that something must be done, that I must not take it too much to heart; but I made no an-

swer, and I did not move. The thunderbolt had fallen, and I was a riven oak under its power. I had been hardly less deluded by a false hope than had my son.

"I sat long by the fire, with my hands over my face. I was in a trance, in which the past stood before me—beautiful in all save its closing scenes, and the future wore on gloomily, like the cold currents of ocean driving huge icebergs in the bleak December. When I awoke from my trance, Mr. Tiverson had been long gone, and the fire had died in the grates. The round wood, like my heart, was coated over with a thin crust—dead in its shroud of blackness.

"To face the crowd, to bear the odium of the trial, to hear the sneering words of idle lookers-on, to encounter the venomous gaze of men, among whom I had walked as an equal, required all the strength of my nerves. But I went through it all, and heard the sentence of twenty years at hard labor in the penitentiary, like a knell to the last hope of earth. I made the resolution to forget that I had a son, and to live as being in the world yet not of the world. My pride has sustained me for twenty years—yes, it is about twenty years since I have looked upon the face of my son. It is—what day of the month is it? The seventeenth is it not?"

"The eighteenth, uncle."

My uncle started up.

"This very night, twenty years ago, at this very hour in the evening, I saw my son buried!"

He sunk into his chair as he spoke the last word, and covered his face with his hands. I sat a few moments, till the tears crept through the crevices of his fingers, till his whole soul seemed convulsed with the greatness of his grief, and then vainly essaying to arouse the fire, I entered the hall on my way to my chamber. There were no curtains to the side lights of the door, and the keen cold had fixed no frosty breath to the glass. I saw the face of a man looking in—I was sure of it; yet the bell had not rung, and the man had made no noise. I was in darkness, for I had closed the door of the library, and I carried no light in my hand. Was it superstition? I imagined a resemblance between the face at the window and the face in the library. I became suddenly aware of a great, indefinable hope. I opened the door cautiously, and stood face to face with a stranger.

"I thought Mr. Blossom lived in this house," said the man.

"He does. Are you a relative of his?"

"Let me see him."

"Tell me first," and I held him by an impulse which I could not resist—"tell me that you are his son—that you are come to ask his forgiveness—that you will redeem the blackness of the past, in the brightness of the future."

"My petition is to my father, not to another," he said, somewhat haughtily for a felon, and passed into the library before me. My uncle had arisen, and stood erect before the ghost of a fire that struggled in the grate.

"My father!" said Rowland, kneeling, "tell me that you forgive me in your heart."

"My son!"

My uncle placed both his hands on the uncovered head of his long-lost child as he spoke. Then he fell upon his knees and prayed. Perhaps the cheerless fire, and the strange

feelings of that night, were given by a good Providence, to prepare the heart of the father for the reception of the son. I only know that after that the fire burned briskly till late into the night; that the reformation of the son was complete from that hour, and that the forgiveness of the father was from the heart. Rowland Blossom touched bottom and rose again, a feat accomplished by—O how few!

I lived to be proud of him as my cousin—to see him honored as one of the choice spirits of the world. It may not be generally true that those who are capable of great crimes are capable of great virtue; but when drink is the cause of the crime, it is very often true. There are inward fires as well as outward; and inward fires grow cold, the wood crusts over with coal sometimes. And so I never see a noble intellect debased by rum, but I say with a spiritual, rather than material significance—"What ails the fire?"

CATCHING A MAIL ROBBER.

BY ARTHUR L. MEEERVE.

"WHAT have we here?" I said, as the sheriff of R— county put into my hands a roll of bills to be posted up along my route. I was standing before the broad open fire-place, in which a great fire was roaring in the bar-room at S—, buttoning up my coat as closely as possible before I went out into the cold of that January night which was just setting in. I had got to ride twenty miles that night over a bad road, and was trying to make myself comfortable for the start.

"There has been another robbing of the mails down in B—, and the robber got off with his booty in spite of all their efforts to detain him. It was the boldest thing of the sort I ever heard of, for the robber was sitting on the same seat with the driver when he managed to cut open the bag, and secure its contents. It is hard to think that the driver knew nothing of the affair, but he declares that he is innocent, and such seems to be the opinion of every one in that district."

"If you mean Jim Osgood, a more honest fellow never drew a rein over a horse's back, and I would rather think of Parson Brown stealing than he," I said, for I knew Jim like a book.

"Well, you and everybody else may be right, and still it is possible you may be de-

ceived. But what I have here is a description of the robber, as near as the driver and others who saw him that day could give."

I unrolled one of the bills and glanced over it by the firelight. It agreed with the description of the robber that I had received that day at the lower end of my route. He was described as being a short, thick-set man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, wearing a heavy moustache and whiskers. A deep scar was spoken of, as having been seen on his forehead, but which he usually kept covered by hair. He was dressed in a suit of dark gray clothes, and wore a large fur cap. The bill closed by offering a reward of five hundred dollars for such information as should lead to his capture, or his safe delivery to the sheriff of the county.

I rolled up the bill, and placed it with the others in my overcoat pocket, saying as I did so:

"I'll warrant me, Jim will keep an eye on his passengers after this, and his foot upon the mail bags!"

"I hope so," answered the sheriff; "but you must keep a sharp lookout, or your turn will come next. The last half of your route is a lonely one, and you don't get through till midnight. You must keep one eye open for

the mail robbers that may be among your passengers."

"There'll not be much danger to-night, sheriff. I haven't a soul with me, and there aint much chance of picking up a passenger at the Falls. That fellow that drives down from the north don't bring me up a passenger once in a month."

At that moment the jingle of bells at the door announced that the hostler had brought around my horses; so I took down my whip and went out into the keen, frosty air.

"You'll have a cold drive to-night, Sam," said the landlord, following me out. "I hope you will find the road over the mountain good, so you can drive brilkly."

"I'm in hopes to; but it looks to me as though it had blowed there to-day; and if it has the road is sifted full. But I mean to make up before I reach the mountain, what I shall be likely to lose there."

"Look out for the mail robber. You may hear something of him to-night," shouted the sheriff from the doorway, as I gathered up the reins. The next moment I was whirling up the road at the heels of a pair of dashing grays.

The next post-office was at the Falls, five miles distant, and I should have no occasion to stop until I reached there. The road was hard and smooth, and I determined to make the best time possible between the two places. At the Falls, the road began to ascend the long ridge of land called by the natives, "the mountain," where my course, until I reached the summit, must be slow.

The road was not the most cheerful in the world, for, after leaving the village, it led through a dense forest of spruce and hemlock that covered the mountain on either side; but I cared little for this, for I had made the journey many times when there was neither moon nor stars, and it was so dark that I could not see my horses' heads. To-night, although there was no moon, the stars were shining brightly, and that, with the sparkling frost and snow, would render it as light as I could wish.

I was just half an hour in reaching the Falls, and as I dashed up to the tavern the bar-room door opened and the landlord came out. He was the postmaster, and as he lifted out the bags from under the robes, he exclaimed:

"By the feeling of the bags, you have got a heavy mail to-night, Sam. They aint been so heavy for many a day."

"They seem to be pretty full, that's a fact,

landlord. Hurry up with the sorting, for I am in haste to get over the mountain. Where's Bill, to hold the horses while I warm up a little?"

"Here he is!" exclaimed the person inquired for, coming upon the opposite side. "Cold night, Sam?"

"Just enough to be comfortable. Did that fellow bring anything, or anybody to go with me?"

"Yes, he had a passenger, for a wonder, a man that's going to H——. I guess his line is coming up. There haint been so much travel on it before for a month."

"Where is the chap. In the bar-room?" I asked, as I stepped in that direction.

"No. As soon as he got here he inquired where he could get something to warm him up, and I sent him down to Abe Brown's. The landlord for once in his life is out of whiskey, and Abe wont lend him any until his that he has ordered gets along."

"Well, keep an eye for this passenger of mine, if he comes up, and tell him I shall be ready in a moment. If he don't come, I shall have to call at Abe's for him."

I went into the bar-room, and sat down by the cheerful fire that was blazing on the hearth, and waited for the mail to be changed. The usual number of hangers-on, that are always found in a country tavern, were there, and I was piled with various questions, such as a driver is always subjected to on a like occasion, and while answering to the best of my ability, the driver of the up-mail came in.

"Well, Grant, they tell me you have brought in a passenger once more. What have you done with him?"

"Just brought him along and tucked him well up in your buffaloes. He's been down to Abe's to get something to warm up his inside."

"What sort of a chap is he, Grant?"

"A tiptop fellow and no mistake; don't mind putting out a little money when he is travelling. Has stood treat all day and never grumbled once."

I saw that the up-driver was slightly "set up," and that his passenger had been the means of it—for Grant was usually quite temperate. I could therefore put as much dependence upon his word as I chose, and no more. A moment later, and the landlord came out of an adjoining room with the mail-bags ready for me, and together we went out to my sleigh, where I found my passenger snugly ensconced in the robes, on the back

seat, ready for a start. By the light that flashed out through the bar-room windows, I saw that he appeared to be a thick-set man, with a heavy mass of black whiskers, and a large fur cap pulled so far down over his eyes as to conceal the whole of the upper part of his face. Though I judged him to be a heavy man, I could not tell for a certainty, as he was so well wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, and the robes he had drawn so closely around him.

You would ride warmer if you had taken the front seat with me," I said, as I bestowed the mail-bags under the front seat, in such a position that I could touch them with my feet now and then. "I have no other passenger, and perhaps you had better change now."

The man muttered out some reply to the amount that he was comfortable where he was, and had no desire to change his seat; and from the tone of his voice I judged that he was deep in liquor, and if such was the case he was as well where he was as anywhere; so springing into the sleigh I wrapped the robes closely about me, and speaking to my horses we dashed out of the village, and five minutes later had begun to ascend the mountain, that loomed up with its dark forests before us.

For the first mile after leaving the Falls the road was quite good, but as we ascended higher, I found that I had not been mistaken in the estimate I had formed that afternoon. The wind had been stirring on the mountain all day, notwithstanding the calm below, and the road was drifted full of fine snow, so that it made the way very difficult for the horses. The higher we ascended the worse it grew, until it required all my attention to keep them in the track even while moving along at a slow walk. Faster than this it was impossible for them to go; but I consoled myself with the reflection that once pitching down the other side, I would make up for the time I was losing now.

We had been toiling up the mountain for over an hour, and during that time I had spoken to my passenger but twice, and then got only the shortest answers in return, so I gave up the attempt and turned my attention wholly to my horses, and listening to the growling of the sleigh as it broke through the snow as if it was tired of its efforts, and meant to keep up a constant complaint at its ill usage.

Strange as it may seem, up to this moment I had never bestowed one thought upon the bills in my pocket that the sheriff had given

me; one of which I ought to have left at the Falls,—nor had the thought that possibly the unsocial passenger I was carrying might be a veritable mail-robber entered my mind. Now, I thought of both in the same moment, and instinctively I put out my foot to be assured by the touch that the bags were where I had put them. *That motion assured me that they were gone!*

Why it was that I did not turn immediately and confront the man behind me, I know not. My first impulse was to do so, and had I put it into execution, it is not probable that I should now be telling you this story, for a few moments later as I glanced around in the most unconscious manner possible, I saw the gleam of a pistol barrel as a hand disclosed it from beneath the robes, and I knew that the eyes from beneath that fur cap were watching my every motion.

There was no need for me to feel about longer for the missing bags, for I knew well that they were in his possession, and also that without doubt the man I was carrying was the mail robber, whose description I now had in my pocket. I jumped at once to this conclusion, as there was no other to be thought of; and also, if I wished to save my life, and the property entrusted to my care, I must for the present give no sign that I was aware of anything being wrong.

You can imagine my situation as I sat there with the villain behind me, so near that were he so minded he could touch my head with the muzzle of the pistol he held in his hand; and were he but to surmise that I knew he had the mail in his possession, I could expect nothing else than to receive a bullet through my brain.

Help there was no probability of my receiving. A house there was not within three miles, and even if there was, the sound of my voice would be the signal for my death. What was to be done, must be done by myself unaided.

For a few moments I had paid no attention to my horses, and they had come almost to a standstill, but now I endeavored to whip them up, and to contrive some plan whereby to save the mail if possible. I gave the horses a severe cut, and they started into a trot, but it lasted only for a moment, they were walking again; but during the time I was sure I had heard another sound save the grinding of the sleigh through the snow. I knew in a moment what the sound meant. It was the strong cloth of which the bags were made,

that was being ripped with a knife. The mail was now at the mercy of the robber.

Up, up, toiled the weary horses, and for a good ten minutes I knew the robber had been bestowing about his person the contents of the bags, and during that time I had resolved upon the course I would pursue; the only one that had a ghost of a chance for success.

Purposely I let the heavily loaded whip I carried fall into the snow, in such a manner that it should not be observed by the robber, should he chance to be looking in that direction; and then I went on some four or five rods before I pretended to discover my loss, which I did by making a vast deal of fumbling outside of the buffaloes, on purpose to call his attention to it, and then I exclaimed, in a tone of annoyance, as if I had just discovered the loss:

"My whip's dropped off again, the third time that it has served me the trick to-day, I am getting careless, I do believe."

Naturally the robber glanced around, and in the dim starlight saw it lying in the road, and called my attention to the fact. Springing out I ran back and picked it up, and then with beating heart approached the sleigh. The robber did not look around at my approach as I feared he would do; and grasping

the whip at the top of the stock, I brought down the loaded butt upon his head with a force that would have felled an ox. Without a groan he fell forward upon his face senseless, and I knew that I was again master of the situation.

I sprang into the sleigh, and with a couple of halts bound him hand and foot, in such a manner, that should he revive, it would be impossible for him to escape. Then I secured the pistol, and once more took up the reins, leaving the mail scattered about the bottom of the sleigh, as it was when my blow interrupted him.

By this time we had almost gained the summit of the mountain, and once on the other side, I drove down, and into H—, at a rattling pace. At a call from me, a crowd of men who had been sitting up late at the tavern playing poker, came out, and into their hands I delivered my prisoner for safe keeping while I drove to the post-office.

Fifteen minutes later, when I returned, he was just showing symptoms of returning consciousness, and before me shorn of his black whiskers, I saw the man described in the bills I had in my pocket. I had done a good night's work, for, a week after, I received the five hundred dollars' reward that was offered for his apprehension.

THREE PANSIES.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"O DEAR! dear! They were so pretty, and now they are all crushed. How sorry Letitia will be!"

"What is the matter, little one?" asked a gentleman, stopping to look at Florrie Swayne, bent down and tearful, over a little bunch of faded flowers lying on the sidewalk. She looked up into the frank, handsome face with its blonde moustache, and frame of dark curly hair.

"See," she said, gravely, pointing to the blossoms; "there were three pansies—O, the goldenest ones—and a bunch of bergamot."

"And it is for these you are feeling so bad? That's but a trifle."

"O, you think so," with a slightly contemptuous accent on the "you." "You don't love flowers, and I don't like people like that. Letty says all good people love them."

"Letty is' right. And I love flowers dearly; so I must belong to the good people. Now tell me the history of the pansies, for I am sure they have a history."

"Miss Strickland gave them to me. You see she's going to have a great party, and Letty has been embroidering some flouncies for her. You'd ought to see them. You'd say they were just as splendid as they could be!"

"Yes, of course I should; but about the pansies."

"Letty finished the last flounce this morning, and I went to take it to the lady. She lives in a splendid house, with real velvet sofas, and such beautiful curtains! And then there was a whole room full of flowers, all in blossom, and it is January now. Only think of it—roses in January!"

"Marvellous!" returned the young man, laughing. "I think I see two red roses now."

"Where?" queried the child, a little confused by the quizzical expression of his eyes.

"On your cheeks, pussy; but let me hear about Miss Strickland's roses."

"When I saw them, I couldn't help crying right out, I was so pleased; and she broke me three pansies and some bergamot. I smelled of the bergamot a little—ever so little, so as not to get away much of the sweetness, and was going to carry it and the pansies to sister Letty; and as I was looking in that window at the beautiful pictures, along come a dreadful red-haired man, with brass buttons on him, and brushed them out of my hand, and trod right on them, and never so much as said he was sorry for it!" And Florrie's blue eyes filled with tears of grief and indignation.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Floretta Swayne. Letty calls me Florrie, and rose-bud."

"Well, now, Florrie, come in here with me. We will see if we cannot find something to replace the pansies."

He led her into a horticultural store, and purchased a pot of English pansies, and a bouquet of cut flowers. He gave both parcels into her hands.

"Be careful of the red-haired men with brass buttons," he said; "and carry these home safely to sister Letty, and present them to her with the compliments of Capt. Harry Graham." And he lifted his hat.

"You are real nice!" said Florrie, admiringly. "Ever and ever so much nicer than Charles Huntley, who wants to be Letty's beau. I mean to tell her so." And grasping her treasures tightly, the little elf vanished round a corner.

"She is a pretty thing, and Letitia is a sweetly suggestive name. But heigho! never any romance but hard knocks is likely to come to Hal Graham. I wish, though, I had asked their street. It wouldn't have hurt me to have known." And Harry Graham, young, handsome—invincible, the ladies said—lighted a cigar and strolled down the street.

He had no very near relatives—only an aunt at Brighton—a wealthy, eccentric old thing; and a few cousins up in Vermont. He had a comfortable property, had been four years in the army, and come out of it with honor. For the rest, he was quite as good and moral as the majority of young men. He was not perfect, we should have been sorry

for him if he had been—but he was kind-hearted and sympathetic.

Going up the street that night to get his late dinner at his boarding-house, he passed Blank Alley. It was not a stone's throw from his chamber window—one of the very poorest localities in the city. Something made him glance up at the front of one of the very poorest of the houses, and there in a window which was scantily curtained with white muslin, he saw his pot of pansies. And sitting just behind it a pale-faced young girl, with brown hair curling away from her forehead, and brown-lashed eyes bent upon her sewing. He wanted to see the eyes, so he whistled a bar from *Il Trovatore*. She glanced up quickly, colored, and drew back from the window. But he had seen the eyes—half sunshine half shadow—just the eyes one might expect from such silky, lustrous brown hair.

At dinner he said carelessly to his landlady:

"By the way, Mrs. Marshall, do you know any one hereabouts who embroiders? I want to get some handkerchiefs marked, and am dandy enough to fancy a bit of fancy-work in the corners. It is positively unfair for you ladies to monopolize all the beautiful things in clothing as well as features."

"Why captain, where are your dear five hundred young lady friends, with their watch-pockets, slippers and pen-wipers? Why don't you drop a hint that you have a fancy for embroidered handkerchiefs? You'd have a furniture car full in a week."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"You have not answered my question."

"True; I beg your pardon. There is a young lady, at No. 2 Blank Alley, who does these things beautifully."

He finished his dinner in silence, and sauntering down street, purchased a dozen handkerchiefs. He had already more than he knew what to do with, and if any one had asked him what motive he had in following up this acquaintance, he would have been at a loss for a reply. He called at No. 2. Letitia answered his rap. She saw the bundle he carried, and invited him to enter. Her voice did not disappoint him; it was as sweet as the lips from whence it came. Captain Graham had a weakness for sweet voices.

He opened his business at once, showing his ignorance in such matters so palpably, that the young lady offered to use her own taste in the selection of designs, and she evidently considered the affair closed, and stood courteously awaiting his departure. His hand

was on the door, when Florrie came running in.

"O, if I live!" cried the child, "it is the nice gentleman who gave me the pansies. Have you come to see how they grow, sir? Letty, this is the Capt. Harry Graham who sent his compliments to you."

Captain Graham laughed. A faint smile stirred the beautiful quiet of Letitia's face. He held out his hand.

"Shall we accept this as an introduction, and call ourselves acquainted? If you agree to it, I shall adopt the pansy for my shield, when my ship comes in with my fortune, and I can afford a coat-of-arms."

"Do you own a ship?" asked Florrie, curiously.

"No, dear. My ships are all wrecks, I am afraid. Will you not shake hands, Miss Swayne?"

She let him just touch the tips of her fingers, wondering at herself for so doing; for though young, Letitia Swayne had lost much of the trust and confidence which those of her age feel. After that, Captain Graham said good-night and went away. But as time passed on, it was astonishing how often he had to call at No. 2 to see about those handkerchiefs. How the fellows in his set joked him. They knew he must be about opening a fancy store, or he was going to marry a woman, who, like Queen Isabel, had a different handkerchief for every hour in the day. He would begin to absorb the smell of codfish and onions, they said; for Blank Alley was renowned for such odors. Graham bore their raillery good-naturedly, and still visited the Swaynes. In Letitia, every day he saw something new to admire. True, she talked little, but that little was replete with feeling and good sense, and before long he got in the habit of going to her with all his little perplexities, and asking the light of her opinion upon them. She was always gravely polite to him, nothing more; but Florrie grew to manifest her love in kisses and embraces.

Sometimes away down in his heart of hearts, Captain Graham felt a sweet assurance that Letitia cared for him, and the thought gave him a satisfaction and peace for which he could not account. It was so strange! He said over and over to himself that he did not want to marry her; he was not a marrying man; but still it angered him when other men admired her. In a vague enough sort of way he wanted her to care everything for him. He knew her for something rare and sweet,

and thought her worth cultivating. Of the future he did not think. The present was all-sufficient.

He soon found out how mistaken he had been. In a moment of time he saw the condition of his heart. It all came to him in a sudden flash of recognition, as most great truths do come to us. He called one evening at No. 2, with a new book he had engaged to carry Florrie; but his rap resounded through empty rooms, and in the window he saw placarded the ominous words—*TO LET*. No. 2 was deserted. He went at once to the landlord, but that worthy knew nothing of his late tenants' whereabouts.

"Don't know where they've gone to," he answered, gruffly. "Don't feel no particular concern to know. They was too poor to pay their rent, and I packed em off, bag and baggage."

Graham resisted an inclination to knock the man down, and left him. Now that he had lost her, he realized with a sort of proud remorse what Letitia was to him. He set on foot investigations for her recovery, but they were all fruitless enterprises. He peeped under the bonnet of every poorly-dressed little girl he met. He stared all the young ladies who carried packages out of countenance, and made himself obnoxious generally, as people invariably do, who are in search of something.

One day, about six months after he had lost sight of the Swaynes, Graham entered a street car, and his attention was arrested by the sharp voice of the conductor, speaking to a lady—for a lady she evidently was, though her dress was old and threadbare, and her hat the style of a by-gone season.

"Why do you ride in cars, when you've got no money to pay?" he demanded, in rude tones. "You're blest with feet, aint ye?"

"Indeed sir, I lost my portemonnaie. I did not mean to swindle you. I have been sick, and the long walk I had taken was too much for me. If you will only allow me to ride as far as S. street, I will pay you to-morrow."

"Our company don't run cars to accommodate vagrants," retorted the man. "You'll git out here." And he put up his hand to pull the bell.

Graham laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Here is the lady's fare, sir, and if you will tell me how much you will ask to let me kick you, I shall pay the sum with pleasure!"

The lady turned toward her new friend. He saw the face he had been so long seeking.

"Miss Swayne!—I am so happy to see you!" She let him hold her hand a moment, and then he was about sitting down beside her; but seeing how very pale and weary she looked, he stopped the car, and hailed a passing coach.

"The car is too hard for you," he said, kindly, putting her into the carriage. "Where shall I drive you?"

She mentioned the street—a poor locality, in a low, unhealthy part of the city. Then she looked at him a moment, and said:

"I thank you very much, Captain Graham, for your kindness to me, but I will not trouble you to go so far out of your way to attend me home. The driver will take me there safely."

"Thank you for being so delicate about telling me you would prefer my room to my company. But I never take hints. I am going all the way with you. Why I have not seen you for six months; and little Florrie, too. I must see her."

An ashy pallor overspread the girl's face—her head drooped, and she shook with some sudden emotion. Captain Graham leaned toward her.

"What is it, Letitia? She is not—" He stopped, suddenly, and finished the question with his eyes.

"Florrie is dead," she said, huskily. "The only one I had to love me in all the world!"

Some passionate words leaped to his lips, but he felt the necessity of controlling himself. It was no time to tell her that he loved her. So he pressed her hand in silence.

At the door of her poor home he left her. She did not ask him to come in; but the next day he went there. The door was slightly ajar; he rapped, but she did not hear him, and pushing open the sitting-room door, he entered.

Letitia sat on a lounge by the side of a tall young man, clad in coarse clothes. His arm was around her—he was speaking to her in a low tone of voice, and she had been weeping. At sound of Graham's step, both started up—Letitia pale and frightened, the young man calm, almost defiant. Graham waited a moment, but she did not present him, and her visitor took up his hat and left by a back door.

Letitia's manner was cold and constrained. It was in vain that Graham attempted to place her at ease, and after a half hour as uncomfortable as it was possible for that length of time to be, he made his adieux. What to think he did not know; but he was deter-

mined to seek an explanation. He loved Letitia Swayne well enough to have a right to ask her about this stranger with whom she was so familiar. He thought she cared enough for him to satisfy him with a full explanation.

The next day he called again. His rap met no response. The door stood half way open, and there was a neglected air about the whole place. He entered the sitting-room. Letitia was lying on the lounge. At first he thought her asleep, but in a moment he saw that her eyes were wide open. Her cheeks were flushed with fever, her lips dry and parched. Suppressing a cry of pain, he sprang forward and knelt beside her, holding the little hot hands in his, and smoothing tenderly the disordered hair.

"Letitia—my darling! what ails you? How long have you been sick?"

His voice aroused her wandering faculties. She looked at him a moment, and a faint smile of recognition swept her face.

"You know me, dear, don't you?" he asked, eagerly.

"O yes. I am very ill. My head hurts me so that I cannot see. I want to trust some one. If I only had a friend!"

"You have one here, my child; one who will be true as steel. Trust him."

"I thank you. I think you *will* be true. When Florrie was dying, she said to me—'Letty, if you ever need a real true friend, find out my Captain Graham.' I need one now, and I will trust you. But I must first tell you a story of shame and disgrace."

She paused. He lifted her head to his shoulder, and she went on.

"My parents were wealthy, but unfortunate speculations ruined my father, and when he died there was nothing left. There were three of us—Albert, Florrie and myself. Albert was employed as clerk in the store of Fales and Smith—there, I will not dwell upon particulars—it is too painful. A large sum of money was missed from the desk of his employers; it was found among his effects. He was, beyond a doubt, they said, guilty of the theft. I knew he was innocent, but I had no means of proof. In the store there was also employed another young man, Herbert Burke by name. He professed to love me, and made me an offer of marriage which I refused. He swore he would have revenge, and he had it. I am just as confident as I am that I am living, that he stole that money, and hid it in my brother's trunk."

"You are correct," said Graham, quietly.

"What? Do you know anything about the affair?"

"I do. Your brother shall be fully exonerated. Two years ago, just after a great battle, they brought a young man, mortally wounded, into the L—— Hospital. I was present when he was told that his hours were numbered. His name was Herbert Burke. He seemed greatly distressed. He had led a wicked life, he said; there were some things he wanted to confess. I took pencil and paper, and at his request wrote down a brief synopsis of his crimes. They were many and varied, and among them a confession of the wrong he had done a young fellow-clerk, named Albert Swayne. I have the paper here. I can set everything right. Where is your brother?"

"You saw him yesterday. When this terrible affair occurred, he insisted upon giving himself up to the proper authorities for trial, but I shrank from the dreadful notoriety, and on my knees besought him to seek refuge in flight. He yielded, and since then I have met him only by stealth. His employers believe that he fled the country, but he has worked all this time, under an assumed name, in the L—— Factory. O, God be thanked that he can come forth into the light of day, unstained by suspicion! I wanted you to go for him, or send to him; it was what I was going to ask of you."

Graham put back the drooping head on the pillow, called in a woman who lived in the house to sit with her, and went out.

A couple of hours later, Albert Swayne was cleared from all suspicion. A full account of the affair was going the rounds of the daily press, and the young man was quite a lion. He went to his sister first, Graham accompa-

nying him. The physician the captain had sent up, was still there. He feared a brain fever for the fair patient, but it did not come. Perhaps her happiness made her well.

A week afterward, Albert Swayne and his sister were established in handsome lodgings up town. Albert was employed as head clerk in a large importing house, for society was anxious to make much of him, now that the tide had turned in his favor.

Captain Graham came in one night when Letitia was alone, and took the vacant seat beside her.

"Well," he said, "I know now what I want. I have been a long time finding it out, but now I am sure. I wonder if I am to have it."

"How can I tell?" she asked, mockingly.

He took her hands in his, and looked into her face.

"You can tell—only you, Letitia. Come here into my arms, and tell me if I shall have your love. It is unfair to take everything, and give nothing; and you, little thief, have stolen my heart. Now I want yours in return. Give it to me."

"I cannot," she said, shyly.

He grew pale, and his fingers tightened over hers, with sudden fear of losing her.

"Why not?"

"Because—because—it is already given to you."

And Captain Graham was satisfied with his answer.

When the wedding came off, a month later, at St. John's Church, the bride wore three golden-hearted pansies in her hair. Some people wondered at her choice of flowers, but her husband insists upon it that he should have missed all the sweetness of his life, if it had not been for three pansies.

SHADED FLOWERS.

We love the plants that deck the lawn,
And bloom around the cottage door,
Breathing in summer's early dawn
Their mingling fragrance, fresh and pure.
We lavish on them all our care,
And watch them with a lover's eyes,
Lingering o'er the colors rare
They daily borrow from the skies.
But flowers as fair oft in the glade,
In silence rise between the weeds,
To waste their perfume in the shade,
Like humble men of gentle deeds;

Like those whose lives and mental might
Demand our homage and our aid—
Yet whom I fear we often slight,
And leave half-starved in the shade.
Amid the shades of humble birth,
The choicest gems we sometimes find,
Who, quite unconscious of their worth,
Bloom brightly in the realm of mind;
And, spite of bramble or of bough,
Nobly work out their purpose grand,
Climb bravely up life's rugged brow,
Diffusing fragrance o'er the land.

THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

IN October last, I was invited by a friend of mine, whose daughter was about to be married, to go to London to attend the wedding. He had taken a large house in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly (which I will call Folkestone street), and was so good as to offer me a room for the marriage-week. Having been out of health for some time, and needing a change, I thankfully accepted his offer, and made my preparations for the journey at once.

I reached London about a week before the important day; and to those who know anything about weddings, and especially weddings in "high life" (so, I believe, the correct phrase runs), I need not say that this week was a busy one. The presents were numerous, and consisted chiefly of jewelry; the *trousseau*, I was informed, could not be surpassed; but of that I am not qualified, nor is it any part of my purpose, to speak. I am only concerned to state that the presents of jewelry were numerous and valuable. As they were brought in by messenger after messenger from the various jewellers' shops, they were placed for inspection by visitors, with other presents, in the front drawing-room, which, I may observe, had four large windows all looking into the main street.

The marriage was fixed for a Tuesday; and on the Saturday previous, my friend gave a dinner-party to relations on both sides, and a good many people were invited to come in the evening to inspect the presents and the *trousseau*. As it was Saturday night, everybody departed shortly after twelve o'clock; and by one o'clock, every light was extinguished. No suspicion of robbery seems to have entered the head of any of us, and the jewelry and other valuable presents were left exposed in the front drawing-room all that night. But on the next night, the groom of the chambers did seem to have a little anxiety at having so much valuable property exposed in so open a manner, and he communicated his uneasiness to his mistress. The most costly of the jewels were, in accordance with his suggestion, placed in a large jewel-box, and deposited at bedtime in his mistress's bed-room. So little real anxiety, however, was felt by any one, that a magnificent dressing-case and dressing-bag, both with gold fittings of very great value, were left, with numerous other articles, in one of the back

drawing-rooms, without even the key of either being turned in the lock. On that Sunday night, or rather early on the Monday morning, the house was robbed.

It will be well, perhaps, before I proceed further in my narrative, that I should give a general idea of the number and position of the rooms on the three principal floors of the house. On the ground-floor there were dining-room, breakfast-room, and morning-room. On the first floor there were three drawing-rooms; and besides these, there was, built out at the back, and lying beyond the servants' staircase, the bedroom and dressing-room inhabited by my friend and his wife, and in which the jewels had been deposited. On the second floor were four bedrooms and a dressing-room, occupied by different members of the family and myself.

I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and must have slept soundly for about four or five hours, when I was awakened by the violent barking of a little dog which I had in the room with me. I looked up, and saw the door of my bedroom open gradually, and a bright light shine through it. I called out at once in a loud voice, "Who's there?"—when the door was quickly and quietly shut, without an answer being returned. I never dreamed of thieves, for I had been similarly disturbed the night before; my impression was, that some servant had mistaken the room, the house being strange to all the inmates. I struck a light, and looking at my watch, found the time to be four o'clock. For a time I listened intently, but soon, finding that all was quiet, I turned on my side, and tried to get to sleep again. This, however, proved to be impossible, and I got no more sleep that night. About five o'clock, I heard some noises in the next bedroom to my own, and concluded that my neighbor was stirring; and at half-past five, I heard somebody stumble over a box in the passage outside my door. But it still never occurred to me to think of thieves. I imagined still, that in the hurry of preparation for the wedding, some servant had been compelled to rise earlier than usual, and had stumbled in going down stairs in the dark; but as, I could not get to sleep, I determined to get up, and at ten minutes of six o'clock by my watch, I left my room to go to another at the end of the passage. The moment I left my door, I saw a

man standing ten yards from me. The fellow, who was about six feet two inches in height, and most powerfully made, was listening at the door of a bedroom close to mine, and had his hand on the handle when I first saw him; but the moment he caught sight of me, he made a rush either to collar me or to get by me, I don't know which; and seeing this, I drew back and allowed him to pass. The next moment I gave the alarm, and the household was speedily aroused. An attempt at pursuit was made, but the minute or two which had elapsed, enabled the burglars to make good their retreat, and they got away without molestation.

The next thing to be done was to ascertain the extent of our losses; and a very casual inspection decided this. Everything of silver and gold in the house which they could lay their hands upon, they had carried off, but only such articles as were very portable; plate they never sought to touch, although some was lying about in the different rooms. They had made a clean sweep of the most valuable of the presents left in the drawing-rooms; they had wrenched off and carried away all the gold tops from the fittings of the dressing-case and dressing-bag; they had entered two bedrooms on the second floor, and taken valuable property from each, while the inmates were sleeping; but most fortunately they had missed the great prize, the jewels, to obtain which, the burglary had doubtless been planned. They had never imagined that the head of the family would sleep in a bedroom beyond the servants' staircase, and so made no attempt to explore in the direction. They must have reasoned that the best bedrooms, in which alone the jewels were likely to be, would be those to the front on the second floor, over the drawing-room; and about these they must have hung for hours, in the hope of getting the prize, listening at the doors to the breathing of the sleepers, entering and rifling the rooms of those who slept most heavily, and waiting for an opportunity of safely entering the others. My room, after the barking of my dog, they did not again attempt to approach. But although the jewels were safe, we found upon inspection, that they had carried off property to a very considerable amount; indeed, the loss, we found, could not be estimated at less than seven hundred pounds.

Of course the first thing to be done now was to send for the police. This was done at once; and as I was the only person who had

actually seen anybody in the house, I received a visit, in an incredibly short space of time, from Inspector Fairfield—so I will call him—of the Q division. The inspector was a tall, fair-haired man, who looked a good deal younger than his real age, but who seemed a capital man of business, whatever his age might be. His first question was, "What sort of a man was it you saw on the landing, sir?" I said at once that I had seen a tall, dark man, but that I had not seen him sufficiently well to be able to describe his features accurately. The inspector mused over my description for half a minute, and then called upon me for a detailed description of every article of property which had been stolen, and its probable value. I had scarcely got half way through the list, when a knock was heard at the door, and Sergeant Wood, as I will call him—also of the Q division—was announced. Had he not been styled a sergeant, I should never have guessed what he was. My idea of a policeman was, that he was tall and stout, and with whiskers that were the admiration of the servant-maids, and the satire of "Mr. Punch." But here was a little man in plain clothes, very short, very dark in complexion, and with his hair and whiskers cut very close ('So that they may have nothing to hold on by,' he darkly whispered to me, in a conversation we had some days after). But I suppressed my astonishment, and politely greeted my visitor. In return, Sergeant Wood expressed the usual civil regrets for the occurrence—which somehow, one can't think quite sincere in a policeman—and then had a brief whispered consultation with Inspector Fairfield. What the inspector said seemed to decide him upon some course of action, for after again asking me to describe the man I had seen, he hurriedly left the room. I then completed the list of the stolen property, and after accompanying the inspector in a tour round and over the house, to see how the entry had been effected, and after being convinced that the thieves had entered from the back through the kitchen, I bade him good-morning, fully convinced that the best plan was to grin and bear our losses as best we might. It was the firm belief of every one of us, that every article of gold and silver was in the melting-pot within an hour after the thieves left the house, and that no portion of the missing property would be recovered. Nor did we think in our hearts that there was any use in the police exerting themselves; we had not, I am ashamed to say,

any belief in their powers of detection on a really difficult case, such as this seemed to promise to be.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when, barely an hour and a half afterwards, I was informed that the burglars had been captured, and every article of property recovered. The manner in which the capture was effected was so ingenious, and the whole affair was so creditable to the police force of the metropolis, that I make no apology for describing it at some length.

The burglary at my friend's house in Folkestone street was not, I discovered, by any means the first of its kind which had lately occurred. A succession of robberies had lately taken place at the West End during the previous three months, all apparently the work of the same man (for the same features distinguished them all), and the police had been greatly nettled at their non-success in detecting the culprit.

As far back as the middle of the previous June, the house of a great minister of state had been broken into, and a quantity of jewelry stolen. In that case, the thief seemed to have clambered up a very high wall, and then to have "dropped" a great distance on to some leads. This gave him access to a window, through which he entered the house. The jewelry was taken from a lady's dressing-room, and the robbery must have been effected within a very short time after she had left that room, for she did not retire to bed till three o'clock, and the thieves were out of the house by five. One remarkable feature in this case was, that one of the thieves had *washed his hands* in the dressing-room before leaving it. The police used every exertion to trace the thieves, but were unsuccessful; and so mysterious did the affair seem, that they were driven to suspect that there had been some connivance on the part of the servants. For these suspicions, it is only fair to say, subsequent events proved that there was no ground whatever.

A fortnight afterwards, another burglary took place; this time at the residence of an ambassador. In this case also, the thief appeared to have "dropped" a considerable height. And here, too, the police was at fault.

A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, at about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead.

She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran up stairs, and was just in time to see a strange man run up the upper staircase. At sight of her, he quickened his footsteps, and rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servants' bedrooms. By this time, an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does not, however, seem to have been a very intelligent or a very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon this valiant defender of our homes declined to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the thief resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop"-leap on to some leads, whence he got into the Park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The Park was searched at once, but no traces of him could be discovered. The lady, on being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose: Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicions that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been poohpoohed for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question.

The explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the commissioners of police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed the ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his discharge so deeply, that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop"-leaps.

Meanwhile, news came of another burglary at Kensington. In this case also the thief seemed to have shown great activity, and again to have *washed his hands*. Again, a few weeks later, a burglary was committed in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and here again the thief washed his hands, even bring-

ing a lemon from the kitchen to aid him in his task.

It now became almost a certainty that all these robberies were the work of one man; and as there was the remarkable fact of his washing his hands in almost every instance, it was probable that this man was of a better class, and of greater refinement than the ordinary run of London burglars. But an altogether new fact, which was likely to aid the police considerably in their efforts to trace him, was elicited during the inquiries which were made with respect to the Hamilton Place robbery. It transpired that two men had been seen for some days loitering about and examining the house, and that one of them was tall and dark, and the other short and fair. But not only had they been seen; the tall, dark man had actually spoken to the *commissionnaire* stationed in the district, and had been observed to have a foreign accent. It seemed most probable, therefore, that the man of whom they were in search was a foreigner, and the suspended sergeant determined at once to follow up this slight clue.

But there are a great many tall, dark foreigners in London, and the sergeant's task seemed one of no slight difficulty; however, he was a determined man, of iron nerves, and he determined to find the right man, if he searched through the whole of London; so he sat down and thought out the whole matter, and decided upon the course he would pursue. He could not help fancying from all he heard, that it was probable that the man in question was a discharged Swiss or Italian valet, or courier, or something of that kind; so, following up this idea, he went to call upon a friend of his who kept a very respectable public-house at the West End of the town. This man had been a courier himself, in his earlier days, and was well acquainted with all the members of the confraternity, and, indeed, had a *table-d'hôte* daily for them at his house, of which other foreigners occasionally availed themselves. After much consultation with the landlord, the sergeant determined to attend the *table-d'hôte* that day, on the chance of seeing his man. At dinner-time, he accordingly made his appearance, of course in plain clothes, and took his seat with the ease of an *habitué*. None of the diners, however, answered in any way to the description of the burglar, and the sergeant began to think that he had been wasting his time. But scarcely had the cloth been removed, when a tall, dark man, of not unpleasant appearance, came in,

and took his seat at one of the little round tables. Upon him the sergeant at once fixed his attention, and when he rose, after taking some slight refreshment, quietly followed him out of the house. For some time, he pursued him without being perceived, but at last the foreigner seemed to become aware that he was being tracked, for he looked round from time to time suspiciously. This, of course, did not look well, for a man who has nothing to fear does not do this, and our sergeant determined not to lose sight of him. However, clever as the sergeant was, the tall, dark man was cleverer still, and after a long chase, suddenly gave his pursuer the slip. The sergeant was in despair; just when he seemed to have got hold of a most promising clue, he had lost it, and it was more than probable that the foreigner would now take the alarm, and leave the country at once.

But, as good-luck would have it, as he was walking, somewhat disconsolately, in Oxford street that same night, he saw his man again! Again he followed him, and again he lost him, but this time in such a position as to make it nearly certain that he lived in one of three well-known streets in Soho. These streets were accordingly watched night and day, and the tall, dark foreigner was finally tracked down to No. 224 Canon street, Soho.

But although they had been successful so far, what, it may be asked, had in effect been proved? What was the result of all these watchings and inquiries? Simply this, that a tall, dark foreigner, who evidently did not like followers, lived at 224 Canon street, Soho. Slight, however, as the clue was, the police determined to follow it up. So much annoyance and excitement had been caused by the numerous burglaries at the houses of great people, and there had been so many comments upon the unskillfulness of the police, that the force made it almost a point of honor to discover the culprit. Directions were given to certain trusty men, the house was watched night and day; and this perseverance was at last rewarded by a certain amount of success, for, on the Friday preceding the burglary at my friend's house, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out, and, accompanied by a shorter man, to go to a marine-store dealer's shop, and purchase some skeleton keys. On the following day (Saturday), he was seen to purchase some more keys, and with these he returned to his lodgings, and was not seen out again that day. These facts, of course, proved him to be a

suspicious person, and justified the police in putting him under surveillance. On the next day (Sunday), he left his lodgings at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and was seen to return to them at half-past eleven o'clock at night; but after that hour, those who were appointed to watch him, declared that he did not leave his house that night, and asserted that it was totally impossible for him to have done so, without their seeing him.

Now, my friend's house in Folkestone street must have been broken into at about two o'clock on the Monday morning, and the man I saw on the landing certainly did not leave the house till ten minutes to six. It appeared, then, quite certain, that whatever he might have done on the other occasions, the tall, dark foreigner of 224 Canon street had nothing to do with this robbery. When I described my friend on the landing as being a "tall, dark man," the Inspector, as I remembered well, had smiled grimly, but he was not then aware that it had been declared by those who had been watching him that the man in question had not left his house after half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Of this fact, Sergeant Wood had given him the first intimation, when they had that brief consultation together in my bedroom to which I have alluded above, and for a moment they must have been dumbfounded—if, indeed, a policeman ever yields to so purely "civilian" an emotion. Apparently, all their labor had been thrown away, the tall, dark foreigner, whom they had so successfully traced to his lair, could not, it seemed, be in any way connected with this last robbery, in spite of this strong presumption which my description of him excited.

Policemen, are, however, proverbially slow to despair. One hope still remained, which, slender as it then seemed to us, proved ultimately the right solution of the difficulty. The Sunday night in question had been wet and misty, and it was just possible that the vigilance of the watchers might have been eluded, though, from the skill and ability, and general high character of the men employed, this seemed hardly within the bounds of probability. It was determined, therefore, that the house in Canon street should be closely watched; and on leaving my room, Sergeant Wood himself repaired to the spot, and made the necessary arrangements.

The sergeant left me at half-past eight, and an hour and a half afterwards, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out of No. 224

Canon street, and to walk down the street in the direction of Seven Dials. He was instantly followed, and in a short time was observed to meet as if by appointment, the same short, fair man who had accompanied him when he had made the purchase of skeleton keys. This smaller man had a small and apparently empty blue serge-bag on his arm. The two men linked arms and walked on together, having very much the appearance, my informant said, of two master tradesmen.

They were followed by three constables, of whom Sergeant Wood was one, and the question which occupied his whole thoughts was, should he, or should he not, take these men into custody? It must be remembered that he had no evidence against them—he had evidence which directly exculpated the tall, dark man, and, if correct, made it impossible for him to have been present at the burglary: he had all the terrors of damages for false imprisonment, and serious rebukes from magistrates for exceeding his duty, floating before his eyes. But my friend Sergeant Wood is not a nervous man, and his hesitation was but momentary. In spite of the testimony of the watchers, he had always felt certain that the tall, dark man had planned, and actually executed the burglary in Folkestone street that morning; and he determined to risk everything that might ensue if he made a mistake. He accordingly arrested them; and after a considerable show of resistance on the part of the shorter man, and a great deal of virtuous indignation from the affronted foreigner, added to considerable opposition from a mob of the lowest characters in Seven Dials, the two were safely lodged in the station-house. Of course the blue bag was examined at once, and this apparently innocent receptacle was found to contain a large housebreaker's "jemmy" or crowbar, a bottle of aqua-fortis for testing gold, and finally, a small gold toothpick, which had been taken from the fittings of the dressing-case in my friend's back drawing-room, and which had apparently been left in the bag by mistake, having got stuck in the lining. I should like to have seen the grim smile of my friend Sergeant Wood when the toothpick was produced from the blue bag. I think that at that moment he could almost have forgiven the watchers, whose negligence had so nearly led him astray.

The next thing to be done was to search the lodgings of the tall, dark man. This task Inspector Fairfield undertook, and he pro-

ceeded at once to Canon street. After some opposition on the part of the landlady, who stoutly denied that any such person was lodging or ever had lodged in her house, the inspector at last got admittance, and proceeded to search the house (which was a very long one), commencing from the attics. On reaching the second story, on his way downwards, he inquired if any foreigner lived in any of the rooms upon it; and to this the landlady, whose memory seemed to have been much improved by intercourse with the inspector, replied, that a foreign gentleman, who was a highly respectable wine-merchant, had a bedroom on this floor, looking to the back. She did not know much of him, she said, but he was very regular in his payments, and very quiet in his habits, and for her part she did not wish for anything more in a lodger. The courteous inspector requested permission to have one look, merely as a matter of form, at the distinguished foreigner's bedroom; and to this the landlady acceded. Unfortunately, however, the door was locked, and as the landlady had no other key than that which she had given to her lodger, and which he had doubtless in his pocket at that moment, the inspector was compelled to do violence to the feelings of a worthy woman, and break open the door. There was nothing remarkable in the bedroom in any way; it was a thought small and airless for a "wine-merchant," perhaps; but then he might be a trifle eccentric—many greater men have been guilty of more striking eccentricities, and yet not a word has been breathed against their respectability. But there was one thing which seemed to surprise the landlady, though not perhaps the inspector—her lodger seemed to be about to make a journey, and the room was disordered by preparations for departure. Above all, in the middle of the room stood a magnificent portmanteau, brand new, and of the best workmanship. The inspector lifted it and found it heavy; he tried the lid, and found it locked. Fortunately, he had upon his bunch a key that fitted the lock; and with many apologies he proceeded to open the portmanteau. Within it he found every article of the property stolen from Folkestone street, with the single exception of the gold tooth-pick found in the blue bag; but besides this, the inspector found in the portmanteau some of the property which had been taken from the houses in Hamilton Place and Kensington. It was clear, therefore, that they had been right in their conclusions, and that

the tall, dark foreigner was the planner and perpetrator of all these robberies.

Little more remains to be said. The first examination of the prisoners was taken that afternoon before the magistrate, and the landlady identified the tall, dark foreigner as her lodger, and the owner of the portmanteau. A policeman swore to have seen both prisoners loitering near the mews at the back of Folkestone street on the Sunday evening between eight and nine o'clock; and so the chain of evidence was complete. Evidence was also given that both prisoners had been previously convicted, and then they were remanded, in order to complete the depositions before committal. But before the day of final examination, the tall, dark man, in utter despair as to the result of the trial, and dreading a sentence which, at his age (he was fifty-five), would probably be tantamount to penal servitude for life, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the House of Detention. The younger man was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and is now working out his time.

At the inquest which was held upon the foreigner, some curious particulars relating to his life were disclosed. He was a Frenchman, and of very respectable family, his father having been agent to a French nobleman. He seemed to have had respectable friends in London, who had no idea whatever that he was a burglar. He was thought by them to have an independent income, and to travel about for his pleasure. At what time of life he took to burglary, seemed to be quite unknown, but there was no question as to his talent for that profession. The police considered him a most skillful and dangerous thief, and regarded his capture as an important event. His manners and language were remarkably good, and his appearance was such, that if he had been met in a house, he would have been supposed to be some gentleman's foreign servant. There is little doubt that the burglary at my friend's house was only one of a series; indeed, among his papers, a list of houses of the nobility was found, with full particulars of access to each; and these, there was every reason to believe, would have been plundered in succession, had not his career been stopped by the police.

Give to grief a little time, and it softens to a regret, and grows beautiful at last; and we cherish it as we do some old dim picture of the dead.

HOW LATHOM WAS DELIVERED.

LATHOM HOUSE, Lancashire, is chiefly famous for the siege which it sustained during the civil war between King Charles and the Parliament.

The principal incidents of the siege of Lathom are too well known to require any lengthened detail here. Lord Derby, at the precise time when his presence was most required at home, was commanded to leave the realm, and proceed instantly to the Isle of Wight. His house, children—everything he possessed—had to be left in the sole charge of his lady. Neither the lady nor himself was insensible of the danger in which she was placed, but the king's orders were imperative.

At a state council held at Manchester in February, 1644, the siege of Lathom was concluded upon. The Parliamentary troops, under Colonel Ashton of Middleton, Colonel Moore of Bank Hall, and Colonel Rigby of Preston, on the same day began their march, proceeding by way of Bolton, Wigan, and Standish. On the 27th of February they took up their position about a mile distant from Lathom House. A messenger, bearing a letter from Sir Thomas Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces, was sent to the Countess of Derby, with a request that the house might be immediately surrendered. The countess declined to surrender in the absence of the earl. This occasioned delay; the officers of the commons had to consider her objection, and to report to their superiors. Delay was precisely what the countess desired. She availed herself of it in completing the provisioning and fortifying of her little garrison. At length, however, the countess was compelled to give a decided answer, and there was no want of decision about her reply. "She refused all their offers, protesting that, though a woman and a stranger, divorced from her friends and robbed of her estate, she was ready to receive their utmost violence, trusting in God both for protection and deliverance."

The besiegers, in the first instance, resolved on reducing the place by famine. They were led to suppose that fourteen days' close siege would exhaust the resources of the garrison, and starve them into a surrender. The fourteen days passed without any incident of importance occurring, and the besiegers at the end of that time found themselves in no better position than they were at the beginning.

When Captain Ashurst was sent with fresh proposals, the countess replied that she would keep her house whilst God enabled her, against all the king's enemies; that she would receive no more messages—scorning the malice of her foes and defying their assaults.

After this, the fire of the enemy was hot and well-directed, and kept up so continuously that there seemed no probability of the countess being able to hold her resolution; but by a cleverly-managed sally on the part of the garrison, the enemy were beaten from their works, and suffered considerable loss. Most of their guns were spiked, but "that night," says an old writer, "they played a *sacre* twice, to tell us they had cannon that would speak, though our men had endeavored to steel up all their lips."

A *ruse* of the besieged a few days later threw the enemy into still greater confusion, and so provoked them that they resolved on the immediate destruction of the house with red-hot shot—they were bent on burning it up like a heap of dry fagots.

A message to this effect, couched in any but courteous terms, was forwarded to the countess by the hands of Gideon Greatbatch, the drum-major. This man was a stern republican—a zealous and enthusiastic non-conformist; he was the staunch opponent of all loyalists and churchmen, and expressed himself after the approved style of the most rigid of rigid Puritans. The countess in person received the mandate to surrender her house, and submit herself to the mercy of the Parliament. Her only answer was to tear the mandate into fragments, and burn these fragments before the eyes of the messenger. The garrison applauded her determination, and the old hall rang with the shout, "We will die for his majesty and your honor! God save the Earl of Derby and the king!"

Gideon Greatbatch, in the midst of a stern rebuke which he delivered extemporaneously to the countess, was hustled from the mansion, and thrust out of the gates. This personal indignity he felt severely. "I will make this house desolate," quoth he, "and the glory thereof shall be turned into ashes."

But Gideon Greatbatch was disappointed. On the very next day, boldly venturing himself as one of the foremost in the assault, he was taken prisoner, and lodged in the vaults. The besieged fought valiantly, and contested

the ground by inches. The damage done in the day was repaired in the night, and though the fire was well maintained, the "stony strength" of Lathom was still unshaken.

Dispirited by repeated failures, and weary with long delay, the soldiers of the Parliamentary army at length began to cry out for their arrears of pay, and to threaten disbandment. A council of officers was held, and a messenger again appointed to wait on the Countess of Derby, and conclude terms of surrender. The message was expressed in terms of great courtesy and respect. It was sent by the hands of a gentleman well qualified to ingratiate himself into the good graces of a lady—a soldier and a man of honor; true to his trust, but free from the violence of the party whose cause he had adopted.

He was received with politeness, but the countess was still firm. She would listen to no terms of surrender. Obligated to receive her final answer as a distinct refusal to accede to any proposals without the sanction of the earl, the messenger was about to retire, when he lingered for a moment to remind the countess that the fiery zealots of the camp would not spare should the time come for destruction. The countess smiled.

"One of your most zealous troopers is already in safe custody."

"May I crave his name?"

"Greatbatch—drum-major in your army."

The officer could not forbear a smile as he responded:

"Indeed, our Gideon is the most zealous of our country, and must feel his bonds sorely." He hesitated, and then added, "May I consistently crave a few moments' interview with the prisoner?"

The countess gave him a searching look; she was satisfied he was to be trusted, and her permission was at once accorded.

As the officer descended the stone steps which led to the prison of Gideon, he could hear the voice of the drummer singing a psalm, in which all the enemies of the singer, including, in this instance, all the defenders of Lathom, were consigned to swift destruction. With his feet in the stocks, and his long back leaning against the stone wall, sat Gideon, his eyes shut and his mouth open. At the voice of the visitor he closed the one and opened the other.

"I grieve to find thee here, comrade," said the officer.

"Nay, grieve not for that," was the answer.

"Grieve, rather, that this poor land of ours—
But there! Art thou also a prisoner?"

"No; the bearer of a message, and permitted a few moments' interview with an old friend."

"Then on thy return to the camp," said Gideon, "let it be known that these Lathomers have no bread, that famine—"

"False tongue!" cried the gaoler, interrupting him; "there be bread enough, and to throw away, or we shouldn't keep thee alive. There, take thy breakfast." He threw him a loaf of black bread as he spoke. The hungry captive caught the bread eagerly, beginning to devour it greedily, when he suddenly stopped.

"This bread!" said he—this Christian food for Christian folk! A dog wouldn't thank thee for it."

"Therefore," said the gaoler, "thou art thankful."

Giving no heed to this retort, Gideon handed the loaf to his visitor. "Take it, take it," he said—and there was something so impressive in his manner, that the officer took the loaf as he was requested—"take it to the camp, break it before our brethren, show them how vilely they entreat us."

"Vilely entreated!" grumbled the gaoler. "'Tis well for thee the loaf was thrown over the wall, or thou wouldst have kept the edge of thine appetite unspoiled till to-morrow."

"Break it in the presence of the camp," continued Gideon. "'Tis well they should know what we who are captured have to endure."

"Thou art right anxious to be rid of thy breakfast," quoth the gaoler. "Marry! one would think it carried a secret."

"Search, if you have any suspicion," said the officer.

"Suspicion! not I, I' faith; but there will be no more rations for him to-day."

"Enough, I want no more. I will sing, and find it sweeter than the eating of black bread."

"Shall I intercede with the countess?" whispered the officer.

"Intercede!" roared Gideon; "not if I rot piece-meal! Intercede with Jezebel! Away! away!"

And waving an adieu, he began to sing again in a loud, shrill key.

Leaving the prisoner to his fate, the officer quitted Lathom, and returned to the camp. It was not, however, till late in the afternoon that he thought of Gideon's message, and

took from his pocket the black loaf. He related all that had occurred, and broke the bread, as Gideon had requested him. Close to where the prisoner had taken his last mouthful he found a piece of crumpled paper. It was opened, and was found to be a letter from the Earl of Derby to the countess, telling her Prince Rupert had beaten the rebels at Newark, and how the king's army had hastily marched into Lancashire, and at two days at furthest would reach Lathom. "We propose," said the letter, "to come upon them suddenly, so that they shall be taken in their own snare."

This important intelligence had failed to reach its destination. Some friendly hand had thrown it within reach of the besieged; but the gaoler, by whom it was picked up, was careless as to whence it came from, so long as it saved the prisoner's allowance to the ill-fed garrison. The prisoner, more cautious and reflective than his gaoler, had felt the paper under his teeth, suspected some message to the enemy, and had cunningly given it into the hands of his friendly visitor. He had lost his breakfast—a serious loss to a man half-famished with hunger—but he had saved the Parliamentary troops. The snare in which they were to be taken was broken, and they escaped.

On the news contained in Derby's letter being made known at a council of the principal officers, the camp was broken up; and the garrison of Lathom, scarcely believing what they saw to be true, beheld their enemies leaving their entrenchments in both hasty and disorderly retreat. So ended the first siege of Lathom.

On the day after the retreat, the earl arrived at Lathom, to the joyful surprise of his countess, and to that of the brave defenders of the mansion. Nothing was known of the earl's letter; it had never come to hand. It is probable, when the gaoler heard of the means used for its conveyance, that he more than half suspected the truth, but wisely kept his own counsel.

SPIDERS.

On a fine autumn morning the web of the gossamer spider is seen to advantage. When the summer is nearly gone, it weaves its tiny tissues of thread, from tree, and post, and pillar, while the golden tints of the autumn sky light up their silvery hue. These threads are so finely spun that we cannot trace its line; they seem like a ladder of thread on

which angel spirits, who are reported to come with messages of love and mercy, make their aerial voyages. We can fancy them the hearts of the good fairies who, assuming various shapes, sometimes visit this planet. They seem to be the link between this world and that beyond—to reach from earth to heaven. Beyond the utmost stretch of the eye, these brittle threads float in fairy realms, the land of clouds and vapors, where no human being ever trod except by the aid of fancy or imagination. Yet the spider, untaught by any lessons in geometry and law of wind, constructs these castles in the air, for so they may be called, which baffle human ingenuity. However skillful man may be in natural science, with all his art and philosophy, he could not manufacture such another web. To construct his web, the spider must understand the laws which regulate the winds and storms, for his castle is so finely constructed that the least puff of wind will break his lines which have cost him so much labor, and play sad havoc with his aerial home. To make his house secure from every passing wind of heaven, he must select those angles in which the aerial tempests, whether in form of gentle breeze or raging whirlwind, can have no effect on them.

How wonderful is the tenuity of these fairy-like lines, yet strong enough to enable the aerial voyager to run through the air, and catch his prey which ventures within his domain. It is so fine that, in the web of the gossamer spider, the smallest of the tribe, there are twenty tubes, through which is drawn the viscid globules, the gummy matter it employs in spinning, each of the thickness of about one-tenth of an inch. It takes 140 of these globules to form a single spiral line; it has twenty-four circumvolutions to go through, which gives the number of 3360. We have thus got the average total number of lines between two radii of the circle; multiplying that number by 26, the number of radii which the untiring insect springs, gives the total amount of 87,360 viscid globules before the net is completed.

The dimensions of the net, of course, vary with the species. Some will be composed of as many as 120,000 lines; yet even to form this net the spider will only take forty minutes. Wonderful indeed is the process by which the spider draws the thread from its body—more wonderful than any rope or silk spinning. Each of these spinnerets is covered with rows of bristle-like points, so very fine

that a space about the size of a pin's head will cover a thousand of them. From each of these points or tubes issues a small but slender thread, which unites with the other threads; so that from each spinneret proceeds a series of threads, forming one compound whole; they are situated about one tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinnerets; they also unite and form one thread, 624 of which are used by the spider in forming his net. With the instruments which Nature has given him, the claws of his feet, the spider guides and arranges the glutinous thread as this seemingly inexhaustible fibre is drawn from his body, and interweaves them within each other until the net is complete. In this way spiders are the weavers of a supple line, whose touch, for quickness and fineness, surpasses that of any spinning-jenny.

Look at the domestic spider, which spins its web in the corner of the ceilings, to the terror of all housewives. Having chosen a convenient spot, and spun its first thread, which is to be the foundation of the whole structure, it attenuates this thread to another corner of the room, whither, it proceeds along the line thus made. Having fastened it, it draws this thread several times across from this point to another, in order to strengthen it. It then interweaves these straight lines with others of various horizontal shapes; this confusion of threads becomes greater and greater, until it assumes a perfect labyrinth of network.

This occasions much vexing perplexity to Sally the housemaid; for, do all she can to keep the walls clean, the spider will obtrude itself in spite of brooms and Turk's-heads. Though she may vow vengeance against them, and devote herself entirely to their annihilation, the spiders are indefatigable creatures, and as soon as her back is turned, it gathers up the fragments of cobweb which has been swept down by Sally in her wrath, and commences to reconstruct her hair-net as if nothing had happened. The spiders are, indeed, examples of patience and perseverance. The story of Robert Bruce, confined in his bed at Inverary, after his seventh defeat, taking courage from seeing a spider unsuccessfully attempting its woven task seven times, and at last succeeding on the eighth, is well known. A spider has been known to be excluded from the air a year or more, and at the end of that period waited patiently for its prey.

TWO SIDES TO A TALE.

"What's the matter?" said Growler to the black cat, as she sat mumping on the step of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang her."

"Why what is the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?"

"Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said the black cat; "and such a pain in my side!"

"But what," said Growler, "what immediate cause?"

"Haven't I told you?" said the black cat, pettishly; "it's her temper—what I have had to suffer from it. Everything she breaks she lays to me."

Growler was quite indignant; but being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he added, "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry because I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" inquired Growler.

"O, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine."

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, she was compelled to say, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"O!" said Growler, much enlightened.

"Why, the fact was," said the black cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and I knocked down a dish: and not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and just tasted it, and it was rather nice, and"—"You finished it?" suggested Growler.

"Well, I should, I believe, if that cook hadn't come in. As it was I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the black cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, of some grand fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but now I've heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she didn't hang you."

The Florist.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Flowers are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

By them the lover tells his tale;
They can his hopes, his fears express;
The maid, when looks or words would fail,
Can thus a kind return confess.

Perfumes from Flowers.

For this purpose the flowers are placed during a few minutes in a well-stopped vessel along with some volatile essential oil of Pennsylvanian petroleum—the so-called petroleum ether—which has been purified with great care. The essential oil takes up the perfume from the flowers, which are continually added to it in fresh quantities until it is saturated with the odorous compound; after which it is driven off by evaporation, and nothing remains behind but some fatty and coloring matter and the odorous compound. Little of the petroleum is lost, and the temperature required for evaporation is not sufficiently high to injure the perfume. The latter may be separated from the fatty and other matters with which it is associated by means of pure alcohol, in which it is readily soluble, but in which they are nearly insoluble. The aroma may in the same way be extracted from several spices, and their valuable constituents from many medical plants—particularly where their properties reside in flowers.

Jasminum.

The Jasmines are shrubs remarkable for their fragrant flowers; and, the common species, *Jasminum officinale*, is one of our most vigorous-growing wall-evergreens, though a native of India. There are several hardy species, but the greater number require the greenhouse or stove. The principal hardy species is that already mentioned. It well deserves a place against the wall of a house, or the piers of a veranda, which it will cover in a very short time; or if planted against trellis-work, or against the framework of a bower, it will soon afford an agreeable shade, and produce its long, graceful, deep-green shoots in such quantities, as, after covering the bower, to hang down to the ground all around it, and require to be separated like a curtain by a person entering. This plant and the common ivy, when trained up a single post, with a spreading umbrella top of frame-work, form some of the finest objects in small gardens by their pendent branches, which not only hang down from a height of from fifteen feet or twenty feet to the ground, but trail along it to a considerable distance. Like the ivy, the common jasmine is an evergreen—not, however, from its leaves, but the deep green color of its shoots. The flowers are white and very fragrant, and yield an oil similar to that produced by *J. grandiflorum*.

The Dogwood.

Well-known shrubs, with whitish or yellowish flowers, and dark purple berries. The species are generally ornamental, from the shining red bark of their branches in winter, and the intensely dark purplish red of their leaves in autumn. One species, *Cornus mas*, the Cornelian cherry-tree, a native of Europe, is remarkable for the large size and brilliant color of the fruit; and another, a native of North America, *Cornus florida*, for the large size of its flowers, or rather for that of the involucre, or floral leaves, which surround its flowers, and which are of a brilliant white inside, and tinged with violet on the outside. All the species are remarkable for the hardness of their wood, and for the great length of time which their seeds will remain in the ground before they come up. On this account, when any kind is to be raised from seed, the seeds should be steeped in water before sowing; but, generally speaking, all the kinds are propagated by layers or cuttings of the old wood, both of which strike root freely.

Cecropia.

The splendidly-flowering plant, known in the West Indies by the name of the Barbadoes Flower-fence, which was formerly included in this genus, is now called *Poinciana*. It should be grown in a mixture of loam and peat, with abundance of room for its roots; and, though generally considered a stove plant, it lives in the open air, if slightly protected during winter. It is propagated by cuttings struck in sand, in a moist heat under glass.

Olerodendrum.

Very ornamental stove shrubs, chiefly natives of the tropics. They all grow freely in a light rich soil, composed of two parts of loam, one of rotten dung, and one of peat. They require frequent shifting from small pots to larger ones, to make them flower freely. They strike readily from cuttings of the young wood planted under a hand-glass; or cuttings of the roots planted in a pot, with their tops just above the surface of the mould, and plunged in a hotbed, will root readily.

Jacaranda.

A climbing plant, a native of Brasil, with beautiful lilac flowers, shaped like those of the catalpa. The wood is said to be the rosewood of commerce. It should be grown in a mixture of loam and peat, and it should be kept nearly dry during winter. It is propagated by cuttings, which should not be deprived of their leaves, and which must be struck in pure sand under a glass. Some persons suppose the rosewood to be a kind of *Mimosa*.

Goldy-locks.

Low soft-wooded shrubs, with yellow flowers. They thrive well in a mixture of loam and peat, and are readily increased by cuttings.

The Housewife.

To clean Looking-glasses.

Keep for this purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth, and a silk handkerchief, all entirely free from dirt, as the least grit will scratch the fine surface of the glass. First, sponge it with a little spirit of wine, or gin and water, so as to clean off all spots; then dust over it powder-blue tied in muslin, rub it lightly and quickly off with the cloth, and finish by rubbing it with the silk handkerchief. Be careful not to rub the edges of the frames.

Furniture Oil.

Put into a jar one pint of linseed oil, into which stir one ounce of powdered rose pink, and one ounce of alkanet root, beaten in a mortar; set the jar in a warm place for a few days, when the oil will be deeply colored, and the substances having settled, the oil may be poured off, and will be excellent for darkening new mahogany.

Damp Walls.

Damp may be prevented from exuding from walls by first drying them thoroughly, and then covering them with the following mixture:—In a quart of linseed oil boil three ounces of litharge and four ounces of resin. Apply this in successive coats, and it will form a hard varnish on the wall after the fifth coating.

To clean Marble.

Muriatic acid, either diluted or pure, as occasion may require, proves efficacious. If too strong, it will deprive the marble of its polish, which may be easily restored by the use of a piece of felt, with some powder of putty or tripoli, with either, making use of water.

To clean Britannia Metal.

Rub the article with a piece of flannel moistened with sweet oil; then apply a little pounded rottenstone or polishing paste with the finger, till the polish is produced; then wash the article with soap and hot water, and when dry, rub with soft wash-leather, and a little fine whiting.

Nutmeg Pudding.

Pound fine two large or three small nutmegs; melt three pounds of butter, and stir into it half a pound of loaf sugar, a little wine, the yolks of five eggs well beaten, and the nutmegs. Bake on a puff paste.

Lemon Water-Ice.

Take two lemons and rasp them on sugar, the juice of six lemons, the juice of one orange, one pint of clarified sugar, and half a pint of water. Mix; strain through a hair sieve; freeze. One quart.

Strawberry or Raspberry Water-Ice.

One pound of scarlet strawberries or raspberries, half a pound of currants, half a pint of water, one pint of clarified sugar, and a little color; strain and freeze. One quart.

Bemedy for bad Breath.

Take eight drops of muriatic acid, to half a tumbler of spring water, and add a little lemon peel or juice to suit the palate. Let this mixture be taken three times a day for some weeks, and, if found beneficial, then use it occasionally.

To clean white Marble.

A large lump of Spanish whiting must be soaked in water, in which a piece of common washing soda has been dissolved. The quantity of water should be only just enough to moisten the whiting. Take up some of the whiting now become a paste, on a flannel, and rub the marble well with it, leaving it on for a little while, and repeating the process twice or three times, if necessary. Wash it all off with soap and water, dry the marble well, and afterwards polish it with a soft duster.

Batter Pudding.

Take six ounces of fine flour, a little salt, and three eggs; beat it up well with a little milk, added by degrees till the batter is quite smooth; make it the thickness of cream; put it into a buttered pie-dish, and bake three-quarters of an hour; or, in a buttered and floured basin, tied over tight with a cloth; boil one hour and a half or two hours. Any kind of ripe fruit that you like may be added to the batter—only you must make the batter a little stiffer. Blueberries, or finely-chopped apple, are most usually liked.

Colored Jelly.

Take a pint of the syrup of any kind of preserves, add a pint of water, an ounce of isinglass, a wine-glass of brandy, the juice of a lemon; put it in the kettle with the whites and shells of three eggs, let it boil five minutes; strain it through the jelly-bag into moulds; let it get very cold, and serve it with sugar and cream. After the jelly has boiled, stand the kettle where it will keep hot, but not boil; add a cup of cold water, and let it stand fifteen minutes before straining.

Russia Isinglass Blanc-Mange.

Take two ounces of isinglass, let it soak six or eight hours in a cup of warm water. To three quarts of milk or cream add one pound of loaf sugar; put it into a preserving-kettle with the isinglass, and any flavor preferred. Let it almost boil; strain it through a hair sieve into the moulds, first dipping them into cold water. Place the blanc-mange in a cold place six or eight hours.

Blanc-Mange.

About two ounces of American isinglass to three pints of milk, half a pound of sugar, and flavor with peach, or to the taste; boil it five minutes, and strain it into moulds; when cold serve with sugar and cream. This preparation is very good, but not equal to Russia isinglass or calf's foot.

Inflamed Gums.

A drop or two of camphorated spirit, rubbed on the gums, will allay inflammation.

Curious Matters.

A new Motive Power.

A glance at the *Journal de Fecamp* (the small watering-place in Normandy) is repaid by the perusal of a fresh experiment in electrical research. One of the bathers, a M. Duchemin, has found leisure for the arrangement of an apparatus by which an incessant current is produced from the inexhaustible ocean supply, so as to form an effectual motive power, capable, among other performances, of ringing bells to any extent of continuance. The process is extremely simple. A circular expanse of cork is set afloat as a buoy, over its surface is spread a zinc plate, while between both there is laid a layer of charcoal or carbon. A wire conducts the fluid (set free by this juxtaposition of materials) in an inland direction, to be there available as an impelling power, for purposes which may yet suggest themselves.

Surgery by Steam and Circular Saws.

A progressive surgeon thinks it is probable the scientific world, and the rest of mankind, will hail with joy the news that a large military hospital has been established at Breslau, on the Oder, in Silesia, by orders of the Prussian government, in which has been placed, and made ready for immediate use, a circular saw, worked by steam, to be used for the purpose of amputating such limbs of wounded soldiers, as the surgeon in charge shall deem best to have removed. "Imagine," says the writer, "the rapidity by which such operations can be performed by this simple process, and the accuracy with which they can be conducted."

Old Mortality.

Old Paterson, whom Scott saw reviving the inscriptions on the tombs of the Covenanters, went to America, and became the grandfather of a Paterson whose widow married the Marquis Wellesley. The sisters of that Mrs. Paterson married the Duke of Leeds and Lord Stafford. The direct blood of Old Mortality went in another and as remarkable a direction. His granddaughter, Miss Paterson, was the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte. The marriage was never "legally" annulled, and a son who sprang from it, the great-grandson of Old Mortality, is now on the staff of his cousin, the Emperor of the French.

An Antiquarian Curiosity.

The demolitions in Paris are bringing to light no end to antiquities which keep archaeologists fully occupied. Among the curious monuments—curious for its associations, not for its architecture—of which its last vestiges are destined to disappear, is an old church called *Chapelle St. Marine*, at whose altar alone, in all the country round about, during many centuries, the marriages of young girls, mothers before taking upon themselves conjugal vows, were permitted by the priest. The nuptial benediction was refused them elsewhere. The marriage ring could be made only of straw, and this humiliating law remained in force until 1697, when, through the intervention of magistrates and prelates, the ring of straw was changed for

one of silver. With this modification, the *Chapelle of St. Marine* retained its privilege until as late as 1765. Within the past few years, the last remaining niche of the old chapel has been occupied by a puppet showman.

Anti-Dry Rot.

One of the best modes of preserving timber seems to be that recently invented at Antwerp. The timber is deprived of its vegetable juices and resins by steam or boiling water, after which, and while still hot, it is immersed in any cold preservative solution or dye, which it absorbs very quickly, and to such an extent as to become dense enough to sink in water. The process depends on the principle that porous bodies, when expanded by heat, absorb liquids while contracting under the influence of cold; and the injection is effected by means of it far more rapidly and more effectually than by any hitherto in use.

Vegetable Silk.

Signor Potenza, an Italian, produces what he calls *vegetable silk* from fine fibres in the bark of the mulberry-tree. By pruning the trees once in two years, he obtains a quantity of branches, which are exposed to the sun to facilitate the separation of the bark, and the latter is boiled in water pure, or acid, or alkaline, according to circumstances, after which the fibres are prepared for spinning either by hand or by a machine. The kilogrammes of branches yield one and a half kilogrammes of the vegetable silk. This can be woven by itself, but is said to be best suited for mixture with real silk in the fabrication of various tissues.

Indelible Black Ink for Writing on Zinc.

The following ingredients are said to form an indelible black ink for writing on zinc:—Take 30 parts of verdigris, 30 of sal-ammoniac, 8 of lamp-black, 8 of gum arabic, and 300 of water; dissolve the gum in water, and pour it over the other ingredients, well mixed, and reduced to powder. A quill pen is used for writing.

Ozone.

A clever French medical man has, it is said, succeeded in obtaining in bodily form that mysterious chemical matter known as ozone, and will treat his patients by introducing them into an ozone room. But that is assuredly not new, as the action of phosphorus on moist air has the effect of ozonating the atmosphere.

Itch Wood.

The itch-wood tree of the Fiji Islands and New Caledonia, though producing wood valuable for building purposes, is better known for its highly dangerous properties when in a living state. It secretes a deadly milky sap, a single drop of which, should it happen to fall on the hands and face, is said to produce a pain equal to that caused by contact with a red-hot poker. The natives are well acquainted with the dangerous properties of the juice, and use it as a poison.

Facts and Fancies.

EATON.

The westward-bound train on the Eaton and Hamilton Railroad arrived at Eaton Station, the other day, when a brakeman thrust his head into the car, and shouted:

"EATON!"

The cry aroused an old couple, of rustic aspect, who had been dozing along the road, bobbing their aged heads together, in a way peculiar to old couples when journeying on the cars. Have you ever noticed them? They can't talk, because the noise of the train drowns their falling voices. They get tired watching the telegraph-poles, as they fly past as if on urgent business in another direction, and so they gradually get drowsy, falling asleep at about the same time. They sit up very firm at first, but soon their heads nod and roll about, coming together at length with crashing results as by a miracle, and gives a lunge sideways, which nearly precipitates her into the passageway, while at the same time the old man "caroms" on the window and dives head-first on the back of a fat woman in front of him, smashing his hat over his eyes in an aggravating way.

Some benevolent person puts it on his head again, and the drowse is soon resumed. Old lady has a narrow escape from losing her head as it falls back, recovers as by a miracle, and gives a lunge sideways, which nearly precipitates her into the passageway, while at the same time the old man "caroms" on the window and dives head-first on the back of a fat woman in front of him, smashing his hat over his eyes in an aggravating way.

"Eaton!" shouts the brakeman.

"Eatin'" repeats the old gentleman, tagging away to release himself from his hat. "Glad on't. I'm dreadful hungry. Come, ma, let's get out and eat!"

They stumbled drowsily along the passage, and got out on the platform, looking around in a hungry and exceedingly bewildered manner; but not finding what they were looking for, the old man inquired of a bystander:

"Where's your eatin'?"

"This is Eaton," was the reply.

The old couple looked about, more bewildered than ever. They saw nothing but two or three trunks, a few carpet-bags, and a truck. (They couldn't be expected to eat such truck.)

"Goodness my!" said the old lady; "if this is your eatin', what air your stomachs made of?"

"Perhaps you want to go to the village," said an obliging native, standing by. "Follow that street"—(pointing in the direction of a distant spire)—"about a mile, and you will find Eaton."

"Can't we find eatin' short of a mile? How long does the train stop?"

"Three minutes."

"Lord, ma! let's get 'board. We're too old to make it."

And the old couple got aboard, grumbling at an arrangement which announced "eatin'" a mile away, and only gave three minutes to make it in.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

An attorney-general of the United States recently perplexed a citizen who called on him, by asking a question in regard to the habits of a judge who officiated in the district from which the said citizen came. The particular point of the inquiry of the attorney-general related to the judge's convivial, or rather his bibulous tendencies. The citizen thus interrogated was not very prompt or direct in his answers, and even when the pertinacious law officer of the government put the query in the blunt form of "Don't he frequently get drunk, sir?" the interrogated gentleman still sought a refuge in the rather vague answer:

"Well, sir, in my country it is very difficult to determine when a gentleman is drunk; the condition of mind and body produced by an indulgence in exhilarating liquids is variously regarded by different persons, and has so many degrees and gradations that no general standard has yet been recognized or established."

"O," replied the Federal dignitary, "you can certainly answer whether you have ever seen him on the bench under the influence of liquor?"

"Well," answered the catechized and bedagged gentleman, "I don't know but what I have sometimes thought the judge had been a little too long at the bar to preside with efficiency at the bench."

The attorney-general seemed to be satisfied with this answer, and the witness retired.

JONES AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

Jones has been among the spiritualists; he joined a circle the other night, and had manifestations. The medium was a tall, thin, angular, cadaverous individual, who looked as if, after getting up the frame, nature had been seized with a fit of economy, and neglected to put in the underpinning and plastering. The circle was mixed, being made up of elderly females, thin men, with a few pretty girls. Jones seated himself between two of the last, and all clasped hands around a table. Jones says it was delightful. He squeezed the little hands, and when an unusually loud knock startled the circle, the little hands squeezed Jones. Sniffkins, who is so skeptical that his father don't believe him, was the first to ask questions. "Where was I born?" asked Sniff. "In the poorhouse," Sniff's turn-up nose waddled. "Correct," said Jones. "How many children have we in the family?" "Nine." Here a dispute arose as to whether the spirit rapped eight or nine. So Sniff asked again, "How many children have I?" "One," was the reply. "Probably correct again," remarked Jones. Here Mr. Sniffkins arose in a wrath, clapped his beaver on with a bang, and retired. "The circle is not harmonious," said the medium, in a deep, sepulchral voice. Jones thought it was, as he pressed the little hands. "Let me ask a question," said a vinegary old lady. "Is the spirit of my husband present?" "He is." "Are you happy, John, without me?" "Very happy."

"Where are you?" "In ——" John's relit looked at the medium. The medium smiled. He looked as if he had the toothache. The circle laughed, whereupon John's relit seized the lamp and hurled it at the medium. It broke over his devoted head, and left the circle in darkness. Jones says a spirit kissed him. He tried to seize the spirit, and caught one of the pretty girls about the waist, whereupon there were screams. In the meantime, Jones was aware of a furious engagement on his right. A light was produced, when it was found that John's relit had seized a venerable Cob, mistaking him for the medium. They were separated, when the "majum," with the coal-oil dripping over his woe-begone countenance, said, "the circle must be broken up; it was not harmonious."

"WHO PESE DESE LOCAL EDITORS?"

Detective Larry Hasen was met recently by a keeper of a beer saloon, who was laboring under considerable apparent excitement. Recognising Hasen, he stepped up to him with the exclamation:

"Who pese dese wot you calls local editors?"

"They pick up items," said the officer, "dead-head into shows, etc."

"Dey pick up items! I tink so. Is gold watch items? Is sixty tollar items? Hey?"

He was asked to explain what he meant, which he did as follows:

"Dis morning I was drinkin' lager mit mine friends all the wile in mine saloon, and in comes a young man wat dere never was already—and he pulls out a leetle sheepskin pook and a lead pencil, and he says he pees local editors, and he wants me to tell him all vot there was pout the row mit mine peer saloon last night.

"I asks him wot kind o' business he was to that rew, by tam, wot kind o' right?

"Und he says he reports um in de papers. So I tell him all wot I don't know pout the rows vot some tam rowdies tries to klickout of mine saloon last night. Und mine poarders gets around and deils more tings vot I recollects, und de nice young man, he sticks um down in his sheepskin pook mit his lead pencil. Den he trinks glass lager, which he don't let himself pay for, by tam, (I felt sure as never was he one little newspaper fellow when he didn't make pay mit my lager; but dat makes nothing tifference; der's no brinciple in dat,) und den he goes out, and I don't sees him again all de wile.

"Den one of my poarders he finds himself stolen away from his gold watch, py tam; und my neighbor Schmitt, he found sixty tollar wat he hadn't got."

"The nice young man, who pretended to be a local editor, was a pickpocket," said Hasen, "who took that means to carry on his trade, and he succeeded pretty well if he got a gold watch and sixty dollars."

"I tink he succeeded pretty well, mine Got! De next time a man comes in my saloon mit his tam sheepskin pencil and lead pook, und says he is a local editors, py tam, he don't comes in."

AN ELOQUENT LAWYER.

The Baton Rouge Advocate tells the following:—Last week a case was up before the jury, and the district attorney had exhausted all his eloquence in the attempt to convict a darkey for stealing a goose. The

judge was tired, the jury wearied, and the bar, officials and spectators all hoped the case would be speedily closed; but they were doomed to disappointment. Up rose the old major, the hero of a thousand contests at the bar, and for two hours a flow of eloquence poured forth upon the ears of the jury, evidently convincing them of the prisoner's innocence. Shrugs and gestures denoted that all they wanted was a chance to get out of the jury corner, and that goose, darkey, prosecutor, and all concerned, might go to Guinea, if they could only be released. The major piled it on thick; he showed them law after law; read supreme court condensed decisions; referred to everything relative to geese, from the Roman time down to the present, and closed his brilliant appeal by calling their attention to the honest countenance of his client. "Could such a man steal? The heavens forbid! Look at his face; you perceive sterling honesty in every lineament. Could you steal, prisoner at the bar? Could you steal a—goose?" "Yes, sir, I did steal um, but I didn't eat um," was the unexpected response, and the gallant major, thunderstruck and exhausted, caved.

CAUTION TO PHYSICIANS.

The other day we had a slight attack of cholera, bronchitis, brain fever, or something of the kind, and had the weakness to send for a doctor, who, on his side, had the weakness to be a determined whist-player.

"Let me look at your hand," said the physician, as he entered hot from the card-table.

"I suppose you want my wrist—wish to feel my pulse, in fact," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon," returned the doctor. "I was thinking of—but no matter, let me feel your pulse."

He took out his watch, and began counting.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine," he commenced, with an air of great attention; and then lapsing into a fit of absence, he continued, "ten, *hmare, queen, king and ace!*"

"Shall I cut?" he added, abstractedly.

"As fast as possible," was our facetious reply.

EXTRACTING CORNS.

Tom K. had a very bad corn on his left foot, which was really a grievance to him. Yesterday he was broached by a corn doctor, whom to our surprise, he bluffed without ceremony:

"Tom," says he, "if that corn hurts you so much, why don't you try the doctor's salve?"

"Try thunder!" says he; "wasn't I fool enough to buy a box of his salve the other day?"

"Indeed—did you try it?"

"I should think I did."

"Did it affect the corn?"

"Can't say that it did, but it came near taking my toe off."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you how it was. I put a plaster of the salve over my toe, put on my boot and went about my business. In the evening I could not get my boot off."

"Why?"

"The plaster not only stuck to my foot, but to my boot, too. It took me an hour to get that boot off,

and then the better part of my toe, including the top of the corn, came with it. The doctor said another application would bring the corn out by the roots, but I'll see him to Halifax before I try it."

We think he is about right.

THE SMITHS ALARMED.

Everybody knows that Smith is a very common name, but hardly anybody would have thought of turning its commonness to account in such a queer and cruel way as the following: Entering a pit, in the middle of the first act, and finding every seat occupied, he bawled out:

"Mr. Smith's house is on fire!"

In an instant, upward of twenty Mr. Smiths rushed out of the pit, and the wicked cat, chuckling at the success of his stratagem, coolly took possession of one of the vacated seats.

A SHARP WIDOW.

This comes from California:—A short time ago a widow lady, residing in a village not a thousand miles from here, put up her house at a raffle, and very soon disposed of the tickets, all feeling disposed to assist her. The evening arrived for the raffle to come off, and the house was won by a gentleman who thought himself fortunate in obtaining a homestead so cheap. The next day he applied for possession and a title to the property. What was his surprise when he was coolly informed that it was unnecessary to give any written title to the house—that there it was, and to take it; and the sooner the better, as she was anxious to build another on the spot where it stood. The winner discovered that he had drawn an elephant—he had a house, but no lot.

THIS SIDE UP.

We saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents, we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage; so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused "This side up," etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after, we saw Jake.

"Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get there safely?"

"Every one broke!" replied Jake, sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!"

"Did you put on 'This side up,' as we told you?"

"Yes, I did; an' fur fear they shouldn't see it on, the kiver, I put it on the bottom, tew—confound 'em!"

AN IRISHMAN'S ECONOMY.

"What are ye after, Barney?"

"Writing a letter, sure."

"And where would you be after sending it to?"

"It's not my intention to send it at all. Isn't a copper as good in my pocket as in the post-office?"

"Ay, faith, and ye always was the boy that knew how to save pennies. But where is this letter going?"

"To Mister O'Tool, Kilkenny. Well, do you see? I'm going to Kilkenny myself, to see Mr. O'Tool, and I thought I'd write this letter and take it along, as I

shall save the postage; and you know, it takes a power o' contrivance to get along now-a-days, the times is so hard."

A BIG EATER.

A correspondent writes that he once asked a man if he knew a celebrated glutton, named Scott.

"Yes, I no Scott," was the reply. "He lives rite close to wher I du. I don't know anything he's noted for, unless it is eatin'; he can do that up to natur. I'll tell you a little anecdote about him. One da, him and I went to Cattown to a pig cotion, and we had to go to the hotel to get our dinners. We had a monstrous gud dinner that da; it was got up a purpose for the occasion. Scott eat alongside of me at the table, and told me not to get up until he'd got dan. After eatin' as much as I wanted, I quit, and went to watchin' him. Scott eat about four pounds of beef, half peck ov potatoes, twelve ears of green corn, and four bowls of soap. After desert came on, he took two pies and a half, and then commenced on pancakes. He first eat twenty pancakes with butter, and then twenty with molasses, and then twenty with butter and molasses both. That finished all that wurz on the table. Just then the landlord came along. Scott said to him:

"Mr. Landlord, tell your cook to put on another lot of pancakes, and tell her to bake them just a little thinner than the last." Then, turning round, he sed to me, "Sneeks," sed he, "I do believe I'm going to be sick; and I haven't had such a poor appetite since I had the bilious fever."

MIXING THINGS.

In the quiet little town of Canton, there lived an eccentric old genius, by the name of Smith, who was noted for his many peculiarities, and gross mutilation of the English language in general. On one occasion, when the village was crowded with people from all parts of the county (a political gathering, perhaps), the old man was busily serving those who came from a distance, and could not be accommodated at the hotels, with pies, cakes, etc., which he peddled through the town in an old wagon, much to their joy and satisfaction. While attempting to turn a corner, he accidentally upset, scattering the "pizen things" in every imaginable direction. The town at that time revelled in a superabundance of hogs, and a goodly number being near by, rushed for the wagon, and commenced making fearful destruction among the delicacies. The old man, paralysed with fear, ran down the street with uplifted hands, crying:

"Insistance! insistance! Every pie with a pig in its mouth, and the fence running round the corner!"

SOUP OR NOTHING.

At a very excellent hotel, not a hundred miles from our parts, they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly-arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand.

"Now, Barney," said mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup the first thing—serve soup first."

"Bedad, I'll do that same," said the alert Barney.

Soup came on, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came to the last one.

"Soup, sir?" said Barney.

"No soup for me," said the man.

"But you must have it—it is the rules of the house!"

"Hang the rules of the house!" exclaimed the guest. "When I don't want soup, I won't eat it."

"Well," said Barney, with all due solemnity, "all I can say is this: it's the regulations of the house, and not the drop else will ye get till ye've finished the soup!"

The traveller gave in, and the soup was gobbled.

DUST AND GIRLS.

A few Sabbaths since Eda was, at her own request, allowed to go to Sabbath-school the first time, and there she learned the startling intelligence that she was made of dust! Little Eda's mind was fully impressed with the importance of the great truth, as was evinced by her frequent reference to the subject in the shape of questions answerable. This morning, however, she propounded a *stunner*, which brought down the house. Intently watching her mother sweeping, as if to learn the art she must finally practise, saying not a word, her eyes rested upon the little pile of dirt accumulated by the mother's broom. Just as the dirt was to be swept into the street the little philosopher burst forth with, "Ma, ma! why don't you save the dust to make some more little girls?"

BUTTON-HOLES ON BOTH SIDES.

A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black as an attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at table. At length, his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and, as the coats were then worn in Charleston single-breasted, in the present Quaker fashion, he told him always to hand the plate to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman, with a double-breasted coat, and he was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and, finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming in a loud voice, "Buttons on both sides, massa," handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

MARY'S CONFESSION.

Some years since, a sober, zealous Connecticut parson went to catechise a family in his neighborhood, who were not so well versed in the rudiments of divinity as many are. When he arrived, he thought proper to begin with Mary, the eldest daughter, a girl about eighteen, buxom, and blooming as May whose charms had smitten the village swains with an epidemic.

"Well, Mary," said the parson, "I shall begin with you; come, tell me who died for you?"

Mary, with a flush on her cheek, replied:

"Why, nobody, as I knowe on."

The parson, rather surprised at her answer, repeated his question with increased zeal.

"Mary, I say, tell me who died for you?"

Poor Mary, rather irritated at the inquisitive parson, again replied:

"Why, nobody, sir; there was Bob Dawson lay bed-ridden for me about six months, but folks say he got about again."

A CANDID JUDGE.

Judge Strong was formerly—well, it was some years ago—given to imbibing more than was essential to the equilibrium of his mental and physical powers. But he was one of the politest men in the world, and never more so than when a little too deep in liquor. With his neighbor, Mr. Bates, a political opponent, he had many a sharp conflict; but one day, when quite mellow, it suddenly struck him that he ought to "make up friends" with Bates; and, stepping up to him in the street, he said:

"I say, Mr. Bates, 'you and I have said a great many hard things about one another, and I am getting old, and feel as if I ought to make an apology for all that I have said, and have it settled up."

"O, never mind," said Mr. Bates, "let it pass; and if you keep quiet hereafter, I'll be satisfied."

"No, no," said the judge; "I owe you an apology, for I have called you a rogue, a thief, and a liar."

"Well, never mind."

"Yes, but I do mind. I say I have called you a thief, and a liar, and a scoundrel—and—and—I'll be hanged if I don't think so still."

MINOR JOKES.

A WORTHLESS BOND.—A vagabond.

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

What kind of office does a doctor's door-plate resemble?—A *stage of cure* (sincere).

Why is a man opening the envelope of a letter like a startled fox?—Because he *breaks cover*.

Why is an emancipated man like the babes in the wood?—Because he's lost his *weight*.

When is a dentist like a renovator of old coats?—When he recommends *clo's reform* to his customers.

A man had a sign up, "cheap ladies' shoes for sale here." He found that not a lady entered his store. No wonder—the ladies do not like to be called cheap—they want to be dear.

RUMINATOR.—Why does a bow-bow skirt remind you of a conundrum? Because it's something of a *roomy-nater* (ruminator).

A man who speculates in lottery-tickets, is pretty sure, in the end, to be *broken on the wheel*.

You can tell how *wide* a man's reputation is, but you can't tell how *long*.

Stupid people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths would do well as banks of deposit, but not as banks for the issue of notes.

Some lone bachelor is guilty of the following: "Why is the heart of a lover like the sea-serpent?" "Because it is the secreteer (sea-critter) of great sighs (size)."

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him *sage*.

When mercenary legislators vote in favor of a bill, with a view to put money in their own pockets, it cannot be averred that "there is no speculation in their eyes."

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



NOT TO BE BROOKED.

Elderly Girl at Piano (singing "The Brook"):—"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever—ever—I go on forever."

Charley (to fair cousin):—"If that's the case, I shall be one of the men that go!"



Stepmother to Son:—"Charley, come here.

Charley:—"I won't! Who're you talkin' to? You aint much older than me."



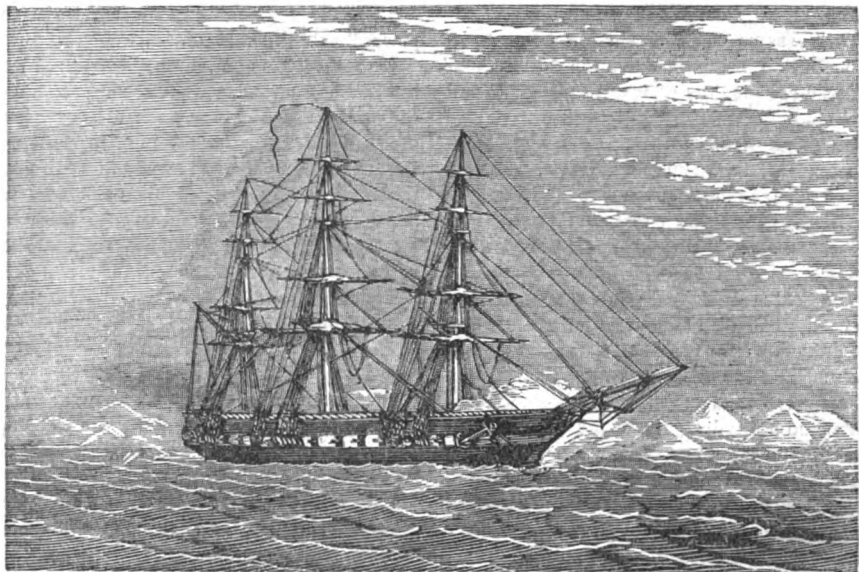
A humbug—Mr. Verygreen's first night at his country seat.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 6.....DECEMBER, 1866.....WHOLE No. 144.  
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A MIDSHIPMAN'S YARN.

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BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY.  
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THE BRANDYWINE AT ANCHOR.

IN the year 185—, I was appointed past midshipman in the frigate Brandywine, Captain Gruff. That wasn't his name, but it will answer for a better one. Gruff was not the best nor the kindest of captains, and had a confounded bad habit of snapping up his officers, and imposing all manner of disagreeable jobs on those ornaments to the profession, midshipmen, which wasn't shipshape, you know, nor just the thing, but still, I won't say one word against Gruff, even if he did desert his flag when it needed his services most. He was killed during the war, but it is rather a satisfaction to me to know that he died full of pluck, because I like to think that any man who walked the weather-side of the quarter-deck of one of our dashing frigates possessed courage and could do some fighting, even if

it was in a bad cause. Peace to his ashes! May his big oaths be forgotten and forgiven, as I certainly forgive him for sending me to the mast-head, and keeping me there for six hours, one day in December, when we were coming on the coast. When ordered down, I could not move, my limbs were so numbed with cold, so the topmen put a double bow-line around me and sent me to the deck, by the aid of a pair of top-gallant studding-sail halyards.

The captain was a little frightened when he saw my condition, and allowed the doctor to put me on the sick list and keep me there until we dropped anchor in New York harbor. Warm blankets and hot whiskey punch brought me around all right, but when I appeared on deck, ready for duty, the captain

merely grunted a salutation and said that I must be a weak chicken to get so doubled up with a little cold. "Wonder how he would like it?" whispered a brother midshipman. "I'll bet he'd be so cold that all his oaths would freeze in his mouth."

I did not join the Brandywine until she was at anchor in Nantasket Roads, where she remained a week, completing her crew list and awaiting orders from Washington. At last a steamer from Portsmouth came alongside and landed on our deck one hundred and fifty able and ordinary seamen, prime fellows every one, which made our complement near four hundred and fifty, all told, men and boys, and that was all we wanted.

On the same day a steam tug came to us from Boston, bringing down the captain, half a dozen officers, lots of traps, fresh grub, and the long-looked-for orders to sail.

"Pipe all hands to get under way," said the captain, to Lieutenant Davis, who was the executive officer of the ship, and then the captain dove into his cabin, and the lieutenant seized his speaking-trumpet, and gave his orders.

The boatswain's shrill pipes were heard fore and aft. The men tumbled up from below—the officers went to their stations, and then to the music of the fife round went the capstan, up came the anchor, the topsails were sheeted home and hoisted at the same time, and in five minutes after the anchor was hove short the Brandywine was headed for Cape Cod, with every sail set, from royals to flying-jib, and every rope coiled down, and the deck cleared as if we were going into action.

This was the result of discipline, and in making every man responsible for his post. We had good discipline on board the old frigate. In fact, so rigid was it that some fifty of our men took French leave while we were stationed up the Mediterranean. They left pay and clothes sooner than do their duty under the eyes of vigilant officers, who would suffer no shirking.

We had good weather until we entered the Gulf Stream, and then we caught rain squalls and violent gales, and in one of the latter occurred the incident which I am about to relate. It had been blowing very heavy all the forenoon, but the frigate made good weather and did not seem to mind it much. We shipped some water, but it was warm and harmed no one, so the men did not shrink from a wet jacket.

Towards afternoon the gale increased and

an ugly sea was kicked up. We reduced sail until the ship was under a close-reefed main-topsail, fore-topmast-staysail and fore and main spencers, which we had improvised for the purpose of keeping the frigate steady in the heavy cross sea that was raging. But the wind increased to a furious gale, and just as the captain was looking anxiously towards the main-topsail, and debating in his own mind if it had not better be clewed up and an attempt made to furl it, when the question was settled. With a report that sounded like thunder the sail tore itself from the bolt-ropes and was soon lost to view in the thick clouds to the leeward.

"Let the topmen lay aloft and save the pieces," said the captain.

Up sprang the men, in obedience to orders, but just as Sam Adams, the second captain of the maintop, as smart a seaman as ever handled an earring, reached the lee yard-arm the remnants of the sail struck him full upon the head, wound around his neck and the next moment poor Sam was torn from the yard and hurled far from the ship, into the surging water to the leeward.

"Man overboard!" was the startling cry, from all parts of the ship.

Then discipline told. Hundreds of eyes glanced towards the boats, but there was no confusion or noise, except the howling of the wind and the groaning of the spars and ship, as the waves struck us with the force of trip hammers.

"Shall we attempt to lower a boat, sir?" asked Lieutenant Davis, anxious to make an effort to save poor Sam.

"Can a boat live for a moment in such a sea as this?" demanded the captain, not quite as stern as ever.

"No sir, the best life-boat that was ever built could not live for a moment in such weather as this," Mr. Davis replied.

We threw over a life-buoy, and anxiously watched for a glimpse of poor Sam, but we never saw him after he struck the water. He must have been stunned or killed, and sunk at once.

For a few minutes we looked at each other with gloomy faces, but we had little time to meditate. Sharp and quick orders came from the quarter-deck.

"Aloft, topmen, and send down royal and topgallant yards, royal and topgallant masts and in with the flying jib-boom.

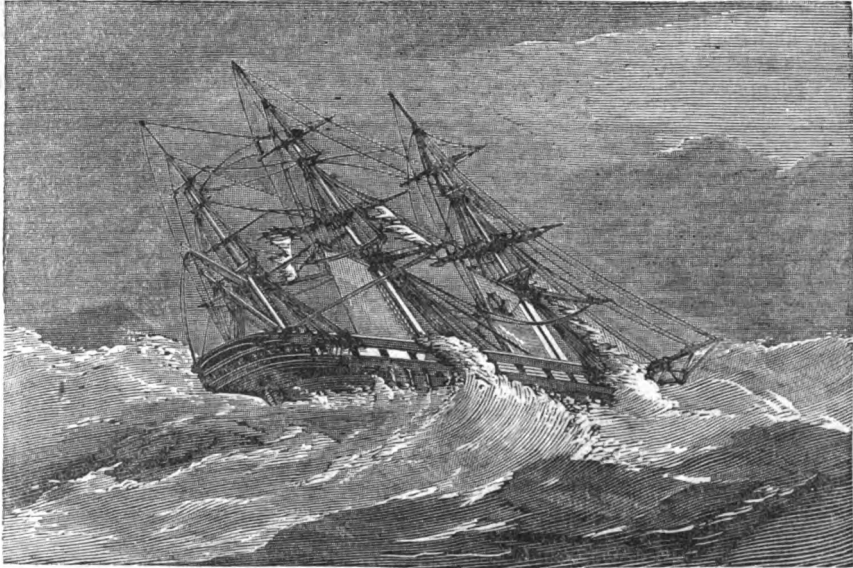
Away went the men with a will, and for the time poor Sam was forgotten.

Down came the yards and masts with a rush and the ship was eased, but only for a short time. Wind and waves continued to increase, and at last it was determined to put the frigate before the wind, for old ocean came on board of us most too profusely.

The helm was put up, the after yards squared in, the ship payed off, and at last was scudding before the gale with just canvas enough to keep the frigate steady. As the wind died away we made sail, got up a new main-

topsail, and bent it, and the next morning we left the Gulf Stream far astern, and with good weather and a fair wind shaped our course for the Mediterranean.

Poor Sam's death was long talked of, but the gayety of foreign cities ultimately made us forget him. Since then I have seen many men killed and wounded by the hands of those who were messmates on board the Brandywine, but I trust that such fratricidal work is ended forever.



MAN OVERBOARD!

MUSSELS.

All fishermen, whether amateurs or professionals, have had some experience in mussels, and know the difficulty in obtaining them for bait. The common salt-water mussel is from one and a half to two inches long, and an inch broad, of a greenish black color externally, and purplish and bluish white within. They are eaten to a considerable extent in Europe, and thousands of bushels are annually obtained for food and bait for deep sea-fishing, affording employment to hundreds of women and children, especially along the Frith of Forth, in Scotland. The New England mussel is considered by many as belonging to the above species. It is used by some persons for food, but is principally employed for bait and manure. It is sometimes found in deep water, and fastens itself very firmly to rocks, from which it is torn in great numbers during violent storms. It is

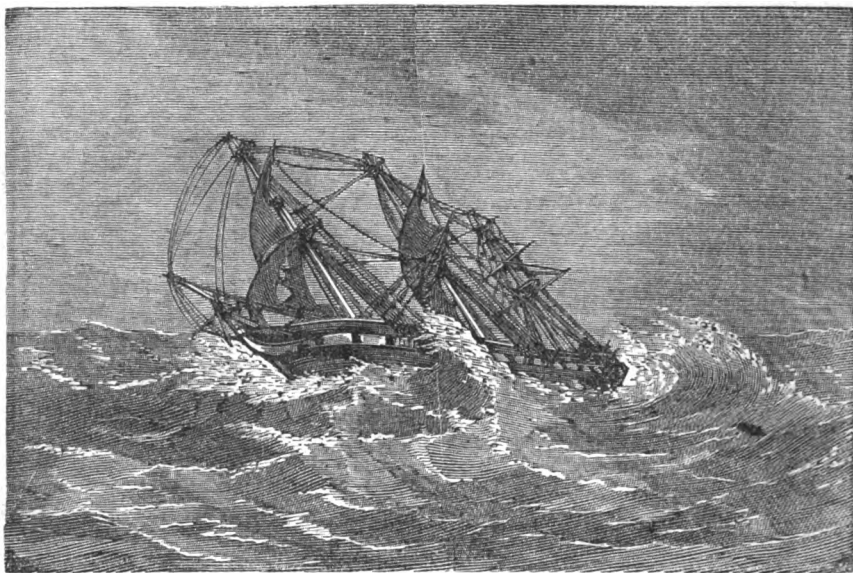
more or less distorted, and has seaweed or some other parasite attached to it. It makes excellent bait for cod, haddock, and other deep sea fishes, but is very difficult to obtain when wanted, if the tide is high. It attaches itself with great tenacity to rocks and spiles, and frequently to the bottom of ships that have not been much used, or that have been lying at anchor in deep harbors. The latter formations are called *Barnacles*, and we give an illustration of them in our engraving on page 429. Sometimes they accumulate so rapidly on the bottom of vessels, clinging to the copper or wood work, that a ship's progress is much impeded, and she can barely crawl along, like a lame man. Nothing can loosen their hold but a vigorous application of scrapers and scrubbing brushes.

The difficulty of obtaining mussels for bait has lately induced the English and Scotch to grow them, on a plan somewhat similar to

that on which oysters are raised in this country, though the method was derived more directly from the French who are largely engaged in the culture of mussels, in the bay of Aiguillon.

The manner in which mussels are cultivated is as follows: Hurdles are made according to the design given on page 430, and are planted in the water so that the mussels may attach themselves to them. The hurdles are the invention of one Walton, who was shipwrecked in an Irish vessel in the Bay of Aiguillon. There are in the bay about five hundred hurdles, which contain each from four to five hundred layers of mussels, each layer weighing about three hundred pounds.

perhaps by some hearty, bolsterous games. At Christmas-times and on other festivals there will be high revelry, with mummers and waits and the deep wassail-bowl. But generally the curfew-bell, which rings at dark, gives the signal for covering the fires, barring the doors and dispersion to bed. This important article of furniture lies in a recess, called the *bedstead*, or place of the bed. The bed is simply a sack stuffed with straw or reeds; and as a night-dress of any kind is an article utterly unknown, it is a great convenience to have a good tough skin. The only persons in the Middle Ages who wore any article of attire at night were the monks, and they went to bed in the same dress they had



BEFORE THE WIND.

One hundred and sixty boats are employed in gathering and looking after the mussels, which being very cheap, are bought largely by the poor for food. The revenue arising annually from this trade is about one hundred thousand dollars.

OLD ENGLAND.

Here is a picture of England 200 years ago: The land-owner and his sons spend a great part of the day in the fields and woods, hunting, hawking, and seeing to the management of the estate. The occupations of the ladies are spinning, sewing and superintending the household. In the evening they again assemble in the hall for supper, which is followed

worn through the day. In fact, people even of the highest class had no passion for clean linen. They wore very little underclothing, and changed that little very seldom. Velvet cloaks and silken doublets were indispensable for the man of fashion, but a clean shirt once a month was considered quite sufficient. The wardrobe of Lord Howard, a great nobleman of Henry the Eighth's time, contained four shirts. He paid the seamstress sixpence for making them; and his son, the Honorable Master Howard, when going to college, received one shirt as a parting present from his mamma. Washing-day had no terrors in those good old times.

SWIMMING.

It would be idle to attempt within the limits of a single article to give practical directions how to acquire the art of swimming, and it must be quite admitted that to a man who does not swim at all, written directions how to proceed would be practically as useless as an attempt to search theoretically, and in print, the lively steps of the sailor's hornpipe. But it will not be out of place to offer some general remarks as to the various styles of swimming most common now, and to examine their relative merit and effect.

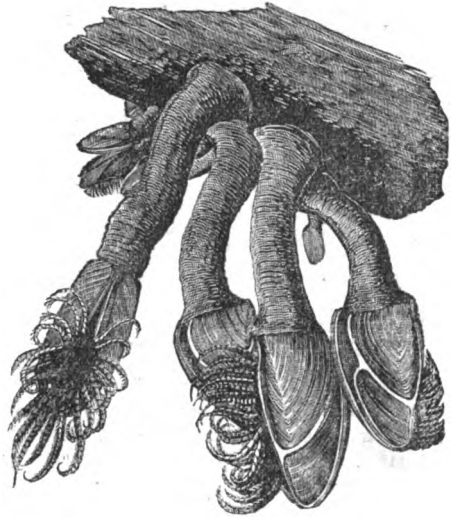
The chest stroke, the ordinary and most straightforward style of swimming, is, and will always be, the most popular. Although, as a rule, rapid progress with it cannot easily be made, yet there are amongst the swimmers of the present day a few notable exceptions, who contrive to pass, or, at all events, to keep level with representatives of almost all the other styles describable. With this chest stroke a much greater distance can be traversed than with any other, as it leaves the head entirely free, and is the most natural position obtainable. A good swimmer never tires at this, and while it is a most graceful stroke, it is better performed, as a rule, than all the other strokes put together, as it is the first acquired by the aspirant.

Side swimming, as its name indicates, is a style of swimming on the side; keeping a portion of the head immersed and striking out one arm whilst the other is describing a half circle. It is capital for work against tide, but is principally used to gain speed. It is employed, almost without exception, by competitors in the races at the Lambeth Baths.

The overhand stroke consists of the ordinary side stroke, but with one arm performing a circle, one half in the water and one in the air; the hands being kept in a cup-like form, or it may be the ordinary breast stroke, but with the arms thrust forth alternately and brought rapidly back through the water. The last method ensures the most speed, as there is a much quicker movement of the arms, but the first is the most popular and most practised, as it is by far the easiest of acquirement. The overhand stroke is most exhausting, and always involves a great expenditure of strength; it is only used where rapidity is needed for a short distance, as, for instance, at the end of a swimming-race, or, it may be, to reach a sinking person. There is, however, a swimmer, well known at the Lambeth Baths, who can swim five hundred yards in

an almost incredibly short space of time; but we are informed he throws a hammer continually in his trade, and that is just the kind of practice needed for his stroke.

There are a good many hybrid styles which I have not space to discuss here, but the three above-mentioned are at the root of them all; there remains but one great division, and that I shall but touch briefly, and that is, swimming on the back. Man, whether in the water or out, is at a disadvantage when on his back; and he will not resort to his locomotion in that position unless it be to go quite gently as a rest. In the sea this style of swimming is very pleasant. Indeed I have experienced few things pleasanter than to

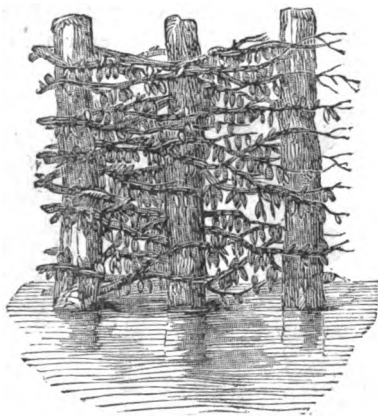


SHIP BARNACLES.

lie almost motionless, floating on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and to be lifted gently up and down by the pleasant waves of that tideless sea.

An amusing episode of this swimming on the back occurs to me. A gentleman from the other side of the water paid the London Swimming Club a visit, and announced to them that he had practised—he said “invented”—a new style of swimming, and he was particularly anxious to swim any member of the club for something tangible a-side. The condition was to be that the competitors were to swim on their backs half a mile in the Serpentine—no slight task when one considers that the back of the head is of necessity kept immersed in cold water the whole of the time of the race—a period rather under a quarter of an hour.

However, novel as the contest appeared, the Club at once closed with it, and after the preliminary trial to determine their best man, Harry Gurr was selected to swim the "Unknown." When the morning came betting was even, but after the Unknown had taken a dozen strokes of his extraordinary style, which consisted of an alternate movement of arm and leg, no one could be "on" at any price, and Gurr won as he pleased. This was the first, and would, I should say, be the last swimming race for back-swimming—it is so much easier, so much more graceful, and so much quicker to employ the ordinary methods



MUSSEL HURDLES.

of propulsion, that it is a waste of time to bestow much attention on the cultivation of this style.

THE CITY OF AMSTERDAM.

Amsterdam is of a semicircular form. The roofs of the houses are in general high and pointed, and a balcony usually projects from every window overlooking that favorite prospect, the canal. It contains two hundred and twelve thousand inhabitants, and is built upon piles of wood driven into the bottom of the sea; the whole being regulated by sluices, so as to keep as dry as possible the treacherous soil upon which the town seems to rest. Its extreme cleanliness is astonishing, considering the quantity of trade carried on upon its quays, especially in the dirty articles of tallow, hides, fat, and tar, which defile other towns very much, but Amsterdam not at all. Indeed, the busiest Amsterdamers might be shipping eau-de-Cologne all day long, for anything the stranger's nose can detect to the contrary. In the side-streets, or rather canals, certainly some noisome odors do arise; not, however, from dirt,

but from stagnant water. But there is less sickness in Holland than in most other European countries. Coughs, colds, rheumatism, and pectoral disorders, are far less common than with us. Nobody seems to be ill in Holland, and no one appears to be ostentatiously rich, and no one appears to be poor.

Every prisoner is set to some trade or employment according to tastes and capabilities, and the result of the labor is sold, the profits being reserved until the prisoner is discharged, when they become his property. The two Orphan Houses, Protestant and Roman Catholic, are well deserving of attention, and the Refuge for superannuated individuals of both sexes is admirably managed. The Spin House is devoted exclusively to female prisoners convicted of trivial offences, and is managed by a board of directors. The Society of Public Welfare, whose labors extend all over Holland, have also a large establishment at Amsterdam, and there are yet other benevolent societies.

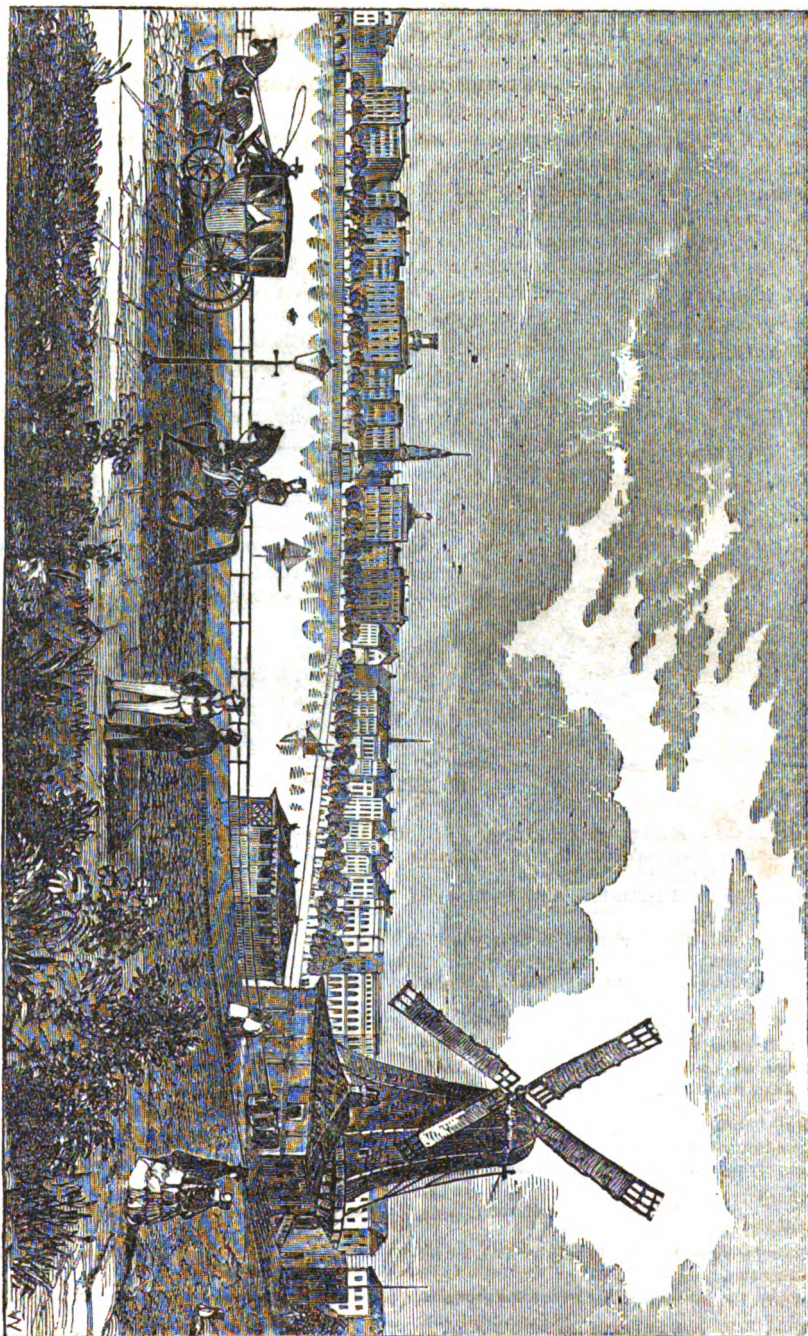
The worst thing in Holland generally, and at Amsterdam in particular, is the water. Water-curing doctors would fare ill in this country; for the only drinkable water is brought from Utrecht in stone jars, and is made as much of as if it were champagne—to which it is the misfortune of travellers in Holland to find that it bears not the slightest resemblance.

THE CITY OF HAMBURG.

Hamburg is one of the Free Cities of Germany, and the most important commercial port in continental Europe. The city, as a general rule, is meanly built. It possesses, however, a few interesting churches, an exchange, and some public grounds. The houses are for the most part of brick, and are exceedingly antiquated in appearance. A fire occurred in Hamburg in 1842, which raged four days, and destroyed nearly two thousand houses. Since then that portion of the city has been rebuilt in a handsome, modern style.

Hamburg is greatly cut up by canals, and by the Alster Lakes, which causes it to seem like a Dutch town. In the upper part of the city is the Binnen Alster or Alster Basin, a beautiful enclosure of water in the shape of a square, some thirty acres in extent. It is generally thronged with pleasure boats, and graceful, long-necked swans. Magnificent avenues of trees surround the basin, which at night are numerously lighted with gas lamps, and of course crowded with male and female

THE CITY OF HAMBURG.

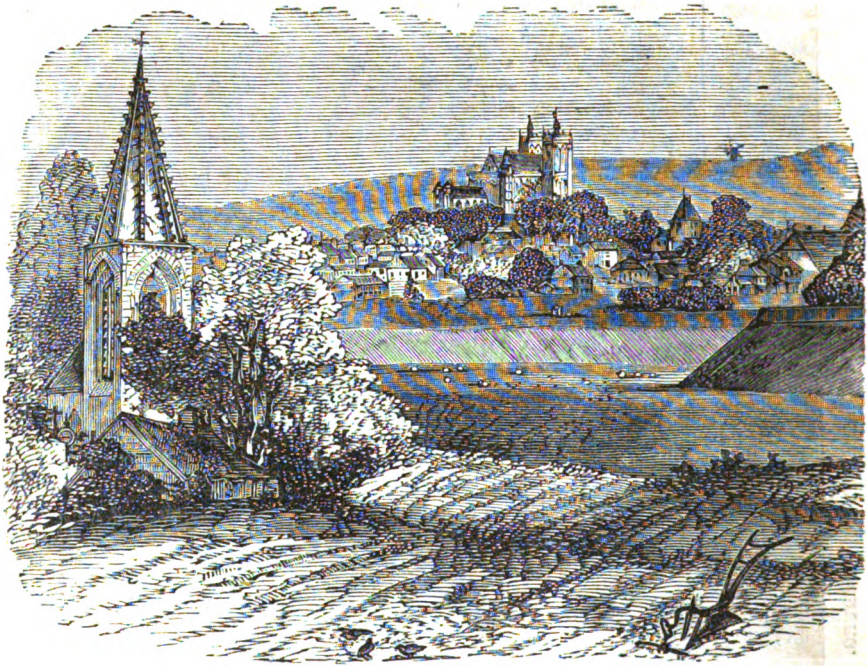


promenaders. Outside of this avenue comes a broad street for carriages, which affords a delightful drive around this charming lake; and this, too, is lined by a sidewalk, spacious

and inviting to pedestrians, bordering which are lofty and palace-like buildings, that form the dwellings of this favorite locality, which surround three sides of the square.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.



A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
 of woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
 ebbed away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he
 might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's
 hand,
 And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my
 native land; [of mine,
 Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends
 For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet
 and crowd around,
 To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard
 ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day
 was done,
 Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the set-
 ting sun.
 And midst the dead and dying were some grown old
 in wars,
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
 many scars;
 But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's
 morn decline;
 And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the
 Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort
 her old age,
 And I was but a truant bird, that thought my home
 a cage;
 For my father was a soldier, and even as a child,
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles
 fierce and wild;
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
 hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
 father's sword,
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
 used to shine,
 On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the
 Rhine!

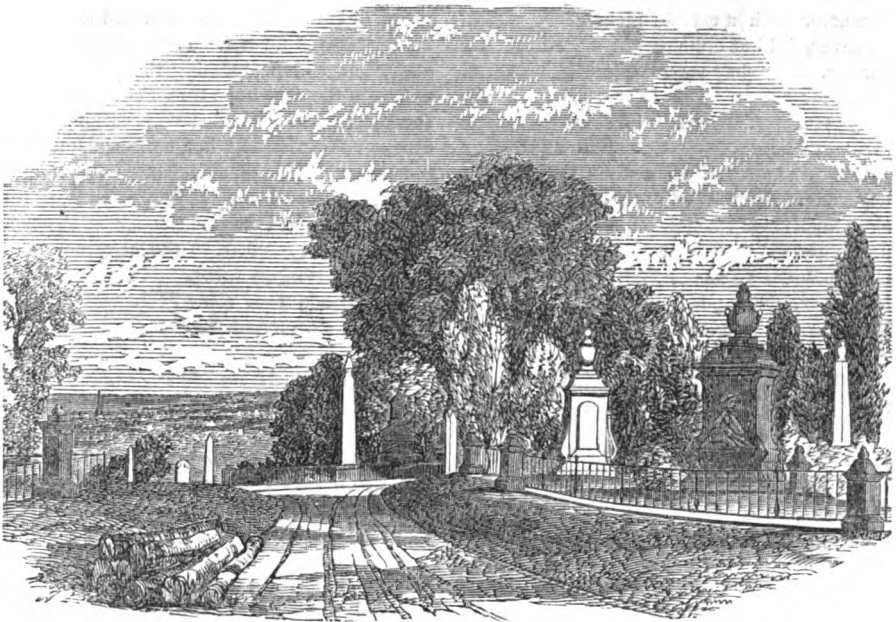
"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
 drooping head,
 When the troops are marching home again, with glad
 and gallant tread;
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
 steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to
 die.
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
 And to hang the old sword in its place—(my father's
 sword and mine,)
 For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the
 Rhine!

"There's another—not my sister; in the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
 Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning—
 O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning;
 Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,) I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes was on me as we passed with friendly talk
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine,
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was childish weak—
 His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak; [fled,—
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
 The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.



A VIEW IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

The engraving on this page represents a scene in the beautiful cemetery called Greenwood, which is justly an object of pride to the people of New York. The cemetery is situated on Long Island, about a mile or so beyond the city of Brooklyn, and on an elevation commanding a fine view of New York Bay, and a part of Long Island Sound. The location is naturally attractive, and large sums of money have been expended in beautifying and ornamenting the grounds, until they are now second to none of the famous

cemeteries of the Old World. The monuments are numerous, and many of them are of the most costly and elegant nature. The contrast between these pure white shafts and the dark green of the sward and foliage is both striking and beautiful, while, in the far distance, the eye may turn from this scene of silence and death, lovely as it is, to the bright waters of the bay or sound, covered with the life and activity of the commerce of this great country.

All of the large cities of America have

handsome and tasteful cemeteries, each of which has some beauty so peculiarly its own, that it is difficult to decide which is the most attractive. It is a commendable work of our people, this embellishing the last resting-place of their dead; for, surely, if anything can reconcile us to the laying of our loved ones in the earth, it is the thought that we leave them sleeping in such handsome spots, where everything speaks to us of the better and the purer life above.

CUBAN JUSTICE.

Miralda Estalez was a beautiful young girl of Havana, who, after the death of her parents and of her brothers and sisters, found herself sole heiress of her father's house and cigar-shop. She was but sixteen years of age, but the sorrows of her early life had tinged her character with a certain melancholy, which, however, did but enhance the charm of her beauty. Her shop soon became the universal resort for cigars. The idler as well as the busy merchant never failed to make a detour through the Calle de Comercio when they wanted a cigar, and often when they did not want one. She treated all her patrons alike, showing none of them the slightest preference, until at last it was generally said that she specially favored a young boatman named Pedro Mantanez, who plied between the Castle Morro and the Punta.

The Count Almante, however, one of the gayest cavaliers of Havana, paying no attention to the report, persisted in considering himself her favorite, without observing that she was as affable toward everybody as toward him. For days he sat chatting with her; and when at length he fancied that the proper time had come, he entered her shop one evening and smoked a cigar, and kept her in conversation till the other neighboring shops were closed and the streets were deserted. As soon as he thought himself safe from intrusion, he made his explanations, offered her whatever sum she asked for her present shop, and put at her disposal another shop in his palace in the suburb Cerro, where she could carry on her business, if she would live there as his mistress. Instead of replying to the proposal, the girl mentioned the name of another shop where they sold better cigars than she did, and expressed the hope that in the future the count would supply himself there. Almante thinking she was in jest came nearer; but Miralda, who seems for a good while to have feared such an event, drew a dagger, and

with flashing eyes, bade him beware, and he retreated. The girl breathed freer then, and congratulated herself on being released from her persecutor. But several days only had elapsed when, in the evening, a squad of soldiers halted at the door, and the officer accompanying it commanded her in the name of the law to follow him. Unconscious of guilt, she did not dare to oppose Tacon's orders, and so obeyed. But when she found that they had passed by the prison, and were taking her out of the city, her fright was extreme, and she entreated them to tell her where they were going. Silence, however, was the only answer she obtained until she arrived at Almante's castle in the Cerro, where the count, with a smiling face, received her, and expressed the hope that she would relax her obstinacy. Miralda answered only with a gleam of her dagger as she entered the apartment prepared for her. There she remained several days alone, refusing the visits of the count, in the sure hope that Pedro, to whom she had related Almante's persecution, would discover the place of her concealment. He did discover it, and, disguising himself as a monk, obtained access to her, when they resolved to appeal to the justice of Tacon. Pedro at once repaired to the governor, who gave him a ready hearing.

"Is Miralda your sister?" he asked, with a gloomy expression, as Pedro finished his story.

"My betrothed," replied Pedro.

Tacon then bade him come nearer, and, holding up a crucifix, commanded him, with a look that penetrated to his very soul, to swear to the truth of what he had said. Pedro knelt and kissed the cross and swore. Tacon then told him to wait in an adjoining room, with the assurance that his affair would soon be attended to. In the course of a couple of hours Miralda and Almante were brought before the governor.

"You have abused the uniform of the police for the abduction of this girl?" he said to the count.

"I was so rash as to do it," replied the latter. "I cannot answer for it before you."

"The Supreme Judge, in a moment. At present I ask you, upon your honor, has violence been done the girl?"

"On my honor, none."

Tacon then wrote a note, and despatched it; and after the examination had been continued, and the answers compared with one another, in their presence, Carlos, a priest,

entered, and Tacon commanded him to perform at once the ceremony of marriage between Miralda Estalez and the Count Almante. In vain did the count protest and appeal to his nobility, in vain did Pedro entreat it might not be. Miralda stood as if bereft of her senses, and, before any of the parties con-

"Is my order executed?" said Tacon.

"Yes, excellenzia. Nine bullets passed through the count's body as he rode round the corner of the street you mentioned."

Tacon then turned to the priest and said:

"You will see that the legal announcement is made of the marriage just performed here,



BAT-KILLING.—THE TIME-KEEPER.

cerned could recover presence of mind, the ceremony was over. Almante was then commanded to leave the castle, while Miralda and Pedro were commanded to remain. Tacon then went on quietly with the other business before him. But half an hour had hardly elapsed when the officer on guard entered.

as well as the legal announcement of the death of Count Almante, with the addition that, on account of the want of relations to inherit, his widow becomes sole heiress of his property and his name."

Miralda and Pedro were then dismissed, and retired from the presence of the governor.

AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT.

An English journal furnishes the following portrait of Americans: The English painter of manners takes the modern American as he finds him: a tremendous dandy, rather "loud" in making-up, fiercely moustachioed and bearded, ringed and chained to the eyes, and on the continent of Europe at least, quoting *Rafaelles* and *Titians*, *Canovas* and *Thordalsens*, as confidently as he would discourse of quartz or petroleum in Wall street. We know that he has long since ceased to "calculate" or "reckon," and that it is much, now, if he "guesses" or "expects." Not long ago, at Venice, an old English traveller was telling me of an American family with whom he had travelled from Florence to Bologna. One of the young ladies of the party, it seems, did not approve of the railway accommodation, and addressed the Italian guard in this wise: "My Christian friend, is this a first-class kyar, or a cattle-wagon?" At a subsequent stage of the journey the eldest gentleman of the group had remarked: "Say, if any of you gals bought frames at Florence, I can supply you with a lot o' picturs I got at Rome, cheap." "They were model Yankees," the old English traveller chuckled, as he told me the story. "Not at all," I made bold to answer; "they were very exceptional Yankees indeed. They were, probably, shoddy people of the lowest class, rapidly enriched, and who had rushed off to Europe to air their new jewelry and their vulgarity." Nine-tenths of the Americans one meets travelling abroad now-a-days are well-informed and intelligent persons, often more appreciative of the beauties of art than middle-class English tourists. The American's ambition extends to everything. If he doesn't appreciate Italian pictures, his wife and daughters will, so that at least there shall be a decent amount of connoisseurship in the family; whereas to the middle-class English foreign picture-galleries are usually an intolerable bore; and *Paterfamilias* very probably labors, besides, under a vague and secretly uneasy feeling that it does not become a man with less than twenty thousand a year and a handle to his name to talk of *Rafaelles* and *Titians*. There may be vulgar pretenders among the Americans whom one meets roving through the churches and galleries of the continent—among what nation are vulgar and pretence not to be found? but take them for all in all, the love and appreciation for high art, although its very elements are of yesterday's introduction, are more gen-

erally discriminated in the United States than in England. The amazing development of photography, and the consequent circulation of the noblest examples of art at very cheap rates, together with the American mania for travelling, are the leading causes of their precocious proficiency in all kinds of studies.

 RAT-KILLING.

Our English cousins first introduced the sport of rat-killing by the aid of a wonderful breed of dogs called terriers. Professional rat-catchers were employed to collect and save all the rats that they captured, so that rich and fast young men could enjoy the fun of seeing how many of the vermin their terriers could destroy in a given number of minutes. Large bets were and are made on certain results, and at one time no less than five thousand dollars were staked on a little dog named *Tiny*, which weighed only five-and-a-half pounds. She killed two hundred rats in fifty-nine minutes fifty-eight seconds, and won the wager for her owner, and thousands of dollars for her backers. At another time, *Tiny* killed one hundred rats in twenty-nine minutes and ten seconds, and so won more money for her owner.

The sport,—if it can be called sport,—was soon introduced into this country, as a natural consequence, for we ape most of the fashionable vices of Europe, and neglect some things that are good, for the purpose of embracing that which is bad. New York had the honor of leading off, and regular rat pits were established, where twice or three times a week great battles were fought, and always to the discomfiture of the vermin. Young New York was in raptures, and for a time neglected horse-flesh for the new amusement. Then the spirit of establishing rat pits extended to Boston. The late Mr. Barney Ford, so well known in North street, and whose remarkable face was quite familiar to the officials of our courts (on the criminal side), introduced a rat pit to the notice of our sporting citizens, and he ran it for many months, but during a sudden North street melee Mr. Ford lost his valuable life, by a bullet or knife, we have forgotten which. He was lamented by a few enthusiastic individuals, who could see his merits, but it is a noteworthy fact that none of the police of the North End put on crape badges, or shed a tear for the departed.

After Mr. Ford left the business of keeping a rat pit it declined, and but little was done in that line for some months, but there are

THE DOG AND HIS BATTLE.



one or two still in existence in the city, kept on the sly, so as to render them exclusive and unknown to the police.

On page 435 we give our readers a view of the "time keeper," or person who drops into the pit the dog which is to kill the rats, and on page 487 we present a representation of a

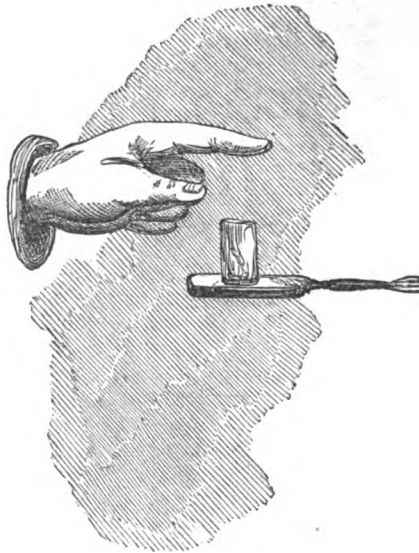
rat pit. The rats do not usually show fight at the sight of a terrier, but pile up in a corner and are killed one by one, or quick as the dog can open and shut his jaws.

Men might be engaged in worse work than rat-killing, and certainly in much that is better and ennobling.

PARLOR MAGIC.

DECEPTIVE VISION.

The illustrated engraving in our November number, representing "Parlor Magic," was so pleasing to the juvenile readers of our Magazine that we propose to publish a series of magical tricks, each one accompanied by an engraving. By this course we believe that we shall cater to the amusement of all classes, and make friends of the little folks as well as the adults. We can explain the present engraving in a few words. Stick a fork in the wall, about four or five feet from the floor, and on the end of it place a cork; then tell some person to place his forefinger by the side of the cork; when he has measured the



height carefully, tell him to walk backwards about five yards, then shut one eye, and walk forward and try to knock the cork off the fork with one blow of the finger. The probabilities are, that he will make the attempt a dozen times before he is successful.

AN EXAMPLE TO CHRISTIANS.

On page 439 we give our readers an excellent likeness of a celebrated Parsee merchant-prince—the Honorable Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, British India. The Parsees, as the reader knows, are the descendants of the ancient Ghebers or Fire Worshipers, of Persia, who were driven out of the country by the persecutions of the Mahometans, and forced to seek refuge in India. There they

have since remained, a separate class, retaining many of their old customs and most of their superstitious and religious observances. They are an industrious, energetic people, and are noted for their liberality of opinion and freedom from intolerance of all kinds.

Mr. Rustomjee is a fair example of his class. He is the second son of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the first Parsee knight and baronet, and was brought up under the immediate supervision and constant care of his illustrious father, whom he has, in one respect at least, equalled. In the past two or three years Mr. Rustomjee has given for various charitable purposes nearly eight hundred thousand dollars in gold, and his generous liberality seems by no means exhausted. He is an experienced traveller through his native country, and he never enters a town without contributing largely to its charities. His father, the late baronet, gave nearly two millions of dollars in charities, and the other members of his family are well known for their exceeding liberality. All kinds of suffering find ready sympathizers in them, and no benevolent undertaking appeals to them in vain. The liberality of this family is catholic and discriminating. With the exception of a few instances in which the Parsee community alone is benefited, the greater portion of their endowments are for the welfare of all classes of people, without reference to creed or color.

In recognition of Mr. Rustomjee's munificence, he was chosen by the British government a member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, on its first institution, and has been thrice re-appointed to this honorable post.

This man is a heathen—one of those individuals whose benighted condition has so largely interested our sympathy; yet he is a shining example to Christians of wealth, very few of whom will be able at the "Great Reckoning" to show so many good deeds entered to their credit on the books above.

THE WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

Those familiar with the sea have witnessed the interesting phenomenon presented by the waves of the ocean, and have seen them change from the long, easy swell which is so pleasant to the sailor, to the huge, foam-crested billows which seem ready to envelope the vessel in their angry grasp, as is represented in the engraving on page 440.

Waves vary in their height, form, velocity and extent. These diversities depend upon the depth of the sea, the size of its basin, and

the force of the wind. A wave summit produced by a breeze from the land maintains constantly the same height while the impulse is the same; but the heights increase, according to the distance from the shore. In open seas where the wind blows upon the water in

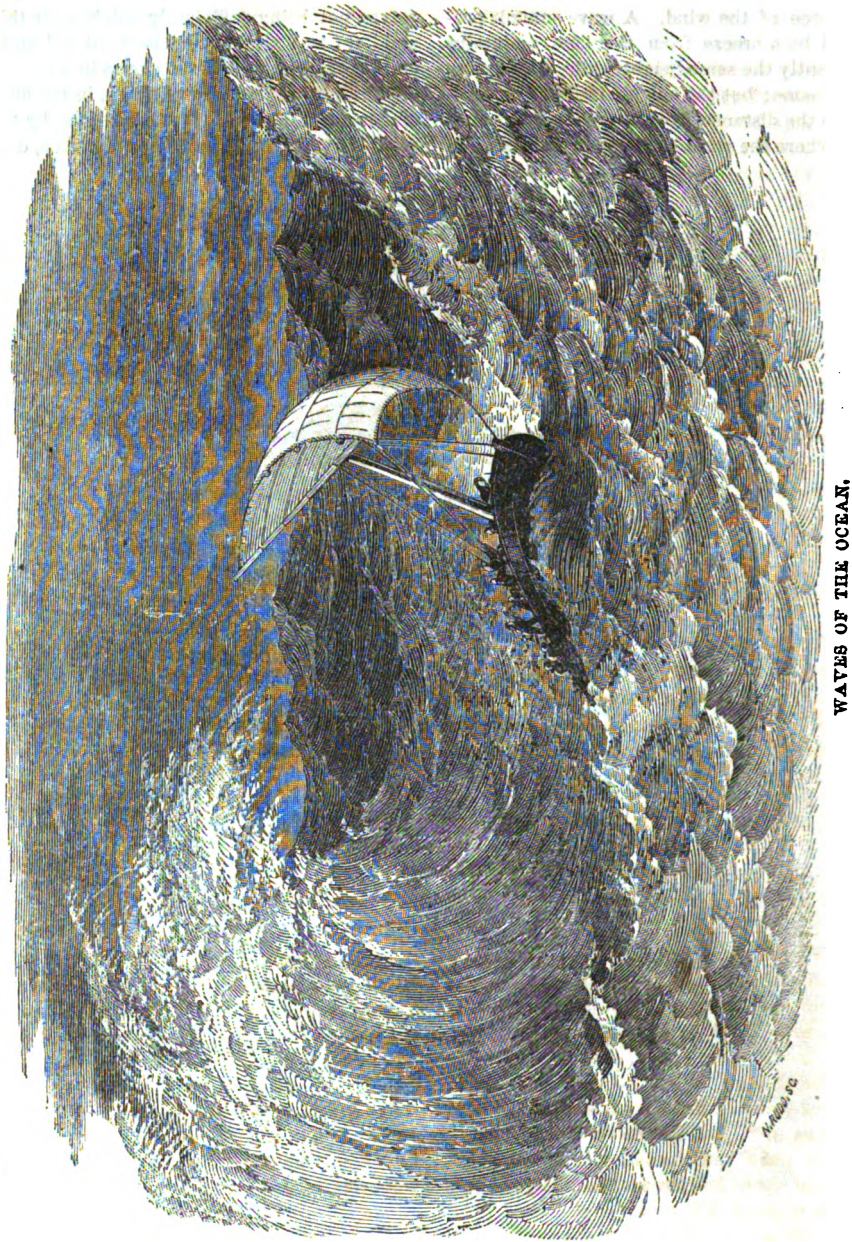
waves not being sufficiently quick, their thin and light tops are impelled forward and broken, falling upon their own slopes in a torrent of white foam, particles of which, in the form of spray, are carried to a vast distance by the gale. It is no uncommon circumstance, dur-



THE HONORABLE RUSTOMJEE JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY.

a parallel manner, through a considerable track, the waves are generally in the shape of long, straight furrows; but in more confined situations they appear in short, straight lines, or in arcs of circles, according to the configuration of the coast and their contiguity. When the wind blows fresh, the motion of the

ing a violent gale, for persons far inland to be sensible of a saline impregnation in the atmosphere—the spray of the waves which have been torn by the blast. In severe tempests enormous volumes of water are accumulated in ridges, which literally consist of wave on wave; for, owing to the permanence of the



WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

wind, its action will raise a second upon the first, and a third upon the second, in the same manner as it raised the first upon the flat surface of the water.

After the subsidence of the wind which raised the waves, the latter continue to roll for some hours, on the principle of a pendulum swinging for some time after it has re-

ceived an impulse. This swell seldom dies down entirely, for fresh winds are almost sure to keep it up. When the swell is checked in its course by sunken reefs, ridges, or sand banks, a roaring, violent surge, known as breakers, is produced. When it is near the shore of an island or continent, the surge is called the surf.

A LAND OF DREAMS.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

I.

A land of dreams—once I have travelled there:
 A country whose fair skies were even clear,—
 Where wondrous music flooded all the air,
 And neither sorrow, pain, nor night came near!

II.

There was, I thought, no winter there!—the days
 Made one long summer!—all the air was still:
 One song alone—whose never-dying lays
 Sweet warblers echoed—floated o'er the hill!

III.

Chilled by a bitter frost no blossom wept,
 Nor was there any fading or decay!
 And feeble limbs—and there were many—slept
 Safe under suns whose glories were for aye!

IV.

Wild grew the roses of the land!—a scent
 Of sweetest beauty fanned through crystal air!
 All things were lovely! the tall trees were bent
 With weight of blossom and of fruit so rare!

V.

O'er the calm land the planets brighter shone
 Than in that *other* world that I had known!
 Traces of sorrow from all eyes had gone,
 And care and anger to the winds had flown!

VI.

And over this new earth there reigned a queen,
 Whose eyes were sweeter than all else beside!—
 She ruled o'er river and o'er meadow green!—
 Her sway supreme—limitably wide!

VII.

For here *Love* had her kingdom! She had breathed
 Her spirit through creation, and she lay,
 Crowned with undying flowers she had wreathed
 Around her temples,—emblem of her sway!

VIII.

Hushed, as she spoke, the air—the earth became,
 And silent, all things stayed by her deep spell!
 As cygnet grew the wildest songbird tame,
 When her voice sounded like a silver bell!

IX.

Then as she waved with her white hand away
 Her happy subjects, and reclined alone,
 So lovely grew the dreamland—bright the day....
 I woke, and sadly—for my land was gone!

THE SCARLET HIBBON.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

It was all a mere dog's life that I led till I came to be a crusty old bachelor of forty odd years. I was always too poor to think of anything but work, work, day after day, and so it happened that I had few ties, and hardly an intimate friend, in all the busy world that was constantly surging turbulently around me.

In the first place, I was only a watchman. When the police system was started, I went into that corps. I can honestly say that I always tried to do my duty, in either situation. My superiors seemed to think so, too, for by-and-by my name was up before them for the new detective force that was to be organized. I was counted "knowing," and had done some pretty sharp things by way of hauling up offenders, during my life, and when the subject was once agitated, I was of course sure of my place, and on the whole, ready enough to accept it.

At this time my mother was the only near relative I had living, and she was the housekeeper at Colonel Lester's, one of the first families, residing on Fifth Avenue. It is about this family, principally, that I have to tell you. The colonel and his wife could both boast of an ancient and honorable lineage, and were as proud, high feeling a couple, as it was ever my lot to meet. They had one son, Maurice, their very opposite in this particular, a whole-souled, noble-hearted fellow, though a trifle wild, perhaps. He could never be brought to sympathize with the exclusive feelings of his parents. Indeed, he was quite too free in his associations. I believe he would nearly as soon have made an intimate of me or one of the servants as any one in his own peculiar sphere. He seemed to utterly ignore caste, and was careless of appearances.

After I came to be detective, there seemed a little better chance for running about, but I kept steadily at work, early and late. I found enough to keep me busy, hands and brain. There was always some sink of iniquity to be cleaned out, or some case of mystery and crime to be cleared up. All this was bringing me in a little money, and some

fame, for I met with wonderful success in my efforts. Perhaps it was owing to this close work, mental and physical, that I put upon every case that came under my notice. However, I believe constant toil and steady perseverance had as much as anything to do with it.

I must say, nevertheless, that I now visited my mother much oftener than I had before found it possible. In this way I learned considerable of the private history of Colonel Lester's family. My mother was very strongly attached to them, and when I went to see her, one day, I found her in unusually good humor.

"I must tell you, Tom," she burst out, eagerly, after a few inquiries into my own affairs, "that Maurice is about to be married! It was all settled upon yesterday. I have been afraid, all along, that he would refuse to act reasonably, but it seems he has not quite taken leave of his senses, as yet. Miss Verne is such a sweet creature, too; I don't see how any one could be indifferent to her."

I looked just as I felt, probably, very much dumfounded, for mother went on, hastily:

"O, I had forgotten that you did not know all about it. Mrs. Lester made Miss Verne's acquaintance while Maurice was in Europe. Quite an attachment sprang up between them; indeed, they have been almost like mother and daughter, ever since. Miss Verne is an heiress, and of good family, and it has long been Mrs. Lester's cherished plan to have Maurice marry her. She was away when he first returned, but when she did come back he utterly refused to see her, for a long time. When they did meet, it was by the merest chance, but he was smitten with her at once, and now is ready enough to make her his wife. She is here, at the present time, and will remain for several weeks, probably."

"What was Maurice's objection, in the first place?" I inquired.

"Merely prejudice, nothing more. He has a detestation of all made matches, and was convinced he could never be happy with Miss Verne, and for that reason declined to culti-

vate her acquaintance. Now, he is glad enough to take back all he had said. She is a rare creature, though, and I wish you might see her. She is wonderfully agreeable to me, and so I have told her all about you, Tom."

She said this last, looking at me with maternal pride, as if she considered me a person of much importance, and one of whom everybody must be glad to hear something. We talked a little longer, and then I went away. In crossing the hall I passed a lady coming down the stairs. She was a small, slight body, very fair, with a faint flush of gold shimmering in her hair. Her motions were soft and quiet, like the fanciful dance of thisle-down over a green meadow, coming and going, and flitting about without noise or bustle. Her eyes were a soft, dove-like blue, looking for all the world like a far glimpse into a clear sky. Her dress suited her face and figure exactly, being of some light, gauzy stuff, of a pale, pure green.

"This is Mr. Frazer, I am sure," she said, coming forward with a sweet smile, and holding out her hand. "I am glad to see you. I have been wishing to make friends with you. Did your mother tell you?"

"No, miss; I don't believe she knew," I managed to stammer out, confusedly.

"Perhaps not. On the whole, I hardly think I told her. I was not sure, you know, that her son was the Mr. Frazer whom I wished to see. But I recognize you now."

I could do no more than look the surprise which I was too thoroughly confused to speak.

"I see plainly that I must make some explanation," she resumed, after a pause, a rare smile breaking once again over her face. "You once did a great service for my father. It was in Futton street, more than a year ago. You saved him from being robbed, and perhaps murdered. Don't you remember it?"

I did, but had never thought that the Mr. Verne whom I had saved was her father. He was one of our merchant princes. I was out on my usual beat, one night, when I had observed Mr. Verne pass, and two men had seemed to be carelessly following him. Something in their appearance having excited my suspicions, I had watched them. All at once they had sprung forward and dragged him into a dark alley. Of course I sprung my rattle and ran to his rescue—as it happened, just in the nick of time. I had only done my duty, but Mr. Verne seemed very grateful, and insisted on rewarding me in some way.

Of course I was too proud-spirited, despite my poverty, to receive anything, but I have always thought that he may have had something to do with my promotion, as I am sure he had influence with my superiors. Nevertheless, I like to attribute my rise entirely to my own deserts, and I may be right, after all.

However, this does not matter with my story. Indeed, I had quite forgotten the circumstance, until Miss Verne now recalled it to my mind. I mean the circumstance of the attempted robbery, of course.

"My father has often spoken of you," said Miss Verne, pleasantly. "He pointed you out to me on the street, one day. We wished to have spoken with you, but you were gone too soon. Now my father is in Europe, but he will be glad to know that I have met you. I hope you will come here often while I am in the house. Furthermore, I shall be rejoiced to do you a service whenever I can. Good-by."

She held out her hand kindly. It seemed like a snow-flake resting on my big, brown palm. I kissed it reverently, and then went silently out, but from that moment I would willingly have gone through fire, water or pestilence, at the bidding of that delicate girl. There seemed to have come a new glory into my dull, aimless life—a halo that brightened it wonderfully.

From that day all my spare time—little enough, in all conscience—was spent at Colonel Lester's. To be sure I seldom saw Miss Verne for more than a moment, but it was happiness enough to be near her, under the same roof. Not that I was learning to cherish any wild, foolish passion for her, as I might have done for one occupying something like my own position in life. I cannot hope to analyze the emotions I felt towards her. She seemed high above me, and I realized the distance that separated us. I had no desire to lessen it. I think my regard for her must have been very much of the nature of a pious Catholic's devotion to his patron saint. The same feeling, only intensified.

She seemed strangely happy in those first days. I have often heard my mother speak of it since. She went floating softly and quietly about the house, a rich carmine creeping into her cheeks, and a new lustre into her eyes. Maurice, too, seemed very gay and self-content. He was evidently proud of his beautiful betrothed, and glad for the happiness that was one day to be his.

Thus matters went on for months. Miss

Verne was to remain with the Lesters until her father returned from Europe, and then she and Maurice were to be married. At one time the day for the wedding was even fixed upon, but circumstances happening to detain Mr. Verne longer from home, it was postponed.

By-and-by there came a change. I believe I was one of the first to notice it. Miss Verne moved about more silently than ever, and gradually all the fresh, pure color faded from her cheek. She was just as kind and pleasant as ever, only I think it sometimes cost her an effort, now. She was certainly changed, though I could not conceive the cause. At last I spoke with my mother about it.

"Then you, too, have noticed it," she said, with something like a sigh. "Poor Lillian! I am very much afraid she has cause enough to be sad. I would not speak of it to you before, because I thought it might only be my notion, after all."

"What is it? Why don't you tell me?" I interrupted, impatiently.

"Well, Maurice is not quite so devoted as he used to be. A coldness—all on his side—seems to have sprung up between him and Miss Verne. I honestly believe that the new seamstress is at the bottom of it all!"

I was surprised. I had heard of this seamstress, Miss Sayles, but had never met her. She had been engaged by Mrs. Lester to make up a quantity of linen against the coming marriage of her son.

"Why should you suspect her?" I inquired.

"Because it is evident that Maurice has taken a sudden liking to her. I am sure I don't know how it will end. I hardly think either the colonel or his wife has any suspicion of the truth. Miss Verne must have seen it all, though, and that is what troubles her."

"What sort of a creature is this Miss Sayles?"

"A nice, quiet body enough. I am sure you would like her. I don't believe she is the least to be blamed for anything that has happened. She seems like a very pretty, respectable young woman. She is so modest and pious, too! Indeed, we are all very much taken with her. I don't wonder at Maurice's infatuation."

I did not reply. I was thinking over what had just been said, and trying to make up my mind what was best to be done under the circumstances, for I was anxious to see Miss

Verne well and happy again, as soon as might be. There soon came a low tap upon the door. My mother opened it.

"Mrs. Lester sent me," began a low, softly-modulated voice. "She said you would measure off the towels that are to be hemmed. I am ready for them now."

This was all that was said, but the voice seemed strangely familiar. I could have sworn that I had heard it before, and under circumstances that awoke unpleasant feelings in my mind. And yet I was utterly unable to determine when or where.

Being somewhat curious, I moved my seat, so as to be in range of the door-way. My mother had come in for the towels, which were lying in a bundle on the table; so there was nothing to hinder me from having a good view of the person standing in the passage outside. She was a young woman, not looking to be much over twenty. She was of medium size, and was clad in a neatly-fitting gown of plain gingham. She was looking the perfect picture of modest decorum—her hair combed smoothly over her brow, her eyes cast down, and her hands carelessly clasped over a snowy apron.

Suddenly she raised her eyes for a quick, furtive glance into my face. I was watching her keenly, and saw that she started and turned pale. My calling had made me observing and suspicious, and though in a moment more she was looking as calm and serene as at first, yet I was satisfied that she had seen me at some previous time, and now recognized me with feelings either of dread or fear. Nevertheless, her face looked entirely strange to me, only those keen, sharp eyes and her voice seeming in the least familiar.

After she had given her the bundle, my mother closed the door, and came towards me.

"That was Miss Sayles, Tom. I'm glad you have seen her. What do you think of her?"

"She appears like a modest, respectable girl," I said, evasively. "I hope she is, I am sure."

"O, she is a perfect jewel. I wish she had come in, and sat a few moments. But she seemed in such a hurry that I never thought to invite her."

After that, I could no longer enjoy my visit with mother. My mind was too busy in solving the mystery of what was familiar in the girl's appearance. I got up and went out, soon. The nursery, where Miss Sayles did

her sewing, was at the head the stairs, and next to my mother's room. The door was ajar, and I heard the subdued murmur of voices as I passed it. Something made me pause, just then. It was Miss Sayles who was speaking. I could not be mistaken in those peculiar tones.

"You must go, Maurice," I heard her say, earnestly. "We are liable to be interrupted at any moment. All would be discovered, if any one should come and find you here."

"What do I care," he burst forth, impetuously. "We love each other, Fannie, and it must be discovered sooner or later. Lillian ought to know at once, that I no longer wish the preparations for this marriage to go on. But for my mother's wishes, I should not have been ensnared into it in the first place."

"It would be unwise, to confess the truth just yet. By-and-by we can do it with greater safety, though I am afraid your parents will refuse ever to recognize me as your wife. I think Miss Verne already suspects our attachment. If so, she will soon, of her own accord, release you from your engagement. It is best for us that she should be the one to break the engagement."

Maurice was silent, though not from astonishment at the duplicity which her words hinted at, for he was too deeply infatuated for that. There was a short pause, which Miss Sayles broke by saying abruptly:

"There was a gentleman in Mrs. Fraser's room when I called at the door, just now. Can you imagine what he was there for?"

"It was her son Tom, very likely. He comes quite often of late. He is a member of the police, I believe."

"O," with a sigh of relief. "I concluded from his appearance that he was a detective, something of that sort."

I heard Maurice getting up as if to come out, and so beat a hasty retreat down the stairs. But I had heard quite enough to satisfy me of the relation existing between Miss Verne's betrothed husband and Fanny Sayles. I suppose the senses of detectives as regards delicacy and propriety must get terribly blunted sometimes, for I never thought of its being dishonorable for me to play at eaves-dropping. Nor would I acknowledge even now, that I did wrong in listening on this particular occasion.

I went home slowly, with my head bent down. That is a habit I have when trying to clear up any mystery in my own mind. I am

apt to jump at conclusions, and this is the one I arrived at after having seen Miss Sayles. I was convinced that I had met her at some previous time, and that, too, in my character as detective. I was sure she had recognized me as an old acquaintance, from her altered manner on seeing me, and I inferred that she had known me as a detective, from the tenor of her last remark to Maurice.

I run over in my mind all the young women with whom I had come in contact in the discharge of my office, but could recall no one resembling Miss Sayles. This seemed queer, as my experience as detective had, as yet, been very brief. But the oddest of all was that I could not rid myself of the idea that when I had met her it had been as a criminal! Even her modest face and pious airs could not cause me to think otherwise.

Well, I was not particularly busy just then, and that night after I had gone to bed I again thought the matter all over. For Miss Verne's sake I was anxious to find out the true character of Miss Sayles, and get her away from Colonel Lester. However, my reflections for that night were of little benefit. I could not find the clue I was after.

According to my view, prospects were very much brighter for us, the next morning. I was up at our quarters about nine o'clock, when one of Lester's servants brought me down a note from my mother. This is something like the way in which it was worded.

"Miss Verne was robbed of her jewels last night. Come down, Tom, without delay. Ask your captain to entrust the business of finding out the thief, to you. It is the colonel's request. Make haste."

I showed this letter to the captain, and he told me to "go ahead." I was off in a very few minutes, thinking to myself on the way, that I should have very little difficulty in tracing out the offender, for I was well enough convinced in my own mind who had done the deed.

When I reached the house, I learned that Miss Verne had lost a valuable set of jewelry, including diamond ear-rings, pin, and sleeve-buttons, and that Colonel Lester had missed a set of silver spoons, though nothing else had been molested.

Well, I looked carefully through the house, but could find no broken lock, or shutter off from its hinge. Nor was there a hole bored anywhere, or a window forced. Everything was just as it had been the night before, with the exception of the missing articles. Miss

Verne knew that her jewels had been all safe only the day before, for she had taken them out sometime in the afternoon, to dust the cushions. She kept her jewel box in another box much larger, and usually had it stowed away on a shelf in her closet, as there was no room for it on her dressing bureau or table. Besides, she really considered this the safer place. One of the diamonds in her sleeve-buttons had become loosened, and she had gone for them the first thing in the morning, thinking to send them directly to a jeweller's to be newly set, and had thus discovered her loss.

The closet from whence the diamonds had been taken opened directly at the head of Miss Verne's bed, and the thief must have passed through the room, and taken the keys from under her pillow. Miss Verne declared, however, that she had not been disturbed, but had slept unusually well. That could readily be accounted for, though, for there was still a faint smell of chloroform in the room. She had been under its influence without suspecting it. Colonel Lester looked horrified when told of it.

"The guilty party is some one very well acquainted with the premises, evidently," I said. "Miss Verne's apartment was entered by a false key, for she assures me that she locked the door on retiring."

"I don't see how that could have been," returned the colonel. "I would vouch for the honesty of any one of the servants. They have been in my employ for years."

"Is there no one else who has the run of the premises?" I inquired, trying to draw him out.

"Miss Sayles, the seamstress. But she couldn't have had anything to do with it. She never stops here over night. She is a very nice, quiet sort of a body, and so modest and pious, too! O, I should never suspect her!"

From Miss Verne's room we kept on to the garret. It was not like most attics, partitioned off into multitudinous rooms, but one great square place filled with all sorts of old trumpery and cast-off furniture, where the great beams and black rafters made the only walls.

I went up the ladder leading to the scuttle. I had seen a woman's track—small as any fine lady's—in the dust at the foot of the ladder. The impression was very faint, and yet I could trace it without difficulty. I said nothing, but going up, pushed open the trap-door carefully.

"How often do your family come here—any of them?" I inquired, after a little investigation.

"Never, that is, very seldom. Once in a month, perhaps. Not oftener. There is nothing to bring them here."

"Nevertheless the trap-door has been opened within a day or two. Everything indicates it. Besides, I found the fastenings all loose. It certainly has been used as a means for ingress to the house. Probably the thief was let in through it by some accomplice."

I was preparing to descend, when a tiny scrap of scarlet ribbon caught my eye, clinging to a nail in the door, where it seemed to have been caught and violently torn away from a larger piece. It was the merest fragment, but I put it carefully away in my vest pocket, saying nothing. I was positive that I had found a clue.

Getting down, I closely examined the track on the floor, but could make nothing further of it. My next step was to ask that all the members of the household might be called together. Maurice, who had followed us up, ran down to give the order, and the colonel and myself descended more leisurely.

"You are convinced of Miss Sayles's innocence," I said, to him. "I shall not call it in question, but I must ask if you know at what hour she left here last night?"

"O yes. We were at supper. It must have been seven or after. We heard her close the front door as she went out. I remember this particularly, because Mrs. Lester remarked at the time that she had meant to see Miss Sayles before she returned home."

"Was any one in the hall at the time?"

"I think not. The family were all at the table, and the servants below."

Here was better evidence than I had hoped to gain. There was no one around to observe her movements; and what was easier than for Miss Sayles to slam the door as if she had gone out, and then creep away to hide herself until the coast was clear for the accomplishment of her object? She had probably used the trap-door either as a means of escape, or to let in an accomplice.

After considerable coaxing and threatening the servants were all gathered in the drawing-room. Miss Sayles had come down from the nursery where she was sewing, as I insisted on her presence. She came in, pleasant and cheerful, her lashes drooping modestly over her cheeks. She was certainly a lovely creature to look at, but I never thought of

her beauty. Really, I don't believe that I saw much at the time, aside from the bunch of scarlet ribbon that looped up her hair, and was knotted at the top of her head. No one present except her wore scarlet.

While Colonel Lester and myself were questioning the servants, I had an opportunity to observe their feet. Here there seemed to be further evidence. None of the domestics could have made the print I had seen in the dust up stairs. Miss Verne and Fannie Sayles were the only two in the house who would have made so small a track. To cap the whole, in passing Fannie I discovered that there was a corner gone from one end of the ribbon she wore. And that corner I was convinced was at that moment lying snugly tucked away in my pocket!

However, I said nothing. In going away, I only told the colonel that I thought I had found a clue, and should follow it up the best I was able. Maurice offered his services so persistently that I said to him in an aside:

"Come over to our office at half-past seven, and you shall go with me. I may not be there when you arrive. In that case get one of the men to thoroughly disguise you, and you shall have a part in the adventure if there is to be one."

He promised, and I went away. I had gone but a few rods from the house, however, before Miss Verne stepped out from one of the side-streets and confronted me. It was evident she had been waiting there for me.

"I must entreat, Mr. Frazer," she began, in a low, hurried tone, her face anxious and pale, "that you will go no further in this matter. The jewels were mine, and I will give up all hopes of having them again, to save trouble. Make the colonel believe you are doing everything possible to find out the guilty party, while you really let the whole subject drop. I know it seems very wrong, but perhaps I may some day tell you my reasons for asking this. Only please grant my request. Tell me that you will, Mr. Frazer?"

She had gone on so rapidly that I could not say a word. Now she panted, breathless and white.

"I am sorry for you from the depths of my heart," I answered, "and rest assured of this, I shall do everything for your best good. I will try to follow your wishes so far as possible."

A few more words of hurried entreaty, and then Miss Verne darted away as if afraid of

being seen. But I understood perfectly the cause of her request. It all came for her true love for Maurice. She was anxious to spare him all possible suffering. With a woman's true instinct she had felt that Miss Sayles must be the thief, but had probably considered it a first offence in which the temptation had finally become too strong to be resisted. She had thought, very likely, that Maurice loved Miss Sayles too well to give her up in any event, and on that account wished to keep the identity of the thief forever a secret from him. I could hardly sympathize with her in this idea, however. To tell the truth, I had my doubts if Maurice's regard for Fannie was really so very intense as it was thought to be.

You may ask why, with such evidences of guilt as had been discovered, I did not cause Fannie to be arrested at once. The truth is this. She had no idea how strongly circumstances were against her, and on this account I thought it best to first get some trace of the jewels, as otherwise we might never find them, even though she was arrested. Despite Miss Verne's entreaties, I really thought it would be much better for both her and Maurice to push the matter to extremes. It might save Maurice from some indiscretions.

Well, I will tell you just how I acted. Before seven o'clock that night, I was in the street near the colonel's carefully disguised. I watched there until Miss Sayles came out, and then followed her. She led me quite a chase, going in at last at what I knew to be a not very respectable house down by the North River. Having trapped her there, I hurried back to our quarters for Maurice. He was waiting for me, as thoroughly changed in external appearance as myself.

I never gave him a hint of the identity of the person we were after. We went up to the house by the North River, and waited there. Somehow, I felt sure that Fannie would make some effort to dispose of her ill-gotten wealth that night. Events proved the truth of this suspicion. By-and-by the front door opened, and a woman came quickly out, glancing furtively up and down the street. We were in the shadow of the opposite doorway, so that she did not observe us. She was dressed in plain black, and looked for all the world like one who had recently been reduced from affluent circumstances. She appeared to be about forty years of age. I had no idea that this woman could be Fannie, until, in turning her head, one end of the scarlet rib-

bon peeped out from the back of her bonnet! She had neglected to lay off this ribbon, thinking, perhaps, it would not be observed under her bonnet.

"A very clever disguise," I chuckled, to myself, watching her tripping down the street. Maurice and I followed very leisurely, only keeping her in sight. We did not wish to attract her attention. By-and-by, after a long walk, she went in at one of the second-rate jewellers. Maurice and I hurried on, peering in at the window. She had given the diamond pin to the jeweller for his inspection.

"I should never think of disposing of it did not my present circumstances compel me to the sacrifice," I heard her say.

He took the pin into another room—to test the jewels perhaps—but soon returned, and gave it back to her, refusing to purchase. Then she tried to barter with him, but he remained resolute. I think he was afraid of getting into some trouble.

She turned to come out, and I whispered for Maurice to be ready. We confronted her in the door-way, and I seized hold of one of her arms, saying:

"You are my prisoner, Miss Fannie Sayles."

She drew back with a muttered exclamation, and quick as thought drew a pistol from under her cloak and fired. The ball just missed us, passing through Maurice's hat. Then she tried to break past us, but we seized her on either side, so there was no chance for escape.

Maurice had caught the meaning of my words, and now I could see that he was shaking like a leaf. He seemed intuitively to understand how matters stood. And yet he would ask no questions, or betray himself further, though I believe he was suffering intensely. Miss Fannie failed to penetrate his disguise, never once mistrusting but that he was a common policeman.

As for Fannie, herself, she raved, and tore at a great rate on her way to the station. I have only a word more to say of her. The jewels and silver spoons were recovered uninjured. And now I will tell why Miss Sayles's eyes and voice had seemed familiar. She was an old offender, known under the name of "Wild Nell." She was nearly thirty-five, but paints and cosmetics had effected such a change that I had quite failed to recognize her. She had accepted the situation at Colonel Lester's, wishing to learn the bearing of the house before robbing it. It may

be, also, that she had some thoughts of marrying Maurice—I cannot say as to that. *N'importe.*

After all that had happened, I think Maurice Lester was a different, and a thoroughly penitent man. He begged Lillian's forgiveness for all he had caused her to suffer, and then went back to Europe for a year. But before he went he confessed to his mother that his heart had been true to its choice through it all. Only a temporary infatuation had drawn him toward "Miss Sayles," as he always persisted in calling her, and he was already beginning to tire of her. But for his mother's anxiety to see him married to Lillian, he might never have been untrue to her, or have thought of loving Miss Sayles.

Well, he came back at the end of the year, a wiser and a better man. He and Lillian were married shortly afterwards, and when I say that they made a noble couple in every sense of the term, I have said enough to satisfy one of their perfect happiness. They had been tried and purified.

THE EARTH.

The earth is a globe, a ball, which is all but a perfect sphere. The statement of its roundness is usually supported by a simple test, which cannot, however, be employed inland. If you stand on the shore, and watch a steamer putting out to sea, it seems at first to be going up hill, as if it were climbing the slope of a mountain. Soon, it is on the edge of the horizon, perched, as it were, on the top of the hill. Then it goes down the other side of the hill, its lower part disappearing little by little, until nothing but the chimney and its smoke are visible. And then, after a while, it is gone altogether. The same circumstances happen, in inverse order, when the steamer comes into port from the offing. As the very same appearances occur at whatever part of the world you observe vessels at sea, it necessarily follows that the earth's surface must be circular, and not flat.

But everybody does not dwell on or near the coast. Millions live and die without ever seeing the sea, and yet they are equally interested in the form of their terrestrial tenement. Let them notice, then, the clouds as they come and go, especially in a tolerably level country.

The virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

ON THE FERRY.

BY MRS. MARY C. AMES.

On the ferry, sailing over
To the city, lying dim
In the mellow mist of evening
By the river's farther rim:
On the ferry, gazing outward
To the ocean calm and cold;
Where the blue bay dips its waters
In the sunset's fleeting gold.

On the ferry, gazing outward,
O, then ocean deep and wide,
Every pulse is beating measure
With the rhythm of thy tide!
Loving waves kiss warm and eager;
Motionless the great ships stand,
While above each pendulous pennon,
Lures me with a beckoning hand.
Calm on the unessey waters
Lean the sunset-bars of flame,
Like the legendary ladder
On which angels went and came.

In another summer evening,
On a little way before,
I shall reach another ferry,
Seeking swift a dimmer shore.
I shall cross a wider ferry,
Crossing to return no more,

Sailing for a fairer city,
Waiting on a lovelier shore.

Will God's sunshine beam around me,
Fusing every wave in gold?
Gently will you row me over
Charon, boatman, calm and old!
When these life-airs cease to chill me,
When my meagre day is done,
Boatman, bear me through the splendor
Falling from the setting sun!
Bear me outward to the mystery
The Eternal will unfold,
To the unrevealed glory
Shut within yon gates of gold.

Life may touch the soul so gently
We can hardly call it rough;
Yet we'll all say in its closing
Our brief day's been long enough.
Thus I stand with gathered garments,
Ere the deeper shadows fall;
O, my heart! drop thy last idol,
Listening for the boatman's call.
Come! and by my spirit's sinking,
By my shrinking fears untold,
Bear me gently o'er these waters,
Charon, boatman, calm and cold.

GRACE BRYANT.

BY LENA INGEBRAHAM GIFFORD.

"WELL, brother, I've brought the little thing at last, and a wee, delicate creature she is, too." And Millicent Bryant, or Aunt Milly, as everybody called her, seated herself in the capacious rocking-chair, and commenced undoing the bundle of flannel in her arms.

"Her poor mother has gone to rest, I hope, for she had suffering enough here to punish her for all the evil she ever did—and more, I think, for she was harmless as a dove. But her afflictions may prove blessings on her child, poor little lamb—to lose a father and mother both in six short months, and having no connexion to care for her." She raised the babe tenderly from its manifold wrappings. "There, Oliver, what do you think of her?"

"Think? Why, she will make a capital

playfellow for little Freddy. Come here, my man, and see your little sister." And he took up in his stout arms a two-year-old boy, who was already tip-toeing up by his "mamma's" knee, his rosy lips pursing proudly, yet smilingly, as though conscious that it was "only a girl," and vastly his inferior.

"She's a wee thing, truly, Millicent, but I expect soon to see her a robust girl, for everything that comes under your care is sure to thrive. Don't you remember how Freddy looked when you took him, a little nursing orphan, from unskillful hands? Now, he is the smartest boy to be found." And up he went to Uncle Oliver's broad, stooping shoulders, who capered about the room to the child's infinite amusement.

Oliver and Millicent Bryant were brother

and sister; each had escaped the matrimonial tie, whether by conviction or compulsion, we cannot say. However, rumor asserted that young Oliver Bryant had loved and won, but when the bridal day came round, Fate inexorably converted it to a burial, and the treasured bride was borne from his sight forever. Since then, he had lived in the old family mansion with his sister. Whether she could a similar tale unfold, or her attachment and compassion for her brother induced her to devote her energies to his happiness, report saith not. Yet under any emergency, Millicent Bryant was not the woman to sit idly down with folded hands, and allow any possible beneficence to crawl slowly from her. She possessed a world of vitality in her blithe little figure, her good-humored black eyes testifying to the fact.

They lived very pleasantly together, and many were their deeds of charity, which gave undoubted blessings as a present recompense. Principal among their humanities was the home they offered to destitute, orphaned children. Some had already gone from them into the world, qualified to take important places in the arena of action; and in this connection we have introduced the little boy, Freddy Guilford, who had been with them about a year, and the little girl baby, Grace, who was to take their own name, just asking admission to their great, warm hearts.

Little Gracie grew into a laughing, crowing baby, to Master Fred's especial delight. He seemed to regard her as exclusively his own, and with the child's power of monopolizing her eager attentions and playful tricks, he gained all her infant smiles and prattling.

Years sped on. How proud and happy he was, when he first took her little hand, and led her down to the brown school-house. What a glorious champion he was for her rights, in all the petty wranglings at school. How assiduously he guarded her steps, during their rambles in the fine old woods, that sloped beautifully away, back of Uncle Oliver's farm-cottage, where he loved to show his valor, by climbing the highest tree, or the steepest ascent, to obtain her some floral treasure. Thus the children grew up together, with a warm affection existing between them, while Aunt Milly and her brother loved them as their own.

In their ramblings they had found a picturesque little spot, where they often resorted, and read and studied, telling their fairy imaginings with the same degree of earnestness

that a Catholic cleans out his heart to relieve his burdened mind at the confessional. This was about a hundred rods from the cottage, through the edge of the wood, down a sloping bank, where ran and rippled as merry a little brook as could be found in all New England. Beneath some arching willows they had erected a rude bench, and here Gracie would sometimes say, in her sweet, confidential way: "Fred, when I have done wrong, I can come here to this place, and tell it over; and while the willows sigh about it, the babbling waters take it up and hurry off, until I lose all sound. It comes back to me no more; but do you suppose that this little babbling brook carries my story along, and whispers it to other children playing along its banks like us? If I thought so, I should always be very good."

Thus the child-reasoner grew to her fourteenth birth-day, sporting innocently by the water, and counselled sagely and lovingly by the fireside; a bright, pure-hearted girl, with graceful form, golden hair, and eyes to match heaven's own blue. Alluring dimples slept upon the scarcely tinted velvet cheek, while the arched lips half displayed the pearly set within. She had been instructed in all the industrial pursuits which were the quiet theme of Aunt Milly's life, and which went far toward developing what was ennobling in Gracie's character.

Frederic Guilford was receiving the wholesome instructions of Uncle Oliver about the farm, but evinced such a decided turn for literary pursuits, that the benevolent old man determined to afford him all the advantages he could, for obtaining a superior education. Fred was now proudly stepping on the hours that marked the growing importance of his middle teens. He had never been separated from his foster-sister, and it was thought advisable to place them both at one school. They accordingly commenced their first term in the village academy, warm in their affection for each other, and unsophisticated in the conventional rules of society.

Here they were necessarily separated much, but pursuing the same studies; at each weekly visit home, they renewed their confidences, the enthusiastic boy pointing out to his eager companion the high hopes he had laid for future distinction, receiving her warm approval, endorsed by the glorious eyes and speaking face.

They continued at this school for two years, their summer vacations enlivened by the presence of a nephew of their benefactors—the

only child of a favorite sister, who had early married, and moved to a distant city.

Willis Armand's mirth-loving disposition and cordial manners were as great a contrast to the studious, thoughtful bearing of Frederic Guilford, as were his slender form, brown curls, and soft hazel eyes to the proud, full stature and raven curls of the latter, whose terrible midnight eyes were always looking straight down into your heart, making you feel really guilty of something which they alone could divine.

The boys were sincere friends, each playing in his boyish gallantry with the charming Grace, or engaged in the athletic exercise of the haying field; for be it known that Uncle Oliver was reported to own the best cultivated farm in the vicinity, while the products of the dairy and poultry-yard told amply of the excellent housewifery of Aunt Milly.

O, such days of freedom from untrammelled rules, as came to the young folks of Farm Cottage, shall in memory go up with them in the grand ascent of life, illuminating as with a halo the less satisfactory annals of other years.

Willis was initiated into the mysterious confidences of the retreat, by the brookside, and there he one day clasped the fair hand of Grace Bryant, and said, the foster-brother as witness, "Sometime, when I am a man, Gracie, I am coming down here, and taking this little hand, tell a very interesting story—how I have loved and waited, coming to the conclusion at last, that I must have a wife; and you, my fairy, must lay your sunny curls upon my bosom, and say, faintly, 'I am thine, dear Willis!'"

"Indeed! Mr. Armand, I shall do no such thing! When I marry, it will be a great, learned man, admired by everybody, and possessing all the attributes of faithfulness in love, which so beautify the inner life of Uncle Oliver; and I'm sure you'll not be the one. Fred, here, is more likely to come up to my beau-ideal."

How far that last innocent expression went to light the doubtful mazes of the future in the experience of that thoughtful boy, remains to be seen. He was half-reclining on the turf before them, indifferently skimming pebbles along the water. Yet when this playful sally met his ear, the delicately arched brows were raised significantly, and the luminous eyes sought Gracie's face, with that depth of expression which is so unfathomable to all outward researches.

Who shall say that there was not then implanted that germ which so often vegetates in the human heart, putting out buds of hope but to receive the decaying touch?

"Pooh, fair coo! When you are arrayed in all the blushing charms of lovely womanhood, Fred will be president of a bachelor club, totally impervious to any love-shafts that you may level at him; or perhaps delving into some musty lore, without the slightest idea of matrimonial cogitations bothering his fine intellect. Hey, Fred! am I not right? What think you now of that god called Love?"

"Love is a myth!" And he stretched himself out with the imperturbable air of a bachelor of threescore.

They all laughed merrily, and strolled away to the cottage.

Frederic Guilford was now eighteen; he had with almost miserly prudence accumulated enough money to enable him to enter college. This was to him the corner-stone for his monument of greatness. Uncle Oliver could, indeed, have afforded him funds necessary for a collegiate course, but wishing to inculcate early habits of industry and self-reliance in his foster-son, he wisely resolved to act as prompter only in case of extreme need.

Gracie laughed and wept by turns upon his bosom, when the day of departure came. She was proud of her "brother," but almost inconsolable, to think of being separated from him so long a time.

Frederic Guilford clasped the fair girl to his heart, for "the name her infant friendship had bestowed on him," warranted the act; but in that deep heart he prayed that he might one day become privileged to unbosom his cherished feelings, and hold that dear form there, and whisper the sacred name of wife! But the time was not yet.

The last adieux were said, and with many a little keepsake to amuse leisure hours, and innumerable blessings, he went to take his station upon the first round of Fame's gilded ladder.

Then came vacation days; and, with recreation from study, Uncle Oliver's cheerful greeting, and Aunt Milly's generous fare—and best of all, walks with the peerless Grace, who grew more and more lovely on each successive return, he found ample compensation and incentive for the laborious tasks he had voluntarily chosen.

And what of Willis Armand? He entered the same class, but labored under none of the pecuniary difficulties that exerted every fac-

ulty in the mind of his bosom friend, young Guilford, for he had wealthy parents, who too gladly lavished every comfort upon their darling. But having delicate health which would not admit of close application, his more vigorous friend soon outstripped him completely in the race, leaving him to indulge in frequent vacations, which were usually spent at Uncle Oliver's; for the bracing country air was as an elixir of life to him; and perhaps Cousin Grace was not reckoned last or least, in the attractive virtues of the place. Finally, at the end of the second year he was obliged to leave college altogether.

CHAPTER II.

WINTER came with its white flannel garments, wrapping up the ruddy feet of autumn hours. Willis Armand had lingered at the cottage, until the chilly winds admonished him of his return. He insisted that Grace should accompany him, and spend one winter in his city home; and receiving warm invitations from his parents, she was induced to comply with his request.

Long preparations were made before she could emerge from her rusticity into the gay life of an aristocratic city. Finally she went, the only impediment to her enjoyment being the thought of Frederic tolling by the midnight lamp; and her real inclinations would have carried her to his side, to relieve if possible one particle of his burdensome cares. He had seemed more than usually thoughtful on his late visits home, and only when they were alone together would his natural vivacity return, when in dwelling on some glowing inspiration, the heart of the unsuspecting girl with a strange sympathy caused his fine countenance to light up with unmistakable pleasure.

Grace Bryant had been in the city a week, when Willis requested her company to an evening party. She retired to dress, and when she presented herself to him as he was meditatively walking the parlor, he stopped short, and exclaimed:

"Why, Gracie dear, you will drive all the young men of my acquaintance crazy. But remember you are to keep your heart scathless, for my especial happiness."

"Pshaw! Willis, tell me if I am really presentable, and stop that everlasting strain of jesting."

"Never was more serious in my life. But, sweet coz., you are looking extremely lovely

to-night—a perfect little paragon of beauty!"

And indeed she was. Her long, sunny curls fell all over her graceful neck and finely-moulded shoulders; her fair complexion was relieved by the dark, dreamy eyes that matched exactly her dress of azure satin; over her white arms draped heavy falls of lace, through which they gleamed like soft white pearls.

When she entered the parlors of Mrs. N—, leaning on the arm of her cousin, every eye was turned admiringly upon her.

"Who is that charming creature whom Armand smiles on so proudly? By Jove! there's a conquest."

"If he has surrendered, it must be of his own free will, for she seems perfectly unconscious of his admiration. However, let's beg an introduction."

Thus attended and admired, Gracie Bryant became the bright star of the winter festivities. And amid all the adulation that engrossed her time, she sighed for a language her heart could understand. Many bowed at her shrine, and among them, those it truly pained her to cast the shadow of disappointment over. And here while hearts were brought to the confessional she learned to look into her own, and we may say that she was startled at what she found there!

In the interim let us return to Farm Cottage. Frederic had been taken down with a violent cold, and unable to attend regularly to his recitations, he concluded to take a trip home and obtain the benefit of Aunt Milly's experience as a nurse.

He had been apprised of Gracie's visit to the city, and requested that she should not be recalled from her enjoyment for his gratification. He retired one night and left his room door ajar that opened into the sitting-room where Uncle Oliver and his sister were conversing.

"It seems to me, Milly, that Frederic isn't so cheery and light-hearted as common; I wonder if he finds his work too hard. On the whole, Milly, I guess I'll just hand him that hundred I took t'other day, it may be he's needing it."

"Well, brother, the money'll be acceptable enough, no doubt, and I think you'd better do it; but as to his being down-hearted, why, he ain't well, you know, and then Gracie is gone, and he feels lonesome with us old folks."

"O yes! Grace. I wish she was here. Can't we send for her?"

"Why, no! Frederic says, let her stay she

is enjoying herself so well till her visit is out. Do you know, Oliver, that I think she may one day make her home in the city altogether? Willis Armand's attentions mean something I can understand; and Gracie is handsome, and good enough to grace any gentleman's parlor, and she would make sister Anna such a daughter too—"

"Well, well! But they are cousins, Milly, and I think Gracie's well enough off where she is at present."

"Why, brother, have you forgotten that there is really no tie of consanguinity between them? To be sure she needn't get married for a home, but young folks generally marry after they fall in love, and from my observation I feel sure she loves Willis Armand."

Here a deep groan from the bedroom brought Aunt Milly to her feet, and hurrying in she anxiously inquired:

"Are you worse, Frederic? Why, your eyes are glared wide open, and I don't believe you have been asleep to-night. Why didn't you call me before?"

He writhed under her close scrutiny, and turned away with a deep sigh. Aunt Milly's fears were now thoroughly aroused; she hastily exclaimed, "Oliver, you must go for the doctor. I thought the medicine I gave him would throw off the fever attack he had, but he looks dreadfully now. Go quickly!"

"No, no!" Frederic found voice to gasp. "It is only a spasm of pain, and will be over in a few moments. Give me some of that cordial you have prepared, auntie, and I shall go to sleep!"

He spoke so calmly her fears were somewhat allayed; and she smoothed his pillow, caressing his pale, high forehead, for she loved him to a strange idolatry. Yet she could not understand him! She returned to the sitting room, contenting herself with visiting him occasionally on tip-toe, until midnight, when she retired, saying softly to herself:

"I guess that tea did him good, for he sleeps like an infant. Strange what made him feel so dreadfully just then!"

And Frederic Guilford deluding the watchful visitation of his kind friend, had closed his eyes and breathed softly when she entered, to feel with renewed force the weight upon his heart.

Long ago, by the brookside, he had heard that innocent rejoinder which since then had burned its witchery into his heart until he knew that "the time which comes unto all

men" had come to him also; and close following this conviction came the announcement that she to whom his soul bowed in worship was wooed, and won by the only man to whom he could not deny her. What wonder that the burst of agony rolled from his lips!

However, he felt that his books alone would furnish an opiate for this affecting shock, and on the day following he declared himself so much improved by Aunt Milly's herb tea that he was able to return to college: though his pale cheeks and sad eyes told a different story.

When Uncle Oliver took his hand at parting he slipped into it a hundred dollar bill, saying, "I guess I am getting on so well with the farming I can let you have what money you want for the year coming, so you need not trouble about it. And Frederic—Gracie will be at home next time you come."

The young man darted an intelligent look into the honest face before him, and read there that Oliver Bryant had dreamed that sweet dream of the heart too clearly to be deceived now.

He grasped the hand of the old man tightly, and—"God bless you, uncle," came gurgling up.

Grace Bryant's visit was about over. It was the last evening of her stay, and she was sitting by the parlor grate dreaming of the glad welcome she would receive at the cottage on her return, while Willis Armand paced the room in deep meditation; but one might judge the current of his thoughts by the occasional glance he cast toward his companion, and at last he went up and stopped before her.

"Gracie, you are to leave us to-morrow. During your stay here you have received repeated marriage offers of eligibility, while I have looked anxiously on and seen them calmly and candidly declined. Now I must fulfil the promise I made you years ago under the willows, and ask you to become my wife. I love you more than my boyish fancy then dreamed I ever could love, and I would fain recall you soon to make your home with me through life."

There was an earnestness in his manner, and a gentle pleading look in his hazel eyes, very unlike his usual gay bantering, and Gracie felt that his die was cast for weal or woe. He took her hand.

"What say you, darling?"

"Willis, my cousin, I have ever given you the warmest friendship of my heart; since our

earliest years we have mingled and confided our joys and our griefs; but of that other, tenderer feeling, that love which comes but once in a lifetime, and which you would have exulted in the bosom of your wife for you, of that I can speak no word; its language is to me unknown."

"Grace, dear Grace! God knows how tenderly I would cherish you as my wife, but I would not take you an unwilling bride. But may I here suggest what I have feared, and you but half understood, that that tender passion for me unspoken could find its language for the ear of our dear friend Frederic Guilford?"

The deep crimson dyed neck, cheek and brow, revealing what Grace would not have acknowledged to her most secret thoughts, and settling a deep weight of pain on the heart of Armand.

"O! It is as I have guessed, and, dear cousin, he is worthy of you. God grant to you greater happiness than I could bestow." And he walked sadly away.

On the morrow Grace Bryant bade a cheerful adieu to her friends; but the forced smile on the countenance of William Armand haunted her all along the way. This had been the hardest trial of all, for she knew his worth, and now her own awakened heart could feel more keenly for another's disappointment.

She was glad to see Uncle Oliver's cheerful face, and receive the warm caresses of Aunt Milly, and best of all to be at home in quiet, to ponder upon and acquaint herself with this new expression of her heart.

The cloud had not entirely cleared from her brow, but, though they noticed her pensive air, they wisely forbore all questioning.

CHAPTER III.

WINTER melted away—Spring came and budded—Summer bloomed joyously in her rich fulness. Grace Bryant had learned to look on nature in its full power to chasten and subdue. For the last six months she had been at the cottage with her foster-parents. Being much left to her own thoughts, she sought the companionship of books, and many a hidden recess of lore was as carefully delved for as the miner seeks the golden vein. In all her rambles in the old woods and broad fields she carried with her some grand old theme illustrative of their beauty.

Now her attention was turned another way. "Commencement" was at hand, and Frederic was one of the graduates. Eager preparations were made for his return home directly after. Delicate fingers arranged everything in his room just after the old fashion he used to love so much; and put the most perfect touches on all about the house.

Aunt Milly in her culinary department was doing ample justice to the experience of half a century; while uncle Oliver, as he caught the radiant face of Grace as she fitted from room to room, smiled knowingly, and gave his broad shoulders a good-natured shrug. They were all to attend Commencement, for Aunt Milly must see all the honors crowning her boy, and honors she was sure would reward his years of patient toil.

The morning came bright and genial, and hall and galleries were crowded at an early hour. Grace found a place near the front, and her eager excited manner told the anxiety she felt for her foster-brother. She had not seen him, nor did he know that she was to be present.

The services opened in the usual manner, and at last the graduates ascended the stage. Frederic was the third on the list, but he was first to Grace, for she saw nor heeded anything until he stepped firmly and gracefully forward, raised his proud head and threw a magnetic glance through that vast assembly. Then for the first time he became aware of her presence. She was leaning eagerly forward, every energy thrilling with life, and the white bodice rising and falling tumultuously over her full heart.

A beaming light came upon his countenance at this scene, which he took in with the instantaneous glance that visited others, and emboldened him for his work. His theme was deeply laid and highly wrought. He commenced in low earnest tones, enchainning the attention of the audience, but as his subject grew deeper and broader in its sublime eloquence, his tones thrilled with energy and feeling until he held that vast multitude as one human heart pulsating by the mysterious thread of life.

Some burning passage was on his tongue—some darling creation of his own brain, when his eyes instinctively sought Gracie's.

O! how she had drank in every tone and every impassioned thought until the production seemed almost her own. He saw her evident emotion, and there came a subdued pathos to his words, and tears fell from that

concourse of hearers. He closed—a great silence reigned; they had forgotten the author in his glowing theme. Some one at last, perhaps the least affected, roused them, and there thundered down such applause, and our hero was literally crowned with flowers showering from a hundred fair hands. He bowed and retired. Then came others, and last the valedictory.

Then the vast crowd surged, and Grace felt herself borne along with the ebbing tide. There was an opening movement just ahead, her hand was grasped, and Willis Armand's sunny face was beaming down upon her.

"Why, I didn't know you had come," was her ejaculation of evident pleasure.

"O, of course not!"

He thought how he had watched her all the morning, as she sat deeply engrossed with the one thought and hope for his rival, and no look of recognition for the discarded lover who sat directly facing her across the hall. And he felt, that he would have given worlds for the power to make thus those fine eyes glow, and that pure heart thrill with such ecstatic emotion.

"Of course not, sweet coz, so let us go whither your thoughts are tending, and greet the hero of the hour. You see I thought I must to my *Alma Mater* once more and do homage to her favorite son."

They pressed through the crowd to where Frederic was receiving the congratulations of his friends. As he saw them his face lighted up with intense pleasure; but when he grasped the fair hand of Grace a terrible sense of his loss came over him, and he had no word of congratulation for the supposed betrothal of his two dearest friends. His nature was wholly different from Willis Armand's. Now Willis had loved Grace with all the affection then existing in his heart; but he would not pine and die, and felt quite sure that he might love another equally well, though time must be had to wear away what was really a deep affection to him.

Armand was soon monopolized by the students who gathered around him, for his genial humor had made him a general favorite during his short stay with them. Frederic drew the arm of Grace within his own, and with grateful pride presented her to his classmates as his foster-sister, her sweet face and warbling tones opening the door of every heart, while the admiration she elicited was gratifying to him in the extreme. He promised to be at the cottage the next day, and saw Grace

depart in a light phaeton with Willis Armand.

Then came Uncle Oliver and Aunt Milly, and the graduate felt the deep reverence of his nature flowing out in filial gratitude to them. They were proud of their *protege*, and better than that, there swelled that deep undercurrent of warm affection which had been his chief blessing since earliest years.

The morrow came, and Grace had thoughtfully invited all their young acquaintances to a social gathering at the cottage in honor of Frederic's return. As evening drew near a gay party were assembled, flocking around him with all the natural disinterestedness of childhood's friends.

He laughed and chatted merrily with them all; and with music and dance the evening wore on. Grace had been unusually depressed, and a strange prescience drew her from the company, and she stepped unobserved out into the soft moonlight. The breath of nature was sweeping perfum upon the warm summer night, still and calm, exposing more fully the agitation of her own mind. Without premeditation she darted down among the old wavy trees, her white dress making her look like some fairy sprite, and dropped down beneath the little willows, bowing her head upon the rustic bench.

That night she had looked again into her heart, and would have fain given its confession to the still hastening, babbling waters of the brook, and bidden it bear them from her forever as they had her childish griefs years before.

"Willis, why, fellow, what are you moped up here in the corner alone for! Where is your betrothed?" His tones trembled on the last word.

"My betrothed! aha! I heartily wish I had one if she was of the right stamp, for I am about tired of this humdrum existence—this belonging to nobody and nobody to me. But who did you mean, Fred?"

"Why, Grace! I supposed that she bore that relation to you."

"Indeed! Let me undeceive you, my good fellow! Grace is my cousin, nothing more, though it's no fault of mine that she isn't something far nearer in relation and affection."

The new light was just breaking over Guilford's mind; he spasmodically grasped the hand of his friend, then hurried away.

Lost cruel thoughts should occupy his mind, Willis Armand emerged from his retreat, and

was soon whirling in the giddy waltz with a rosy country belle.

Frederic searched every apartment for Grace, and at last impelled by a presentiment, he followed her example and took the old familiar path to the brookside.

"Gracie, rise up and sit here beside me. I have something to say to you."

She obeyed mechanically, and he drew her unresisting head to his bosom.

"Gracie, darling," he continued, "I have come to tell you of a 'love that has flowed silent on for years,' and find its answering tone. Can you give me, dear one, the meed for which I have toiled weary days and anxious nights? in the high career I have chosen, shall your love as a vestal guide me to the truest earthly enjoyments, and make my home a little paradise?"

He waited her reply. Both hands were frankly placed in his, and her truthful eyes raised to his face with her deep loving soul beaming through them. He clasped her to his heart, and there gave the seal to their betrothal.

When they entered the cottage there were two anxious hazel eyes that read what had passed, and from the noble heart of Willis Armand went up a silent prayer for their happiness.

When the morning came and the subject was broached in the family, Aunt Milly with great incredulity turned to Willis. He understood her, and replied:

"O auntie, you see Gracie wanted a great man much admired, and poor insignificant me could in no wise reach her beau-ideal."

Uncle Oliver stepped forward with "God bless you, my children. I have prayed for this!"

In a few years Willis Armand found one who thought him her beau-ideal, and right worthy she proved to the noble-hearted friend.

During the warm summer months there are two families that come from the city to cheer the declining years of Uncle Oliver and Aunt Milly. And Frederic and Grace have almost persuaded them to rent the cottage and spend the remainder of their lives with them in the city, where the young lawyer's professional career has already placed him high and honorably in the temple of fame.

Habit in a child is at first a spider's web; neglected, it becomes a thread or twine; next, a cord or rope; finally, a cable: then who can break it?

THE ENGLISH ARMY.

A French soldier writes as follows of the English army:—With us no soldier is made corporal until he has undergone an examination which proves him fit for any command. Let a corporal with us but behave himself well, and his promotion to the epaulet of a sub-lieutenant is but a question of time. Not so in the English army. There, a soldier may make an excellent corporal, and not be fit for the rank of sergeant; or he may do exceedingly well as a sergeant, and not be suited for a sergeant-major; or he may make a first-rate sergeant-major, and not be capable of commanding men as an officer. I saw an instance of this. I went to the inspection of a splendid hussar regiment at Colchester. The corps was about to embark for India; and the Prince of Wales, besides a great number of the elite of London society, came down to see it on parade for the last time in England for many years to come. When the manoeuvres were over, a sergeant and a sergeant-major were called before the prince, to receive medals of distinction for good conduct. Both were perfect models of cavalry soldiers, as indeed was every hussar of that magnificent corps. One of these two soldiers, the sergeant, was noted as having been orderly to Lord Raglan in the Crimea, and as riding the same horse that had carried him through the Russian war. Now, it is twelve years since Lord Raglan died, and, as mere recruits are never selected for orderlies, it is but fair to conclude that this sergeant must have seen at least fifteen years' service. In our army he would have been at least a captain, and perhaps would have attained higher rank; but in the English army he was only a sergeant. Surely this very slow promotion, or rather this gulf which is seldom bridged over between the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, must be the source of discontent, and of great reluctance on the part of many good men to serve.

THE WATER-LILY.

Thanks be to this beautiful flower for growing! It is a marvel whence it derives its loveliness and perfume, sprouting as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and from which the yellow lily likewise draws its unclean life and noisome odor. So it is with many people in this world: the same soil and circumstances may produce the good and beautiful, and the wicked and the ugly.

MY PAST.

BY ANNIE M. LAWRENCE.

All yesterday I was carving
 A stone for the buried Past,
 That should serve as reminder, and token
 Of beauties that did not last.
 I scarcely paused at my labor,
 Unheeding the restless smart,
 That I thought was only memory
 Whispering close to my heart.

And only when earth and heaven
 Were bright with the setting sun,
 Did I lay down chisel and hammer,
 And feel that my task was done.
 All through the night's long stillness
 I watched by my dead Past's grave,
 Hearing from time's deep ocean
 The murmur of many a wave.

I counted the hours as they vanished,
 And said when the morn should gleam,
 I would take up the cross I had chiselled,
 With the fancies of many a dream;

And place it there as a headstone,
 That should tell where my Past was at rest,
 Then say one farewell, and departing
 Fold the present, as friend to my breast.

But I found my cross with its carvings
 Had its counterpart hid in my heart,
 Where memory, copying my labors,
 Had cut deep with wearying smart.
 So what could I do but to gather
 My Past once more to my breast,
 And deep in my heart's hidden chambers
 Under memory's cross let her rest?

It were better I took her with me,
 Than to linger beside her grave;
 I had loved her very fondly,
 And loved, too, the gifts she gave.
 So now I shall keep her with me,—
 My dead and beautiful Past;—
 And whatever my Present and Future,
She is mine, while life shall last.

UNCLE JONAH'S THANKSGIVING.

BY EARL MARBLE.

THANKSGIVING EVE came in cold and disagreeable. A fitful wind blew gusty and raw from the northeast, scattering the dulled and faded leaves every now and then as though some evil spirit had control of the elements, and was wreaking his vengeance on nature for some fancied wrong. Sullen and red, like the Cyclopean eye of some ancient demon, the low-lung sun gleamed loweringly through the depths of the November woods, illuminating faintly the fading yellow and crimson of the leaves that yet hung here and there to the trees that had well-nigh been stripped of their summer apparel. A few brightly illuminated lines of cloud stretched themselves gracefully about the couch of the sinking sun, but in every other direction the sky showed a leaden-gray face, which well accorded with the gusts of wind that came roaring down from the plentiful stock old Boreas had collected for his winter's use.

Uncle Jonah Perkins stood at his barn-yard gate, watching his cows nose around the great golden pumpkins he had just thrown

out for them to make a dessert on after finishing their heartier meal of hay. Then he turned slowly away, surveyed the sky a moment, and muttered to himself:

"I told Jerusha so this morning. I smelt it in the air. I'll bet my best pair of steers we have a good old-fashioned fall of snow to keep Thanksgiving with."

He reconnoitred the heavens again, and was about passing into the house, when his attention was arrested by a step just outside the gate. He turned half way around, and scanned the person closely, who wore the garb of a soldier, his left coat-sleeve empty, being tucked carefully in the pocket. The old gentleman's survey seemed satisfactory, for in an instant he nodded his head familiarly, and said:

"Good-evening, stranger."

"Good-evening, sir," was the reply. "Will you be kind enough to let me have a glass of water?" he continued, wearily, seeing the old farmer's look of undoubted sympathy.

"Sartin, sir," said he, going briskly into

the house, and soon returning with a blue pitcher filled to the brim, from which he filled a yellow mug, and handed it to the stranger.

"So you're a soldier, hey?" said Uncle Jonah kindly, as the water was gladly swallowed.

"A returned soldier, sir," replied he, reaching the mug to have it replenished.

"Ah!" said the old man cheerily, yet with a bit of emotion in his tone which he endeavored to repress, "going home to spend Thanksgiving, I suppose?"

"Home, sir!" repeated the soldier bitterly. "I have no home."

The old gentleman was melted in an instant.

"My boy," he said, abruptly, "you are a soldier; and, to tell by your look, I should guess you were about the age of him that's buried at Gettysburg, my only son. I love that blue uniform for Daniel's sake; and, if there's a soldier anywhere that hasn't a home to go to on Thanksgiving, there's a vacant corner for him by the fireside of Jonah Perkins, and an extra plate at his table. Come in, my boy—come in, sir; it'll seem good to have somebody with us about Daniel's age, and a soldier too. O! but you'll be welcome! no fear of that," he added, as the stranger hesitated a moment. "It'll kind of fill Daniel's place, and things wont seem so lonely as they have since he comes back no more."

The stranger hesitated no longer; but, looking gratefully into the moistened eyes of the old farmer, he at once came through the gate, and entered the house with the old farmer.

A few words of explanation made Aunt Jerusha Perkins understand it all; and when she drew an old-fashioned rocking-chair to the hearth for him, bidding him a kindly welcome, he wondered if the eyes of his mother, who had died when he was a babe, would not have beamed upon him in the same way.

"I told mother so this morning," said the old farmer, stirring the fire in the old-fashioned fireplace and poking the ponderous back-log until the sparks flew up the chimney in a perfect torrent of flame. "Says I, 'Jerusha, we'll kill the fattest, biggest turkey there is, and pick out the yallerest pumpkins on the barn-floor.' And says she, 'What for, when there's only you and I to eat? one of the smaller turkeys will do for us.' But, says I, 'Daniel was here with us last Thanksgiving, with his new uniform, as brave and handsome

as you'll often see—now, mother, don't cry,'" continued the farmer, interrupting himself, and stroking his wife's gray hair tenderly, and pulling out his large bandanna, and blowing his nose with a loud noise. "Says I, 'He's gone where it's Thanksgiving all the year round, our poor, brave boy! but,' I says, 'we'll make somebody welcome for Daniel's sake, wont we, mother?' I didn't know who 'twould be; but I felt somebody 'd be here before dinner-time to-morrow. And you're here now, sir; and you'll tell us all about the battle, and—But, mother," he exclaimed, suddenly, "it's getting to be nigh onto dark, and I must do the milking. I'd a'most forgotten it. Mary Ann maybe wont be here to help. She may stay late, and young Jones may drive her over in the buggy. Mary Ann's our only daughter," he said, turning to the young soldier to explain. "She went over to one of the neighbor's to see a sick person. But she'll be here to-morrow, to hear you tell all about the battle where Daniel was killed, and—Are the pails ready, mother?"

"Sartin. Been ready a long time. What does all ye, father? Seems to me you're purty nigh crazy to-night."

"Well, may be so. But I must hurry up; for old Suke don't like to be milked after dark."

"Let me go and help you," said the soldier. "I used to milk a great deal, when I was a boy."

"O no," said the old farmer. "You just stay here by the fire; it's a great deal more comfortable than out there in the barn-yard, where the wind is blowing so."

"But I had rather go and assist you," said the soldier. "It will be a great deal easier t'n sitting here, and seeing you go out a' ne."

"There, mother," was Jonah's reply, directing his remarks to his wife, "that's just like our Daniel, aint it? He was a precious good boy, Daniel was. Well," he continued, addressing the soldier, "you can come if you'd rather. Even if you don't milk more than one cow while I milk the other three, you will be some company; and somehow I kind o' hate to be out in the barn-yard alone after dark of late, for it seems as though I can see Daniel out there with me just as he used to be." We'll have to have another pail, mother, if this gentleman's going out with me. Is there another ready?"

"No; but wait a minute, and I'll have one.

But you'd better go on; he can come along when I get it ready."

So the farmer went slowly along to the barn-yard, and, taking his three-legged stool down from where it was stuck in the fence, was soon busily milking away.

In a few minutes, the young soldier was also on his way. The crimson light in the west had grown very intense, and was just about going out, to allow twilight to spread its gray mantle over the earth. But it was still quite light, light enough for the soldier to discern the features of a young girl who came up to the gate just as he was passing it. He gave one long, earnest look, and noticed a rosy gleam overspread her features.

"Why, Mary Perkins!" exclaimed he, abruptly, taking a step or two towards her. "Is it you, or am I mistaken?"

"You are not mistaken," she said, simply, reaching out her hand in a shy manner.

The tin pail went down on the ground with a ring as the soldier reached forth his only hand to grasp the one extended to him.

"How did you happen to find us?" asked the girl.

"I didn't know that I had."

"How did you come here?"

"I was going by the house, and, being thirsty, begged a drink of a gentleman at the gate. One word brought on another, until he asked me if I was going home for Thanksgiving. Feeling a little blue and lonely, I replied, bitterly, that I had no home to go to, when he invited me to spend Thanksgiving with him, which I agreed to do. I hardly dreamed of seeing you again, you left so suddenly."

"I know. It was unavoidable. I will explain it all some time. But where are you going now?"

"To help your father do the milking. He was afraid you would not be here till late."

"But I am here now. So let me go and help him, and you go in the house again."

"No indeed; I shall do no such thing," he replied.

So he picked up the pail, and started for the barn-yard, while the young lady went into the house.

While in the yard with the old farmer, the young soldier did not seem so talkative as a while before; but, though the former observed it, he said nothing, but only thought that he might have had a lonely fit come over him, which would soon wear off.

When the two came into the house with the

overflowing milk-pails, Mr. Perkins started at sight of his daughter.

"Why, Mary Ann!" he exclaimed, "when did you come? I'm right glad you've got home; for we're going to have a stormy Thanksgiving, if signs prove true."

"O!" replied the girl, "I came some time ago, just after you went out to milk."

"This is a soldier-boy," continued Mr. Perkins. "I invited him to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us. I thought it would seem kind o' lonely like without Daniel, and—why don't you speak to him, Mary Ann?" he continued abruptly, in a kindly tone, noticing that she did not address the stranger at once.

"I have seen him before, father," was her simple reply.

"When?"

"O, I met him at the gate when I was coming home to-night. He was just going out with the milk-pail."

"But you didn't know who he was."

"Yes, father; I knew him at once."

"Knew him at once! What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know him, father?"

"Know him! What do you mean? I know that he asked me for a drink of water, and said he was a returned soldier, and had no home, and I asked him to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us. What else is there to know?"

"Why, this is Henry Somers, whom I nursed a few days when we went to Gettysburg to look after Daniel."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the farmer, setting his two pails of milk down in the middle of the floor, and taking a good look at the young man, "I never should have known it. But I only saw him once, you know, and then it was rather dark. I thought his countenance looked familiar, though, when he stood at the gate. I expect that's what made me feel so kindly towards him. But he never told me a word of it while we were milking."

"Nor she never told me of it," broke in Mrs. Perkins.

"Ah!" thought the old man to himself, "I see how it is. Lovers' tongues don't gab about each other. Well, it's a pity he has but one arm; but the Lord will help those who peril their lives for their country in a holy cause."

"Where was your tongue, child?" asked the mother.

"O, I thought I would wait till we all were

together, and then we could talk it over," she replied, still acting a little shyly.

When they were at the supper-table, they did talk it all over; how Daniel had enlisted as a private, and, after fighting gallantly, had fallen at Gettysburg as a captain; how father and Mary Ann had then hurried off to the scene of carnage, to look after the sufferer; how Mary Ann, after having closed the eyelids of her brother in death, had almost stumbled upon a brother soldier, almost destitute of any one to attend him; how she had acted in the capacity of nurse to him for two days and nights—while her father was making arrangements for the burial of Daniel; and how, her father having made arrangements, unknown to her, for an immediate return, she was obliged to leave without acquainting her patient of it.

"Very singular how things sometimes come round, isn't it?" said the old gentleman, suddenly, breaking a silence that settled upon them after a while.

Somers then told how he had happened in this part of the country. He was searching for an uncle who lived in the next county; and, his money running short, he had pursued his journey on foot. This uncle was his father's only brother, and had long wanted him to pay him a visit, which he was now about to do. But how he would be received, in the capacity of anything but a visitor, he did not know.

"I declare, Jerusha," said Farmer Perkins, after young Somers had retired, "it's almost like having Daniel back again. You recollect how we used to say, 'supposing he should come home with one arm?' But we never calculated but what we should have him some time. It was too dreadful to think that he might not come back at all. Jerusha, I fight my greatest sorrow down every night; but every morning it rises up again more than ever. God help every father and mother whose home has been made desolate by the field of battle! And God help the nation too, when it has the oil of consolation poured into its wounds after the cloak of peace is again wrapped about its shoulders, and give it none but statesmen to help it right itself in its new atmosphere of freedom, that the great results of the war may not be frittered away in the mouthing rantings of demagogues, and the quack efforts of such as are only fit for the positions of village aldermen or night patrolmen in the city's police force!"

The wind calmed down during the night,

and a heavy fall of snow whitened the earth, and so evenly scattered that it seemed more as a pure white carpet. So often it is in life. After the boisterous threatenings of a day that looks bleak and gloomy, with the light of a former day painted gorgeously by memory fading out in the west, how often faith has calmed those blustering anticipations, and we have arisen to a morning of peace and happiness never dreamed of!

"You have a cosey little farm here, Mr. Perkins," said young Somers the next morning, as they walked out to enjoy the air, so cool and soft beneath the sun which had come out early.

"If I was only sure of it, sir," said the old man warmly, with a sigh, and a hesitation about him that was unusual. "But I've been hard pushed to get along lately. I've had a run of bad luck, somehow, that's kept me down, and it cost a good deal to go on and see to Daniel after he was wounded, and it cost a good deal more to get him taken care of and buried properly, so the old place is mortgaged for pretty much its value. It'll be a dark day for Jerusha and me, and our Mary Ann, when we have to leave the old farm; but I'm afraid it'll have to come to that, for the mortgage has come into possession of a man who don't care for anything but money. And somehow I don't much care what comes of me after that. When a man has lived to my age under one roof, he don't take kindly to being moved. Men are a good deal like trees; you can transplant one that is young and vigorous; but if you attempt to take up an old one, it never prospers again. But let's talk of something else, Mr. Somers. I oughtn't to complain on Thanksgiving Day."

Henry looked upon the old man with a feeling almost approximating to reverence, as he listened to him endeavoring to find something to be thankful for, bowed down as he was by debt and grief. But he felt a little bitterly himself, as he reflected how little he was able to do, with his one arm. How he longed just then for the days before the war, when he was a stout, healthy, perfect man! He already loved the old farmer's daughter; but how could he have the audacity to throw such a burden as himself into the scale that was already so heavily loaded down?

The turkey and pumpkin-pies were smoking on the table when Uncle Jonah and Henry returned, and Mrs. Perkins had brought on her choice blue plates and her old-time

silver spoons in honor of the day and their guest. There was no beverage but coffee, even cider being left off by the temperate old farmer.

"No, sit here, Mr. Somers," said Uncle Jonah, as the young soldier was about to take his seat at the wrong place. "We always keep a vacant place there. That's where Daniel used to sit. It seems kind o' like old times to have it there, even if he isn't here to occupy it. And there are those who believe that the absent ones always come and sit in their old places, on great occasions, if places are left for them. If such things do take place, I want Daniel to know he's missed at the table of Jonah Perkins."

The good cheer that presided at this Thanksgiving dinner had rarely been equalled at the old farmer's table. Each one seemed to have an enlargement of soul as the several plates were heaped high with the good things which were dispersed so bountifully and lavishly by the hand of Uncle Jonah. For the time being, the old man forgot his threatened poverty, the old lady her silent mourning for the absent one, and the young soldier the loss of his arm. Mary Ann had nothing to mourn for particularly. Her life was before her, not behind. Time enough for the thorns to rankle in the flesh of her spirit, for Fate's bony fingers to seize her pulsing heart, and squeeze it till it shall be dried and withered as the leaves that are swept along by a November blast.

Then, after a hearty returning of thanks—for Uncle Jonah always did this after instead of before the meal—each one, refreshed and thankful, arose from the table, having enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner that should linger in their memories for many a long day.

The next morning, bright and early, the young soldier pursued his way, after bidding his hospitable friends good-by, and wishing them many blessings for their kindness to him, and being invited to stop again if he ever came that way.

Weeks passed along, and found the old farmer in much the same state of feeling. He did his few chores regularly night and morning, and whistled and read and sang the rest of the time away over the blazing fire on the old-fashioned hearth.

But a crisis was threatened at last. Uncle Jonah one day received a call from the man who held the mortgage on his place, and was informed that he must have the money, or it would be foreclosed. This was sad news in-

deed. But no pleadings of the old farmer, or tears of his wife and daughter, would avail. The man seemed determined.

So Uncle Jonah Perkins prepared, with a heavy heart, to vacate the old homestead and take some other step. But what to do he did not know. If he could only stay till spring, he thought, he could rent some little place, and get a little start with the money that he thought the place would bring over and above the mortgage. But the holder of the mortgage wished him to leave at once, and he was sorely puzzled what to do.

One day, while he was turning the subject over and over in his mind, sitting before his blazing fire, there came a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," said the farmer, turning his eyes in the direction of the door, but not moving otherwise.

The door opened, and Henry Somers stepped inside.

Uncle Jonah sprang to his feet at once, and reached forth his weather-beaten hand to grasp that of the soldier.

"I'm right glad to see you," said he. "I was almost beginning to think you had forgotten us."

Mary Ann came forward a little bashfully, and also shook hands with him; and then he went to the large chair in which Mrs. Perkins sat, and greeted her, readily excusing her for not rising.

It was nearly noon, and Mary Ann soon went out into the other room, and busied herself making preparations for dinner, where she was soon followed by her mother.

"Well," asked Uncle Jonah, "did you and your uncle?"

"Yes."

"And was he glad to see you?"

"O yes, indeed. But—"

"But what? Didn't he think enough of a crippled soldier to divide his home with him?"

"Yes, as long as he lived. But—"

"O, he is dead, eh? And left no provision in his will? I see, I see. An oversight, no doubt."

"But I couldn't stay there alone after his death. I cannot remain alone with the person who inherited the property, and be happy. So—"

"Ah! I see. A disagreeable person. Wants to get rid of you, but doesn't say so. Thinks to make you so uncomfortable that you will leave of your own accord."

"I have left."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"I came here to advise with you."

"That is kind in you, indeed. I thank you for your confidence."

"But I came to ask a favor."

"Speak out, sir. I took a liking to you, sir, the first day I ever saw you; and if the favor is in my power, I will grant it."

"It may concern you more deeply than you dream of. I wish your daughter's hand in marriage."

"I have no objection, sir, if she loves you. Have you spoken to her?"

"Not in words. But I think she understands me."

"Well, my blessings on you, then. But I might as well speak out in regard to our affairs, and have an understanding with you as to what is proposed to be done. We are obliged to leave the place in three weeks. The mortgage is about to be foreclosed."

"But wouldn't he wait a bit if he thought he would get his money eventually?"

"No, I think not. I think he wants to get possession of the place."

"That is bad. But how much is the mortgage?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"Quite a sum. If I had it, you should be welcome to it."

"I know it," said Uncle Jonah, grasping his hand. "You are as noble as I thought you were when I first saw you."

"But don't you think I could have some influence with him if I promised pretty fairly? I have three or four hundred dollars; and I think we could raise a pretty good crop next summer. I can do a good deal, sir, with my one arm."

"I don't think there would be any use."

"But I mean to try. Where does he live?"

"About three miles to the west. When you get in the neighborhood, any one can tell you where Judge Black lives."

So after dinner, the young soldier put on his cap, and started, promising to be back before night, and tell them what his success had been.

On his way out, he encountered Mary, returning from the barn with an apronful of eggs. He briefly explained his errand, and told her what question he was going to ask her when he returned.

Then he put his arm around her, and took a hasty kiss, despite her slight struggle. She said she was afraid to resist him more, for

fear she should break the eggs. Somers laughed at the ingenuousness of the excuse, and passed hastily on.

It was nearly night when he returned. At the supper-table, he stated that he had met with as much success as he expected. He told the old farmer he would not be disturbed for the present.

"So, now," he said, in conclusion, "I suppose we can go right on in the arrangements spoken of this morning."

"Certainly," said the old farmer, with an affectionate look at his daughter.

But she was very busy with the contents of her plate just then, and seemed to be unconscious of what was taking place; although a bright flush, that overspread her face in a flood of scarlet, convicted her of the little deceit she was practising.

After the tea-things were cleared away, Somers went over to the opposite chimney-jam, in which Mary Ann had seated herself, and said in a low tone:

"I don't know, after all, as I shall ask you the question I hinted at this morning."

Her reply was a puzzled look, with a face that flushed scarlet again.

"Instead," continued he, "we will waive the question. It is pretty well settled, I guess. But I have a question to ask: and that is, when shall the ceremony take place?"

After considerable pleading on his part, the first reply was considerably modified, so much so that the time was finally set for a fortnight from that day.

The wedding-day rolled around very quickly to all concerned, and brought a merry gathering around the hearth of Uncle Jonah Perkins. The circumstances of the case had attracted a great many more than would otherwise have been present, and it was a merry time. Bumpers were drank in good cold water, to the health and happiness of the couple, and dancing and games and plays kept up the interest of the company until a late hour.

At last the guests began to go, and soon there was no one left under the roof but the four who were henceforth to dwell there.

In a few moments the two old persons made a move to retire; but the bridegroom asked them to stop a moment, as he had something to say, which might as well be said at that time as any other.

"First," he said, taking a paper from his pocket, and handing it to the old gentleman, "here is something for you."

Uncle Jonah began fumbling for his "spect," when his daughter said:

"Never mind, father; it's getting late, and I'll read it for you."

"No," replied Somers, seizing her hand; "I had rather he would read it for himself."

Mother and daughter looked on in mute wonder as Uncle Jonah took out his spectacle-case, took therefrom what he wished, and awkwardly placed them upon his nose.

He took one look, and then exclaimed:

"My mortgage! What does that mean?"

"Is it all right?" asked the young man, calmly.

He looked again.

"Yes, all right; every cent paid. What does it mean?"

"Sit down, and I will tell you," said Somers, motioning them all to seats. "You recollect, when I returned the second time, and you asked me about finding my relative, you interrupted me in my story, and supplied answers to your own questions. Well, I let that pass. I told you no falsehood, excepting such as my silence would imply. Then I came to my uncle's death, and told you I

could not remain alone with the person who inherited the property and be happy. You volunteered again to finish my sentence, and so I let you; but it is for you to find out in the future whether or no you finished it correctly. Permit me to say, however, that I inherited the property, and did find it impossible to remain there alone with that person. He required your daughter to complete his happiness, and he has secured her, and secured her in such a way that he is certain she did not marry him for his property."

"Yes I did," replied Mary Ann. "I knew all the time that you were rich."

"You did?"

"Yes; rich in the possession of a noble soul."

"But," added the young man, "not richer than he who can be proud to call you daughter. If he has any happiness in the result of to-day, let him remember that it has all resulted from his kindness of heart in asking a poor homeless wounded soldier in to partake with him of the bounty of a Thanksgiving dinner."

D O N .

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"You are not afraid?"

"No; I am not afraid."

Bird Donaldson's eyes were as clear as the starlight under which she stood, slender and supple in her black habit, with her lover and two horses. The house above them loomed silent and still. A dewy wind was creeping among the glimmering vines with which the porch was covered, and from whence Bird's great black dog came out, and smelled wistfully at her dress. Childreth's face showed pale under the slouched black hat he wore, as he tossed her into the saddle. She pressed his hand.

"Do not fear for me. I shall go through. I will go with you anywhere."

He held his arm about her in the saddle for a moment, trying to say something, but he did not say it. He turned and untethered his own horse, vaulted up, and the two stepped quietly away over the grass. Suddenly Bird drew rein. Her dog was following.

"Go back, Jack—O, go back, dear Jack," she said, sorrowfully.

The animal lay down on the ground, whining. The girl's lip quivered in the darkness; the old dog was all she had to leave. The gate was open; they passed out.

"Ride on the soda at the side of the road," whispered Childreth, "until we are out of hearing; and save your horse as much as you can. Easy, Don."

The horse was large, and black, and beautiful, and as he stepped out, the drooping figure above his shoulders seemed a part of him. One of the saddles was new, and creaked a little; it seemed to Bird that the sound could be heard a long way. When the road turned, she looked back at the house, and Childreth looked back, too, but there were no lights to be seen, nor any noise that sounded like pursuit, to be heard. The stars glittered in the dark sky, the land lay long and level before them, the Judas trees along the road showing only in black clumps. They broke into a gentle lope.

"If we can get to the 'Strangers' before twelve o'clock, we are safe," said Childreth.

He was watching her through the dusk, anxiously. "Gently, Don."

"What time is it now?"

"Nearly eleven."

"How far is it?"

"Nine miles. Now we may ride faster. Lift Don gently at the creeks. Keep him loping short and steady, or I am afraid you cannot hold him."

They stretched off across the fields. Bird knew every step of the way. When they came to the woods, she could have told you what every tree was. The road wound through almost in darkness. Honeysuckle was wet with dew, and they seemed to be in a cloud of sweets.

"Faster!" said Childreth, suddenly.

She heard it, too, that faint stroke of a horse's hoof. In her fear, she was mad enough to touch Don with her whip. He plunged and kicked in a passion of anger, and then stood still in stately defiance.

"Don, for God's sake!" she pleaded. In that fearful moment she heard a fall. She turned her head. Childreth's saddle was empty. She heard him moan upon the ground.

In an instant she was on her feet down among the wet grasses. She lifted his head to her knee, and kissed his face. He had fainted. She broke the branches of dripping fern, and shook the dew upon his face. She could not see when his eyes opened, but she heard him grate his teeth in agony.

"My leg is broken; your horse kicked me," he said. "I am helpless, and you must go alone."

"Where?"

"To a log house on the banks of the Stranger. An old man lives there who will take care of you. Send me help. 'O, my God!' in agony."

"O Childreth!" she sobbed.

"You can find it, for the road is straight until you come to the river," he went on, commanding himself. "Then show Don the rein; he has been there a hundred times with me. O my child, be quick! this is dreadful!"

She sprang up, and vaulted into the saddle. They sped forth like an arrow. She never stirred the rein, for no horse could have flown faster. The continuous rush of cold air stung her face. How set and white it showed under the stars! On—on—on; at times she forgot where she was, but the horse, never. With his face set towards the river, he ran as if he had understood his master's words, and

knew his errand. It was his own brave heart that seemed to urge him. Never for a moment did he slacken or stumble. When the wretched girl he bore heard once again that pursuing footfall, she still sat silent, knowing that her only helper was doing all that could be done. The great cotton-wood trees flew by them—Don's breath grew labor-ed. Never once had he faltered, and though growing sick in the saddle, Bird dared not detain him. From behind she heard a measured lope. As it drew nearer, it came close to cutting her off from every happiness in life.

"Go on, dear Don," she murmured; "save your master and me."

The pace of the noble horse was always steady, or she would have fallen from the saddle, so ill and weak was she. The footfalls beyond were swift and hurried. Plainly could she perceive that they were getting nearer. Her dark eyes were full of horror as she listened. Her low moans served her better than any whip. It was not her fancy that Don heard and understood it all. If it had not been for the darkness, she would have seen how watchful and bright his great eyes were growing.

They thundered over the bridge. It was but a moment before the horse in the rear struck the bridge, also. Looking back, Bird could see her pursuer.

She knew then what was almost inevitable. Gordon Churchill was mounted on a white horse which was the pride of his stables. His pace and endurance were indeed wonderful.

"God help me!" said Bird, in despair.

At the sound of her voice, Don broke his pace, and turned. To her horror, he rushed straight towards her foe. He rushed straight towards him. He raised himself, and towered above the great, gleaming, white horse, who threw himself upon his haunches. Don seized the rider. He grasped him by the shoulder, tore him from the saddle, and throwing himself back, literally shook the life out of him. The man dropped from his mouth to the ground, senseless forever.

And Bird looked down at the black heap in the road, knowing that the man was dead. He was her half-brother. As a child he had struck her bare shoulders with his riding-whip. He had knocked her down. And yet, as her guardian, he would have forced her to marry him. She loathed the very air he breathed, so she looked down at him, and said from her heart, "I am glad you are dead!"

On, then; two miles more. She never

knew what the road was. Don went as he would—snatching a mouthful of water at the river, as he turned along its banks, and carried his rider under the boughs of trees, through thickets of purple fragrance, which she knew by its scent, up to the door of a low, log house. A light instantly appeared and old Jim Allen came to her horse's head.

"Is it you, honey, all alone?" he said.

"It's Miss Donaldson. Mr. Childreth is hurt, and is lying in the woods on the turnpike. You must go to him instantly."

Old Jim peered up at the face whose owner told such news in such a calm voice. He put up his arms to her. She dropped into them in a swoon.

In the gray light of morning she raised her head from the bed of hunter's blankets, where she lay, and saw from the window, old Allen leading two horses up to the door. One of them was Churchill's white horse, and he helped bear the litter on which Childreth lay all but dead. They brought him in, ghastly and senseless.

"Shake up a good bed, wife," whispered the old man, to his crone of a wife. "He'll lie by for weeks."

Bird heard. She stood silent, looking down on the unconscious, death-like face.

"Who is going for a doctor?" she asked.

"I am," said old Allen.

"When?"

"As soon as I can put a good horse over five miles of hilly road."

"Bring also a clergyman."

"Good gracious, child! what for?"

"To marry us."

"The young lady is crazy," exclaimed Mother Allen. "Why yer foolish young thing, yer may be a widdier in an hour."

"Do as I tell you," with quiet determination to Allen. "I must be his wife, and take care of him, whether he lives or dies. We were to have been married here to-day, any way. Now he needs me more than ever. Bring a clergyman;—I *must* have my way."

At sunrise three horsemen rode up to the door. One was the master of the house, who introduced the others. Another was a good physician. The third was the clergyman of the nearest parish. All were rather bewildered by the calls made upon them, of course, but each was prevailed upon to do what was required of him. A wedding was nearly followed by a funeral, but not quite. A good constitution and untiring nursing brought Childreth up from death's door. In four weeks both left the country, and never knew the fate of the body left on the turnpike.

JOHN BLAIR'S PROJECT.

BY MRS. M. A. BATES.

"WHEN did Kitty tell you this?"

Farmer Alton's face was flushed and his manner excited, as he paused in the strides he was taking in the broad kitchen, and faced his wife.

"Last night. But the child isn't to blame, 'Zekiel, for fallin' in love with such a rich, handsome and good-behaved young man as Mr. Blair," half deprecated the rosy little matron.

"But I'd like to know if she aint as good as engaged to Square Dixby's son!" roared Alton, with an emphatic pound on the mantel. "The—little jade! O, if I'd only known what was to follow her city visitin', she shouldn't have budged from home one single step. Hum! I'll warrant I shall have a tussle to get this notion out of her head; but it's goin' to be done, and she shall marry Isaac Dixby, jist as I've bin lottin' on."

"But you know he aint asked her, yet—and she never will like that feller, anyway," returned Mrs. Alton, quickly.

"Aint asked her?" echoed the farmer.

"Well, that's only because she's so plaguy stiff towards him. He worships her, you know he does; and jest let her speak a tender word to him, and he'd go right down on his knees and beg her to be his wife."

"She'll never do that," replied Mrs. Alton, with a toss of her head. "And—well, I don't blame her one bit; for he's homely and stingy, and a reg'lar shaller-pate—there!"

"Hold your tongue!" cried the farmer, angrily. "You want so down upon him before Kitty got her head turned with this Blair chap—darn him! I'd rather have Ike Dixby for my son, by a long odds; for if he aint so rich now, it wont take him long, with his savin' habits, to shine clear ahead of 'tother

one; for I'll bet he is a fast buck, and spends his money like water."

"He aint no such thing," maintained his wife; "for, if Kitty hadn't told me that he was a beautiful young man, Sister Hepeey's letter, that I got to-day, would have convinced me on that p'int; and I guess *she* knows, for she's been acquainted with him ever since she moved into the city, twelve years ago."

"I don't care," said the farmer, sulkily. "Kitty shall marry Ike Dixby, 'anyhow. She'll love him then, if she don't now; for he's well enough off to support her comfortably. Then there aint no such farmer round as he is; and that, in my eye, you know, is 'bout as good a recommend as a man can have."

"I know it," said his wife, a little bitterly. "And so; jest because Mr. Blair aint a farmer and country born, you're agoin' to make Kitty miserable." And Mrs. Alton clapped her check-apron to her eyes.

"There, now, don't go to cryin'," exclaimed Alton, his look and tone suddenly softening. "I tell you, Ruthy, I'm doin' this for the child's good; for nothin' wont convince me but what this Blair, with his high livin', will come out poor, sometime; and there'll be a day, depend on't, when, as Ike's wife, Kitty will be the richest woman in Greenville; for, of course, the squire and his wife will give their only son everything when they die."

"My darling!"

Kitty Alton's basket of blueberries went rolling over the little slope there in the pasture, and her cheeks glowed redder than the apples weighing down the boughs above her, as she sprang up and faced the speaker.

"John—you here!"

"As if you didn't expect me, you little rogue!" laughed John Blair, sliding an arm around her pretty waist, and looking, with his handsome eyes, adoringly down into the brown ones.

"I—I supposed from your letter yesterday that you were coming this week," stammered Kitty, whose heart was leaping joyfully, "but—"

"Did not expect to be surprised huckle-berrying," interrupted John, gayly. "My dearest, I spied you from the stage, and how could I have been courageous enough to keep on to your house, and wait there for you so long?"

"My goodness!" returned Kitty, evasively, as she coquettishly shook off his arm and

turned to the fallen berries, "just see what I've done. I declare I didn't know they were spilt till this minute, and you can't guess who I was picking them for."

"Me, of course! But I couldn't eat them, and never shall eat anything again until I see your parents, and hear them say you shall be my dear little wife! Come."

"Wait a moment," said Kitty, seriously, without taking his proffered arm, while a look of dread passed over her face. "I have done wrong, I know, but I haven't said a word to papa of our—"

"Our love," whispered the young man, ardently.

"But mamma knows," she proceeded, brightening, and fluttering with the happiness his fond words brought, "and she promised to tell him all while I was absent this morning, and try to incline him in your favor before you came. But what if he should compel me to still countenance Isaac Dixby?"

"Confound Isaac Dixby!" muttered John, between his teeth. "Haven't I told you, darling," he added, assuringly drawing her to him, "that he will do no such thing? Refuse you to me indeed! who have power to place you in that station where you should have been born, and who loves you, O Kitty, as a man loves once only in the world!"

How could she, with his dear voice and assurances thrilling her, hold longer on to the doubt which had risen, the only blemish in her new joy? And when she looked up into his fine face, all illumined by the pure light of love, she felt fit to fall on her knees and bless him that he had given her the choice place in his heart which so many beautiful ladies, both wealthy and cultivated, had vainly tried to secure. Yet, as she stood there in the mellow sunlight, her soft curls brushing like coils of gold over her white brow, beguiling eyes, and lip and cheek so perfect in their beautiful red tinge, and a true, pure soul shining through all, she did not know that he was thinking her more brilliantly lovely than any other woman on earth—that in his heart he was thanking God for her love. But all this happiness was gone, when, followed by Katy's anxious mother, the young couple stood before Farmer Alton, and heard his decision.

"You're a well 'nough lookin' feller," he said to John, critically scanning him from head to foot; "but, as I told mother, there," scowling at Mrs. Alton, who was about interfering, "no city chap shall ever call Kitty wife."

And so, feeling, from the farmer's decided manner, that there would be no use to argue, the lovers went, silently out from his presence, John pale, as was Kitty, even to the lips.

"What is to be done?" she huskily whispered, as they hurried out into the orchard skirting the yard.

"God only knows," groaned the young man, clasping her jealously to him. "Kitty! Kitty! this will kill me!" But suddenly he started, while his despairing look gave place to an exultant one. "Thank Heaven for that thought!" he fervently exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked Kitty, looking at him in breathless surprise.

And then he commenced whispering something in her ear—it's none of our business what—but it brought the glow to her cheek like roses blushing on snow; it sent a merry light into her eyes, and made her clasp her hands, with his own exclamation, "Thank Heaven!"

And when John parted with her at the gate, and clambered into the stage-coach, their adieus little resembled those of despairing lovers. Then Kitty turned and re-entered the house, and, after talking rapidly with her mother for a few moments, passed demurely into the room where Mr. Alton sat nervously rocking, and perhaps blaming himself just a bit for treating John Blair so roughly; though of course he wouldn't have consented any way to Kitty's marrying him. But he might have been a shade mild and polite in his refusal.

"Papa," said Kitty, gravely, though there was a twinkling in her eye, as she leaned over his chair-back, "I don't know, after all, but you were right about my marrying Mr. Blair. Mother told me, just now, that Isaac Dixby was here this morning, and asked you to influence me in his behalf; so—"

"Hey!" The farmer actually jumped round towards her, while his spectacles descended in surprise from his bald pate on to his nose. Kitty clapped a reezy fist to her mouth, where something very like a laugh seemed struggling. But she sobered in a moment—indeed, with a little look of fear.

"I will consider Isaac's proposal," she said, quickly, "if you will give me two months to think over the matter, and not require me, during that time, to receive his attentions."

"And you'll promise to forget all about this Blair?" queried Alton, delightedly.

"Yes," was the dutiful return.

"You blessed little beauty!" And up he

jumped, hugging her like a bear. "Hoorah! Ruth! Ruth!" And Mrs. Ruth walked in, with an evident regularity in her eyes, which the farmer, had he been less excited, would not have failed to notice. "It's all right!" he said, triumphantly. "The child has come right into my way of looking at these love matters of hers. What d'ye think now, old woman?" chucking her under the chin, "hey?"

"O, if she's suited, I'm sure I am," returned his wife, demurely.

It was about dusk the following evening, when the Greenville stage stopped at Farmer Alton's gate, and a young man, well-featured but roughly dressed, and with a regular mulatto complexion, alighted, and, seizing his valise, which the driver had thrown to the ground, he strode up to the porch, where Alton sat with his pipe suspended on its way to his mouth, eyeing him with surprise, and vainly conjecturing who it could be.

"Want any help, squire?" was briefly interrogated, as the new-comer whipped out a red-and-yellow cotton handkerchief from his pocket, and began to wipe his perspiring face.

"Help?" said the farmer, taking reflective puffs from his pipe, while he cautiously scanned the young man's face, which, despite its dark hue, was intelligent and handsome. "Well, I dunno; where be you from, mister?"

"Berrytown," was the return, as the stranger dumped his valise on to the ground with a puff. "My name's Sam Badger, and my only reason for steering out of that place is because the farm-hands there make such all-fired mean pay. I heard they did better up this way; so I made up my mind to travel."

"That's where you're right," said the farmer, emphatically, and seeming now to be anything but ill-impressed by his quick examination of the young man. "I s'pose you understand mowin' an' thrashin' and 'tother things about farmin'?"

Sam seemed a bit confused for an instant, but the next he was meeting old Alton's inquiring look with one of frank self-possession.

"I'm jest agoin' to tell you the truth, squire," he said, briskly. "Ever since I was big enough to work, Deacon Hadder has kept me busy in his knickknack store there in Berrytown, and I earned enough that way to support me and father; for, you see, afore mother died, the poor old feller lost his legs, blastin' rocks. Well, three weeks ago the deacon's store was burnt, so I was turned out of work; but I says to the old man, 'Don't

you worry. I've allers be'n hankerin' to work on a farm, and I aint afraid but what I can get enough to do.' And I did; but the farmers down there are so mean that they wont give a green hand but fifty cents a day, and, I swow, that aint—"

"Enough to feed a cat on," contemptuously interrupted the farmer. "Nobody needn't tell me that a plucky-looking fellow like you aint worth more'n that to a farm, jest to do chorin'. I'll hire ye, for I shall want a hand jest for sich work, through this month, and I'll make your pay all right."

"And if my hiring out to you don't make *everything* all right, I'll be mistaken," chuckled Sam to himself, and there sparkled in his handsome eye for a moment an indefinable look, which Mr. Alton, rising to go into the house, did not notice.

"In this way," said the latter, motioning Sam towards the huge kitchen. "Don't clear the table yet," to his wife, who started with a half-laugh, as the young man entered; "here's a feller I've hired, and, as he's travelled so far, must be master hungry. Kitty! Kitty! What ails the gal?" for the golden head had popped in at the door and out again, and a succession of smothered, yet silvery tittering was heard in the pantry beyond. Farmer Alton strode in after her, with an ireful face, and slammed the door to.

"I couldn't help laughing," pleaded Kitty, recolling from his reproving looks, though it seemed all she could do to sober her pretty face. "He's so black, and his hair stands up so queer, and—"

"I don't care," interrupted the farmer, in a fierce whisper, "he's a darnation smart feller, if he does look curus, and I want him used respectful in *my* house! D'ye hear?"

"I never saw a boy like him!" enthusiastically exclaimed Farmer Alton to his wife, about a fortnight after Sam had become domesticated in his household.

"He seems to learn farm work considerable fast," rather indifferently commented Mrs. Alton, though the face she suddenly turned from her husband assumed a pleased look.

"Learn?" echoed the farmer, "guess he does; you don't have to show him over and over, as I did that blockhead of a Jabson I hired last year. Jest give him one lesson and he's all right. To be sure, he aint so awful strong, and can't stand mowin' long, but I wouldn't swop him for any man on the farm, he's so lively and smart-headed. Jest

see how he cured Bets when she was so nigh dead last week. Yes, Buthy, she'd gone for't, sure—and worth five hundred dollars, too—only for them medicines he brought with him. And another thing," added the old farmer, running, in his excess and warmth of admiration, into the pantry after her, for fear she would not hear and appreciate all his praises, "he agrees with me on politics *preecisely*, and there aint no man in this town that can beat him talkin' on 'em—no, ma'am!"

"Where you goin', Kitty?" inquired Mrs. Alton, turning away from him, with a look he could not define, to the young girl who came skipping towards them, tying the bow of her shaker under her pretty chin.

"O," returned Kitty, complacently filling her rosy mouth with the raspberries that blushed up in great heaps in the shining pans on the white shelf, "Sam's going to carry a grist to mill, so I'm going to ride along with him."

"Pears to me," said Mrs. Alton, with a displeased look and tone that seemed to affect the child strangely, for it made her utter an odd little laugh—"pears to me you're rather too fond of bein' with Sam. What would Isaac Dixby say?"

The old farmer turned round scowling.

"I cal'late Ike aint got anything to do with her actions these six weeks yet. Sam's the best boy in the world, and we oughter be willin' to let her enjoy herself any reasonable way, jest to pay her for givin' up that city feller so dutifully. Go 'long," he nodded approvingly to Kitty, "it's all right!"

"I guess it'll turn out so in the end," mused Mrs. Alton, with a queer smile, as the old man followed Kitty, who was dancing gayly out of the pantry.

It was near sunset that afternoon when Mr. Alton, who had been out inspecting some woodland just back of the Dixby mansion, turned about to go home. He had not gone half a dozen steps, when a child's voice, crying out in tones of pain and entreaty, caused him to turn and look through the trees towards the grassy slope back of the mansion, for from there the sound seemed to proceed. The farmer's look of surprise quickly deepened into one of amazement and indignation, as, approaching nearer, he gained, unseen, a full view of what was going on. Isaac Dixby, with his flushed face working with rage, stood there bringing down a stout, jagged stick with all his might over a small, trembling boy, whose arm his great coarse fingers gripped

into like a vise. Farmer Alton well knew the child, for he was with Squire Dixby when he took him from the poor farm two years before.

"Say, you little devil!" yelled Isaac, furiously, continuing his brutal work, "will you ever lose any more money that I send you anywhere with?"

"O, O—no, no, I wont never!" groaned and quivered the poor little fellow, looking up with a white face; "don't—please don't," he begged, as the great stick ascended for another blow. "I hunted so long for the dollar between here and the store, but—"

Here Mr. Alton, no longer able to keep within bounds his anger and indignation at the sight, was about springing over the stone wall to interfere, when Mrs. Dixby came hastening out from the house.

"Isaac! Isaac!" she cried, reproachfully, "you'll kill the poor child. For shame, to treat him so for that little accident," and, throwing her arms around the boy, she resolutely pulled him from her heartless son, and drew him with her, protectingly, back to the house.

"Blast it," muttered Isaac, as he strode off to the barn, "what did she want to stick her nose into the mess for? But it's lucky for him, the careless little whelp, that she did so."

"I vow, I wouldn't have b'lieved it if I hadn't seen the shameful sight with my own eyes," exclaimed the old farmer, as, drawing his breath in hard, he hastened homeward. "He's allers 'peared so mighty nice afore me that I thought he was a good, honest hearted feller. I didn't dream that losin' a little money would make him such a devil. How he swore when the old woman stopped his fun. Thank God, she's on the boy's side. But after all," said old Alton, as he walked along, casting admiring eyes over the wide stretch of beautiful land belonging to Squire Dixby, "'praps he never abused the child afore. He loves Kitty, and told me yesterday he would die for her any time. 'Praps—well—I dunno—I can't think straight now; I—"

Here he stopped short, and his conclusion is a mystery; but he was in a state of perturbation all that evening, which caused his wondering wife to exclaim to herself:

"Dear, dear, what can all him! I never see him act so curus afore!"

"Don't Sam, talk about leaving us,"—Farmer Alton's voice was a little unsteady, and

the hand which was warmly grasping Sam Badger's trembled—"for, you see, I have loved you just like a son, and that's the truth on't, ever since the day Ike Dixby ran off—the darn coward!—and left Kitty dangling in the mill machinery, and you risked your life and saved her to us, God bless you!"

"Yes, God bless you!" heartily echoed Mrs. Alton, looking up from her sewing at Sam, with a strange mingling of feeling on her face. "God bless you that we aint childless to-day!"

"Say that you will stay with us, boy," entreated the farmer.

"I should like to," returned the young man, visibly affected, "but I 'spose the old man'll be wantin' to see me, and—"

"Well, well, never mind, then, if you must go," put in Mr. Alton, quickly, trying to still the tremulousness in his voice. "But I want to give you something—a present, you know, to remember us by. What shall it be, Ruthy?"

"O, let him decide," she replied, smiling encouragingly at Sam.

"There is only one present, Farmer Alton," earnestly responded the young man, "which I care to take from ye; and that I would cherish and set by as a hope of heaven—Kitty, will you give her to me?"

"Kitty!" echoed the old man delightedly. "Hoorah! I've thought, somehow, 'long back, that she loved you, but you've acted so brotherly-like towards her that—no matter now. Kitty, Kitty! Where is the child?"

The young girl emerged, all blushes, from the sitting-room, where the door had been a little ajar; and Farmer Alton, spying her beaming look, as she averted her eyes from Sam's enamored ones, felt there was no need to question her, so, seizing her hand, he placed it emphatically in the young man's.

"There's your present, my boy! Cricky! mother 'n I'd rather have you for a son than the richest man on earth. Eh, Ruthy?"

"We couldn't have a better," replied Mrs. Alton, suddenly turning her back to the trio.

"And," continued the farmer, "you needn't worry, Sam, about being poor, for I aint worked and scrimped thirty year for nothing; and it's all yours and Kitty's, every cent I've saved!"

"Ha, ha! O dear! Ha, he! My sakes! Ha, eh-e-e!"

"Wha—wha—what ails her! Ruth—she's gone mad!" stuttered and cried the farmer, whirling towards his wife, who was running from the room, convulsed with merriment.

"What can be the matter," he repeated, rushing after her, not to succeed in making her captive until they had reached the cheese-house outside.

"O, dear me! Ha, ha!" she gasped, wiping the tears from her eyes, "how splendidly you've been fooled!"

"Fooled! Fooled!" stammered the bewildered farmer, and, without waiting for a reply, bounded off, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the house. "*The city chap*"

It fell almost helplessly from his lips as he stood before the young couple, for, with the aid of a bottle of acid, which Kitty laughingly held, Sam had, during the farmer's short exit, removed every particle of the dark tinge upon his face and hands, and the black wig he had worn over his curly auburn hair was gone; and now no other than handsome John Blair, with regret and mirth playing alternately on his face, stood before the almost petrified farmer. His child's voice brought him to his senses.

"Forgive us, dear papa—forgive us all for this," it pleaded, softly, as, with her merriment all gone, she knelt anxiously before him.

"I am the one to beg for that blessing more than the rest," said John Blair, his tone and manner changing from the rustic to the gentleman. "Forgive me, dear Mr. Alton—forgive me, I pray you, for I resorted to this deception as my only hope of winning little Kitty here."

"O my stars! Lord! Lord!" exclaimed the poor farmer, gaping first at the noble-looking young man and then at Kitty. "Phew!" wiping the perspiration from his face, "I don't know that I shall ever get over this bout. You little jade!" grabbing and kissing her vigorously, "I see now into all your mother's gigglin', and givin' me such curus looks. Forgive ye! Well, I will, for it's plain to see I've been riding the wrong hobby. Shake hands, Sam! Yes, confound it, I 'spose I shall have to always call you that, my dear boy. You're a trump!"

THE LAST PLANK.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

It is well that the reader hereof should know that I am not one of the politically favored ones who entered the U. S. Navy through the cabin windows—but that after years of toil and privation, ranking from a cabin boy upwards in merchantmen, I found myself, in May, 1861, in New York, just returned from China, in command of the clipper ship *Meteor*. Twenty years of sea service had bronzed my face—thirty-two winters have failed to whiten either hair or beard for me.

Enough of that. The thunders of the first gun fired at Sumter were rolling throughout the land—the hearts of an excited people were throbbing with fears and hopes—the flag I loved had been insulted—the country which was the only mother I, as an orphan boy, could look to, was in danger of destruction by the treasonable hands of her own sons, urged on by the minions of jealous tyranny abroad. I knew my duty. I had but one course to steer. It was for Washington, there to offer my services to aid in strangling the serpent of secession. They were accepted. I was commissioned as volunteer lieutenant, at once ordered to duty, and since then I have been

christened, as well as adopted, in smoke and fire, in blood and carnage, under Porter, Dahlgreen and Farragut in succession. All of this only to tell how I became, and what I am now, a lieutenant commander in the regular navy.

My last voyage, before I was made captain of the *Meteor*, was the most fearful of my life. I was first mate of the ship *Triumph*, bound from Boston to New Orleans, with an assorted cargo of great value. The captain, Babbitt by name, was an oddity in every way. He always struck for new courses, took all tracks but those prescribed by custom, and thought nobody knew anything but himself.

For instance, he insisted that a counter-current ran southward inside of the Gulf Stream, and that the only way to make a quick voyage to New Orleans was to hug close in on the shore side of it all the way out, despite the danger of capes, rocks and reefs, the whereabouts of which he said he knew too well not to avoid them.

Who could gainsay him? He was captain of his own ship—monarch of it and all aboard. So, sailing with a stiff nor-wester on our

quarter, we sped swiftly on, passing all the dangers of the coast successively, such as Barneget, Hatteras, etc., and found ourselves on a morning suddenly becalmed off Cape Florida, close in with the land, but soon drifting northward despite the captain's "southerly current."

It was very clear—not a cloud in sight—warm and close, though it was September, and the time for an equinoctial gale to be upon us.

"Heave the deep-sea lead, Mr. R.," said the captain to me, "and see if it is shoal enough to get an anchor to hold."

I sounded, and forty fathoms was given.

"Bend two hawsers together and drop our heaviest kedge," was his next order. "Then close furl every sail but the fore-storm-staysail and balance-reefed-sparker, send down all the light spars from aloft, and get ready to house topmasts and secure lower yards, get up preventer-braces and see all secure below and aloft."

"Ay, ay, sir!" And it was done.

We were now ready for a storm, but I, old as I was in sea matters, could see no token of it anywhere.

"We're going to have a tough time of it, Mr. R.," said Captain Babbit to me.

"Why sir," said I, "the sky is as clear as my love's dear eyes, and the water is as smooth as a mill-pond. I see no sign of wind."

"Wait about two hours and you'll sing another tune," he replied. "I've been in these latitudes before. The worst of this will be that it will come dead off-shore, and if we must scud, Cuba and her reefs will be under our lee. If we bump our heads there, it will be the last of the old Triumph and us too."

I made no reply, for I thought it only one of his fancies, and leaving the second mate in charge of the deck, went below to take a nap, for I'd had the mid watch and felt rather snoozish. I went to my state-room and threw myself on my bunk, and soon was dreaming of a blue-eyed angel ashore, whom I hoped to be spliced to at a not far-distant time. A heavy trampling overhead and the shout of "all hands ahoy!" brought me out of sleep, and to my feet in an instant. I hurried on deck. Never can I forget the change of scene, of sky and sea, from the calm beauty in which I had left it when I went below. Now, black clouds were rolling up to the northward, coming on in great blotchy waves, like crags of ebon mountains, overhanging and about to fall upon us. The sea was black under the

shadowy wing of the storm, and the roar of the tempest, like a hoarse, angry voice, came to our ears from the distance.

"Up with the fore-storm-staysail—never mind the sparker!" shouted the captain. "You two mates take the helm—men, lash yourselves to the rigging—it will wash us fore and aft before we get headway." And seizing an axe from the becket, he bounded forward and cut away the hawser which held us at anchor.

As he did this, I looked off on our starboard beam and saw the water apparently rolling in a huge white breaker towards us. The next instant the wind struck us, and for a moment I thought all was over, for the ship keeled until her lower yard-arms were in the water.

"Hard up—hard up the helm!" shouted the captain in my ear.

I could but just hear him, and pointing to the wheel, he saw that his order had been anticipated.

Just then away went our mizzen-mast close by the deck, and that alone saved us, for now her head payed off before the wind, and the ship righted. Then the staysail filled, and away the old craft shot, like an arrow sped from a well-strung bow. As we got out into the gulf, the sea rose literally to a mountain height, and the wind blew so hard that the foam was scattered in cloudy mists through the air.

"How does she head?" asked the captain, who stood forward of the wheel.

"Sou'-sou'-west, sir!" I replied, in a shout, for the gale drowned all common tones.

"If she goes at this rate, and holds that course, we will strike Cuban rock inside of ten hours!" he cried.

"Why not try to heave her to?" I asked.

"In such a sea and gale we would be keeled up in a minute were we to try it; all our hope is in a change of wind, or a lull which will let us put the mainsail on her."

"This looks rough, but what is to be will be. There is no rubbing that out," I replied; and then I did my best to steer her as nicely as I could, so that no broaching to should hasten our fate.

On—on—once passing a hapless vessel drifting bottom up, with her sails and spars alongside of her—we swept, until the night was upon us. Then the captain and a good seaman relieved us from the helm, and I had time to think. I went below and looked at the chart. I made an estimate of our speed, and to my horror, saw we could not be over

twenty, or at most, thirty miles to windward of the rockiest part of the Cuban coast.

I went on deck sick at heart, for sea and gale seemed higher than ever. I told the captain how near the last peril was, but he did not seem to heed me. He stood with his shoulder to the wheel, and the ship flew madly on. Never had she sailed with such speed before.

I went forward, and while I looked at the phosphoric flame flashing from beneath the bow, I thought of home, of my own loved Ella—and I groaned in bitter agony. I never before had feared death—but now—now so near, it was *terrible*!

An hour—maybe more—and then I heard all too plain, even above the wild roar of the storm, the sound so sullen and deep, of the surging breakers. I rushed aft, and shouted the fearful tidings in the captain's ear.

"God help us! God help us!" was all he said.

An instant after, we were in white, seething, hissing water, and then, lifted skyward on a mountain roller, we were dashed down with a terrible crash upon the dreaded rocks. Darkness above—flashing phosphorism all around—the ship shattering, parting beneath our feet, men shrieking in wild misery, my pen cannot paint the picture!

And now wave after wave swept on over us, lifting the ship up and crushing her down, tearing her all asunder, and yet I clung to a rope which I had fastened to a bolt in the deck, not knowing whether one was alive beside me, or not, for all was silent but the winds and waters. Like howling demons they went on with their fearful chorus.

How long seemed that night, while I could feel that the shattered remnants of the old ship were going fast from under me! But the blessed daylight came at last, and even the sun shone out. And I saw, lashed like myself, to the deck, but one man—that man was the captain. Whiter than foam was his face, and full as white his hair, which had been glossy brown on the day before. Our eyes met—his were wild and wolfish—insanity's fire was in them.

The sea now drove the last part of the wreck asunder, and for a moment I thought we both were gone; but on one high spot of rock we got a foothold, and there clutching the coral crag, with bleeding hands we hung.

Until then neither of us had looked away from each other or the wreck. But together glancing southward, there we saw, not a mile

distant, beautiful, flower-carpeted, fruit-laden Cuba. White cottages, groves of golden oranges, and tall palm trees; never had they looked so beautiful to me. Yet a mile of terrible breakers lay between us and it—a "waste of waters," through which the strongest swimmer could not hope to pass.

And the ship was gone—no, one plank—a single plank—small, but large enough for one to cling to, came drifting in our reach. With one hand each of us seized it, while with the other we clung to the peak of rock which alone had saved us from instant destruction.

"Let go the plank! It is mine. I will lash myself to it and live!" cried the captain, his eyes glaring fiercely on me.

"I will not yield my right; the plank is mine, and life is as dear to me as to you!" I shouted.

"I have a wife and children; you have none; let me live for them!" he pleaded.

"I have one dearer than all the world; I will live for her who yet shall be my wife!" I cried.

"Fool—fool! she shall look for you in vain!" And as he said this, he drew a pistol from his bosom. Well I knew it was capped, waterproof—well I knew how sure he was in aim; but I drew the plank towards me which he had let go of when he clutched his weapon. He raised his hand, his weapon was levelled at my heart.

"Give up the plank!" he shouted.

"Never, coward—never! Fire, and my dying curse go with you!"

I closed my eyes—I knew my fate—but a wild rush of water, a fearful wave, swept me far, far away from the rock. Then I was drowning—gurgling, choking in the water. But I rose, and as I did, something hard touched my body. I clutched it—it was that blessed plank. To it I clung with a death-grasp; yet it seemed as if I was doomed to die, after all, for the waters covered me, and I lost all consciousness.

But not for all time. I was restored to a knowledge that dear life was yet mine by the kind acts of Cubans, who had drawn my body, yet clinging to the plank, from the surf, and were applying stimulants when I opened my glad eyes once more on the face of bright humanity.

I asked if any others had got to the shore. They carried me to a mournful-looking group of bodies. I saw several of the crew, but not *him*—not the captain. But even while we stood there, a great rolling wave swept him

in, and for an instant I thought he lived, he looked so grim, with the pistol yet clutched in his hand. But he was cold and dead, and after they bore him to the corpse-pile of the rest, and I had grown stronger, I took the pistol from his stiffened grasp, took aim at a piece of the wreck and fired. The bullet which had been intended for my heart went

deep into the oaken wood. I went down on my knees then and there, and thanked the Almighty that I was saved for my poor Ella; and though I have since done a sailor's duty in protecting and aiding the widow and orphans of the poor captain, I never have been so unselfish as to regret that I had possession of the last plank.

ALONE.

~~~~~  
BY RUTHIE.  
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With outstretched hands I blindly grope
Along the path I'm doomed to tread;
'Tis full of thorns;—all darkness, too,
Beneath, around, and overhead.

From out the mist-like shrouded palls
I catch no gleam. I listen, but no sound,
Like feet of old, whose welcome tread
Made joy through all my being bound.

Alas! no more shall gladness spring
At his so well-remembered tone;
Low buried lies that noble brow,
And in the world I'm left alone.

O, what an aching void is felt,
Which once his presence sweetly filled;
O'er hope so radiant shadows crept,
And left my life all cold and chilled.

THE NAIAD OF THE BROOK.

~~~~~  
BY AMETHYST WAYNE.  
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LITTLE Molly Clarke came home from school with swollen eyes and quivering lips, and there was a dark, sullen frown on her face. Her little faded calico apron was torn, her blue woollen dress was soiled, and the wee bare feet were grim with dust. Her mother's house was on a by-lane leading off from the highway, and to reach it, Molly followed a cowpath winding through a pretty pine grove. At one end of the grove chattered and purled a happy little brook. Molly heard it, and stopped to listen.

"What makes the brook so happy, I wonder?" thought she, and heaved another tremulous sigh.

And turning out of the path, she went down to the brook, and sat down on a great hassock of meadow grass on the edge of the bank, and dipped her feet in the water. The white eddies curled in and out the row of pink toes, and washed off the stains and dust, till they gleamed out as fair as alabaster. The delicious coolness had taken away their hot, weary feeling. Before she knew it, Molly's sobbing

breath was quieted. And the brook rippled and splashed, and gurgled its glee into her wondering ears.

"I wonder why it is so happy? I should be tired of running all the time in such a lonesome place. But then it has no one to plague it, as I have. Nobody loves me, nobody cares for me. They all try to tease me. O dear! O dear! I wish I didn't have to go to school! I wish I could go away from here. Then they couldn't make fun of me. I wish Rose Ainsworth had to wear patched clothes as well as I!"

And Molly's face grew clouded again in thinking over her troubles. It was true she had some trials. It was trying for any child to hear sneering words about the clothing she wore, when it was the very best her poor mother could procure. But then Molly made it much worse by flinging her angry glances towards Rose Ainsworth, when the latter began to hint to her schoolmates about the patched and faded clothing that "little Clarke pauper" came to school in. And she was

always on the watch, too, for any sneer or slight.

If any of the school children shouted out with laughter, straightway Molly drew down her eyebrows, and pouted out her lips, and began to be sure it was caused by her frayed skirt or ragged elbow. She hung back from sharing their play. She wore a cross, forbidding look if any one approached her. She exulted in their mishaps, and never hesitated about telling the teacher of any little misdemeanor of her schoolmates.

In short, in a childish fashion, Molly was a misanthrope, which is a long word for describing a person who is always looking out for disagreeable things, and therefore always finding them.

I do not mean to say but Rose Ainsworth, who had fine clothes and a beautiful home because God had given to her father the wealth he had denied to poor Widow Clarke, was very much to blame. She was a giddy, thoughtless child, who did not consider how much pain she was giving Molly. But there were plenty of good, kind children in the school who would gladly have been good friends, if Molly had allowed them to be, and it was her own fault that these were kept at a distance. She would not try to please any of them, because giddy Rose had been unkind, and she kept her little heart full of gloomy, revengeful thoughts, when it should have been soft and tender with loving emotions.

"O dear!" said Molly, again, drawing her feet out of the water, and putting them in the sun to dry. "I wish the brook would teach me how to be happy."

Then she lay back on the dry warm grass, curling one arm under her head, listening to the babbling talk of the brook.

It grew drowsier and drowsier in its tone, but it seemed to say to her, "Wait a little! wait a little!"

Little Molly's heart began to beat swiftly. That was certainly like a real voice. Was the brook talking to her? She had heard about water sprites and naiads. O, if one would only come, like Cinderella's godmother, and give her a wonderful charm to make her happy and beloved! Then came a new and daring idea. She would wait there until the moon rose—that was the time when all the dear little fairies were at liberty to appear; who knew but there was a good spirit living in the brook, and that was what it meant when it said, "Wait a little! wait a little!"

So Molly remained there, lying on the grass,

watching the shadows creep through the pine needles, and listening to the many-voiced conversation going on in the woods, between birds, and squirrels, and countless insects. Presently, when the purple lights of sunset grew hazy, and there in the woods, the brooding shadows grew black and thick, the frogs took up their evening concert. Molly could but laugh at one hoarse old fellow who invariably got in his note in advance of the others, and she answered him back, until there arose such a din from the pool down in the meadow she was fain to stop her ears.

She began to think rather dismally about supper; but she found some checkerberry leaves, and determined that they must answer, until she had seen the moon rise, and found out whether there was a fairy in the brook or not. So, every few minutes, she looked eagerly through the low-reaching branches of the trees to see if the silvery forehead of the moon was peeping over the eastern horizon. It seemed a very long time, but at last there was a bright glow, as of a kindled fire shining through the gray gloom, and then, with slow and silent majesty, the round full moon sailed up over the trees, and launched out into the blue sky. How beautiful that moon was! Molly looked at it wistfully, yearningly, and she could not tell why, but a soft dew crept over her eyes, seeing how beautiful everything grew when her silvery light touched it. She wondered, would her own little sober, sorrowful face that was pleasant for no one to look upon, be bright and pretty under its kiss?

Then a low, singing voice drew her attention again to the brook. Through the interlacing bows overhead the bright light had filtered down in little rivulets of silver shining, and touched the ripples of the brook which dimpled into laughter.

"Coming! coming!" sang the gay, sweet voice.

Molly pricked up her ears, and looked in all directions, but the voice still came from the very centre of the brook, where the water was bubbling up, bubbling up, higher and higher, till it rose like the column of a fountain far above Molly's head.

And then, behold! the eddying, frothing waves spread themselves, as two glass doors might slide open, and forth stepped a slender, beautiful creature, as fair, and transparent, and ethereal as a dewdrop. She wore flowing garments that looked like snowy lace, or else like the frothing bubbles of a cascade frozen into shape of lace flounces. Her long hair

swayed around her fine and soft, velling her gleaming shoulders like a shower of spray, and twined in a coronal around her head, were long moist pendants of moss and fern, crowned at the forehead by a single water-lily. Her eyes were blue as the sunniest summer lake, and smiled pleasantly upon the gaping little Molly, who stood entranced with mingled awe and delight. Around her white throat, and her fair round arms, were circlets of glittering globules, like diamonds blown into bubbles, and she carried in her hand a crystal tube, through which foamed and spouted a little tiny stream of water, whose spray dancing around her made her seem, half the time, nothing but a dim shape or a dancing cascade.

Singing and dancing, she glided along the bank, now stooping to raise the crushed stem of some little plant, now pausing to pour from the never-ceasing fountain in her tube, a welcome draught of water into the parched lips of some fainting flower. Then she would examine carefully the roots of the emerald moss creeping so lovingly down toward the brook, and carpeting with its rich velvet whatever lay in the way of its progress. She had a merry frolic with a great frog who hopped from under her feet, deluging him with the torrent of water that poured out of the tube when she held it over him, and laughing to see him puff and snort beneath the blinding spray.

Molly watched it all with breathless attention, and flushed rosy with mingled delight and diffidence, when at last the graceful shape paused beside her, and with the tender blue eyes full upon her face, the naiad said:

"Well, Molly, I have come to answer your question. I am happy because I will not be cross and sullen. Because I look for all the pleasant sights and the sunny nooks, and shut my eyes to the disagreeable things."

"O," said Molly, with a little gasp, "you are really the brook." And then she rubbed her eyes, and stared again at the fair, sweet face, and the kindly blue eyes.

"Yes, I am the brook. I have come to grant your wish. I am going to give you a talisman to make you happy and beloved."

Molly clapped her hands in transport.

"And will no one sneer at me, nor look angry or ashamed of me? O dear, beautiful brook, how I shall always love you!"

The brook smiled, and laid her dewy white fingers on Molly's head in a sort of mute blessing.

"Now, my child," said she, briskly, "there's a great deal to be done. Hold up your face. Did you know it was all creased with tear stains and dust? It must be fresh and pure like the leaves of a lily; a little girl's face must be that always."

And while she talked, she lifted her crystal tube, and the soft, warm shower splashed lightly over Molly's face, and then the two little brown hands were drenched in the pure stream.

"You washed your feet before. I was so glad of that. Didn't you mind how I rubbed my fingers in and out your little pink toes? O, I so dearly love to play with children's feet when they come to me to cool the little hot soles. We love each other dearly, the brook and the children. Have you found that out, Molly?"

So chattered the brook, while her cleansing touch passed over Molly's face and hands.

"And now the hair. Dear, dear, such a snarl for that soft brown silk! O, little Molly, you could do so much without coming to the brook for anything but the water. You don't need fairies to keep your face sweet and clean, and your hair nice. Now come and see what a change!"

She stooped down, took up a handful of water, breathed on it once, and held it before Molly's eyes, a perfect gem of a mirror. Molly hardly recognized the fair face, and rosy cheeks, and satin-smooth hair, which looked up to her out of the mirror.

"O," said she, "I will do it every day. But I can't help the poor faded clothes, nor the patches, can I?"

"No, little Molly. You shall have one of my fairy spells for that. But you can be careful to keep them from rents and dirt. Now we must find the smoothest, whitest pebble here."

She tripped lightly along the edge of the brook, stooping down to examine the shining stones under the water, and presently found one and brought it forth triumphantly.

"Here, Molly, here is the talisman. The first moonbeam kissed it, the last dewdrop fell upon it. Keep it with you, hide it from mortal gaze, but bear it around with you, and it shall grant your wish. You will be happy in the love of your companions."

Molly held out her hand eagerly for the pebble, and held it tightly, as if she feared it would be snatched away from her.

"Now," said the brook naiad, "I must run along down to the dam. There is ever so

much ugly green slime to be washed away from those dear old rocks. I do it at night, so I can have time to laugh and chat with the birds and the flowers, in the gladsome daytime. Good-by, little Molly. Come and let me play with your feet, these gay summer days we are having."

She raised her white arms over her head, holding the crystal tube between the clasped fingers, and the rippling flood wrapped her in its foamy veil, and Molly could only see a great wave of seething, boiling water which whirled away down the stream, and was lost to her view.

The child sat down on the bank loath to go. The brook still sang its murmuring strain, only more drowsily, and presently Molly's eyelids grew stiff and heavy. It was so light and warm there in the moonlight she did not think of fear, and nestling her head on her arm, she fell fast asleep.

The next morning, as pretty Rose Ainsworth was tripping along to school, she met a band of her playfellows with grave, startled faces, running as fast as they could toward their teacher's house.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked Rose, seeing at once that something had happened to frighten them.

"O Rose, it is terrible! Poor Molly Clarke is lost; they think she is drowned, and they are looking in the river," said one.

"Lost! what do you mean?" stammered Rose.

"Nobody has seen her since she left the school-house last night. You remember, don't you, how we plagued her? O dear, I am so sorry. I am going to tell the teacher about it," answered one of them.

Rose stood still, conscience stricken.

"Molly Clarke dead—Molly Clarke stiff and cold under the dark water of the river! O, poor, poor little Molly! How unhappy she had been!"

And then Rose went on thinking of all she had done to tease and torment the poor little thing. She recalled the trials the child had been obliged to bear, poverty, and want, and coldness; she wrung her hands, and fell to sobbing wildly, as if she herself was guilty of all that had happened.

"I will go and see her mother, and find out about it," said Rose. And she turned away from the road, and ran as swiftly as her feet would carry her across the wood toward the path which led to widow Clarke's cottage. And as she ran she grew more and more hor-

rified at her remorseful thoughts, and began to cry aloud wildly.

Her eyes were so full of tears that she mistook the way, and she turned into the cow-path leading down to the brook, and so, all at once she stopped short, panting and breathless, and her loud weeping turned into a shout of joy, for there, roused from her long sleep by the sound of Rose's voice, stood Molly, with a bewildered, astonished face.

Rose dashed forward and caught her in her arms. "O Molly, Molly, you are safe. You are not drowned. O, I am so glad. Molly, I've been naughty and wicked to you, but I'll never do so again. I'll always love and help you, Molly, if you'll only forgive me, because I'm sorry."

A glad, bright smile broke over Molly's face, and Rose wondered that she had never seen before what a pretty face it was.

"The brook fairy's spell," murmured she, and her heart leaped in gladness; and then Molly put her arms around the neck of Rose, and cried for joy. And hand in hand the two went out of the cowpath down toward the cottage. And on the way they met a group of people hurrying along, and one of them, the moment she spied the two little girls, came bounding forward, and caught Molly to her breast.

"O, my little Molly! O, my little Molly!" was all the poor mother could say.

But it was enough to set everybody there to wiping their eyes, and one of them, the rich city merchant who was boarding at the hotel, took out his handkerchief, and pretended to have a very bad cold.

"Why mother, I never knew you loved me so much before," said Molly, with that new, bright smile in her eyes.

"Child, child, that's what I've been thinking about, all the long night that's gone. Thank Heaven! you are safe. I've been an unfaithful, careless mother. I've let the hard work and the cares take up all my mind, so I'd no time to tell you how dear you were. And I've been cross and hard with you, when I've been fretted by my hard luck. I know it all, Molly, but it shan't be so again. This night has opened my eyes, and I see that I might have given you the comfort of pleasant looks, if nothing else."

And then she fell to hugging and kissing the girl with fond affection.

And by this time a troop of children had arrived, and the good news was soon spread all about, and Molly was the centre of a great

deal of applause and delight, and Rose held her fast by the hand, proudly announcing herself as the discoverer of the lost one.

And then the merchant pulled out something besides his handkerchief,—a great big pocket book well lined with bank notes, and he came forward with one potent enough to make the widow's cupboard full for a year and more, and he laid another one in Molly's hand, and said it was to buy her neat and useful clothing.

And while Molly's mother clasped her hands in tearful blessing, Molly herself whispered softly:

"O, brook fairy, I thank you! I thank you!"

And nothing would do but Rose must take

Molly home to have a nice, warm breakfast at her mamma's table. And when the two little girls entered the school-house, hand in hand, the teacher smiled on them approvingly, and said that a happy change had been wrought.

And from that day a joyous, kind-hearted, happy girl was Molly Clarke, dearly loving and beloved by all her schoolmates. There was only one thing about her conduct which puzzled them, and that was her fondness for sitting on the bank, and slipping her little white feet into the brook, to feel the soft caressing fingers of the water, and her fear lest some one should take away from her a little white pebble which she always carried in her pocket.

PRUE'S MISTAKE.

BY ELEANOR F. SHAPLEIGH.

A QUIET, old country village, such as we have all seen a hundred times, thoroughly pervaded by the air of sober respectability and contempt of "new-fangled" innovation which all such villages have, its grave inhabitants, sturdy old farmers the most of them, going resolutely on in the paths their fathers marked out for them. A pretty town it was, with one broad street running through it, bordered by rows of stately old trees. The houses were nearly all old-fashioned farm-houses, frowning in prim, serious-minded gravity, like their owners. Then there was a store, where all the necessities of life were dispensed, from molasses and sugar to gay-hued delaines and flannels, and preparations for the hair suited to the tastes of those youths whose aspirations were rather to be redolent of "Arabic odors," than to possess free and flowing locks; a hotel, a shoemaker's and a blacksmith's shop.

Squire Churchill lived about half a mile from the village, in a great white house, grave and unpretending like the rest, but with a pleasant air of ease and comfort. Broad fields of grain and sunny meadows stretched away out of sight on one side of the house, and on the other was a green orchard, filled with vigorous, thrifty-looking trees, where clouds of pink and white blossoms were whirled about in the May winds, and great

rosy apples bathed their cheeks in the September sunshine.

In front of the house was a garden with trim walks, bordered by beds of old-fashioned flowers, gay, flaunting hollyhocks and marigolds, sedate bachelor's-buttons, sturdy sweet-williams and London-pride, delicate sweet-peas, and sprightly mignonette. These were always in the most flourishing condition, the beds utterly guiltless of weeds, being watched and tended with unceasing care, by the dainty hands of Miss Prue Churchill, the squire's only daughter. And very ungrateful flowers they would have been, had they not bloomed and flourished under such tender care. Miss Prue was indisputably the belle of the village. She was a plump, rosy-cheeked little maiden, her face not precisely after the Grecian type of beauty, perhaps, but very sweet and pretty nevertheless. At least that was the universal verdict of the young men of Ryefield; though of course the young ladies are less easily satisfied, and found her features by no means faultless; some of them calling her nose (which I am afraid *did* turn up just the least bit in the world) "such a pug;" and affirming that her eyes—deep, clear, brown eyes she had, with a dancing will-o'-wisp light in them,—"*hadn't* the least expression."

Of course Prue understood the motives of these amiable young ladies, and did not

trouble her little head a whit about it, for spite of all they said, the little looking-glass over her bureau showed her a very pretty face, and the loveliest brown hair, which she wore in curls, not little pipe-stem ringlets, but large, loose, heavy curls, hanging about her face, or tied simply back with a bright-colored ribbon, for waterfalls, I regret to say, had not yet dawned upon the world.

Squire Churchill had three sons, great noisy fellows, full of fun and mischief, but all of them almost worshipping Prue. Their mother's name had been written for many years on a stone in the village churchyard, and Prue was the housekeeper of the family. But care did not subdue the fun and frolic in her nature, and make her grave, and sedate, and motherly, as girls with such burdens on them usually are. She played and romped with the boys, and seemed always as merry and care free as the robins that swung in the branches of the elm tree beside her window, and who strove to imitate the silvery ripples of song that floated out to them in the early morning air, while the diligent little housewife swept and dusted and brushed with the utmost care and nicety. For she was the most industrious little damsel in the world; certainly if "handsome Harry" had ever fallen in her way, she would have been sure of him. She kept the whole house in apple-pie order, from the great, square parlor and her own dainty chamber, to the "den" of her youngest brother Ike, the "mischief" of the family, which overflowed with fish-hooks and jack-knives of every size and quality, from ruffian-like weapons down to inoffensive little pen-knives, strings of all kinds, from Atlantic cable dimensions, to slender fish-lines and top-strings, and beans enough to have furnished the Sunday dinners of half the people in Ryefield, whose use might have been a mystery to the careless observer, but which was explained by an instrument lying near, consisting of a piece of leather attached to a string, and used as a means of projecting them, generally into unpleasantly close proximity to the eyes of passers-by. The state of utter chaos and confusion which reigned in this room every morning would surely have appalled any less stout heart than hers; but her deft fingers soon restored it to order, only to be thrown into confusion again upon the advent of Master Ike, who gave his attention to literature under the charge of the village schoolmistress, when not engaged in the more congenial pursuits of bird's nesting, etc.

Of the other two boys, Sidney, the elder, was away at school, and there we will leave him. We have nothing to do with him, though he was considered the "genius" of the family, he being the only one who had evinced a decided taste for literary pursuits. George, the second son, was more serious and demure than the others; grave and discreet beyond his years. He was Prue's great counsellor and companion, though I think, spite of all the trouble he caused her, she loved her roguish little brother best of all.

Well, they were only boys, after all, and I cannot consider that class of beings as either useful or ornamental members of society. They may be "very well in their place," though for my own part I should desire, and as a disinterested observer I should think, that it would be for the comfort of society in general, that that place should be as far remote from sight and hearing as possible.

Of course my heroine (as you have undoubtedly perceived Prue to be) had an abundance of admirers among the young men of Ryefield, and a correspondingly large number of "bosom friends" among the young ladies. Contrary to the usual custom of young ladies, she had not one special and particular young lady friend, but she had one particular and ardent lover. Mr. John Weston was not a model of manly beauty; nowhere would he have even passed for a handsome young man. It is with profound regret that I confess this fact, which veracity compels me to do. If I could have had my way, I should have given Prue, both for her own sake and for the greater interest of my fair readers, a sweetheart who should have rivalled Adonis in beauty. He should have had eyes of the inevitable "midnight darkness," and hair like "the raven's wing," his form should have been perfection itself, and his hands white and taper as a lady's. But John Weston's eyes were not black, they were blue, a clear, honest blue, and his hair and moustache were of that rather indefinite hue, known as "sandy," and his hands, far from being white and delicate like a lady's, were browned and hardened by labor. For Mr. Weston was a farmer; an honest, industrious, temperate young man, and very intelligent withal, owning a snug little farm, and having a few thousands in the bank beside, but after all only a farmer; and Prue in her little day-dreams had never pictured herself as a farmer's wife, settling down there in quiet old Ryefield. She was an ambitious little body,

and liked to imagine herself mistress of one of those elegant city mansions which she had read of but never seen, with velvet carpets on the floors, so soft that they should echo no footfall, the walls hung with rare pictures, the windows shaded with draperies of frost-like lace and lustrous damask, her table glittering with silver and snow, and herself, "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," presiding at brilliant entertainments, and riding through streets filled with gay and busy throngs, in an elegant carriage with shining silver trappings, and a white kitted driver.

Vain and foolish dreams they were, of course, but wiser heads than hers have had just such ones. But vain and idle though they were, it certainly was hard to come down from such lofty air castles to the little cottage at the foot of the hill which would be her home if she were to be John Weston's wife. Its little low-walled parlor had only a striped home-made carpet on the floor, and windows whose diminutive panes cut all the landscape outside into little bits, and they had green paper curtains, too, that made such a fearful rattling if one touched them. Nothing elegant and luxurious there, certainly nothing even graceful and pretty, Prue thought. To be sure she might make things a little different if she was to go there to live; but then old Mrs. Weston, John's widowed mother, would live with them, and she would wish to have everything remain as it was. She would think that the things she had used and been satisfied with all her life, were good enough for her son's wife. No, no, she never could. And then John—ay, there was the difficulty! For with all the little maiden's ambitious fancies, she was obliged to confess that in her secret heart Mr. John Weston's image was enthroned so securely, that even the idea of giving up all the luxuries and vanities that her little soul courted, and coming down to the home-made carpet, and obnoxious green curtains, could not drive it out. Yet it was not quite powerful enough to conquer the foolish longings for luxury and splendor. They might be impossible of attainment; but what ever seems impossible to eager-hearted youth? And then, from the days of King Copetua and the Beggar Maid, downward, had there not been scores of instances of unfortunate damsels born in poverty, or at least in obscure stations, raised suddenly to the highest pinnacles of wealth and ease? Was there not Miss Mary Sykes, who had been waiting-maid in the Ryefield

hotel, and had married a Southern gentleman who owned nobody knew how many plantations, and who, having been taken suddenly ill at the hotel, was waited upon and nursed by Miss Mary with the most tender and disinterested devotion?

Now do not, I beg, think that Prue was wholly mercenary and heartless! She had a luxurious, ease-loving nature, but a tender, womanly heart withal. And so her ambition and her love strove for the mastery.

And they might have been striving to this day, had not a new element appeared to stir the stagnation of Ryefield society, and to cast a weight into the balance.

Visitors were never very numerous in Ryefield. The tide of fashionable summer pleasure-seeking had never set in that direction, and the hotel had seldom had guests for any lengthened period, unless, as in the case of the bringer of Mary Sykes's good fortune, some one had chanced to fall ill there.

But this summer there appeared on the scene a young gentleman who gave his name as Mr. Philip Lester, of New York, and signified his intention of spending the summer in Ryefield, for the benefit of the country air, and to enjoy the excellent facilities for hunting and fishing in the neighborhood.

That Mr. Lester was a city-bred young man would have been immediately evident to any observer. It was not his immaculate linen, and delicate kids, not the amazing shiningness of the boots, so extraordinarily small that they gave one the instant impression that the result of wearing them must inevitably be as painful as in the case of the "little gentleman" of Mother Goose notoriety, who "wore such little boots outside his little hose, that it made the little corns grow upon his little toes;" nor even the splendor of the diamonds he wore, which gave unmistakable evidence of this fact; but a certain air of nonchalant and high-bred ease which is never generated by the air of rural districts. Even the young lawyer, the only member of the legal profession that Ryefield could boast, and the dapper little store-keeper, who had been, heretofore, the bright and shining lights of Ryefield society, were entirely cast into the shade, by the advent of this stylish young gentleman. The young ladies were in a perfect flutter of excitement. He was so handsome, he had such a distinguished air, he must be some foreign count in disguise.

The young men, I am sorry to say, had not sufficient taste to appreciate the charms of

the new arrival. They discovered immediately that the rows of white teeth which glittered beneath his moustache (a silky, flaxen moustache, which gave evidence of patient coaxing and care,) had been furnished by a skillful professor of the dental art; and they even went so far as to assert that he was not indebted to nature for the luxuriant locks which adorned his head. But this assertion, I think, was wholly false, the base fabrication of envious minds. His diamonds were said to be false, and when on closer examination, the absorption of rainbow lights, and the dancing, scintillating rays that gleam only in the real gem, proved this untrue, the means by which so costly jewels were obtained were declared to have been not the most honorable.

But apparently wholly regardless of the interest he excited, both in masculine and feminine minds, Mr. Philip Lester pursued the even tenor of his way, devoting himself to the piscatorial art in the little stream which flowed through the village, and occasionally rambling off into the woods, with his dog and gun, in the most charmingly picturesque of hunting-suits. The first time the hero made his appearance in Ryefield society was an eventful day. There was to be a picnic, to which he was invited by Miss Mollie Palmer, the daughter of the landlord of the hotel, who had made Mr. Lester's acquaintance immediately on his arrival, being, on that account, the envy of all the less fortunate young ladies. Wonderful preparations were made for that picnic. All the younger portion of the Ryefield community thought and talked of nothing else for days beforehand. Such a cooking of cakes, and custards, and jellies, and sweetmeats, such a crimping of hair and of ruffles, such a "doing up" of muslin dresses and dainty collars, was never known in Ryefield before.

The day dawned clear and bright, and in due time Mr. Lester appeared in the grove, gallantly escorting Miss Mollie, who tossed her gay little head in the most triumphant manner. The young gentleman was properly introduced to all the young ladies, and made himself very agreeable, yet devoting himself rather more to one young lady than was considered quite the thing; and that young lady not the one whom he had escorted there, but Miss Prue Churchill. He succeeded in entirely usurping Mr. John Weston's accustomed place by her side, much to that gentleman's indignation. And Prue's vanity and love of coquetry, added to the pleasure

of teasing John, caused her to be exceedingly gay and gracious to him; and Mr. Lester thought he had never seen anything lovelier than this simple little country-girl in a blue muslin dress, with fresh, bright blue ribbons tied around her floating curls, and the soft light in the brown eyes that she turned upon him, in such shy, bewitching glances.

After that day, he became a constant visitor at the old farm-house on the hill. He had a pair of splendid horses (quite different from John's old sorrel mare Prue thought), which he had brought with him to the hotel, and he asked her very often to drive with him, Prue never refusing to go; for what mortal maiden could forego the delight of driving through the village in the handsomest carriage that had ever been seen there, with such horses, and such a stylish young gentleman beside her, and of seeing all the other girls half dead with envy? Certainly not Prue; though she did sometimes acknowledge to herself, that she would have been quite as happy in John's old chaise with the sorrel mare, and with John himself by her side. It gave her a little pang, too, to see John's disconsolate face, when she met him in the street. He very rarely came to the house now. But the enjoyment of triumphing over the other girls, especially over that sly Mollie Palmer, who had laid such violent siege to him, was too great to give up. And then Mr. Lester would go away in the fall, and she and John would be as good friends as they used to be. At times she really wished him to go; she missed the happy days when John used to come up almost every night, and they went to singing-school, and all the parties and picnics together. Poor John! he never went to any of them now. To be sure, he might have got plenty of girls to go with him, Prue knew; for being "smart" and industrious, and "well to do in the world," he was considered a very desirable *parti*, "a good match for any girl," as good Mrs. Carter (herself the mother of four daughters, all candidates for matrimonial honors,) energetically observed. Meeting him one day, as she wended her homeward way from the sewing-society (where, you may be sure, the subject had been thoroughly discussed), the worthy woman essayed to comfort him.

"Now John," she said, "don't you go to feelin' bad about Prue Churchill's carryin's on. She always was a silly, flighty thing, not half good enough for you. She aint a

first-rate housekeeper, neither, though she does pretend to be so dretful neat and orderly. As I was tellin' Belindy, to-day, it aint the parlor and best bedroom that tells the story about folkses' neatness. I don't expect much good'll ever come of her flirtn' round with that clifted beau of hers. There aint never much dependence to be put upon them chaps, with their fine clothes, and highfalutin ways. And as I was sayin' to Belindy, Prue Churchill always did carry her head a little higher than other folkses, and she'll get her come-upance yet! If I was you, John, I'd get some good girl to have me, there's a plenty of 'em in Ryefield that'll jump at the chance, and let her see that I didn't care about her. Now you just try it—there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught!" And with this very original and brilliant remark, the worthy matron left him, and John pursued his homeward way, not at all consoled by her remarks.

The poor fellow loved Prue with all his honest heart. He had dreamed bright dreams, that had sweetened all his toil, of Prue's graceful form and pretty face making the little cottage bright; and a thousand times, in fancy, he had seen the little figure standing in the porch, with the graceful vine-tendrils dancing over her head, waiting for him as he came home from his dally work. For years, when he sat down to his evening meal, he had thought of the time when that same little figure might sit opposite him, and pour out his tea, in the demure, housewifely way she had. Ah, well! it was all over now; he must dream no more such foolish dreams, he thought. He must bear it bravely, as a man should—and he would; but it was hard, very hard.

And so the summer went. September came, with its cool, misty airs, and then October threw its gay mantle of scarlet, and purple, and gold, over the trees, and withered brown leaves began to fall at Prue's feet, as she wandered down the garden paths to see to her flowers. Many of them had died with the summer; but there were still great velvet dahlias, and larkspur, and gay marigolds, that held their pert, yellow heads as high as ever.

But the summer had taken a great deal away from Prue besides her flowers. The old, gay, joyous heart was gone. All through the long summer she had been trying to crush in her heart the love that sent her thoughts wandering, ever and always to the cottage

under the hill, and to the tall figure, and grave, sad face there. And she had succeeded—at least in stifling, if not crushing it. She is the promised wife of Philip Lester. He is very rich. He tells her wonderful stories of the splendid mansion and rich apparel that shall be hers; and they enter into willing ears, and Prue's, head is quite turned. But she seems so cold, and stately, and strange; she is not at all the merry little Prue of old. She is already more like the stately mistress of the elegant mansion, than like her old self; and she wonders, in a vague, dreamy sort of way, if the wealth, and grandeur, and luxury, for which she has always longed, do really bring happiness. O Prue! many hearts that have sacrificed everything for them, as you are doing, have found them only a weariness and bitter pain. Dead Sea apples, that turned to ashes on their lips!

But Prue was not destined to eat this bitter fruit. Fate was kinder to her than she would be to herself.

It was a misty, golden October morning. Prue was sitting by her chamber window with some sewing in her hands; but her gaze wandered dreamily out into the garden, where the scarlet, and golden, and brown leaves were drifting slowly down from the trees, and then, further away, where the great blue hills towered up in the distance, with the delicate, vapory mist settling down over them, like a silvery veil.

Suddenly the sound of voices aroused her. Her father was coming in at the gate, and had met a neighbor, who, too eager for the customary greetings, exclaimed:

"Well, squire, I suppose you've heard the news?"

"No; what news?" she heard her father answer.

"Why, that ere chap down to the tavern, Lester, he called himself. He's turned out pretty much as I always calkulated he would. He's one of them scamps that robbed the bank over to C——, last spring. The officers came here arter him last night, but he got wind of it afore they got here, and was off like a streak of lightnin', with them fast hosses he's sported round here at such a rate. But the officers are on his track, and I shouldn't be surprised if they ketched him afore long. He's got more'n a dozen different names, they say, and has been in jail three or four times for forgin' and robbin', and one thing 'n' another."

Poor Prue heard it all, but she did not faint nor cry out; she only sat there, silent and motionless, her face white as a snow-drift, and a strange, solemn, bewildered look in her eyes. Then she arose, and threw herself upon her little bed, weeping floods of tears; bitter tears of mortification and humiliation, but not of disappointed love.

Of course there was the usual amount of gossip in the village. Most of the older ladies had "known all along he wasn't jest what he'd oughter be;" and some of them could not help sharing Mrs. Carter's delight, at seeing Prue Churchill, who had always thought herself a little better than other folks, get her "come-uppance."

A November afternoon—the first sunset rays shedding their red light over the trees, now almost stripped of their foliage, and over the grass, that is brown and dry.

Two figures are coming up the hill, and stop at Squire Churchill's gate. You recognize Prue, of course, though the haughty little head is drooped very humbly, and the bright, merry sparkle has gone out of the dark eyes, leaving in its place a look of sad, gentle sweetness, that makes them more beautiful than ever. At least so John Weston thinks as he stands there by the gate, looking into them so earnestly, that it brings bright, rosy flushes into the pale cheeks.

Hark! Prue is speaking; not in her old gay, saucy way, but very humbly and timidly, and with a little echo of sadness in the tones.

"I don't see how you can care for me now, John, when I have treated you so shamefully. But I never cared for him, I really never did. It was only my foolish vanity that made me do as I did. I don't think I ever should have married him if all this had not happened."

"I knew it was only your head that went astray, Prue, and not your heart. I could not help believing that that was mine still; and now—"

I did not hear the rest of the conversation, but I know that at Christmas there was a gay wedding in the old farm-house, and there never was a lovelier or a happier bride, than she who became the mistress of the little white cottage at the foot of the hill.

The green paper shades in the little parlor have given place to graceful muslin draperies, and there is a new carpet on the floor. It is not velvet, it is only three-ply; but it is very pretty, with a delicate, wood colored ground, and bright green leaves scattered over it, and

Prue is quite satisfied. It is the happiest household in all Ryefield, and Prue thinks herself the most fortunate little woman in the world.

SNAIL BROTH.

The peasantry of Ireland have great faith in the efficacy of snails as a cure for persons in a decline or consumption, writes a correspondent, but they do not in all places use them in the same way. A lady in Tipperary, who has as large a practice as the regular doctor, tells me that the way to administer snails is to boil them in veal broth, and says that she herself knew a lady who was taking cod-liver oil with no result, grow strong by trying this remedy. But a daughter of a clergyman in Galway writes thus: The snails used for the broth, as you designate my very fine syrup, are the common large things that creep about the garden with their houses on their backs. They are collected and placed in a large dish, and plentifully sprinkled with dark sugar, then another dish is turned over to prevent them from running away, and next morning the syrup which has been made in the night is to be drained off, and a tablespoonful taken three times a day; a little lemon peel may be added to flavor the broth. The same snails should not be sugared twice. It is a really good thing, but of course will not cure in a day; but I know a lady who attributes her own cure to it.

CHARACTER.

The groundwork of our manly character, is veracity or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every word said. How common is it to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know that he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in the child, there is something to depend upon; but when truth is gone, all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it you may never depart again.

He who troubles himself more than he needs, grieves also more than is necessary, for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery, makes him enlarge it too.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

BY KATE HAWDON.

VERY lovely they were—those lilies—as exquisite as their giver. The dainty little white cups bent over as if they were silently pouring out wine so delicate that it was invisible, and mortal senses could only perceive its rare perfume. And then the cool dark green leaves which surrounded them were a picture in themselves.

Certainly the prettiest things that grew in Mr. Winthrop's garden were his daughter Maud, and the lilies of the valley. I may say that Miss Maud grew in the garden, for she spent the most of her time there.

Apple and cherry-tree blossoms, you know, make such a lovely back-ground for golden hair and a lily face. It is such a pleasant thing to be appreciated, too, when one has perfected a new and graceful pose. But how can one be appreciated when there is no one to see? Nature certainly cannot be expected to look on with admiration, while that emerald green willow tree over by the wall bends and sways its long, light tendrils in such a sweet, caressing manner. So Miss Maud perforce had to take the train time for her gardening operations.

This morning the lilies were out, and she bent over their fragrant bed in an attitude as much like that willow tree as French corsets and crinoline would permit. The morning wind shook the cherry-trees, and down fell the soft snow of petals in a glory on her golden hair. Mr. Jones went by and never saw her. Mr. Grey looked up from his morning paper, smiled good-morning, and looked down again.

The engine whistled about five miles away, and the next gentleman started as if it had thrown a shot and hit him. If he was not at that station in five minutes, he might miss the best seat in the car.

"Never mind," thought Miss Maud, "he's coming."

He came—dreaming along under the horse-chestnut trees, the faint odor of his cigar heralding his approach.

"If he don't hurry," confessed Maud, to her familiar, "I shall snap in two with this graceful bending."

"Come out of the garden, Miss Maud," said a pleasant voice, over the wall—"It isn't

safe. Conceive the distress of your friends, when, seeking you by-and-by, they find the end of your scarf just disappearing over the edge of a lily cup. Those stems lead directly down to the fairy palaces, and strange things happen sometimes, you know!"

"Never to me!" said Miss Maud, with a sweet look of weariness and soul-longing—"Nothing would be more delightful than to find rest and peace in the cool depths of one of those sweet lily-cups. Do give me the open sesame to the fairy palaces," she entreated, raising blue eyes grown full and dark with tears, to his.

"I wish I could, Miss Maud. But we must seek and find it out for ourselves, and I've never found it yet. Now I have given you poor comfort," he added, regretfully, as Maud's golden head drooped beside him. "If you want to return good for evil, and make my office a sort of second-hand fairy palace to-day, you'll give me a bunch of those same lilies."

Which Maud did, enshrining the dainty offering in a temple of its own green leaves. Raynor took them with one glance at the lilies, and three at the beautiful face above them.

"They go on a mission," he said, in a low voice. "They shall preach to me all day, and I will listen to such messages with willing ears." And Raynor had barely time to leap upon the platform of the last car.

"My dear young friends," said Maud, stopping by her lily bed, "you are worth your weight in gold. You shall have two drinks of water for your inestimable services!"

At five o'clock the little missionaries, wrapped in a piece of wet paper and carried carefully in Raynor's hand, were on their way to the depot. "They were too pretty to be left," he explained to Frank Canterbury.

The fact is, Raynor, in the few lucid moments he experienced between smoking, billiards, driving and enjoying an all-devouring ennui, had a sort of half-way perception of something better in the world than he had ever attained to—a half defined idea that he ought to be "up and doing" something, he hardly knew what.

Such moments never lasted long, and Ray-

nor soon returned to his normal state of aristocratic indolence, and forgot about his sober thoughts until the next time they intruded themselves upon him. The grand and noble nature beneath had a hard time to assert itself and break through the crust of selfish worldliness in which a one-sided education and his own natural indolence had encased him.

But all this long Mayday Raynor had been listening to certain still small voices which whispered sweet things to him. They told him of a lovely mistress who, like himself, was tired of a never-ceasing round of unsatisfying enjoyments, and who longed after and aspired to a life spent in better and nobler employments than either had yet known. It was a very sweet picture he carried in his mind all day,—Maud, under the apple-trees, with their pink May snow falling over her head, and her earnest face and tearful eyes. What might not he become with Maud to help him!

So he went to the depot with Canterbury and Gay, hardly hearing what they were saying, but looking inward all the time at the sweet little picture he carried in his heart, and feeling a sort of exultant happiness that lighted up his face and shone in his dark eyes wonderfully.

They were in the depot, and standing aside while the eager crowd pushed through to the train.

Raynor heard a faint moan near him as of some one in distress, but he did not turn his head; sights to be seen sometimes in the emigrant corner of that depot, were not the pleasantest imaginable to aristocratic tastes. In a moment more he heard a child's faint, weak voice almost at his feet.

"O Nelly! Bring me the pretty flowers—the little white flowers!" And the faint little voice died away in a kind of sob of delight.

He turned at once. A little child lay on a sort of couch which some one had improvised for her out of bags and soft bundles. Her face was white and thin, and the large blue eyes grown heavy with suffering, were fixed upon the lilies he held in his hand. As he looked down at her, his eyes met those of a young girl seated by the side of the little couch—a girl of perhaps fourteen years. One could see at a glance that they were sisters; the elder had the same blue eyes and rich black hair hanging in tangled sweeps about her pale face.

Her eyes were lifted to Raynor's with a look of supplicating earnestness in them he

could not resist. With one half-allowed regret for Maud's precious gift, he stooped and laid the lilies by the side of the little pale face.

He was more than paid for the sacrifice he had made, when the eyes lighted up as with a sudden flame, and the little weak fingers seized upon the flowers with such eager delight. The thin, pale cheeks grew almost pink with the glad excitement.

"Come on, Raynor. You'll miss the train," cried Canterbury's voice at the door, and he came out the next minute in search.

"What sort of fix have you got yourself into? You don't expect we'll wait for you while you are being made game of?"

"No, go on. I'll get there before you start," said Raynor, never lifting his eyes from that little face upon its rude pillow. The faint pink flush had all died away again, but the hand still held the flowers lovingly.

"What is the matter with the little one?" he said, to the girl opposite him. "She is your sister, isn't she?"

"Yes sir, she's little Norah. It's the fever, they say," and she stooped and lifted the long, waving hair from the child's forehead.

"But where are your parents? Why don't they do something for her?" said Raynor, almost angry at her calm, impassive manner. "The child ought not to be neglected another minute."

"There's mother, sir," the girl said, pointing to a woman sitting on one of the benches, either asleep or sunk in a trance of stupefying grief.

"And have you no one else?"

"No sir," said Nellie, and for an instant she lifted again those deep, sad eyes to his. Their expression thrilled him through and through. It was as though he read in them a sudden revelation of depths he had never entered.

"Tell me about yourself, child," he said.

She hadn't much to tell, and she told it with a sort of proud reserve, as if she could not bear the thought of laying the burden of their lonely grief upon another.

The father had left them in Ireland, and had come to America to make a home for them. After two long years of weary watching, and waiting, and privation, the welcome summons had been sent, and they had started with eager anticipations of comfort and happiness in their new home. It took all their means to pay for a passage through to the city where their father awaited them. They had landed in New York the day before, with little Norah lying at the point of death, worn

down by long confinement and lack of care. By some strange oversight they had been forwarded to the east instead of to the west, as they ought to have been, and here they had arrived to-day with the sick child, and no home, no friends, no money.

"And we don't know now where we shall find father, for the agent kept our card when he gave us the ticket to this place. He said it was all right, and we should find father here. But this place hasn't the right name at all, and father isn't here. Do you suppose it is very far away? They say this is a very great country."

The train went thundering out of the depot, but Raynor did not heed it. His whole better nature had been roused by the sad story he had heard, and all his indifference and indolence vanished away before this little insight into the real life of some of his fellow-creatures.

"They must be moved immediately," was his first thought, and with Raynor, when once his real strength asserted itself, to suggest was to perform. In an hour the family were moved into a neat and comfortable lodging in a street near by, and a physician had visited the sick child.

"It is too late," he said, "the fever has run on too long without attendance. A few hours ago—perhaps"—

Raynor, listening, thought remorsefully of the long day he had spent in idle dreams.

All that could be done was to make her comfortable, and to this he devoted himself. When he left them for the night, they were provided with everything he could invent for their comfort, and a competent nurse had taken charge of the sick child. The mother still sat by her child, her face looking dreamy and vacant as if her thoughts were far away. Bending over the little Norah, sat the sister, her face pale and calm, but her deep, wild eyes ever watching the least change in the little face upon the pillow. As Raynor left them she raised her eyes to his, and again he felt that sudden thrill through his whole being as he met that intense gaze. He thought he looked at the child's soul.

Before he started again for home, a telegram had been sent to the careless agent, and he was promised the father's address the next morning.

On his way home in the darkness, Raynor passed Mr. Winthrop's house again. Maud was on the piazza, and Canterbury sat on the step at her feet. There was something about

the group, the brilliant light that streamed out from the hall door behind them, their gay tones and Maud's light laugh that rang out on the evening air, that jarred upon him, and made him shrink away from the broad belt of light that shone out into the street, and cross under the horse-chestnut trees opposite, without stopping to speak as usual. His mind was too full of the sad scene he had left, to be interested in Canterbury's gay trifling. What a little time it had taken him to waken from that sleep of indolence and indifference into which, God willing, he would never fall again. What a long distance he seemed to have travelled since he walked over that road in the morning!

You may think him a man of little character and very narrow experience, to be thus ignorant of the commonest things in the world. You may be right about the experience, but his strength of character had never been tried. All his years had been spent in luxurious ease, and in the enjoyment of gratifying all that a cultivated and fastidious taste could desire. Of course he knew that sorrow and misery are the ruling powers in the world, but he had only met with them in books and art, and in their most picturesque light. Their hard, cruel, every-day aspect he had never practically known. Now it had all come upon him at once, and waked in him such a well-spring of deep, earnest sympathy, and an eager desire to do whatever good his hand might find to do, such as he had never felt before.

The sight of Maud Winthrop in her beautiful home, with never a care or anxiety to trouble her, and perhaps with never a thought for those who had, brought back in painful contrast the thought of Nellie O'Connor left alone and friendless, in want and affliction—alone in a great city. Perhaps he did Maud injustice—perhaps she, too, only needed the touch of the angel's spear, to awake as he had done, but certainly much of the sweet and tender interest he had been feeling toward her all that day died away, and his heart insensibly cooled toward her.

Stories of want and suffering are plenty enough and familiar enough. I need not dwell upon this one. Doubtless we have all heard sadder, and life is too short, and interests, and duties, and pleasures crowd upon us too fast, to allow us to turn aside and mourn with every mourner. But to Raynor this was the absorbing interest of the next few days. It was his arm that supported little

Norah when she went down into the dark valley, and his low voice that tried to comfort the mother, when she awoke from the merciful stupor in which she had sat for days, to find her darling dead. It was a most unaccustomed duty with Raynor, and he wondered at himself as he performed it.

They laid Norah's poor little form in a bed of the pure lilies that had been her last earthly pleasure—and then carried her away out of the city to a little spot of consecrated ground, where the willows swing in the breeze and birds sing all day. It was with a strangely reverent feeling that Raynor took his last look at the little face before he left it. The blue eyes were closed, and the long, dark lashes lay on the marble cheek which rested on its pillow of lilies. Those little hands so meekly folded, had done holy work for him when they were stretched out to receive his lilies. In his heart he blessed the child as he turned away.

In a day or two the mother and sister were ready to start again on their journey; this time provided with everything necessary for their comfort, thanks to Raynor's unwearied care. He went with them to the station when the time came to go. He could not trust them not to make another mistake, and he did not feel as though his work was done until they had arrived at their destination.

They were early, and Raynor sat down with Nellie in a waiting-room. He had hardly had time to speak with her in the hurry of their preparations, and now he wanted to give a few parting directions.

"You must write to me, Nellie, as soon as you get there, so that I may not be anxious about you, and after that, as many times as you like. I shall always be glad to hear from you."

He stopped, wondering at the deep flush that spread over her face.

"I don't know how to write," she said.

How could he have been so careless and stupid as to wound her in that way? He hardly knew how to rectify his mistake.

"Never mind," he said, encouragingly. "It don't take long and you'll soon learn. You know you're going to school just as soon as you are settled."

The minutes hurried along while he talked to her, feeling a strange reluctance at the last to lose her, and a strange, sudden interest in the downcast face before him. He hadn't supposed her as pretty as she proved herself to be; her deep mourning set off her striking face remarkably.

She hardly seemed to hear what he said, but raised her eyes now and then to the clock as if she grudged the flying minutes.

"Now I suppose you must go," he said, at last, rising and taking her hand. But as he held it and looked into her face, he was surprised at the change that came there. A sudden storm seemed to pass over her, shaking her frail, little form, burning in her usually pale cheeks, and clouding the depths of her deep blue eyes. She clung to his hand, and seemed hardly able to speak. All the passionate gratitude and adoration with which the few days she had known him had inspired her, seemed struggling for utterance, while the trembling lips refused to do their office.

"O, what can I do for you, sir, to thank you?" she broke forth, at last. "Let me do something for you. I would die for you if you wished me to!" And her voice died away in a passion of sobs and tears.

Raynor was startled at her vehemence, and tried to soothe her, feeling again that sudden thrill with which he had always met the glance of those deep eyes. She seemed no longer a child before him, and as he gently drew away the hair from her flushed face and tried to say a word of consolation, he felt in his heart a sudden vague unrest—he had always thought of her as a child before.

"You needn't die for me to show your gratitude, my child," he said. "Live, and improve every advantage you have, become a noble and good woman, so that you may be a comfort to your father and mother. And don't quite forget me," he whispered, as he laid one hand on her thick, waving hair and looked into her uplifted face.

The touch of his hand seemed to control her, or perhaps some inward monitor prompted her to draw back into that reserve which she had always worn before him. There was one quick glance of those speaking eyes as he finished, that told him how likely she was to forget, and then she was almost calm again.

As Raynor raised his eyes, they fell upon Maud Winthrop seated at the other side of the room. She seemed to have enjoyed the scene, for there was a flash of light in her eyes, and a spot of color that burned on either cheek showed her interest. She returned his grave bow with a very elaborate one, her eyes speaking any amount of surprise, and interest, and hints at introduction and so forth, which he did not choose to see. Introduce Maud Winthrop to Mrs. O'Connor!

He walked away with Nellie and her

mother, to the train, which in five minutes whirled them away.

"So that is the little girl Frank Canterbury told me about," mused Miss Mandl. "She seems to have grown amazingly in the sunshine of her new friend's presence. A year or two more will doubtless bring her to his democratic standard." And with that, Maud Winthrop choked and strangled and otherwise exterminated a whole host of tumultuous fears, and rebellious longings, and unquiet misgivings, that were struggling in her heart. She waited for the accommodation train, which was soon ready. As she expected, Raynor came into the car.

He sat down by her. They had not met since that day of lilies. What evil genius prompted her to receive him in such a manner?

"You're looking grave and sorrowful," she said. "It's parting with your friends, I suppose. Please accept my sympathy."

Something in her tone made him look at her—some fine touch of sarcasm that just showed itself and was lost again. That fitful color still burned in her cheek, and the light danced in her eyes.

"Yes," he said, gravely. "I was sorry to have them go. I had become much interested in them."

"You guarded your treasures too closely," she laughed. "You ought to have allowed your friends the privilege of getting interested too. Indeed they have already become so. I have been practising 'There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,' for these three days."

Her light tone was jarring and discordant to Raynor's ear. "She is not so refined as I thought her," he said, to himself, "or she could not say such things. Perhaps she doesn't know the circumstances."

He could hardly speak to her as he had done, feeling the under-current of sympathy between them so undisturbed.

"Some day soon, I would like to tell you all about it."

"O, Frank Canterbury has kept me informed of the progress of events. How soon may we expect the young lady again?"

If she had only taken the warning of his surprised and questioning look!

"Of course," she went on, "the gratitude, of which I saw so charming a specimen, could only find expression in a life-time of devotion. It is quite another Romney Leigh affair."

How much would Maud Winthrop have

given, I wonder, a moment after, if she could have unsaid all the words of the last ten minutes. She knew what she had done—one look at the face so perfectly quiet beside her, one swift glance of such dark eyes as met her own, was enough.

And yet he would have pitied her, if he had known the strong and bitter conflict love and pride were holding in that heart, of which the fair face gave so little token. Perhaps his heart might even have warmed toward her again. If she had loved him less, she would never have lost him, but the very strength and depth of her love betrayed her. No one could know in what a struggle she had passed those few days during which they had not met. Her clear insight had already discerned in him the latent power, the grand possibilities, the earnest aspirations, that others could not see. She loved and revered him, but humility was no part of Maud Winthrop's character. To-day, when she saw in his face that deepened gravity that it had worn of late, it told her too plainly how much he had outstripped her in the fulfilment of those aspirations, which with him were real, with her were artificial. How far behind he had left her in these few days.

It was the realizing this, feeling the distance between them, and her own inferiority, that roused such a tempest of rebellious pride in her heart.

Now the words were spoken that would probably separate them, and she was not the one to take them back. Perhaps this seems like a very little thing to divide two who would have come together otherwise—but people sit by each other's side quietly, and every day drift further apart than oceans could separate them. One of them must resist the current, you know, and if neither does that, God pity them!

Maud Winthrop was a woman who would "die and make no sign." "If I cannot command his love as formerly, I will never receive it as a gift," she said.

But Raynor never gave it.

Five years go soon enough on paper—they look short enough when one looks back upon them, especially if filled with zealous life-work, with tasks and duties fulfilled, as Raynor's had been. For his was no fitful reform, to be succeeded by a deeper darkness than before—but a determined step into a new life, a laying aside of every weight, and a new and earnest start in the race.

He allowed himself no romantic anticipations, no forsaking of old duties for new. The dull routine of business was as dull as ever, but he faithfully followed it. In time he succeeded in elevating it from its drudgery, and in throwing around it that charm and interest, with which a cultivated mind can invest almost any occupation. In these years he had grown into an earnest and vigorous manhood, into a strong and pure faith.

This fall, after five years, he went back to his own home—he had left it a long time before. All the oaks and maples kept green to receive him, though it was past their usual time of laying aside their summer robes. Pansies, and gay dahlias, and asters, gave a gala look to the familiar gardens. Home looked sweet to him. Old friends and new welcomed him—all but one. She went out but little, they told him, since her widowhood a year ago. How strangely that sounded to him!

One soft Indian summer day that got out of place and arrived too soon, he went to see her. It was the same old place, and the horse-chestnut trees looked like old friends. One sent down a burr upon his hat by way of greeting.

Into the gate and down by the stone wall. A clump of snow-white dahlias grew there, and she was tying them up. Their beauty was too much for them to sustain with equilibrium. She did not hear him approach.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Canterbury," he said, presently.

He would not have been so abrupt if he had thought a moment; it was plain from her startled manner, that she had not known of his being in town. The none too rosy cheeks grew many shades whiter as her startled eyes recognized him. He needed not to be told what Maud Canterbury's life had been—through what depths she had passed—what fiery baptism of trial and sorrow her soul had known. He read it all in the face so sadly changed, in the trembling hand which he took in his, in the eyes that met his own, not tearful with the quick, easily-provoked tears of youth, but with a grave, earnest sadness in their depths that saddened him to see.

He could not trust himself to say anything to her but the merest commonplaces—remarks about his journey, the garden, the season, anything that would not suggest old associations and old friends. Now and then, when a familiar name came out as of its own accord, he involuntarily shrunk from repeat-

ing or noticing it. He had imagined them so far apart that they could meet without embarrassment as old friends, and now he found himself trembling lest the merest word should break down the frail barrier between them.

By some strange process they seemed to have gone back five long years, and to stand in each other's presence as near, even nearer, in soul, than on that spring day I have told you of.

Raynor had no choice but to go there often. Some irresistible impulse seemed to draw him, and he spent hours of every day at Maud Canterbury's side, walking, driving, watching her while she worked in her garden, or talking with her as they sat upon the steps of the piazza.

He asked himself in plain language, whether he really was in love with her, but could get no very satisfactory answer. Certainly, the greatest pleasure he took now-a-days, was in her society. She possessed a mind in peculiar sympathy with his own, and he found it cultivated, improved, and regulated by time and discipline.

Gradually, too, perhaps under the influence of his presence, she lost much of that saddened gravity she had worn, and became more like her old self, recovered some of that airy gracefulness that had made Maud Winthrop such a lovely girl, some of the delicate loveliness of person and manner that Raynor had once almost loved.

And yet—he could reason and ask himself if he loved her!

After a week or more, she said, one night, "My little May is coming home from the shore to-morrow, with her nurse. You must come and make her an especial call, for she is the princess of our household, and we all bow down and worship her. I am sure you will prove no exception to the rule."

So when Raynor went to pay his respects to her royal highness, Maud took him round the house to where a broad, old-fashioned lawn stretched away under the apple-trees. Here the princess sat in state. Just at the corner of the house, a tall, scarlet maple shot up from the ground like a slender, transfixed flame, its glowing arches in brilliant contrast with the green surrounding trees.

May held court under it, sitting with her governess upon a low bench against the trunk. Raynor spoke to the fair-haired, blue-eyed child, and looked at her governess. She had chosen her place well under the flaming maple, for it suited her.

As Raynor looked at her, this girl's cheeks flushed with a sudden glow, deeper than that the gay maple flaunted overhead, and the softly flashing eyes spoke—what? He was puzzled to tell, for the next minute their glance was withdrawn, and he met it no more.

"Miss Eleanor," said Maud, "you may leave May with me."

And the governess walked away. Raynor, looking after her, could not sufficiently admire the grace of her motion, so unlike anybody else he knew. He could not get rid of the impression he had felt the first moment he looked at her. She was like a flame, and her light, undulating motion had in it something of a fiery and barbaric element.

Raynor asked no questions; where Maud did not volunteer information, was not for him to request it; but with an interest that puzzled himself he watched the girl when they met again. She was always silent and reserved, but even in her silence there seemed some warm, bright attraction about her that made her noticeable. Raynor caught himself wondering all sorts of things about her—whether she was educated, if she could sing, if she had the sort of voice he imagined, a full, deep contralto, if she really had had trouble, as he judged from her appearance.

She came and went with little May, and sometimes she sat with them on the piazza a little while. Once, as she sat near Maud, Raynor surprised himself making a comparison between them. Maud, with her delicate, lily face and pale hair, looked strangely cold and passionless beside the other, whose pale face had that brilliant pallor that glows as if with a white heat within, whose waving black hair and soft, dark, eyes he could not help thinking were tokens of the warm and glowing nature beneath.

Ah well, how did it concern him? But he could not help what was inevitable, and when in a few days she lost some of her first reserve and joined now and then in their conversation, for she had become something like a companion to Maud, he listened and watched for her every word and look.

Some nameless fascination seemed to draw him to this girl—there was something in the tone of her voice, low and full, and exquisitely modulated, that gave him a thrill to hear, like an echo of some half-forgotten music. Had he ever known her before, or any one like her, that now and then he could mark some familiar cadence in that sweet voice?

One October twilight, when the air had a

delicious early-autumn feeling, and the waning harvest moon hung in an opal sky, they all went out on the steps to say good-night to Raynor.

Miss Eleanor stood above the rest, leaning over the railing, a long spray of bright red woodbine caressing her black hair. If she was lovely standing there in the twilight, Raynor knew it.

"It is chilly," said Maud, drawing her scarf closer around her shoulders. "I think we must have a fire this evening."

"It's nice," cried little May, ecstatically, "and to-morrow will be a beautiful day for me to go to ride with you, Mr. Raynor."

"Yes," he said, looking dreamily up to where that careless, unconscious woodbine toyed so gracefully. "We shall ride over the brightest crimson carpet you ever saw."

"And Mr. Raynor," said May, coming nearer and speaking confidentially, "wont you take me over to Holyrood? Miss Eleanor's little sister Norah is buried there, and she says it's beautiful."

Did the skies open above Raynor's head, or the earth beneath his feet, that his heart should give such a bound—so wild a leap, as if it would fain leave him for that graceful figure just in the shadow of the doorway.

She was not so much in the shadow that she could not see and hear—and be seen too. For as Raynor took one step toward her with sudden recognition, and bright welcome, and something else deeper than either shining in his eyes, her pale face flushed gloriously, as it had that first day he saw her two or three weeks ago, the deep eyes filled with quick starting tears. One moment she drank in all that his look told her, and the next she was gone—vanished away through the dark doorway.

Maud, looking up at the golden crescent above them and thinking happy thoughts, saw and heard nothing—but the low and trembling voice that a minute after said Good-night—Maud," and looking up, saw Raynor's dark face glowing and exultant in the twilight.

Raynor's was not the only heart that leaped for joy that night.

Maud went slowly up the steps and in at the door. A still figure stood at the great bow window looking out upon the road. Maud went and stood by her, and together they looked out to where Raynor went walking home under the great chestnut trees. As they looked, he stopped a moment and

looked back as if some influence drew him to return, then went on again.

"The summer of my life was late, Eleanor," whispered Maud, "but it has come at last. My heart is blossoming. I can feel it bursting its bonds."

Had Eleanor no sympathy that she stood so silent? But Maud did not notice—she had almost forgotten her presence. "*Ich liebe dich! Ich liebe dich!*" she murmured, passionately, and the blue eyes filled with happy tears, as they went searching out into the pale golden moonlight. A swift form and pallid face went shivering up the stairway. Eleanor's heart was beginning to pay its debt of gratitude.

Do you suppose Raynor went home to sleep that night? Why had he not known her before—how could he have been so blind, when he might have known there was but one such woman in the world? He thought so now.

Where had she been during the last four years in which he had heard nothing of her, and why had she come to that place? This was the question whose sweet possible answer brought such glad promise to his heart. Why indeed had she come to his home?

He sat hours in his window, picturing to himself again and again that sudden sweet tumult of blushes into which his recognition had startled her. He recalled every incident of their early acquaintance, and that last passionate outburst of gratitude that had so surprised him. He remembered even, the answering thrill her words had awakened in his heart. This passion that again thrilled through his whole being was no new one, the sudden growth of a few weeks, but one that had lived and waited since that day.

"I told you to live and remember me, my fair child," he whispered, thinking what it would be for her to live for him.

Had the moonlight suddenly grown pale? Was it already day? A crimson flush that was not daylight crept up the sky—another and another—then a long tongue of flame shot up into the night from beyond those distant trees.

Before it sank again Raynor was already on the road, running hard, beating down fiercely every tumultuous fear, not suffering himself to think.

One and another joined him. They came in sight of the house. The gay maple was outdone now, for the brown old house had put on a gala dress it could wear but once. To the very sky it flaunted its brilliant streamers.

"Are they all out?" he tried to ask calmly, of one of the men who were passing water-buckets.

"All but the nurse, and the little girl, and one of the servants," the man answered, hurriedly.

Some men were bracing a ladder against a porch upon which a woodbine-covered window opened. Before they could step upon it Raynor was halfway up; he dashed in the window with savage blows, and stood in a little room inside—then out into the wide hall that was gay with its last illumination.

From the opposite side she was coming toward him, holding little May in her arms. She had thrown a long, dark cloak over her form—her cheeks were glowing with excitement, and her long black hair fell over her shoulders. She looked as if the flames behind her were her natural element.

Raynor thought he had hardly lived before, or that his whole life had culminated in that moment of fire and flame when he caught her in his strong, protecting arms, and felt the wild beating of her heart against his own. Only a moment—then he drew her into the little room over the portico.

"Wait here a minute while I hunt up the servant who is left; only a minute, close to the window with the door shut. I will save you, Nellie,"—and he was gone.

Eleanor stood by the window; no one below dared to come up now. She might perhaps have gone down alone without little May, but she waited for the strong arms that could save them both—how her heart beat at the thought with a wild joy that defied the flames!

A white figure burst into the room, with golden hair streaming, and blue eyes that searched wildly for the child.

"My child, Eleanor," screamed Maud. "Give me my child," and she caught May almost fiercely into her mother's arms.

A long tongue of flame darted through the door she had left open—the floor trembled and grew hot under their feet. The blue eyes sought for escape with despairing anguish in their depths.

"O, my love! my love! must I die?" she cried. "Must I die, now that I live?"

Alas for the loving heart that never paid its debt of gratitude—wicked heart that shrank from the heavy reckoning!

"It is sweet to die for him and for what he loves—but O, to live!" Eleanor sobbed.

Then the dark cloak was quickly wrapped

around the agonized mother and child. "Stand close to the window—he'll save you."

Through the open door came Raynor, fighting his way with the flame. He saw only the dark figure by the window with the child in its arms. He caught her in a clasp as strong as death, and in a moment they were down the ladder—none too soon. A long jet of flame darted angrily after them, then the whole window with its woodbine setting flashed out in vivid crimson like some great palpitating carbuncle.

"Eleanor! save Eleanor!" cried Maud, looking up.

He dropped her from his arms, and looked at her pale face and golden hair with vacant, uncomprehending eyes—one moment, and then with open arms, and heart almost bursting with mad despair, turned toward the ladder.

He struggled fiercely with those who held him back. The ladder fell.

Nellie had died for him!

THE PERSECUTED DEACON.

BY W. O. EATON.

DEACON ROBERT GUY was a very thin, gloomy man, as poor in purse as in flesh—but he was pure. In fact he did not seem to have enough flesh to admit of his being frail, and the winds of misfortune appeared to have done their worst upon him, and to be unable to find enough more of him to catch hold of and blow away. Notwithstanding his slender habit, he had a red face; and despite the vacuity of his purse, he contrived to support a young and sprightly wife, of whom he was excessively fond, though she was the reverse to him. Having arrived in a small, censorious town, they took a cottage, and he was installed as a deacon there. But he was so reserved among the fair church-members, that he soon became unpopular. His wife, eager for society, to excuse her flirting propensities, prejudiced others against him; said he was a hypocrite, drank, gave her cause to be jealous, and that she could not say how much she suffered.

She was, being handsome and free, much pitied by the young men—and he was severely criticized by the gossips. They argued as to his real character—saying that he drank some kind of bitters very much, as was indicated by his red face; some had seen him smoking a pipe, which was one sign of dissipation; all had seen him chewing, which was another; and his gloom was attributed to his consciousness of sin. So the deacon's character was voted "hard."

On hearing of this opinion, the unhappy man said that he did not munch tobacco, but snake-root, for his nerves, and peppermint to conceal the smell; vowed that his bitters were

a temperance tonic; that he had smoked a pipe only at home, to drive away mosquitos; that he had been born with a red face: that he was true to his wife as much as a poor man could afford to be; and that he was gloomy chiefly because he was afflicted with absence of mind.

This defect was really his main failing; but it was a cause of his being thought drunk on one occasion, when in church he wiped his face with a towel, which he had put into his pocket by mistake for a handkerchief.

The question of his dismissal was now agitated in high church-council; but as even his particular enemies, the females, could not testify to any "overt act," the question was dismissed, and he was watched.

Chance called the deacon away on business, and he wrote home two hasty notes while absent; one to his wife, the other to his landlord, a mean, suspicious fellow, to whom he was in arrears. That intended for his wife, was half-religious, half-cautionary, and groaned thus:

"Trust in the Lord—Virtue is its own reward—I know we are all sinners—but draw it as mild as you can—remember the golden rule—I confess I can never repay what I owe to you."

This, owing to his absence of mind, was slipped into an envelop addressed to his landlord. The other, intended for that person, said merely:

"Many expenses at home—yet you shall be paid—keep my indebtedness to you a secret, or, the town is so fond of scandal, it might ruin me." But this was misdirected to his

wife—and the consequences were tremendous.

On his return home, his landlord upbraided and ejected him; and his wife, flourishing the note, in a fury, insisted it was intended for some unscrupulous woman, and seized the occasion as an excuse for running away with another man.

So, desperate, houseless, and wifeless, lonely and persecuted, the deacon thought he could do no better than to go off himself; and after an auction of his goods, he departed that town forever.

"I will go to a city," mused he, "for city-folks have a great deal of business to attend to, and wont mind persecuting me." And to a city he went. The deacon engaged board at Mrs. Julianna Jointwish's.

During fifteen years of their married life, Mrs. Julianna Jointwish had scolded and her husband had drunk with such equal constancy, that it was a question, among those who watched, which would finally beat. It was settled by the defeat of Mr. Jointwish. He nestled himself comfortably into the grave: and, in the pleasing retirement of a large boarding-house, amid the Christian duties of cookery and dunning, the widow succeeded in concealing her sorrow at his loss. Indeed, for five years the weeds of mourning had faded from her form, and given place to the bright flowers of hope, which glowed in all her calico, and sparkled in her eyes at the coming of every new single male boarder. But, strange to say, though she was prosperous and willing, and had several offers, they came only from boarders who offered to settle their bills with love, as they could not in any harder currency. So the widow hoped on till the advent of Deacon Guy.

His religion gave him philosophy; to avoid unpleasant questions, he said he was not supplied with a wife; and the landlady was much struck with him. He now became so dissipated as to be fond of his pipe; and being much in each other's society, she joked him upon his lack of a better companion to put to his lips; and when he said it gave him great comfort, she said, with enthusiasm, that she liked it too.

The deacon was now much struck also, for Mrs. Jointwish accompanied the remark with such a demonstrative grasp of the arm, and such a gimlet look of the eye, that his face grew redder than usual; and from that time forth, he smoked his pipe more persistently than ever, and the boarders became aware of the affection he so much deplored; namely,

his absence of mind; and the queer mistakes he was continually making on account of it caused them much dally merriment.

"He is certainly in love with somebody," they would slyly say, within hearing of the landlady; "and who can that somebody be?"

The exulting widow smiled, and felt that she knew very well, especially when the absent-minded man once happened to mistake her room for his own, locked himself in and slept there, and in the morning put on her waist instead of his vest, and wore it at the breakfast-table; and, with one of her ribbons for a necktie, substituted the sugar-bowl for his coffee-cup, and stirred the sugar with a knife.

"He is ramping, red hot with love!" thought Mrs. Jointwish, "and unless he goes wholly crazy on account of me, he'll propose very soon."

To speed the desired crisis, she now tenderly consulted his tastes as to a lady's dress, and arrayed herself accordingly—warmly praised his looks and ways before his face—sighed like a small steamboat—glanced blazingly at him like a Drummond light—pronounced his name with affectionate lingering—"R-r-robert"—put herself purposely in his way as if not seeing him, and when he approached, started with a short shriek of "Dear land! is it you? How you agitated me—I was that very moment thinking of you. Are you an enchanter?"

But the deacon continued provokingly backward, and the inflammable landlady, after attributing his neglect of duty first to his excessive use of the pipe, and then to his absence of mind, at last concluded his reserve to be owing to excessive bashfulness.

"I can't wait any longer!" concluded she one evening, when the tea-things were cleared away, and the absent-minded man was sitting on the back stoop, absorbed with his pipe. "To be kept in suspenders is worse than roasting over a slow fire."

She went out and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Deacon Robert," whispered she, "it is useless for us to conceal our feelings; and if you offered, I should certainly accept."

"With pleasure, ma'am," said he, offering his pipe.

"O no! not that. I didn't want to smoke. Though I am fond of the smell, and like to see you smoke, I will not smoke myself. But don't you understand my meaning? Can't you smoke that, dear?"

"Smoke what, ma'am?" asked he, with a vacant stare.

"My attentions—my love—I will be your—your wife!"

"Mrs. Jointwish," calmly replied he, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "you are a very industrious—"

"O, you are too kind!"

"Painstaking and loving, attentive—"

"Yes, yes, deacon—but say yes yourself."

"Go-ahead sort of a creature—"

"You shall always find me so, sweet darling!"

"I hope so, and I hope you will go ahead, and find somebody who will consent to have you. As to me—"

"What, deacon?"

"My affections are already engaged."

"Eh! Love another?"

"Two others, ma'am; Heaven and my pipe; and before I would think of marrying, I'd cut my head off."

"Then you refuse me!" said she, sharply.

"Respectfully decline you, as a wife."

"As a wife! You impudent fellow! Do you think you could have me as anything else, I wonder?"

"Nothing but a landlady."

"Nothing but a landlady!" screamed she, giving him a push. "And is this the return for all my attentions, my fondness, my submission to your pipe, and your ridiculous blunders in my house? you beet-faced hypocrite and herring-boned mumchance! you—you—ha, ha! you smoke-dried skeleton of a pipe-sucking fool! p'raps you thought I was in earnest, and took you for a nosegay? Let me tell you that though I pretended to love the stench of tobacco, to see how far your insolence would go, I despised you and it, the first time my eyes and nose were aware of you. It is I who have made a fool of you, and the first time I catch you smoking in my house again, out you go—you brutal spectre—you soddan-witted specimen of a stale sardine! There's for you!" With this proof that her ancient scolding powers were still lively, she smashed his pipe, and the horrified deacon went directly up to bed, leaving her to hate him worse than Potiphar's wife did Joseph, when he left nothing but a rag as a keepsake.

The mortification of both was increased by the loud laughter of the watchful boarders up stairs, who having suspected that "something was up," had overheard the proposal and the result; and Mrs. Jointwish that

night resolved, in the chill solitude of her chamber, to get rid of the deacon as soon as possible, as while he remained he would be a standing memorial of her disappointment.

Therefore she began to persecute him for his pipe's sake, and whenever he entered a room where she was, she would cough, snuff the air scornfully, and complain there was a sickening odor of stale tobacco somewhere, and she wondered that men could rot themselves away by its use, and be fond of that which disgusted even beasts.

Unwilling to go, and hoping to pacify her, the deacon declared before all that he would smoke no more, and kept his promise; but this she pretended to doubt, coughing, snuffing and complaining every day; and still further to prejudice the rest against him, she accused him of being a thief, when one day he attempted, in a fit of absence of mind, to clean his nails with a tea-spoon, which he drew from his pocket, where he had placed it by mistake for his jack-knife.

But the boarders understood the situation and sympathized with the weak victim, whom they declared to be an honest, though singular person; and now she, exasperated, in order to prove him a liar, vowed that he did smoke in his room every night, after all had gone to bed, and that she had to smother herself under her bedclothes to prevent being suffocated.

The boarders ridiculed the idea, but she shook her head significantly, and said they would yet be convinced that the deacon was a sly impostor.

"We are open to conviction," said they, gravely, "but you must give us proof first." And while feigning to keep a nose-watch on him, they kept an eye-watch on her.

Late one night, all having retired, and the lights being all extinguished, the creaking of the landlady's door was heard, then a step in the entry, then the scratching of a match. Three or four boarders heard, and softly leaving their chambers, peered through the darkness, and at once detected the diabolical plan of Mrs. Jointwish. She was smoking a pipe at the door of the sleeping deacon; and by the fitful light they saw her in the act of puffing the smoke into his chamber, through the keyhole!

"They'll believe me now," they heard her mutter, "for I'll make them all smell the room in the morning."

"The artful wretch!" whispered the listeners. "She ought to be punished for such atrocity."

"I'll fix her!" said one, who, rasher than the rest, seized a can of petroleum, and softly creeping up behind the smoking woman, drenched her night-dress with the contents, and then—horrible to relate!—set fire to it.

The sudden light thrown on this dark transaction was more than the thoughtless fellow had bargained for; for the fearful blaze was instantly communicated to the garment in which he was arrayed, and caused him to beat a sudden retreat to his room, dreadfully scorched and singed, and there he smothered the flame under the bedclothes.

But Mrs. Jointwish was not so fortunate. Startled by the frightful blaze, she shrieked in terror and agony—down dropped the insidious pipe—up flared torturing flame—down dropped the screaming victim before the deacon's door, writhing and imploring help—out rushed everybody, with cries of "Help!" and "Fire!"—and among them the absent-minded deacon, who on this occasion exhibited greater presence of mind than any—for seizing his

persecutor in his arms, he bore her swiftly to the bath-room on the same landing, and dropping her in the tub, let loose the shower-bath, whose copious flow, by dint of half-drowning, preserved her from a horrid death. It is needless to dwell on the fact that she was very much burnt and very much put out.

While sick, Mrs. Julianna Jointwish confessed the pipe, and that she had fallen into a worse pit than she had intended to dig for the deacon. Her love and gratitude to her preserver were warmly and so remorsefully expressed, that he, while nursing her, was much melted. In the Christianity of his persecuted heart he forgave her all, and happiness was the result. Before she got well, the deacon's runaway wife was blown up in a steamboat, and he concluded to accept a woman "who had been through fire and water on his account." But he first exacted her consent that he might be as absent-minded as he pleased, so long as not absent in person, and that he might smoke like a Dutchman to the latest day of his life.

BALLOU FOR 1867.

With the January number, the **MAGAZINE** enters upon its **TWENTY-FIFTH** volume, at which time it will appear in an entire **NEW DRESS**—new ornamental head and tail pieces, and be otherwise mechanically improved. It will also be printed on heavier and finer paper, while the engravings and reading matter will be of a superior order. Each number for 1867 will contain a **SPLENDID JUVENILE STORY**, from the pens of such writers as **BARBARA BROOME**, **CAMILLA WILLIAN**, **AMETHYST WAYNE** and **GEORGE J. VARNEY**, prepared expressly for the amusement and instruction of our young readers; and they will be so charming, that our **LITTLE FRIENDS** will be impatient for the monthly appearance of **BALLOU**. At the same time all the other departments will be made so attractive, that **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** will be deemed a **NECESSITY** in every household where it once enters.

The extraordinary cheapness of **BALLOU** places it within the reach of nearly every family in the land, while its excellence commends it to all; consequently it has the **LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SIMILAR PUBLICATION IN THE WORLD**.

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☛ NOW IS THE TIME TO FORM CLUBS FOR 1867.

The Florist.

Ceanothus.

American hardy and half-hardy shrubs, with large spikes of very small flowers. The most ornamental species of the genus is *C. azureus*. *C. Americanus* is the least ornamental of all the kinds; and *C. collinus* is a dwarf plant, not above two feet high, with a profusion of white flowers. The last two are quite hardy, but the other kind should be trained against a south wall, and protected from severe frosts by a thatched coping. They should all be grown in a compost consisting of three-fourths of heath mould, or a mixture of sand and peat, with one of loam, and the soil should be well drained.

Stapelia.

Very curious stove-plants, with showy flowers proceeding from the root, which smell so much like carrion, that flesh-flies have been known to lay their eggs upon them. As these plants are very succulent, they are very apt to drop off, if they are grown in rich soil, or too much watered. They succeed best in sandy loam mixed with lime rubbish; and they are propagated by cuttings, which should be laid on a shelf for two or three days to shrivel before they are planted. The plants from which the cuttings are taken should be kept quite dry for some time afterwards, as they are apt to rot from the wound.

Fontanesia.

A shrub or low tree, resembling in its general appearance the common privet, but with handsomer flowers, which are first whitish, but afterwards become of a brownish yellow. It is a native of Syria, where its leaves remain on all the year. It will grow in any common garden soil, and it is propagated by layers, cuttings, and grafting on the privet.

Gagea.

Pretty little European bulbous plants, generally with small dingy yellow flowers. They should be grown in sandy soil, and will not require taking up in winter. The plants belonging to this genus were formerly considered to belong to ornithogalum.

Lespedeza.

Pea-flowered perennial plants, nearly allied to the French honeysuckle; which only require to be planted in any common garden soil, in the open borders.

Sea Lavender.

Singular plants, the foot-stalks of the flowers of which are colored so as to resemble flowers, while the real flowers are the white part at the extremity of the purple. The handsomest species belonging to the genus is *S. arborea*, a native of the Canaries, which is quite shrubby. This splendid plant should have plenty of room for its roots; and thus, when there is not a conservatory for it to be planted in, it does better in the open border, with a slight protection during winter, than in a pot in a greenhouse. The soil in which it is grown should be half sandy loam and half

vegetable mould. It is extremely difficult to raise young plants by cuttings; and though nurserymen contrive to make layers, it is so difficult an operation, as to be scarcely practicable by an amateur. The common kinds are increased by seeds, or by dividing the root; and they should be allowed plenty of space, as they are easily killed when crowded by other plants.

Clintonia.

Beautiful little annuals, flowering profusely the whole summer. They are natives of California, but will bear heat better than the generality of annuals from that country. They are generally raised on a hotbed (the seeds being sown in February), and planted out in May; but they may be sown in the open border in April. They require a very rich soil, consisting of one part of sandy loam, two of vegetable mould, and one of rotten manure; or, where vegetable mould cannot readily be procured, of equal parts of sandy loam and manure; and they should be constantly watered while they are growing. The seed-pod is below the flower, and looks like its foot-stalk. If the seeds are sown in pots as soon as they are ripe, and kept in shelter all the winter, they will be ready for planting out into beds or boxes, for a veranda or balcony, in March or April, and they will be brilliantly in flower by May; and if constantly watered, they will continue to produce a succession of blossoms, till the plants are destroyed by frost.

The Spanish Broom.

A well-known upright shrub, with upright deep-green branches, and very few leaves, which soon drop off. The flowers, which are in terminal racemes, are large, and of a deep yellow. It is a native of Spain and Portugal, and, in short, of the whole of the south of Europe, where it grows in rocky situations, and in dry gravelly soils. It produces a good effect in a shrubbery, and it will grow vigorously wherever the soil is gravelly or sandy; but it does not thrive in clay, as it has a long tap-root, which it can only send down where the soil is free. It is generally propagated by seeds.

Chorozema.

Beautiful New Holland shrubs, thriving well in an equal mixture of loam, sand and peat. They are rapidly increased by cuttings in sand under a bell-glass, or by seeds, which are frequently ripened in abundance. All the species are worth cultivating; and they are interesting, not only for their beauty, but on account of the story told as the origin of their name. It is said that Labillardiere had been wandering in New South Wales for several days, in great distress for water, all the springs he found being too brackish to drink; when at last he and his companions found a fresh-water spring, near which grew some of these plants, which Labillardiere named *Chorozema*, from two Greek words, signifying to dance with joy from drinking.

The Housewife.

Pound Cake.

Take one pound of white sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter beat to a cream; ten eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately; add the yolks, well beaten, to the butter and sugar; add a glass of white wine, half a teaspoonful of mace, half a nutmeg, or any flavor that is preferred. Beat it well together; add the whites, and beat it until it is well mixed; add a pound of flour, beat it in well, and strew in a cupful of dried currants. Bake it in tin square pans half an hour.

Arrowroot Custard.

In winter, when eggs are very dear, take two tablespoonful of arrowroot mixed in a teacup of cold milk; boil a quart of milk, beat up three eggs, and mix in the arrowroot. Pour in the boiling milk, stirring the eggs and arrowroot continually; put it in a pitcher, and boil it as above directed.

Tipoy Cake.

Bake a sponge cake in a mould; blanch a handful of almonds, split them in four pieces, and stick the cake full of them; set in a deep glass dish, turn over it as much white wine as the cake will absorb, and let it stand an hour. Turn in as much soft custard as the dish will hold.

Wedding Cake.

One pound of butter, one of sugar, ten eggs well beaten, half a pint of brandy, a glass of wine, three nutmegs, a tablespoonful of mace, one pound of flour, two of currants, one of stoned raisins, and half a pound of citron. This makes one large loaf.

Cold Cake.

Beat to a cream three-quarters of a pound of butter and one pound of fine white sugar; add the yolks of fourteen eggs, the grated rind of two lemons, and one pound of flour; beat all together very well. Bake in a tin pan lined with buttered paper.

Cup Cake.

One cup of butter and two cups of sugar beat together, four eggs well beaten, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and five cups of flour. Flavor it with spices to the taste. Add a cup of currants, and bake it half an hour.

Wine Jelly.

Soak half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water fifteen minutes; then add half a pint of boiling water; set it on the fire; keep stirring it till the gelatine is dissolved; add the juice of two lemons, sugar to your taste, and Madeira wine enough to make a quart in all. Strain it, and set it to cool.

Fried mashed Potatoes in various shapes.

Roast twelve fine potatoes; when done, take out the interior, which form into a ball; when cold, put them into a mortar, with a piece of butter half the size of

the ball; pound them well together, season with a little salt, pepper, chopped eschalots, chopped parsley, and grated nutmeg, mix them with the yolks of six, and two whole eggs; then form into croquettes about the size and shape of a small egg, and breadcrumb them twice over, and fry them to a light brown color in a stewpan of hot lard, and serve as garniture where required.

Sponge Cake.

One pound of white sugar and the yolks of twelve eggs well beaten together; add the rind of a lemon grated, and the juice of half a one; beat it very light; then add the whites of the eggs well beaten; beat it fifteen minutes; add three-quarters of a pound of flour, and beat it just enough to mix the flour in. Bake it in deep, square pans, or in a wooden box, half an hour; try it with a straw; when the cake is done it will not adhere to the straw.

A common Loaf Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of butter, a pound and a half of brown sugar, and beat them well together; then add one pint of molasses, one pint of sour milk, one spoonful of saleratus, five eggs, one spoonful of cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, one nutmeg, and three pounds of flour, and then two pounds of currants, and one of stoned raisins. This will make about three loaves. Bake it two hours.

To clean Glasses.

Glasses should be first washed in warm clean soap-suds, and rinsed in fresh cold water; wipe off the wet with one cloth, and finish them with another.

Bleaching Paper.

It has been found that paper which has been very imperfectly bleached, may be rendered thoroughly white by pouring upon it in succession, as dilute solutions, three and a half parts alum, one part chloride of barium, a little free hydrochloric acid, and one-eighth of a part calcined chalk—stirring well during the operation. The fibres of the paper become firmly coated with the brilliant white sulphate of barytes which is formed.

Wine Jelly.

Dissolve an ounce of Russia isinglass in a cup of water; sweeten and flavor a quart of good old Madeira wine, and add the isinglass. Heat it very hot, strain it through a hair sieve into a mould, and let it stand six or eight hours.

Cure of Neuralgia.

Half a drachm of sal ammonia in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose to be repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once.

Cooking Meats.

The most economical way of cooking meat is to boil it, if the liquid be used for soup or broth, as it always ought to be.

Curious Matters.

Relics of Paganism.

Eighteen hundred and odd years have not sufficed to free the Christian world from pagan superstitions. The goddess Fortune, and the Fates and Furies, are still believed in, it would seem, by thousands of us. No temples, it is true, are erected to the one—no lustrations performed to avert the vengeance of the others; but the soothsayers and augurs of Rome were not listened to with greater credulity by the worshippers of the pagan gods of Olympus, than are clairvoyants, psychologists, biologists, and ordinary fortune-tellers, by multitudes of gaping Christians, in this wonderful nineteenth century. We smile at the gullibility of the Central Africans, who insist that their "rain doctors" can open the windows of heaven; yet how many there are in this metropolis, who go to advertising charlatans, instead of to the police, for information about lost or stolen property. While we are striving to convert the distant heathen, would it not be well to try our hand at doing away with pagan delusions nearer home? There is some excuse for the superstitions of the untaught savage, but none for those of the man or woman who has received a Christian education.

An old Bombshell.

Some twenty years ago, a relic of the old French War was picked up at Lake George, which spoke loudly for itself, and told emphatically what it was made for. This was a bombshell, which was found in the lake, near the shore, under Fort William Henry, and which was in all probability discharged at the fort at the time that the Marquis de Montcalm besieged it, in 1758. This shell must, therefore, have lain at the bottom of the lake about eighty years. Those who found it, undertook the fool-hardy experiment of testing its efficiency, and applied a fuse to it. To their astonishment, it exploded, and a piece of it passed through the side of the Lake House (which is of wood), and lodged in an attic chamber. Mr. Sherrill, the proprietor of the house at that time, deposited this piece of shell, together with an account of the transaction, in the cabinet of the Brooklyn Lyceum, where both may be seen. The composition of this shell was found to be different from those now in use—the iron being mixed with some brittle and earthy material. That which makes this case the more remarkable, is the fact of the length of time which it has lain under water.

Dogs and Cats in Great Britain.

According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, there are 300,000 dogs in the United Kingdom, for which their owners pay license, and it is computed that only one dog in ten is so licensed. Therefore there are no fewer than 3,000,000 of dogs. As for cats, there are no such clear statistics; but they may be set at double the number—that is, 6,000,000 against 3,000,000 of their canine enemies. The sum that these animals cost their owners per annum is something prodigious, and may be computed as follows: Dog licenses, at 12s., £180,000; keep of dogs, at 1d per day, £4,562,300; wages of keepers, at £32, £15,000;

keep of cats, at 1-2d per day, £4,562,500—total, £9,320,600 (\$46,608,000). The amount is a startling one, and so far as the number of animals is concerned, does not appear exaggerated. Taking the population of the United Kingdom at 30,000,000, the estimated number of dogs gives one to every ten of the population, and of cats, one to every five.

Horse-carrying by Machine.

Our readers may have heard of a device used for some years past by the London hair-dressers, and introduced at New York, more recently, by which the barber brushes his customers' heads with the aid of machinery. A revolving brush is used for the purpose, turned by an elastic rubber band from a shaft above, upon an axis in the hands of the operator—so that every part of the head can be conveniently reached, and very thoroughly brushed. An English maker is now introducing what seems to be a quite similar contrivance for cleaning horses. What is, perhaps, stranger than the invention itself, is the fact that it should not have been of Yankee origin, as it is certainly a fit companion for the American cow-milker and sheep-shearer.

Material for Paper.

A Frenchman has discovered that a good fibre for paper may be produced from the roots of lucerne. There are three varieties of this plant, all equally serviceable. His process is to take up the roots in December, wash them thoroughly, then crush between rollers, and soak for a fortnight to convert into pulp. Paper is already made from the vine of hops and from straw; but if the roots of lucerne can be used for the same purpose, and produced in sufficient quantity, there would be an advantage for the producers of paper, who now complain that rags are scarce and dear. It is said that, in the soaking of the roots, a salt of soda and a coloring matter are obtained.

Land and Naval Forces of Europe.

The following is the statistical table of the land and sea forces which all Europe can now place on a war footing:—France, 903,617 men; Prussia, 650,000; Italy, 424,193; Russia, 1,200,000; Spain, 271,900; Portugal, 64,118; Holland, 92,000; Sweden and Norway, 139,000; Denmark, 41,490; England, 385,000 (including 230,000 volunteers); Austria, 661,612; Germanic Confederation, 407,361; Turkey, 341,580; Egypt, Moldo-Wallachia, Montenegro, and Servia together, 152,000; Belgium, 188,291; Switzerland, 80,650; Roman States, 12,000. All these figures added up give a total of 5,975,272 officers, sub-officers, and soldiers.

Destroying Rats.

M. Cloes lately entertained the French Academy with a mode of destroying rats and other animals that burrow. The Museum of Natural History at Paris is, or rather was, dreadfully infested with rats, but, thanks to M. Cloes, it is now free from the nuisance. The happy thought of pouring bisulphide of carbon into the holes occurred to this gentleman, and the vapor, we need hardly say, was fatal to all the rats.

Facts and Fancies.

BADLY SOLD.

A man who recently visited the city, was taken in hand by a drummer, wined, amused, and treated in a most respectful manner, under the impression that he wanted to buy goods. On a bright, pleasant morning, accordingly, our hero visits the store, where Mr. Lummocks, the drummer, receives him with open arms, and introduces him to his employer. But the man may tell his own story:

He shook me heartily by the hand, and said he was really delighted to see me. He asked me how the times were, and offered a cigar, which I took, for fear of giving offence, but which I threw away the very first opportunity I got.

"Buy for cash, or on time?"

I was a little startled at the question, it was so abrupt, but I replied:

"For cash."

"Would you like to look at some prints, major?" he inquired.

"I am much obliged to you," I answered; "I am very fond of seeing prints."

With that, he commenced turning over one piece after another, with amazing rapidity.

"There, major—very desirable article—splendid style—only two-and-six; cheapest goods in the street."

Before I could make any reply, or even guess at his meaning, he was called away, and Mr. Lummocks stepped up and supplied his place.

"You had better buy 'em, colonel," said Mr. Lummocks; "they will sell like hot cakes. Did you say you bought for cash?"

"Of course," I replied, "if I buy at all."

He took a memorandum out of his pocket, and looked in it for a moment.

"Let-me-see," said he; "Franco, Franco—what did you say your firm was? Something and Franco, or Franco and Somebody? The name has escaped me."

"I have no firm," I replied.

"O, you haven't, haint ye? All alone—eh? But I don't see that I've got your first name down in my 'tickleer.'"

"My first name is Harry," said I.

"Right—yes—I remember," said Mr. Lummocks, making a memorandum; "and your references, colonel—who did you say were your references?"

"I have no reference," I replied. "Indeed, I know of no one to whom I could refer, except my father."

"What—the old boy in the country—eh?"

"My father is in the country," I answered, seriously, not very well pleased to hear my parent called the "old boy."

"Then you have no city references—eh?"

"None at all. I have no friends here, except yourself."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Lummocks, apparently in great amazement. "O—O! how much of a bill do you mean to make with us, captain?"

"Perhaps I may buy a vest pattern," I replied, "if you have got some genteel patterns."

"A vest pattern!" exclaimed Mr. Lummocks. "What! haven't you come down for the purpose of buying goods?"

"No sir," I replied; "I came to Boston to seek for employment, and as you have shown me so many kind attentions, I thought you would be glad to assist me in finding a situation."

Mr. Lummocks's countenance underwent a very singular change, when I announced my reasons for calling on him.

"Do you see anything that looks green in there?" he asked, pulling down his eyelid with his forefinger.

"No sir, I do not," I replied, looking very earnestly into his eye.

"Nor in there, either?" said he, pulling open his other eye.

"Nothing at all, sir," I replied, after a minute examination.

"I guess not!" said Mr. Lummocks; and, without making any other answer, he turned smartly on his heel, and left me.

"Regularly sucked—eh, Jack?" asked a young man who had been listening to our conversation.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Lummocks; "the man is a fool!"

AN INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

A correspondent writing from Newport, R. I., relates the following: Hon. Duncan C. Pell, who was Lieutenant Governor of this State last year, is a man of considerable eccentricity of character—a whole-souled, good-hearted individual, but decidedly "odd" in many respects. Nothing so much disturbed his equanimity as for persons to exhibit a curious disposition, and attempt to know more of his affairs than he chose to tell.

Many years ago Mr. Pell was about to erect a fence around one of his lots in the city, and in order to save himself from the daily interrogatories which he knew would be made by his neighbors and passers-by, he had a sign painted on which he displayed all the information in regard to the fence which he fancied could possibly be desired or demanded. He narrated concisely the following facts: Who was owner of the land; why he fenced it in; how much lumber the fence was to contain; where he bought and how much a foot he paid for it; the quantity of nails to be used; the name of the builder, and the exact amount of land to be enclosed. Self-satisfied that he had answered all the questions that could be asked, Mr. Pell was quite happy at the idea that he had freed himself entirely from impertinent inquiries.

But one night, or rather very early on a very disagreeable morning, Mr. Pell was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud knocking at his front door. The call appeared to be so urgent, that Mr. Pell thrust his head out of the window and demanded, in no gentle tone, "What in the — was the matter." Standing

shivering in his only garment, Mr. Pell held the following colloquy with the intruder:

"Does Mr. Pell live here?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Mr. Duncan C. Pell?"

"Yes; Duncan C. Pell."

"Is it Mr. Pell who is building the fence on Mary Street?"

"Yes, yes, certainly. What of it?"

"Well, Mr. Duncan C. Pell, do you intend to paint that fence, or will you whitewash it?"

The answer and the window went down together, and Mr. Pell retired to bed, satisfied that there could be no escape from Yankee inquisitiveness.

NEVER TRAVELLED.

A story is told of an old lady who lived near Rochester, and had never seen or travelled on a railroad. Wanting to go on a visit to a small town a short distance from the city, she thought she would try one of the pesky things. So she went to the ticket-office, carrying her reticule on one arm and an old-fashioned rocking-chair on the other. She bought her ticket, walked out on the platform, put down her rocking-chair, sat down in it, took out her knitting, and went to work diligently. Steadily she rocked and worked, trains coming in and leaving as the car-time came round. The old lady made no attempt to get on the cars, but kept knitting.

The day drew to a close, and night came on. The last train was about starting, when the depot-master went up and asked her if she was going out.

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady.

"Hadm't you better get aboard, and secure a seat?" said the depot-master.

"Thank you, sir, I'm very comfortable," replied the elderly dame.

The train left. The master came around again. "Madam, I shall have to disturb you; it is late; the trains have all left, and we must close the depot. Shall I send you to a hotel?"

"Well," exclaimed the old lady, dropping her knitting and holding up her hands, "aint the thing going to move? Here I brought my chair from home so as to have a seat, on which some pesky man couldn't squeeze himself. I've set here all day waitin' for the thing to go, and here I've had all my trouble for nothing. I thought it was a long time moving. I declare that these here railroads is the biggest nuisances and humbugs as ever was!" And the old lady, with bag on one arm and rocking-chair on the other, gave a toss of her head and marched off in high indignation.

She mistook the depot for the cars, and expected to travel in it.

A STRONG EXPRESSION.

Some years ago, when pianos were not so numerous as at the present time, an Arkansas man, a genuine character, who had been born and bred in the backwoods, happened to be in a river town on the banks of the "father of waters," when one of its largest and magnificent steamboats was lying at the pier. Our hero was magnificently clad in a wolf-skin cap, and blue home-apun trousers thrust into his enormous cowhide boots. His huge red hands were adorned with brass rings, and several warts as large as nut-

megs, which gave note of his approach as he walked, like the rattle of the reptile.

Attracted by the sound of music, the genius strolled on board the boat, and accosted the captain:

"Mornin', stranger. Pretty pert music hereabouts. What mought it come out of?"

"A piano forte, sir."

"A what?"

"Piano forte!"

"Never hern tell of them ere things afore. Where mought it be, stranger?"

"In the lower cabin, sir."

"Mought I take a look at the — thing?"

"Certainly, sir; walk down."

The Arkansas man needed no further invitation. He went "down stairs" into the cabin, where two tables were laid out for dinner. Walking up the narrow passage between them, he swept off knives and forks by the swing of his coat flaps, but so intent was he upon the music and the piano at the further end of the cabin, that he heeded not the ruin he created. Approaching the instrument, he literally devoured it with his eyes. The young lady who was seated at it continued playing, and the stranger was wrapped in silent wonder.

At length, when the sound ceased, he raised his cap respectfully, and addressed the audience:

"Ladies, I am much obliged to you for the kindness you have done me. I never heard one of them afore, and never 'spect to again."

"You appear to be very much pleased with it," observed a lady.

"Why, yes, ma'am, I am—somewhat—and perhaps I should like it better, if I had an ear for music, like my brother. Yes, I like it well enough—but my brother Dick could only hear that ere thing, *he'd tore his shirt and fall right thru' it!*"

The ladies had the sense to laugh, played another piece, and the genius went on shore highly delighted.

WINNING A PRIZE.

At a party lately, several gentlemen contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend D. D. was appointed to be the sole judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it; a buzz went through the room that this would not be outdone, when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. "The palm is his," was the universal cry; when a third observed, "Gentlemen, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors; but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house." "I'll hear no more," cried the arbitrator; "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard-of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any person capable. The prize is yours."

PROVERBIAL FOOLOSOPHY.

Castles in the air have no foundation; but in some delusive schemes you will find abasement.

Limited companies corrupt good manners, for they never return a call.

The way to make a hole in your income is to pay a large rent.

The largest tin-tacks must be the Income-tax, for that's a regular nailer!

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



THE NEW GIPSEY.

LADY'S MAID.—"Indeed, mum, I wouldn't keep it, for it hides too much of your face!"



A PLEASANT MUSICAL NEIGHBOR.

Mr. Cattegutte is so infatuated with music, that he sometimes produces discords in the house.



AN EARLY DRINK.

"I tell you what it is, boys, if I'd known I was to have been so dry this morning, I'd drank more last night."

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